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OF THE MARKETS, PUBLIC FUNDS, EX-
CHANGES, &c.

1820.

PART II.

JULY TO DECEMBER.

MONTHLY MAGAZINES have opened a way to every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various, and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which in a certain degree hath enlarged the public understanding. HERE, too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might have never appeared.—*Dr. Kippis.*

Every Art is improved by the emulation of Competitors.—*Dr. Johnson.*

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR HENRY COLBURN AND CO. CONDUIT-STREET :

TO WHOM COMMUNICATIONS FOR THE EDITOR (POST PAID) MAY BE ADDRESSED.

SOLD ALSO BY BELL AND BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH ; AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN .

[Price 15s. Boards ; or 16s. 6d. Half-bound.]

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THE
NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

No. 78.]

JULY 1, 1820.

[VOL. XIV.

MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT GROSVENOR, EARL GROSVENOR.

Nobilitatis, virtus, non stemma, character.

IN this brief Memoir we have the satisfaction of presenting our Readers with some account of a British Nobleman, no less distinguished by his amiable, virtuous, and liberal character, than by his princely possessions and illustrious descent.

The noble family, of which he is the head, is descended in the male line from a long train of famous ancestors, who flourished in Normandy with great dignity and grandeur, from the time of its first erection into a sovereign Dukedom, A. D. 912, to the conquest of England in 1066. They possessed the honourable and powerful office of *Groveneur*;^{*} and from that place of high trust they took their surname. The family is traced to an uncle of Rollo, the ancestor of William duke of Normandy, under whose standard Gilbert Le Grosvenor served in his victorious expedition into England. The earldom and county of Chester being granted to the Norman Earl Hugh of Avranches, nephew to King William and uncle to Gilbert Le Grosvenor, the latter obtained the moiety of the lordship of Lostock, called Over Lostock, in that county. The pedigree of this ancient family has been preserved with peculiar clearness, from the circumstance of a celebrated heraldic suit, which was contested before the High Constable and High Marshal of England and other commissioners in the 12th year of Richard II., between Sir Robert Le Grosvenor and Sir Richard Le Scrope, on the subject of a coat of arms, viz. *Azure*, one *Bend*, *Or*; the result of which was a decree that the Grosvenors should in future bear, instead of the *Bend*, a *Garb*, *Or*; which arms have ever since been borne by this family.

Richard Grosvenor of Eaton was created the first Baronet of this family on

^{*} *Le Groveneur* was the Grand Huntsman, an office of great dignity in the forest system of those times.

the 23rd day of February, 1621-2. His son, Sir Richard Grosvenor, the second Baronet, was a faithful adherent of King Charles I., and suffered the sequestration of his estate for his fidelity to the royal cause. On Eccleston-hill, near Eaton, a seat was lately remaining, on which, according to tradition, he used to indulge in the melancholy pleasure of gazing on the fair possessions of which he had been unjustly deprived. The fourth Baronet, Sir Richard Grosvenor, officiated as Grand Cup-bearer of England at the Coronation of George II.; as did Sir Richard, the seventh Baronet, at that of George III., as lords of the manor of Great Wymondley in Herts. The last-named Sir Richard was created Lord Grosvenor, Baron Grosvenor of Eaton, by letters patent dated April 8, 1761. He married Henrietta, daughter of Henry Vernon of Hilton in the county of Stafford, esq. by whom he had issue the present Earl, and three other children. On the 5th day of July, 1784, he was advanced to the dignities of Viscount Belgrave and Earl Grosvenor.

The late Earl Grosvenor, although calumniated by some scurrilous writers whose venal pens he disdained to bribe, was one of the most honourable, benevolent, and accomplished, gentlemen of his time. But his passion for the sports of the turf was indulged to excess, and was rendered, perhaps, the more injurious to his fortune, by the unblemished honour and integrity which he preserved in the transactions to which it gave rise. His public conduct was no less irreproachable. In early life he was attached to the politics of Lord North; but when that Statesman proved obstinate in his determination of continuing the American War, with little reasonable prospect of success, Lord Grosvenor ceased to support his measures. He did not, however, join the opposite party, but retired wholly from public affairs. Toward the end of his life, the immense resources which

he possessed were rapidly effecting the restoration of his finances, which had suffered from the enormous expense of his racing-establishments: Upon his Lordship's death on August 5, 1802; his only son, the present Earl, then Viscount Belgrave, succeeded to his title.

This nobleman was born on the 22d day of March, 1767. Though early deprived of the advantages of a mother's care, he was reared with an affection not inferior to maternal by the virtuous and venerable Lady Jane Grosvenor, his paternal grandmother, and her daughter. To them he is indebted for the early infusion of serious and religious principles which have been through life the unerring guides of his conduct; and their memory is cherished by his Lordship among his dearest attachments.

He commenced his public education at Harrow School, and completed it at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, under the instructions of the learned Professor Hailstone, he became proficient in the numerous attainments requisite for a brilliant career in the elevated region in which he was destined to move. On his leaving college, it became the anxious wish of his father that he should add to the knowledge derived from literary sources, a familiar acquaintance with foreign manners and institutions. He was well aware of the dangers and temptations to which the morals of youth must necessarily be exposed in making the tour of Europe, whether entirely free from restraint, or under the nominal controul of a hazing, whose principal care is usually to gratify every wish of his charge. His Lordship knew the inefficacy of such arrangements, and preferred entrusting the conduct of his son to his own discretion, aided by the legitimate influence of an elder friend of eminent talents, experience, and independent principles. Mr. Gifford, who had long enjoyed the Earl's friendship and confidence, was selected for this delicate charge, which his regard for the father, and his knowledge of the amiable and unsophisticated character of the son, induced him to accept with pleasure.

Accordingly Lord Belgrave and Mr. Gifford visited together every part of Europe, during a peregrination of several years; in which his Lordship was everywhere caressed and admired; while the regularity and propriety of his conduct, amidst all the temptations of Continental dissipation, exempted his elder companion from every solicitude with

respect to the influence which paternal anxiety expected him to possess.

Lord Belgrave entered early into public life, under the auspices of Mr. Pitt, who was well acquainted with his talents, and desirous to avail himself of his parliamentary support. He sat first as member for East Looe, and afterwards for the city of Chester. When he first spoke in the House of Commons, an ineffectual and unfair attempt was made to disconcert him, by ridiculing a Greek quotation which he introduced with great propriety. But his Lordship was not then aware that, in that grave assembly, an English jest or sarcasm is always an overmatch for a Greek sentiment.

In 1789 his Lordship became one of the Lords of the Admiralty, which office he held till June 1791. Two years afterwards he was made one of the Commissioners for India affairs. The only public situation which he now holds is that of Lord Lieutenant of Flintshire.

When the French revolutionary government, intoxicated with Continental victories, threatened the invasion of this country, Lord Belgrave was one of the foremost of those patriots who displayed so gallantly the formidable power with which an invading enemy would have had to contend. A strong and well-disciplined regiment was raised, chiefly by his active exertions, in the united parishes of St. Margaret and St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, in which his Lordship then resided. This corps he commanded for several years, during which its discipline, attention, and strength were conspicuous; but from ill health he at length determined to abstain from active exertion, and the bustle of public life. He therefore resigned the command of this corps, to the great regret of the members; and for several years indulged in domestic retirement.

His Lordship's political sentiments induced him originally to support the measures of Mr. Pitt; and although he has at a subsequent period been found among those who oppose the policy founded on that great statesman's principles, the manner and spirit of opposition is in him conciliating and becoming—it bears the character of disinterestedness and sincerity. Although we cannot ascribe to his political views the comprehensiveness which the circumstances of this country have required, and still demand, we admire his steady and consistent regard for public econo-

my, as well as the motives of his zealous endeavours to secure the performance of religious duties, and the due observance of the sabbath. His Lordship is one of the few who are entitled to insist on these points, since not only is his own piety exemplary, but it is evinced by acts of benevolence which prove it the genuine offspring of Christianity.

In 1795 his Lordship was married to Eleanor Egerton, only child of Sir Thomas Egerton, afterwards Lord Grey de Wilton, descended from the ancient and honourable house of Malpas, one of the baronies of the palatinate of Chester founded at the Conquest, which produced the Earls of Chalmondeley, and the Dukes and Earls of Bridgewater. Perhaps there never was an union in the higher circles which was more generally approved than that of the Earl and Countess; nor one in which the universal anticipation of conjugal happiness, founded on the excellent and congenial dispositions of the parties, has been more completely justified by the result. The assiduous care of the Countess in educating her children, in instilling virtuous and pious sentiments into their tender minds, and preserving them from every tincture of pride and bigotry, has been a source of pure and rational delight to herself, and entitles her to the praise of a most exemplary mother. Those tender cares have found their inestimable reward in the excellent characters of her Ladyship's children. The eldest son, Richard Viscount Belgrave, the heir apparent of his father's title, was born in 1795, and was married in 1819 to the Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth Mary Leveson Gower, daughter of the Marquis of Stafford*.

The Honourable Thomas Grosvenor, the second son, who lately succeeded, on the death of his maternal grandfather, to the earldom of Wilton, is now on his travels in Italy. The Honourable Robert Grosvenor, the third son, is a promising young man, now (we believe) at college. The illustrious parents expe-

rienced a severe shock of domestic misfortune in the loss of their only daughter, Lady Mary, who had attained the age of twelve years, and whose amiable and affectionate disposition had greatly endeared her to all who knew her.

Eaton Hall, the recently erected and beautiful family mansion of his Lordship, is situated about three miles to the south of Chester, on the edge of an extensive park, abounding with large and venerable timber. It is of the cathedral Gothic style of architecture of the time of Edward III., and stands on the site of the old mansion, a square brick fabric, erected by Sir Thomas Grosvenor in the reign of King William III. In this magnificent building, of which the interior, and even the furniture, are executed in a corresponding style, Mr. Porden the architect has been eminently successful in adapting the rich variety of our ancient ecclesiastical architecture to modern domestic convenience. Under his directions

"the mansion rose
In ancient English grandeur; turrets, spires,
And windows, climbing high from base to roof.
In wide and radiant rows, bespoke its birth
Coeval with those rich cathedral fanes
(Gothic ill-named) where harmony results
From disunited parts, and shapes minute,
At once distinct and blended, boldly form
One vast majestic whole."

Mason's English Garden.

The arms of no less than seventeen heiresses, who in the course of its long descent of ancestry have intermarried into this noble house, are introduced with great propriety in various parts of the edifice, combined with those of Grosvenor and Wilton.

His Lordship's magnificent gallery of pictures at Grosvenor House is one of the most valuable, pure, and diversified collections in the possession of any individual, and exhibits exquisite specimens of the works of the greatest old and modern masters of the Foreign and British Schools. The basis of this collection was laid by the late Earl Grosvenor, who with great judgment selected some of the best pictures formerly in the possession of Lord Waldegrave and Sir Luke Schaub: to which he added some very fine works, purchased for him in Italy, by Mr. Dalton, then keeper of his Majesty's pictures. It is, however, still more creditable to his Lordship's liberality and discrimination, that he discovered and patronized the rising talent of the English School; and selected some of the best productions of West, Gainsborough, Wilson, and

* The following lines on this auspicious marriage, are extracted from a beautiful ode, unpublished, by the fair authoress of *The Veils, or the Triumphs of Constancy*.

"Yet can the muse of Heaven intreat
For you, blest pair, one blessing more?
Of worth, of love, of wealth or state,
Has Heaven one richer gem in store?
On you unchequer'd pleasures wait,
Your cup of joy is brimming o'er;
Oh! may its sweets for ever flow
As brightly as they sparkle now!"

Stabbs, which confer additional splendour on this collection. But the taste and judgment of the present Earl have added the most valuable pieces to the Grosvenor gallery, particularly by the purchase, a few years ago, of the pictures of the late Mr. Agar, which contained, among other inestimable treasures, eleven fine pictures by Claude. After the death of Mr. Agar, it was determined to bring the whole of his collection to public sale: and the disposal of it was confided to an agent, not less distinguished for his fine taste and judgment, than for his honourable zeal in promoting the interests of those who consign property to his care. A considerable sensation was produced by the announcement of the sale. The pictures had already been removed to Pall Mall; and notices of the intended auction having been transmitted to every part of the Continent, many persons willing to become purchasers had arrived, but only in time to learn that the entire collection was destined to add to the magnificence of Grosvenor House. This gal-

lery is liberally opened to the view of the professors and admirers of painting. It evinces the exalted taste of the illustrious proprietor, to whom, and to persons like him, British artists look up confidently for that discriminating encouragement which alone can enable them to emulate the glory of ancient art.

The vast revenue of Earl Grosvenor is chiefly derived from his extensive lands in Cheshire, his mines in Flintshire and Denbighshire, and a large estate in one of the most valuable parts of the world, the western division of the English metropolis. Formerly the lessees of the London property easily obtained renewals of the leases granted to the builders upon payment of small fines. But the present Earl, while he permits the renewal of the leases, is careful to reserve a due increase of rent; thus adding to his income and that of his successors. Wealth in such hands is a blessing to the community, as it will ever be regarded as a trust for the reward of virtue, merit, and industry, and the support of religion and social order.

THE CORONATION.

THE general interest with which this important national solemnity is anticipated, will probably ensure the favourable reception of a few remarks on the origin and nature of its constituent ceremonies, and the most remarkable customs observed in its celebration.

As to the *Recognition*, it will be recollected, that among the Anglo-Saxons the principle of lineal hereditary descent was not always adhered to, but was regulated by popular election.

At a great national assembly or general council held at Calcuith in the year 785, it was declared that kings are lawfully to be ELECTED by the clergy and elders of the nations.

The following testimony is from the venerable Bede, and it receives additional weight from having been translated into English by the greatest of our kings—by ÆLFRED. "*Nemo seipsum poterit regem constituere; quin populus libertatem eligendi regem, quem voluerit, sortitur: sed postquam in regem inauguratus fuerit, tunc imperium in populum rex habet.*" In the Will of king Ælfred is a clause which shows that he did not consider his crown as conferred either by inheritance

from his royal forefathers or by the pope's consecration, but that he held it as a gift which, to quote his own words, "*Deus et principes cum senioribus populi misericorditer ac benigne dederunt.*"

It sufficiently appears, as well from the mode in which the crown was conferred on William I. and his confirmation of the Confessor's laws, as from the testimonies about to be cited; that at the coming in of the Normans the right of national election was neither lost nor discontinued; and we are surprised at finding a too common error repeated by Mr. Turner in his learned History of the Anglo-Saxons, that "the Norman conquest terminated the power of the Witenagemote, and changed the crown from an elective to an hereditary succession." Such an assertion can only be reconciled with historical fact by giving it a very limited interpretation. That the pretensions of hereditary descent were not, after the Conquest, so frequently past by in the exercise of the elective right, we must readily admit; but that any so great and general change was then effected, we shall not be disposed to acknowledge.

* A catalogue with etchings of the whole collection has lately been published by Mr. Young, keeper of the British Institution, by permission of the noble proprietor, accompanied by historical notices of the principal works.

The speech of the archbishop at the nomination of king John to succeed to his brother's throne is remarkably in character with the authorities of earlier date. "It is well known to you all that no man hath right of succession to this crown, except that by unanimous consent of the kingdom, with invocation of the Holy Ghost, he be elected for his own deserts."

Even the law books of our Norman jurists, which have nearly the reverence of oracles amongst us, proclaim the custom of the nation in electing its king. The *Mirror* says of the early English, "*estlierent de eux un roy à reigner sur eux*;" and that being elected, they did limit him by oaths and laws. "If Bracton or if Fleta may be judges of this question, they will tell us that in their times our king was elective; '*Non a regnando dicitur, sed a bene regendo, et ad hoc electus, est*;' and again, '*ad hoc autem creatus rex et electus, ut justitiam faciat universis*.'"

The present form of the Recognition is as follows; the Archbishop of Canterbury addressing the assembly on the four sides of the theatre successively, says, "Sirs,—I here present, unto you King—the rightful inheritor of the Crown of this realm: wherefore, all ye that are come this day to do your homage, service, and bounden duty, are ye willing to do the same?"

This form of address does not occur in any of the rituals or accounts of Coronations prior to that of Charles II. by Ashmole; nor was the term *recognition* ever before applied to this part of the ceremony. It appears singularly inapplicable. But the various addresses of the Archbishops on the several Coronations of Henry I, Richard II, the Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Henries, and Edward VI, all require the assent of the people to the Coronation of the monarch.*

The following was the prescribed form in the reigns of HENRY VII. and HENRY VIII. "This done, the cardynall as archbishop of Caunterbury, shewing the king to the people at the iiij. parties of the seid pulpyt, shall seye in this wyse. Sirs [I] here present Henry rightfull and undoubted enheritour by the lawes of God and man to the coroune and royall dignitie of Englande, with all things therunto annexed and apperteynyng;

elects, chosen, and required by all the three estates of this lande to take upon hym the seid coroune and royall dignitee. Wheruppon ye shall understande that this daye is prefixed and poynted by all the pyers of this lande for the consecration, crunction, and coronacion of the seid mooste excellent prince Henry. Woll ye serve at this tyme and geve your wills and assents to the same consecracion, enunction, and coronacion? Wheranto the people shall say with a grete voyce Ye, ye, ye; so be it: Kyng Henry, Kyng Henry."

The Coronation Oath has undergone many changes. The first on record is that of Æthelred II, who was crowned in the year 978: this curious relique is preserved in the Latin ritual used at the time, and in a contemporary English version: the latter also contains an admirable exhortation to the sovereign on the duties of his office, and on his responsibility as the pastor of his people. From Edward II to Henry VIII, the sovereign swore to grant and keep the laws, customs, and liberties, granted to the clergy and people by Edward the Confessor. In the Coronation oaths of the Stuarts, several important innovations were made, which gave rise to much controversy. At the Revolution a new form was settled by Parliament, in which some changes have since been made by the same authority, agreeably to alterations in the state of the Kingdom. As this oath is a necessary and most important constitutional act; it might be interesting to inquire into the actual relation between the King and his subjects, previously to his Coronation.

The ceremonies of unction and coronation are of Jewish origin, and were introduced by Christianity into the different European nations. Charlemagne was the first of the Western kings, and Æthelstan the first English monarch crowned. The use of the sceptre is much more antient. In Homer we read of *σκηπτέσθαι βασιλῆς*, sceptered kings, but none are mentioned as crowned.

The Chair on which our kings sit to receive the crown is principally remarkable for its marble seat, which hath acquired no trivial fame from the pens of old historians. Their legends inform us that this is the very stone on which the patriarch Jacob laid his head in the plain of Luz; that it was brought from Ægypt into Spain by Gathelus the supposed

* See Mr. Taylor's learned work, "The Glory of Regality," from which this article is chiefly selected.

founder of the Scottish nation; that it was thence transported into Ireland "amongst other princelie jewells, an regall monuments" by Simon Broth, who was crowned upon it, about 700 years before the birth of Christ, and that it was thence carried to Scotland by king Fergus 320 years before the same era. After such adventures it will not be surprising that the stone should once more be removed, and find its way to the abbey of Westminster.

Such are the legends relating to the Fatal Stone. But its probable history is so remarkable, and is carried back to a period so remote, that the aid of fiction was scarcely wanting to procure it reverence and regard. Mr. Toland justly styles this "the antientest respected monument in the world, for though some others may be more antient as to duration, yet thus superstitiously regarded they are not."

The object of our inquiries may undoubtedly be traced to Ireland. It was most probably one of those stones which the druids or priests of the country were used to consecrate for particular sacred or political purposes: its place was the hill of Tara, and upon it the kings of Ireland for many ages received their authority. In the Irish language the names given to this stone, signified the fatal stone, or the stone of fortune; these it probably obtained from a power which it was said to possess of showing the legitimacy of royal descent, which it acknowledged by an oracular sound when a prince of the true line was placed on it: under a pretender it was silent. The Irish have an antient prophecy respecting the stone, implying that the possession of it was necessary to the preservation of the regal power.

In later times this prophecy assumed the following form:

"*Ni fallat Fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum
Inveniant lapidem, regnare benevult ibidem.*"

or in the Lowland Scotch of *Wyntownis Cronykil*,

"But gyf werdys falyhand be,
Quhare evyr yat stane yhe agyt se,
Dare sall be Scottis be regnand,
And lorddis hale oure all yat land."

In either way the prediction continues to be fulfilled in that branch of the family of James I. which now fills the British throne!

From Ireland the Fatal Stone was conveyed to the settlement which the people of that country had made on the

north-western part of our island, from thence called Scotland. Whether we receive or reject the tradition that it was brought over by Fergus, there is no doubt that the stone was removed to Scotland at a very early period, and that it was always regarded as a sacred monument by the people of that country. This opinion appears to be countenanced by the late ingenious Mr. King, who says "it is clear enough that before the time of Kennith, that is, before the year 834, it had been placed simply and plainly as a stone of great import and of great notoriety in Argyleshire, and, on account of the reverence paid to it, was removed by Kennith." This king, having taken it from the castle of Dunstaffnage, its antient station, placed it in the abbey-church of Scone, in the year 850: he also inclosed it in a chair of wood, on which he caused to be engraven the Leonine distich which we have already quoted. Here all the Scottish kings were crowned upon it till the year 1296, when the victorious Edward I. brought it to England and left it as an offering of conquest at the shrine of the Confessor, where it is still preserved.

By the treaty of Northampton in 1328, which was confirmed by Parliament, it was agreed that the stone should be returned to Scotland: and for this end writs were issued by Edward III., which however were never executed. After its arrival in England, Edward I. caused it to be placed in a new chair with a step, richly painted and adorned with gilding. In the wardrobe account of that king under the year 1300 are the sums which were then laid out upon it, amounting to 17. 19s. 7d. — a considerable expense in those days. In order to illustrate the dignity of the relique, and to celebrate "the created pride of the First Edward," a tablet was suspended near the chair with the following inscription,

"*Si quid habent veri vel chronica tana fide
Clanditur hac cathedra nobilis ecce lapiti
Ad caput eximium Jacob quondam patriarcha
Quem possit carere numina mira poli:
Quem tulit ex Scotia spoliatus quasi victor honoris
Edwardus Primus, Mars velut armipotens
Scotorum domitor, vester valuerunt Hector,
Anglorum decus, et gloria militie."*

But this has long since shared the fate of many other written memorials with which the abbey abounded.

The coronation chair is of oak, of an

* *ille Buck, R. III.*

architectural design, and ornamented on the back and sides with rows of pointed arches, the form of which confirms the reported age of this venerable relique.

Some remains are yet to be seen of the painting and gilding with which it was once adorned. It is in height about six feet seven inches, in depth twenty-four inches, and the width of the seat within side is twenty-eight inches. At nine inches from the ground is a frame to support the stone, upon the surface of which is the seat. The block appears to be of a reddish sandstone, and at each end a short iron chain is fastened in it; but these are nearly concealed by the wood-work. The lover of ancient art must regret that so beautiful a fabric should be exposed to external injury as well as decay, and must wish, if possible, that the chair of king Edward might rather be restored in its original style of decoration, than concealed (as the custom hath been at the time of coronations) by a covering even of the richest material.

In Strutt's *Hobby Angel-cynnán* (vol. iii. pl. 47.) is a representation of Edward II. in a chair of state, which is probably intended for that which now contains the stone.

Another chair, in imitation of that above described, was made for the queen of William III. and kept in the same place.

With respect to the unction, the following curious history is recorded by some ancient writers, and certainly deserves as much credit as the French tradition of the holy vial brought from heaven for the consecration of king Clovis*. While St. Thomas à Becket

was in banishment at Sens in France, as he was praying in a church by night to the blessed Virgin, she suddenly appeared to him with a golden eagle and a small vial of stone or glass, which she delivered to the archbishop, assuring him of the happiest effects upon those kings who should be anointed with the unction it contained; and desiring him to give it to a monk of Poitiers, who would hide it under a large stone in the church of St. Gregory. In this place the ampulla, with the eagle, which was probably made to contain it, and an account of the vision written by St. Thomas, were preserved, till in the reign of Edward III. they were discovered by revelation to a certain holy man, who brought the sacred vessel to the duke of Lancaster, and by him it was delivered to the Black Prince, who sent it to the Tower, to be safely kept in a strong chest. Here it was found by his son Richard II., who wished to be anointed with it: but he was told by the archbishop that it was enough for him to have once received the sacred unction, and that it ought not to be repeated; nor was it used till the accession of Henry IV., who was honoured with it at his coronation.

The vessel which is now used to hold the consecrated oil retains the form of an eagle with the wings expanded, and standing on a pedestal. The height of the whole is near seven inches, and its weight about ten ounces. There is also a spoon, into which the oil is poured from the beak of the eagle by the officiating prelate. The spoon, as well as the eagle, is of gold, chased; and the former has four pearls in the broadest part of the handle.

Of the Coronation of Queens, it is to be observed, that although the royal consort of our kings have generally been graced with "all the royal makings of a queen," there is the widest difference possible between the coronation of kings and queens. The former is a political and national act; the latter only an honourable ceremony, originating with the King. The following considerations will elucidate this doctrine: 1st, that the observance or omission of this coronation never was or could be held to influence the right of inheritance of the legitimate issue of a royal marriage. 2dly, the coronation of the King is essential inasmuch as it is a political act; in that of the Queen, however, no such character can be discovered: No consent is asked from

* The legend of the *Sainte ampoule*, used in the consecration of the kings of France is thus recorded in Hincmar's *Life of St. Remy*, ch. 21. "And behold a dove, fairer than snow, suddenly brought down a vial in his mouth, full of holy oil. All that were present were delighted with the fragrance of it, and when the archbishop had received it the dove vanished." Another historian is rather more particular in his relation. "When he that bore the chrism was absent, and kept off by the people, lo! suddenly no other, doubtless, than the Holy Spirit appeared in the visible form of a dove, who carrying the holy oil in his shining bill, laid it down between the hands of the minister." See Menin, p. 15. The same oil which was thus received is said to have remained ever since undiminished, as that consecrated by Moses is reported to have lasted till the captivity, or about 900 years.

the people as to the person to be crowned; no conditions are required from her; no oath is administered; no homage or allegiance is offered. The Queen's Coronation, though performed at the same place, and usually on the same day with that of the sovereign, is a subsequent and distinct solemnity; it proceeds from the King, and is granted to his consort for the honour of the kingly office.

The customary appearance of the Lord of the Manor of Scrivelsby, as the King's Champion at each coronation is mentioned in an *Inquisitio post mortem* bearing date in the 7th of Edw. III. which speaks of the tenure as follows: That the manour of Scrivelsby is holden by grand sergeanty, to wit by the service of finding, on the day of Coronation, an armed knight, who shall prove by his body, if need be, that the King is true and rightful heir to the kingdom. No mention is made in it of any thing in the nature of an hereditary office; and the condition of the tenure is stated in terms which are common to many of our ancient sergeancies, the possessors of which had the care of finding a knight—*inveniendi militem*—to perform some particular service. In its first institution, then, the duty of the lord of Scrivelsby had this extent, no more: the performance of such a duty, however, had too much of honour attached to it to allow of its devolving on a deputy; and the obligation of providing a champion for the royal title, in case of need, became a right of appearing as its personal assertor on every new succession.

Nor is this the only ground for such an understanding of the tenure before us. From other records we find that the horse and armour, which are the customary perquisites of the service, were only to be claimed as of right in case a combat ensued; when this did not take place it was at the King's pleasure whether they became the claimant's property.

The above particulars are stated with a view to account for the existence of the noble service of the King's champion as we now find it—certainly with no intention of detracting from the honour and respect which are so justly its due; and before we leave the records above referred to, it is necessary to mention, for its further illustration, a

difference between the ancient and the modern mode of performing it. The champion was anciently used to ride in the procession as well as in the hall, and to proclaim his challenge "*devant tout le monde*" in both places: the former ceremony hath long been discontinued. This may also remind us of a remarkable circumstance which occurred at the Coronation of Richard II. recorded by Walsingham. Sir John Dimmock, being armed according to usual custom, came with his attendants to the door of the church when the service was concluding; but the lord Marshal came to him and said that he should not have appeared so soon, "*sed quod usque ad prandium regis differret adventum suum: quapropter monuit ut rediret, et, deposito tanto onere armorum, quiesceret ad illud tempus.*" The champion complied with this admonition, and retired;—the cause of his seeming irregularity is explained by the circumstances above described.

The form of the challenge is as follows:—

If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our sovereign lord ———, king of Great Britain and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. son and next heir to our sovereign lord ———, the last king deceased, to be right heir to the imperial crown of this realm of Great Britain, or that he ought not to enjoy the same; here is his Champion, who saith that he lieth, and is a false traitor, being ready in person to combat with him; and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him, on what day soever he shall be appointed.

But some events have lately occurred which appear to involve the very existence of this ancient service, and to preclude the possibility of its being again repeated. The reader need not be informed that an act hath passed the legislature for the abolition of trial by battle in all cases criminal or civil: now without inquiring whether the procedure before us partakes more of the quality of an appeal of treason or of a writ of right, yet as the mode of conducting it is undoubtedly a *wager of battle*, must we not, however reluctantly, conclude that the service of the King's champion is become extinct, no exception of any kind having been made in the recent enactment?

ACCOUNT OF THE BOTOCUDOS, A SAVAGE TRIBE OF BRAZIL.

OF the rich and interesting country lying on the East coast of Brazil, between the 15th and 23d degrees of South latitude, Europeans have long been destitute of any accurate knowledge. Until the emigration of the Portuguese court, it was the narrow policy of the Brazilian government to impede, by every possible obstacle, the researches of travellers in these regions. A more liberal system is now adopted, which not only permits, but encourages and assists the investigations of adventurous and scientific individuals. To this enlightened policy we owe the important discoveries of Prince Maximilian of Wied-Neuwied, who in the years 1815, 1816, and 1817, explored the Eastern coast of Brazil, and much of the interior of the country, which, until the recent publication of his travels, was wholly unknown, or at least not described. Among the most valuable and curious additions which the Prince has made to our knowledge of natural history, geography, manners, and customs, may be reckoned his communications relating to the various uncivilized tribes which inhabit the extensive forests that separate the East coast from the lofty and naked ridge of Middle Brazil in the provinces of Minas Geraës, Goyaz, and Pernambuco. These aboriginal savages have hitherto scarcely been known in Europe even by name; but rude and barbarous as they are, they are not destitute of vigour, courage, or sagacity, and may therefore, in the course of events, become enlightened and powerful. The following account of the Botocudos, one of the most powerful and warlike of these tribes, is taken from these interesting travels.*

The Botocudos rove about in the forests on the banks of the Rio Doce, up to its source in the Capitania of Minas Geraës.

These savages are distinguished by their custom of eating human flesh, and by their warlike spirit: they have hitherto made an obstinate resistance to the Portuguese. If they sometimes appeared at one place with all the demonstrations of friendly sentiments, they committed hostilities and excesses at another; and hence there has never been a lasting good understanding with them. Many years ago, a military post of seven soldiers was stationed eight or ten leagues

up the Rio Doce, at the spot where the *Povoação* of Linhares is now built; and this post was provided with one piece of cannon to cover the intended new road to Minas. At first the savages were frightened away by it, but when they had gradually become better acquainted with the Europeans and their weapons, their fears subsided. They once made a sudden attack on the station, killed one of the soldiers, and would have overtaken and massacred the others, who fled, had they not sought their safety in the river, and escaped in the boat, which happened to be just then coming with the relief. As the savages could not reach them, they filled the cannon with stones, and then retired into their woods.

After this event, the late minister of state, Count de Linhares, formally declared war against them, in a well-known proclamation: by his orders, the military stations already established on the Rio Doce were reinforced and increased in number, to secure the settlements of the Europeans, and the communication with Minas up the river. Since that time no mercy has been shewn to the Botocudos: they have been extirpated, wherever they have been found, without respect to age or sex; and only now and then, on particular occasions, some very young children have been spared and brought up. This war of extermination was prosecuted with the more inveteracy and cruelty, as it was firmly believed that they killed all their enemies who fell into their hands, and devoured them. When it was farther known that in some places, on the Rio Doce, they had expressed pacific dispositions in their manner by clapping their hands, and had then treacherously killed with their formidable arrows, the Portuguese who had crossed over to them, confiding in these amicable demonstrations, every hope of finding sentiments of humanity among these savages was totally extinguished. But that this opinion, derogatory to the dignity of human nature, was carried too far, and that the incorrigibility of these people proceeds as much from the manner in which they have been treated, as from their native rudeness, is strikingly evinced in the beneficial effects which the moderate and humane conduct of the governor, Conde dos Arcos, has produced in the capitania of Bahia, among the Botocudos residing on the Rio Grande de Belmonte. The traveller who has just quitted the

* Travels in Brazil, by Prince Maximilian of Wied-Neuwied. London, 1820.

theatre of this inhuman petty warfare on the Rio Doce, is particularly struck, and furnished with occasion for the most important reflections, when after the lapse of a few weeks he arrives in the district on the Rio Grande, and there sees the inhabitants, in consequence of a peace concluded three or four years ago, living with these very savages on the most friendly footing, which ensures to the latter the desired repose, and to the former security and the greatest advantages.

The Rio Doce runs through a considerable extent of country; its banks are covered with thick forests, which are the haunt of a great number of different animals. Here are frequently found the *anta* or American tapir, two kinds of wild swine, (*dicotyles*, Cuvier), the peccary or *caytetu*, and the *porco a quechada branca* (*taytetu* and *tagnicati* of Azara), two species of deer (the *guazupita* and *guazultra* of Azara), and above seven varieties of the cat kind, among which the spotted ounce (*yaguarété*, Azara) and the black tiger (*yaguarété noir*, Azara) are the largest and most dangerous. But the rude savage Botocudo, the aboriginal inhabitant of this country, is far more formidable than all those beasts of prey, and the terror of these impenetrable forests.

The Prince's party proceeded up this river in a long canoe which was rowed by six soldiers. The party consisted of nine persons, all well armed. In order to ascend the Rio Doce, when it is at its height, four men at least are necessary, who propel the canoe with long poles (*varas*). As there are every where shallow places, which in the dry season appear as sand-banks, the poles can always reach them, even when the water is high; and with the most favourable combination of circumstances it is possible to reach Linhares in one day, but not till late in the evening.

The weather was very fine, and when they had become accustomed to the rocking of the narrow canoe, caused by the soldiers walking backwards and forwards to push it along, they found the excursion very agreeable. When it was quite day-light they saw the broad surface of the rapid stream glistening in the morning sun; the distant banks were so thickly covered with gloomy forests, that in the whole of the long tract which they passed, there was not a single open spot which would have afforded room even for a house. Numerous islands of various sizes and forms rise

above the surface of the water; they are covered with ancient trees of the most luxuriant verdure. Each has its particular name, and their number is said to increase the farther you ascend. The water of the Rio Doce, when at its height, is turbid and yellowish, and is universally asserted by the inhabitants to generate fevers. It abounds in fish: even the saw-fish (*pristis serra*) comes up far above Linhares, and into the *lagoa* of Juparanan, where it is frequently caught.

From the forests they heard the cries of numerous monkeys, particularly the *barbados*, the *saiassus*, &c. Here it was that they first saw in their wild state the magnificent macaws (*psittacus macao*, Linn.) which are among the chief ornaments of the Brazilian forests; they heard their loud screaming voices, and saw these splendid birds soaring above the crowns of the lofty *sapucaya* trees. They recognised them at a distance by their long tails, and their glowing red plumage shone with dazzling splendour in the beams of the unclouded sun. Perroquets, maracanas, maitacas, tiribas, curicas, camutangas, nandayas, and other species of parrots, flew, loudly screaming, in numerous flocks from bank to bank; and the large and stately Muscovy duck (*anas moschata*, Linn.) alighted on the branch of a cecropia, in the margin of the forest on the bank of the river. The black skimmer (*rynchops nigra*, Linn.) sat motionless and with contracted neck upon the sand-banks: toucans and the *çurueuas* (*trogon viridis*, Linn.) uttered their loud cries. These wild animals, and the savage Botocudos, who are now however more rare, are the sole inhabitants of the banks of this river. There are scarcely any settlers: in two places only a few persons, sufficiently provided with arms for their defence, have fixed themselves. They always carry their guns with them, when they go to their plantations; and those who have no firearms have at least one of the bows called *bodoc*, to discharge balls and stones. It is but occasionally, and in their roving excursions, that the Botocudos appear in these parts so far down the river.

Towards noon they reached the little island called from its shape *Carapuça* (Cap.) Here the weary people took some rest, and they found it absolutely impossible to reach Linhares this day. To secure their vessel from the rapid current of the river, they ran up between the main and an island, into a

narrow channel, where a number of beautiful birds, especially parrots, were flying about, and the fine red macaws produced a singularly striking effect as the setting sun illumined their scarlet plumage. The banks of these islands and of the channel were for the most part thickly overgrown with the high fan-like reed, the sheath of whose flower is used by the Botocudos for their arrows. When evening approached, the soldiers deliberated whether it would be better to pass the night on the Ilha Comprida (long island), or on one of the others. The first was rejected, because it is divided from the shore by only a narrow and shallow channel, and they would not have been secure against a visit from the savages. They therefore proceeded to the Ilha de Gambin, where the governors used formerly to pass the night when they visited the colony on the Rio Doce. The present governor has not continued these visits, and the bushes on the shore were found so thickly grown together, that one of the hunters was obliged to clear a place with his wood-knife, before they could set foot on shore. A large and cheerful fire was soon blazing in an open spot, whence a large owl (*curuja*) and a Muscovy-duck flew away, affrighted at the unexpected guests. They suffered some inconvenience from the swarms of mosquitoes, but slept quietly till the morning.

They left the island very early, proceeded up the river past several other islands, and into a channel between the Ilha Comprida and the north bank of the river. The current was by no means so strong here, but then they met with many fallen trunks of trees and large branches, which they had to clear away, before they could advance farther. The bushes and lofty ancient trees, which border this channel, present the most diversified and magnificent spectacle. Various kinds of cocoas, especially the elegant *palmitto*, (in other parts called *jissara*), with its tall slender stem, and the small bright green, beautiful feathery crown, adorn these dark forests, from the recesses of which the calls of unknown birds strike the ear. Below, close to the water, were some splendid flowers, still new to the Europeans; among which were a convolvulus (or a plant of that genus) with a remarkably large white flower, and a plant resembling a bean, of the class *diadelphica*, with a large deep yellow flower, which twined about the bushes in thick close wreaths. A *jacaré*, (the alligator of this country),

which was quietly basking in the sun, fled at the sound of the oars. They soon came to several islands, upon which the people of Linhares had made plantations; for it is only on these islands that they are quite safe from the savages, who have no canoes, and therefore cannot cross, except where the breadth and depth of the river are inconsiderable. The officer, called Guarda Mor, resides in the Ilha do Boi (Ox Island), and the priest of Linhares on the Ilha do Bom Jesus. Towards noon they came in sight of Linhares, and landed on the north bank, after having with great exertion made their way against the rapid current.

Nearly opposite to the inconsiderable settlement of Linhares on the banks of this river, is the *fazenda* and sugar-house of Bomjardin, belonging to Lieutenant Joao Felipe Calmon. When he was going to settle here opposite to Linhares, he took thirty or forty armed men, and attacked the Botocudos, who were assembled in a body, resolved to dispute the ground with him. One of these savages was killed; but it soon appeared that this horde, which numbered 150 bows, could not be driven away by force alone; another mode was therefore adopted; they were threatened in the rear, and by this stratagem induced to retreat. Since that time they have given him no farther molestation during the three years that he has resided here. If this place had any trade, the various valuable kinds of wood, which these forests produce in abundance, might be turned to as good an account as the fertile soil of his *fazenda*. *Peroba*, an excellent timber for ship-building, is indeed considered as crown property, but Mr. Calmon obtained permission to build, of this timber, some large handsome sea-canoes, which he sends to Capitania and other places laden with the produce of his *fazenda*, and many other valuable kinds of wood.

In order to protect this settlement in general from the attacks and cruelties of the Botocudos, eight stations have been established, which are pushed forward in different directions into the great forests: they are also at the same time especially destined to protect the commercial intercourse, which it has of late been attempted to open up the river with Minas Geraes. In fact, soldiers have already come down from that province, who were in sufficient numbers, well armed, and provided with the defensive coat called *gibao d'armas*. These

coats, some of which are kept at all the stations, are an indispensable covering against the arrows which the savages discharge with great force. They are wide, made of cotton, and thickly lined with several layers of cotton wadding, have a high stiff collar, which covers the neck, and short sleeves that protect the upper part of the arm; they come down to the knee, but are very inconvenient on account of their weight, especially in hot weather. The strongest arrow, even when discharged near at hand, does not easily penetrate such a coat, and it never has force enough to inflict any serious wound. The people indeed place too much confidence in these coats, for they assured us that even a ball would not pierce them.

In the woods on the banks of the river St. Matthew, the uncivilised Indians are very numerous, and they all live in constant warfare with the whites in this part of the country. In the course of the last year seventeen persons were killed by them. The northern bank is haunted by the Patachos, Cumanachos, Machacalis (called by the Portuguese Machacaris, they themselves cannot pronounce the *r* well), and other tribes, as far as Porto Seguro. The Botocudos also are numerous, and said to be chiefly in possession of the south bank; they are feared by the other tribes, and are considered as enemies by the rest, who on account of their inferior numbers make common cause against them. The plantations belonging to a *fazenda* higher up the river were frequently robbed by the savages, till the proprietor devised a singular expedient to get rid of these hostile visitors. He loaded an iron cannon, which was at the *fazenda*, with pieces of old lead and iron, fastened the lock of a musket to it, placed it in the narrow path, by which the savages always used to come in a column, and laid a piece of wood across the path which was connected with the trigger by means of a string. The savages appeared in the dusk of the evening, and trod on the piece of wood, as had been intended. When the people of the *fazenda* hastened to the spot to see the result, they found the cannon burst, and thirty Indians killed and mutilated, some still on the spot and others scattered in the woods. The cries of the fugitives are said to have been heard far around. Since this terrible destruction the *fazenda* is said not to have been again disturbed by the savages.

It was at Villa Viçosa that the author first saw these savages, of whom he says, "The sight of the Botocudos astonished us beyond all expression; we had never before seen such strange and singularly ugly beings. Their original countenances were farther disfigured by large pieces of wood which they wore in their lower lips and in their ears: the lip is thus made to project very much, and the ears of some of them hang like large wings down to their shoulders: their brown bodies were covered with dirt. They were already very familiar with the *owidor*, who had them always in the room with him, in order to gain their confidence more and more. He had some persons who spoke the Botocudo language, and let us hear some specimens of their singing, which resembles an inarticulate howling. Most of these young Indians had lately had the small-pox: they were still covered all over with marks and scars, which, as their bodies were emaciated by the disease, considerably increased their natural ugliness."

During his stay on the Rio Grande de Belmonte, he became more intimately acquainted with this tribe. On his way to explore a grave for the purpose of getting one of their skulls, he was surprised by the savages.

"It was our intention to complete our examination as speedily as possible, but in the narrow serpentine path, between the lofty trees, appeared many interesting birds, which detained us: we shot some of them, and I was just about to pick one up, when I was suddenly surprised by the short but harsh tone of a rough voice. I instantly turned round, and lo! close behind me were several Botocudos! naked, and brown like the beasts of the forest, they stood with their great plugs of white wood in their ears and lower lips, and their bows and arrows in their hands. My surprise, I confess, was not small: had they been inimically disposed, I should have been pierced by their arrows before I could have suspected they were near. As it was, I advanced boldly towards them, and repeated what words I knew of their language: they pressed me, after the manner of the Portuguese, to their bosoms; clapped me on the shoulder, and pronounced in a loud tone some harsh words; but particularly on seeing my double-barrelled gun, they repeatedly exclaimed with astonishment, *pun urukú*, (several guns).

Some women laden with heavy sacks now came up one after another, surveyed me with equal curiosity, and communicated their remarks to each other. Both men and women were entirely destitute of clothing: the former were of the middle size, strong, muscular, and well made, yet in general rather slender, but the great plugs of wood in their ears and lips disfigured them much: they carried bundles of bows and arrows under their arms, and some had also water-vessels made of taquarussu. They wore their hair cropped close, except a round tuft on the crown of the head; this was the case even with the young children, a considerable number of whom the mothers carried on their shoulders, or led by the hand.

One of my people, named George, who understood something of the language of these savages, had come up in the mean time and entered into conversation with them, on which they immediately became extremely familiar. They inquired after their countrymen, whom the *ouvidor* had sent to Rio, and expressed great joy on hearing that they would find them at the post (*destacamento*). Their impatience was now so great, that they hurried quickly away. I was heartily glad that we had loitered on the way; for if the savages, who had to pass close by the grave, had surprised us when engaged in our intended examination, their resentment might have involved us in great danger.*

I now resolved to defer my purpose till some more favourable opportunity; and had gone but a few steps, when the leader of the party, Captain June, an old man of rough appearance, but of a good disposition, suddenly met me. He saluted us in the same manner as his countrymen; but his appearance was still more extraordinary than that of the others, for he wore plugs in his ears and lip four inches and four lines English, in diameter; he was likewise strong and muscular, but already wrinkled with age. As he had left his wife behind, he carried on his back two heavy sacks, and a great bundle of arrows, and reeds

for arrows. He panted under his load, and ran quickly away with his body much inclining forwards. His first question likewise was, whether his countrymen had returned from Rio de Janeiro; and the most lively joy was expressed in his whole appearance, when we answered him in the affirmative.

When I soon afterwards returned to the Quartel, I found a great number of Botocudos, lying at their ease, in all the rooms of the house. Some were sitting at the fire, and roasting unripe mammas fruit; others were eating flour which they had received from the commandant; and a great part of them were contemplating with astonishment, my people, whose appearance was very singular to them. They were not a little surprised at their white skin, light hair, and blue eyes. They crept through every corner of the house, in quest of provisions, and their appetite was always keen: they climbed up all the mammas trees, and where their fruit shewed by its yellowish green colour that it was beginning to ripen, it was immediately plucked; nay, many ate it quite unripe, either roasted on the hot coals, or boiled.

I immediately began to barter with these savages, giving them knives, red handkerchiefs, glass beads, and other trifles, for their arms, sacks, and other utensils. They manifested a decided preference for every thing that was made of iron; and, like all the Tapuyas on the east coast, immediately fastened the knives they had obtained, to a string tied round their necks. A very interesting scene was afforded us, by the reception which they gave to their countrymen and relations, the young Botocudos, who had been with the *ouvidor* to Rio, and now came in successively. They were welcomed with the greatest cordiality; old Captain June sung a joyful song, and some even affirmed, that they saw him shed tears of joy. It has been asserted that the Botocudos are accustomed, by way of welcome, to smell each others' wrists; Mr. Sellow among others says, he has observed this practice; but though I was long and often among these savages, and frequently witnessed their interviews with new comers, I never observed, or heard of any thing of the kind.

The old Captain and his chief friends had taken up their quarters in a shed, open on all sides, and merely covered with a thatched roof, which was designed for the preparation of mandioca

* According to the accounts since received from Mr. Freyreiss from Brazil, my apprehensions of the consequences of being surprised by the savages, in the act of opening their grave, were ill founded; for he has since opened several graves, in which operation the Botocudos themselves assisted him.
—Note of the Author.

flour; here they had kindled a great fire, near the mandioca wheel and the great stove for drying the flour, and lay around it involved in thick smoke, on the ashes, which gave to their brown skin a grey appearance. The Captain himself frequently rose, roughly demanded an axe, and went to fetch fuel; from time to time too, he ventured an attack upon us or the Portuguese to obtain flour, or shook the melon trees to get their fruit.

These Botocudos, who manifest such irreconcilable hostility on the Rio Doce, are so little feared here on the Belmonte, that people have even ventured to go several days' journey with them into the great woods to hunt, and to sleep with them there in their huts; such experiments however are not yet very frequent, as the distrust entertained of them cannot easily be quite overcome. This mistrust and the fear of putting themselves wholly in their power, are not the only circumstances which make the Europeans averse to such excursions in the woods in company with the savages; to these must be added their great muscular strength, and ability to endure fatigue; for our people always returned quite exhausted from every excursion with the Botocudos. Their muscular strength enables them to go very swiftly in the hottest weather, both up and down hill; they penetrate the thickest and most entangled forests; they wade and swim through every river, if it be not too rapid; perfectly naked, therefore not incommoded by clothing, never getting into perspiration, carrying only their bow and arrows in their hand, they stoop with facility; and with their hardened skin, which fears neither thorns nor other injury, they creep through the smallest gap in the bushes, and can thus pass over a great extent of ground in a day. My hunters had experience of this their bodily superiority, among others, from a young Botocudo, named Jukeräcke: he had learned to be a very good marksman with his gun, and was at the same time uncommonly skilful in the use of the bow. I sometimes sent him with other Botocudos into the wood to kill animals; for a little flour and brandy they willingly hunted a whole day. Jukeräcke in particular was very serviceable, as he was agile and shewed much aptness to all bodily exercises. At first my hunters accompanied these people; but they soon complained that the Bo-

tocudos were too swift of foot, and let them hunt alone."

A combat between two parties of this savage horde is thus described:—"One Sunday morning, when the weather was most beautifully serene, we saw all the Botocudos of the Quartel, some with their faces painted black, and others red, suddenly break up, and wade through the river to the north bank, all with bundles of poles on their shoulders. Soon afterwards Captain June, with his people, came out of the wood, where a number of women and children had sought refuge in some large huts. Scarcely had the news of the approaching combat become known in the Quartel, when a crowd of spectators, among whom were the soldiers, an ecclesiastic from Minas, and several strangers, whom I also joined, hastened over to the field of battle. Each took for his security a pistol or a knife under his coat, in case the combat should be turned against us.

When we landed on the opposite bank, we found all the savages standing close together, and formed a half circle about them. The combat was just beginning. First, the warriors of both parties uttered short rough tones of defiance to each other, walked sullenly round one another like angry dogs, at the same time making ready their poles. Captain Jeparack then came forward, walked about between the men, looked gloomily and directly before him, with wide staring eyes, and sung, with a tremulous voice, a long song, which probably described the affront that he had received. In this manner the adverse parties became more and more inflamed; suddenly two of them advanced, and pushed one another with the arm on the breast, so that they staggered back, and then began to ply their poles. One first struck with all his might at the other, regardless where the blow fell: his antagonist bore the first attack seriously and calmly, without changing countenance; he then took his turn, and thus they belaboured each other with severe blows, the marks of which long remained visible in the large wheals on their naked bodies. As there were on the poles many sharp stumps of branches which had been cut off, the effect of the blows was not always confined to bruises, but the blood flowed from the heads of many of the combatants. When two of them had thus thrashed each other handsomely, two more came forward;

and several pair were often seen engaged at once: but they never laid hands on one another. When these combats had continued for some time, they again walked about with a serious look, uttering tones of defiance, till heroic enthusiasm again seized them, and set their poles in motion.

Meanwhile, the women also fought valiantly; amidst continual weeping and howling, they seized each other by the hair, struck with their fists, scratched with their nails, tore the plugs of wood out of each other's ears and lips, and scattered them on the field of battle as trophies. If one threw her adversary down, a third, who stood behind, seized her by the legs, and threw her down likewise, and then they pulled each other about on the ground. The men did not degrade themselves so far as to strike the women of the opposite party, but only pushed them with the ends of their poles, or kicked them on the side, so that they rolled over and over. The lamentations and howlings of the women and children likewise resounded from the neighbouring huts, and heightened the effect of this most singular scene.

In this manner the combat continued for about an hour; when all appeared weary, some of the savages showed their courage and perseverance, by walking about among the others, uttering their tones of defiance. Captain Jeparack, as the principal person of the offended party, held out to the last; all seemed fatigued and exhausted, when he, not yet disposed to make peace, continued to sing his tremulous song, and encouraged his people to renew the combat, till we went up to him, clapped him on the shoulder, and told him that he was a valiant warrior, but that it was now time to make peace; upon which he at length suddenly quitted the field, and went over to the Quartel. Captain June had not shown so much energy; being an old man, he had taken no part in the combat, but constantly remained in the back-ground.

All of us then left the field of battle, which was covered with ear-plugs and broken poles, and returned to the Quar-

tel; where we found our old acquaintance Jukeräcke, Medcann, Ahó, and others, sadly covered with bruises; but they showed to what a degree man can harden himself, for none of them paid any regard to his swollen limbs; but they sat or lay down on their open wounds, and ate with a hearty appetite the flour which the commandant gave them. The bows and arrows of all these savages had stood, during the whole combat, leaning against the neighbouring trees, without their touching them; but it is said sometimes to have happened, on similar occasions, that they have thrown aside the poles, and taken to their arms, for which reason the Portuguese do not much like to have such combats in their neighbourhood. It was not till some time afterwards that I heard the cause of the combat, of which we had been spectators. Captain June, with his people, had been hunting on the south bank of the river, in the grounds of Jeparack, and killed some wild swine. This was considered by the latter as a great insult; for the Botocudos always observe, more or less strictly, the boundaries of a certain hunting-district, beyond which they are in general careful not to trespass: such offences are the usual occasions of their quarrels and wars."

The Botocudos, and all the other tribes of Tapuyas, have some religious notions without being idolators. They believe in several mighty supernatural beings, of whom the most potent is the God of Thunder, called by them Tupa, or Tupan. The attempts which have hitherto been made to reclaim these people from their wild and wandering habits have constantly failed, because slavery was proposed to them as the price of civilization. We hope that a more liberal and humane policy will be pursued in future, and have no doubt that if settled independently and engaged in agricultural pursuits, a friendly intercourse with them would be far more profitable to the Portuguese Brazilians, than the labour which might be extorted from them by an unjustifiable invasion of their natural liberty.

ON ANGLING. BY AN AMATEUR.

[Being lately on a visit to a worthy old friend in the country, our conversation turned on the pleasures of angling, and thus touched a string which vibrated on his mind with peculiar force. He told us this sport had been his favourite pastime for many years, and that he had been induced to pursue it with the greater ardour by a series of Letters, which he had received from an experienced brother of the art, written with so much spirit and accurate knowledge of the subject, as not only to instruct but to delight him. Wishing to communicate the same gratification to others, which he had felt himself, he yielded to our persuasion to allow them to appear in the New Monthly Magazine. We shall, therefore, give them a place in our successive Numbers; and as they contain many anecdotes and descriptions of beautiful scenery in England, Scotland, and Wales, as well as instructions for angling, and various particulars of natural history connected with that amusement, we flatter ourselves they will prove very entertaining to our readers in general.]

LETTER I.

Angling.

I AM prompted by our long-continued friendship to assure you, that as I set a great value upon your health and comfort, I rejoice to hear that you have resolved to quit your sedentary employment in town, and intend to retire into the country. The smoky atmosphere of London will be happily exchanged for the pure air of the Wiltshire downs, and when you are once settled there, a person of your excellent flow of spirits, and activity of mind, is not likely to become a prey to *ennui*, or to want resources. You will seldom, if ever, I trust, cast "a longing lingering look behind," and sigh for your deserted occupation, like the retired tallow-chandler who wished to return to the old shop on *dipping* days. Your paternal acres will afford you sufficient scope to employ yourself profitably as an agriculturist; and your wish to serve your country both usefully and honourably, will induce you to act as a magistrate. You have in your power

Retirement, friendship, books,

as our favourite poet Thomson observes; and I trust, from what I presume will be the tenour of your conduct, that you will be rewarded with the blessings contained in the remaining part of that poet's delightful description:

Applauding conscience, and approving Heav'n.

When you communicate to me your fears, that you shall have too much leisure upon your hands, and are desirous to pass your vacant hours in *angling*, permit me to suggest that neither that nor any other amusement ought to occupy too much time. Excess is an evil in all things; in nothing more than in our recreations, especially as their too frequent repetition destroys our relish for them, and makes a toil of what would otherwise be a pleasure. *Perdrix, toujours perdrix*, is the complaint of the surfeited epicure. Avoid a super-

fluity of sweets, and escape the fate of those who

Die of a rose in aromatic pain.

Moderate your desires then, and mindful of my hints, be content with giving a day to angling now and then; and recollect a truism, which although obvious may be repeated to advantage, till all mankind have reached the summit of improvement—that human life is too short, and our duties are too numerous and urgent, to allow us to sacrifice great portions of it to recreations and sports.

After having said so much in order to damp your ardour a little, and keep your pursuit of this new amusement within due bounds, I shall now proceed to assure you, that as you pay me the compliment of applying to me for information, I will comply with your wishes in the best manner I can. I have practised the art of angling for many years; its pursuit has been the solace of my cares, and the occupation of many a vacant hour, and it has answered the delightful purposes of increasing my fondness for the charms of nature, and the solitude of the country.

But as my *skill* and *knowledge* in angling are not equal to my *love* of it, you must excuse me for not attempting to communicate to you any thing like a regular treatise on angling: for such a work you must apply to those accomplished adepts in the art, whose works are deservedly popular.

In order to please you, I shall adopt the following plan: I am just going to set out upon a *piscatory* tour, and I promise to correspond with you in the course of it. From my desultory letters, and excursive way of writing, you may pick up many a useful hint, that may make you cheaply wise at the expense of the dearly-bought experience of myself and others. I may at least amuse, if I do not instruct you; and if I do not display any great ability, or talents, you will, I flatter myself, give

the credit for my best endeavours to make my letters, as far as I am able, "Magazines of knowledge and pleasure."

My letters will contain descriptions of *all our river fishes*, their *haunts* and *baits*, the *best rivers and waters* in which they may be found, and the *proper seasons* for angling. I shall endeavour to enliven these subjects with descriptions of places, and anecdotes of persons connected with the subject of the work, that I think may entertain you. That such digression may be properly introduced into such a work as this, which modestly aspires to be called *didactic*, I may plead the authority of your favourite poet Virgil in his *Georgics*. And, by the bye, perhaps the readers of the *Mantuan Bard* in general are more pleased with his description of the *Scythian winter*, and the story of *Orpheus and Eurydice*, than with his explanation of the construction of a plough, or his direction for the management of bees.

That reader can be neither "courteous nor gentle" who does not relish the work of *Isaac Walton* the more, for introducing the praises of *Hawking and Hunting*, the *Milkmaid's song*, and her *Mother's answer*, into his incomparable work. My subjects will be miscellaneous, in order to render the Letters more pleasing.

I hope you will not like me the less because I have sometimes quitted the turnpike-road line of travelling through my subject, but occasionally

— have stray'd,
Wild as the mountain bee, and cull'd a sweet
From every flower that beautify'd my way.

With respect to my statement of *matters of fact*, I shall confine myself to such as have occurred to my own observation, or are confirmed by respectable authority. Whatever new facts are brought forward are to be considered as so many additions to the science of *ichthyology*—which you will find, the more you take pains to investigate, to be a very curious and interesting branch of natural history.

The ardour with which the love of angling can inspire its votary, is, I think, as great as that produced by any other recreation whatever. A fox-hunter or a shot cannot be more enthusiastic than a young angler. The school-boy gladly expends all the money he can save upon a fishing-rod and tackle, and the hope of sport enables him to bear, without repining, the privation of tarts and fruits. When I was

a school-boy, on the arrival of the long wished-for holiday, the enjoyment of it consisted in going a-fishing with some companions who glowed with the same ardour. What pleasure we felt in preparing our tackle! What eagerness in searching for baits! What haste in running, regardless of the scorching sun, or the drizzling rain, to some bank near the favourite hole! What competition of dexterity and alertness in preparing the tackle! What desire to be the foremost to dip a line into the water, and catch the first fish! We were so absorbed by all the circumstances that attended the sport, that we brought baits for the fish in plenty but no sustenance for ourselves.

— Far from home
We fed on scarlet hips, and stony haws,
Or blushing crabs or berries, that emboss
The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere.
Hard fare! but such as boyish appetite
Disdains not—nor the palate undepraved
By culinary arts unsavory deems.*

If we failed of success, disappointment might damp, but could not extinguish our desire, for at the next opportunity we pursued the same amusement with the same keen relish, and the same unabated activity; and the same ardour inspires the more mature angler. He endures heat and cold, wet and wind, in the pursuit of his favourite sport, even to the danger of his health; a run, a rise, or a bite rouses his spirits, and makes him forget the hours he has waited for it. And if he catches a few fish, although their real value bear no proportion to his loss of time, and his expense, yet they make him ample amends for all his toil, and with a pleasure *only known to anglers*, he triumphs in the possession of his prizes.

As a philosopher, you may ask me what is the motive or incentive to this species of recreation? I shall tell you plainly, without any flourish or attempt at an elaborate disquisition—that in my humble opinion, the motive is compounded of the pleasure of pursuit which keeps hope and expectation alive, and the pleasure of acquisition which rewards them.

There is sometimes a state of uncertainty in angling which is found to be a source of great pleasure. Suppose you hook a good fish—he feels heavy and he plunges into the deep water. He strikes towards the bank, your line slackens, and you fear he is gone. Then you feel him drawing the line tight

again—he struggles, but with diminished strength, he makes a few desperate efforts, he displays himself, expanding his gills, and you at length draw him breathless and exhausted upon his broadside. At length you land him, and survey with admiring eyes your scaly victim stretched lifeless on the bank.

The next step in your pleasure is to exhibit him, when you reach home, to your friends; and your triumph reaches its climax when your fish is brought to table well dressed and accompanied with good sauces, and all the company unite in exclaiming, “Fine size! high season! delicious flavour! He who caught such a grand fish must be a second Walton.”

The great degree of *patience* requisite in angling is sometimes thrown out as a reproach, as much as to say, that the patient angler is a kind of a Jerry Sneak, a tame and spiritless animal. But does not patience, in the estimation of philosophers as well as Christians, rank high among the virtues? And is not its exercise necessary in almost every pursuit in life? In winter must we not wait for the zephyrs of spring; in spring for the flowers of summer; and in summer for the fruits of autumn; for they will none of them come at our call. How long is the lover content to wait for his mistress, the miser to gain some additional bags of money, and the courtier to dance attendance for a blue ribbon, or a gold stick?

But the imputation of patience in a *degrading* sense to an angler, comes, let me be free to say, with a very ill grace from other sportsmen. What patience must those exercise who are fond of *coarsing*, before they can find a hare! In shooting, how many fields must the best *shot* sometimes beat, before his dogs find a covey, or he gets a single point! And in *hunting*, how many covers must be sometimes drawn, before a fox can be found! And many are the blank days every modern Nimrod must reckon even in a favourable season. Let these gentlemen—the courser, the shot, and the hunter, prescribe patience to each other, for, believe me, the fisherman does not want a larger dose of it than they do themselves.

I conclude this Letter with the praise given to our darling pursuit by Sir Henry Wotton, one of the most accomplished men of an accomplished age, and a most worthy, right skilful, and renowned brother of the angle. He said, that

“after his study, angling was a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passion, a procurer of contentedness; and it begets habits of peace and patience in those that profess and practise it.”

LETTER II.

On Fish in general.

I TRUST you are not grown so complete a rustic, and so ignorant of what is passing in the world, as not to know that every person of the least respectability aspires to the character of being *scientific*. To be a botanist is, to be sure, rather out of date, although a few years ago no lady or gentleman could appear in company without being able to talk of the genera and species of the vegetable tribes, and like King Solomon, they discoursed on plants from “the hyssop on the wall to the cedar of the forest.” Now we are all grown chemists, mineralogists, entomologists, geologists, or horticulturists, and exert all possible interest to be elected members of some renowned societies. It is my ambition to make you scientific in my own way, and therefore I shall endeavour to qualify you to assume the style, title, and dignity of an *Ichthyologist*. Start not at the strange-looking word, as such compound Greek terms are at present much in vogue. The Kaleidoscope, it is true, happily for our eye-sight, is gone out of fashion; the Telegraph is changing for the Semaphore; but you must not be so old-fashioned as to talk of an Orrery, for the superior name is the Diastrodaxon; if you want a footman, you are directed to the *Therapologia* in Soho Square, where no doubt you will meet with a capital one, unless he has been in the employ of the Greeks in a gambling-house, and they, you may be assured, speak a very different dialect to that which will assist us in the explanation of the above-mentioned titles.

But to be serious, and come to the point. The branch of natural history which I am desirous to make you acquainted with, is called *Ichthyology*; this compound word is derived from *ἰχθυς*, a fish, and *λογία*, an account, or description.

Fish form the fourth class of animals in the system of Linnæus. There are about 400 species of which we have some knowledge; but those that are unknown, and live in the great deep unmolested by man, and unassailable by

his methods of destruction, are supposed to be much more numerous.

The Orders of Fish.

Linnaeus divides fish into six orders. The principal marks of distinction are derived from the peculiar formation attending the gills and fins. The first four orders include all those fish that have osseous, or bony gills, and this fact must be understood as applicable to the other characters, which Linnaeus employs to distinguish these orders.

ORDER 1. *Apodes*, or fish which have no ventral or belly fins. This order includes all the eel tribes, whether they inhabit seas, lakes, or rivers. 2. *Jugulares*, or fish with the ventral placed before the pectoral fins, as in the haddock, whiting, ling, &c. 3. *Thoracici*, or fish with the ventral situated under the pectoral fins, as in the holibut, plaice, &c. 4. *Abdominales*, or fish with the ventral situated behind the pectoral fins, as the pike, mullet, herring, &c. 5. *Branchiostegi*, or fish whose gills are destitute of osseous matter, as the sun-fish, pike-fish, frog-fish, &c. 6. *Chondropterygii*, or fish with cartilaginous gills, as the sturgeon, dog-fish, &c.

From this full, and I think clear, display of scientific arrangement, I proceed to general observations; and I acknowledge my obligations to Dr. Skrimshire for many of them. They are taken from his "Series of Essays introductory to the Study of Natural History," a work deserving your attentive perusal, as it is written with philosophical precision, and accurate knowledge of the subject.

The curious shapes, forms, and structures of fish are admirably adapted to their situations; for to inhabit an element so much heavier than air, they want not the expansive wings of birds to buoy them up, but being themselves nearly of the same specific gravity as the water which they inhabit, their fins are all that is requisite to enable them to move with ease, and steer their course at pleasure. The exact use of their fins, and how accurately their position and number are adjusted, will appear by the following quotation from Paley's *Natural Theology*:

"In most fish, besides the great fin, the tail, we find two pair of fins upon the sides, two single fins upon the back, and one upon the belly, or rather between the belly and the tail. The balancing use of these organs is proved in this manner. Of the large headed fish, if you cut off the pectoral fins, that is the pair which lies close behind the gills, the head falls prone to the bottom: if

the right pectoral fin only be cut off, the fish leans to that side; if the ventral fin on the same side be cut away, then it loses its equilibrium entirely: if the dorsal and ventral fins be cut off, the fish reels to the right and left.

"When the fish dies, that is when the fins cease to play, the belly turns upward. The use of the same parts for *motion* is seen in the following observation upon them when put in action. The pectoral and more particularly the ventral fins serve to raise and depress the fish. When the fish desires to have a retrograde motion, a stroke forward with the pectoral fin effectually produces it; if the fish desires to turn either way, a single blow with the tail the opposite way sends it round at once: if the tail strikes both ways, the motion produced by the double lash is progressive, and enables the fish to dart forwards with astonishing velocity. When the tail is cut off, the fish loses all motion, and gives itself up to where the water impels it."

Fish in general are supposed not to possess the senses in the same degree of perfection as most other animals. Their sense of feeling appears not to be acute. Whether they can smell at all is doubtful; and that they do not possess the sense of taste, or have it in an imperfect degree is probable, because the palate of most fish is hard and bony, and consequently they are incapable of relishing different substances, and they swallow their food without mastication. Whether fish possess the sense of hearing is a disputed point. I am rather inclined to think they do not. Monroe, Hunter, and Cuvier, have claimed the merit of discovering the organs of hearing in some fishes, but observation seems to oppose their theories with respect to fishes in general. Mr. Gowan, who kept some gold fishes in a vase, informs us, that whatever noise he made he could not disturb them. He hallooed as loud as he could, putting a piece of paper between his mouth and the water to prevent the vibrations from affecting the surface, and the fishes still seemed insensible; but when the paper was removed, and the sound had its full play upon the water, the fishes seemed instantly to feel the change, and shrank to the bottom. From this we may learn, that fishes are as deaf as they are mute, and that when they seem to hear the call of a whistle or bell at the edge of a pond, it is rather the vibration that affects the water, by which they are excited, than any sounds that they hear*.

The sight is the most perfect of their senses, and this seems to supply the want of others. They leap out of the water to catch the smallest flies in a summer evening, when it is so dark that we cannot discern them. The angler need not employ half his ingenuity either with respect to tackle, or baits; or of caution in fishing, if he had not their very quick eyes to contend with. Yet it is probable fish can see objects only at a short distance, as the crystalline humour of their eyes is quite round, like that of persons who are near-sighted. You must have observed this humour; it is like a pea; it is hard when boiled, but in the natural state, it is transparent and soft as a jelly.

Thus fish appear to fall short of terrestrial animals in their faculties, sensations, and consequently in their enjoyments. They form a sort of middle link in the chain of beings between quadrupeds and vegetables. Their senses are incapable of making any accurate distinctions, and they are impelled forward by a blind instinct in pursuit of whatever they can make their prey. From the smallest to the greatest—from the minnow to the whale, their existence is one continued scene of hostility and invasion; and they seem to suggest to man, by their own actions of continually preying upon each other, the desire to prey upon them.

Many fish live only on the vegetable productions of the water, but in general they devour their own species, other animals, or insects, or the spawn of other fishes. Crabs and other shell-fish are often found in the maw of a cod, and rats and even ducks have been found in the stomach of a pike. The long apparent abstinence that some fish have been known to undergo, or rather the small quantity or the peculiar nature of the food they have had to support them, have induced some persons to believe, that they can derive nourishment from water only; no kind of food is found in the stomach of a salmon, and no bait will tempt a herring or a char. But they may all derive considerable support from the myriads of minute insects, which we know to abound in fresh and salt water, and which taken in continually, and digested almost as soon as taken, would discover little or nothing in their stomachs, when examined with the greatest care.

You may remember the gold and silver fish which we saw at Mrs. R.'s con-

fined in a globular vessel of glass. She assured us that they had been carefully supplied with fresh water every day for two months; but no food whatever had been given to them. Yet they were not only alive, but very actively sporting about, and seemed to enjoy their existence as much as if they were at perfect liberty. They, no doubt, derive sufficient nutriment from the microscopic insects, with which all water abounds, and every fresh supply of water affords them an additional feast.

Although the duration of the life of fish is not accurately ascertained, yet some are known to reach a great age. Gesner asserts, that a pike was taken at Hailbrun in Swabia, in 1497, with a brass ring affixed to it, proving it to be 267 years old; and a carp has been known to live above a hundred years.

If the scale of a fish be examined through a microscope, it will be found to consist of a number of circles, one circle within another, in some measure resembling those that appear upon the transverse section of a tree. You must reckon one circle for every year of a fish's life. By this method Buffon computed a carp, the scales of which he examined, to be a hundred years old.

You must not let the astonishing fecundity of fishes escape your observation. M. Petit, of Paris, found that the roe of a carp eighteen inches long, weighed 8 oz. 2 drams, which make 4752 grains, and that it required 72 eggs of this roe to make up the weight of one grain, which gives a produce 342,144 eggs contained in this one fish. The tench is more prolific than the carp, and many other fish are remarkable for their fecundity.

Statement of the comparative Fecundity of Fish:

Fish.	Spawns.
Perch - - -	28,323
Pike - - -	49,304
Roach - - -	81,586
Tench - - -	383,252

Your astonishment will be increased when you extend your observation to sea-fish. Take the following climax of increase as calculated by Lewenhoeck, a very accurate naturalist. The mackerel produces above 500,000, the flounder more than one million, and the cod more than nine millions of eggs.

The design of the great Creator in such an amazing increase is certainly to furnish food for many of the feathered,

as well as the funny tribes; and yet to allow enough of each species to remain for its preservation, and for the annual renewal of the same beneficent purposes. That mankind have their full share of the abundance produced by this vast propagation, the following facts may prove:—A vessel catches upon the great bank of Newfoundland from 30 to 40,000 cod-fish in one voyage. Sometimes 80 barrels of herrings, each containing from 5 to 800 fish, are taken by the boats of a single vessel near the Western Islands of Scotland.

But this number will appear small, if compared with the following account of pilchards caught upon the coasts of Cornwall. Mr. Pennant says, Dr. Borlase assured him that on the 5th of October, 1767, there were at one time inclosed in St. Ives's Bay 7,000 hogsheads of pilchards, each hogshead containing 25,000 fish, in all 245 millions!!

Who does not see evident marks of the wisdom and goodness of divine Providence in bringing these abundant tribes of fish that are nutritious and wholesome food for mankind close to the shores, and keeping the more noxious, such as sharks, at a distance in the great deep?

When you observe such migrating fish as herrings, mackerel, &c. resort to certain coasts at stated seasons of the year, and afford the fishermen the opportunities of catching them in great quantities, and with no great difficulty, you may ask what is their inducement to quit their native haunts? They certainly change their places for the sake of food; and this is the great impulse to migration. There is an insect called the sea-caterpillar, common in many seas, and particularly on the coasts of Normandy in the months of June, July, and August. It is said to cover the surface of the sea like a scum; this is the season when the herrings arrive in prodigious shoals, and this is their food. The fishermen complain much of these insects, as they disturb their occupation, but they do not consider that such a wise provision of nature is necessary for their sport. The mackerel have a similar inducement to migrate, for they repair to the coasts to feed upon a sea-plant, called the narrow-leaved purple palmated sea-wrack; it abounds upon the coasts of England, and many other places, and is in its full growth in the beginning of the summer.

Fish may remind you of the same migratory law of nature, which induces wild geese, woodcocks, and other tribes of birds that quit the colder for the warmer regions at stated periods, and seem as if conducted by an invisible guide to places best adapted to their subsistence.

If the taste I have given you of this subject should not allay your thirst for it, and you wish to drink deeper of this spring of natural knowledge, I shall refer you to Rees's Cyclopædia, vol. xiv., where you will find the detailed observations of Cuvier and other distinguished writers upon the construction of the organs of fish, their anatomy, vital temperature, respiration, integuments, muscles, &c. And as I know you are conversant with the French language, I venture to recommend that part of the Dictionnaire Methodique which treats upon the subject of Ichthyology. It forms a copious volume, which does great credit to the diligence, and accurate researches of the Abbé Bonnaterre. He has considered fish with regard to their anatomy, and they are described under the heads of their respective genera and species, and the subjects are illustrated by a series of excellent plates*.

I shall conclude my letter with this remark, that whether we obtain the knowledge of fish, or any other animals through the medium of books or our own observation, we shall find abundant reasons to admire the general economy of the creation. We cannot fail to observe design and order impressed in the most conspicuous characters upon every individual of every class of beings, whether small or great, from the gnat to the elephant, from the minnow to the whale. Do you not observe the fitness of means to ends, the construction of every part of their frames, the relation of animated bodies to inanimate nature, their abodes, and their provisions, all perfectly adapted to their increase, nutriment, and preservation? And have we not abundant reasons to admire the wonderful display of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Almighty? and ought we not to regard his works, not merely as subjects of curious speculation and entertaining enquiry, but as incentives to that adoration, gratitude, and praise, which do honour to the character of rational beings, and the researches of true philosophers?

* See likewise La Cepede, Pennant, &c.

ON THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF FICTITIOUS HISTORY.

BY MISS OWENSON.

Così a l'egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi,
 Di soave licor gli orli del vaso,
 Succhi amari, ingannato, in tanto ei bene,
 E da l'inganno suo, vita riceve.—Tasso.

[During Lady Morgan's residence in Italy, the following Essay, with Miss Owenson's name affixed to it, was sent to us by a friend; we did not however venture to publish it without communicating the circumstance to that lady, who has acknowledged the sketch on literary fiction to be a copy of a little composition written by her at an early period of her life, at the request of that celebrated philosopher the late Richard Kirwan, Esq. Mr. Kirwan was so much pleased with this first attempt at serious writing of the young and fanciful novelist, who was then almost "unknown to fame," except by her "Novice of St. Dominick," that he afterwards proposed the subject of *Fictitious Narration* as a theme for a premium offered, we believe, by the College of Dublin, for literary compositions.]

TO trace back to its source the stream of fictitious story, to ascertain the region through which it first flowed, and to pursue its progress from nation to nation, and from age to age, has already given play to the ingenuity of some, awakened the research of others, and afforded to literary speculation a subject no less important in a moral, than curious in an historic, point of view.

While the legitimate, but meagre chronicle, presents to the eye of posterity a dry and crude outline "of times gone with the years beyond the flood," fictitious story fills up the sketch with lights and shades, with tints and touches, copied with fidelity from the originals of the remote day; and with a magic peculiar to its genius, places us at once in the oratory of the saint, or the cabinet of the king—now leads us to the tapestry-room of the fair liege lady, and now to the tilt and tournament of the gallant knight; thus at once replying to the enquiry of the historian, and assisting the researches of the antiquary.

The origin of fictitious story, considered in its most imposing aspect as vested in epic dignity, has been assigned to Homer. Considered in a less elevated view, it has been traced to the Saracens, who spread their arms and fables over Spain; or to the Crusaders, whose extraordinary adventures gave to Europe the materials of those brilliant fictions with which it was at that period overwhelmed. But a less arduous exertion of human ingenuity, and a more intimate study of human nature, would perhaps be found equally favourable to the subject of enquiry, though probably less interesting to the imagination of the enquirer.

Man, in all his progressive stages of intellectual improvement, from the hut of the savage to the closet of the sage, is

still governed by the instinct of seeking, in every thing within the sphere of his perception, a *part of himself*. He seeks his faculty of suffering, his capability of enjoyment; he seeks perpetually for something that corresponds to the tone of his peculiar inherent feeling; and the sympathetic impulse which leads him, even in fiction, to expect the reflection of himself, exists equally beneath the Line and at the Pole. In the most barbarous, as in the most polished, epochs of society, the same passions that inspire the war-song of the Esquimaux chief, awaked the immortal strains of Homer; the same tender feeling which warms the love-tale of the Lapland bard, glows in the impassioned strains of the Grecian Sappho. It was beneath the tyranny of the Eastern Sultans that Lockman and Æsop composed their inimitable fables. It was among the wandering Arabs of the Desert that the most poetic fictions sprang into being—for man, who no where invents, every where combines and imitates; and slavery and freedom, and superstition and philosophy, though they may vary by their influence, cannot annihilate those passions incident to the nature of man, and which, every where essentially the same, produce, though in an unequal degree, and under various modifications, every where the same general effects. Literary fiction may be deemed the fanciful combination of moral or of physical possibilities—the amusing theory of facts established by experience, or the depicted effects of the passions under the pressure of peculiar, but possible, events. While to draw a line of demarcation between the various forms under which it has appeared, whether it has dazzled in the splendour of ancient poetry, or charmed in the elegance of modern story, is to confound a differ-

ence of kind with difference of degree, and wholly to mistake the *genus* for the *species*.

The history of fictitious narration begins with the history of the world; and those beautiful parabolical stories which are to be found in the apocryphal pages of the Old Testament, evince that even the Jewish mind, illumined as it then was "with light from Heaven," disdained not the moral precept which stole beneath the familiar detail of human action and of human feeling. But if beyond the chronology of the Mosaic dates, the imagination be permitted to plunge into the remote æras of the Braminical records, it finds that the visible appearances of the deities of the Indian mythology, present a series of animated fictions which, sometimes poetical, as the religious fables of the Greeks, and sometimes profound, as the sacred traditions of the Egyptians, still "smell of mortality," and betray in their arrangement the passions and the feelings, the changes and vicissitudes which mortal life invariably presents.

Among the savages of America, their system of good and evil spirits, enriched with no feeble decorations of fancy, has, according to their own assertions, existed time immemorial; and it was from the national tales and religious fictions of Peru, that Garcilasso di Vega composed those admirable commentaries which are deemed the pillars of Peruvian history. Thus in the remotest ages, and in the most opposite extremities of the earth, the source of fictitious narration has existed; a source which can only be exhausted when the heart ceases to feel, the memory to record, and the imagination to combine, to modify, and to adorn.

When, however, the mightiest empires of the earth were shaken to their foundation; when the luxury and corruption which ever distinguishes a certain stage of decline in society, accelerated the general destruction; and when a horde of victorious Barbarians rushed, like the whirlwind of their native deserts, over the most polished states of Europe—then fictitious story shared the common destiny of all the highest productions of the human mind, and suffered a long and dark suspension. The Muse of Greece sunk into oblivion amidst the ruins of her ancient temples, and the Genius of Rome no longer offered her "light of song" over the classic waves of the Tiber.

In the pauses of the storm, however,

some faint beam will scatter its sunny lustre on the gathering clouds, and brighten the brief interval of suspended destruction; and over the gloom of the darkest ages fictitious story is still found shedding a transient light. In the decline of the Roman empire, Partholus Nicenus wrote his amusive fables. Achilles Tatius his "Leucippe and Clitophon;" and Heliodorus, the venerable Bishop of Tricca, composed that interesting romance, for which he forfeited his mitre, and which is still read and still admired under the title of "Theagenes and Chariclea."

From the 5th to the 12th century Europe exhibited a scene of barbarous ignorance and ceaseless warfare. The moral and political state of society were, during that period, alike unfavourable to the cultivation of the fancy and of the mind. And the rude genius of Charlemagne in France (who endeavoured to collect some historical ballads to illustrate the history of his day), and of Alfred in England (who was himself not more a king than a philosopher), were still unequal to dispel the darkness of the æras in which they flourished. Safety and leisure may be deemed the guardian and the nurse of literary genius; and the fancy which is cradled in the shield and reared in the camp, can receive but few images, and those few too rude to give pleasure in detail, and too wild to submit to the curb of method or arrangement.

Previous to the 11th century, the saintly legend alone cheated the pious, or seduced the credulous, into the perusal even of a holy fiction, in which the struggles between a demon and a saint formed the ground-work of the piece, and Nature and common sense were no longer discernible amidst the confused tissue of unmeaning allegories; but a new source of inspiration at that period offered itself to the genius of fiction, by the birth of an order in Europe, which became the honour of kings, the law of nations, and which the divine and the legislator, the warrior and the bard, alike acknowledged and alike obeyed.

In the infancy of political economy, when laws but crudely formed, are indigested, and partially administered, benevolence is sometimes seen to rise even from the bosom of violence; and a boundless play is given to the valour of the brave and the feelings of the generous, from the venality of the unjust, and the outrages of the lawless. The spirit of chivalry sprang from the

weakness and the strength, the virtues and the crimes of man; in a certain stage of his progress towards civilization, and formed an intermediate class in society between the oppressor and the oppressed; while the bold adventures it gave rise to, of "*hair-breadth 'scapes and moving accidents by flood and field,*" afforded exhaustless materials for those military fables—for those tales of love and war, of gallantry and religion, whose birth formed so striking an epocha in the history of fictitious narration.

It was not amidst the refinement of polished Greece, or the prowess of conquering Rome, that this romantic order received the principle of its establishment—it was amidst the colder regions of the North; and long before the spirit of chivalry had resolved itself into a *cast*, the primitive idea of its institution may be traced in the historic songs and heroic ballads of the Celtic Scalds and Gothic bards; and long ere Arthur of England assumed the golden spur of knighthood, had the harp of Erin symphonized that warlike strain which sung forth the feats of her *gallant knights of the valley!* The marvellous soon reached the acme of its influence—the monkish chronicle was wholly superseded by tales of *faëry*—the feats of saints and demons gave way to the more interesting adventures which knight-errantry every where furnished, and the influence of fictitious story spread like enchantment over Europe. In Spain, it assumed the Moorish character, and all the hyperbole of oriental diction was to be traced in the romances of Bernardo del Carpio, and that of "*The Roncesvalles.*" In France, the feats of Charlemagne and his twelve Paladins; and in Normandy the deeds of Rollo, or "*Roldan el Encantador,*" were celebrated in heroic strains, mingled with all the powers of necromancy and spells of magic. In England and in Wales the wild taste of the times was abundantly supplied by the adventures of "*King Arthur and his Knights,*" by "*Guy of Warwick,*" and "*Bevis of Southampton;*" while Ireland, free and uninhabited, was deemed the palladium of classic learning in Europe, and treasured in the songs of her *Senachies* many of those beautiful Milesian tales which had once given the tone to the popular fictions of Ionia. But it was from the metrical romances of the Troubadours in Provence, that the prose compositions of the 12th and 13th centuries borrowed many of their most polished pieces: this celebrated society,

which boasted kings and emperors as its members, had become the repository of modern literature in Europe, and had materially assisted in the cultivation of the romance-tongue (a mixture of monkish Latinity, and the licentious language of the Franks,) which had succeeded in France to the pure Latin; and as the songs of chivalry and other popular works were composed in that language, they were thence called "*Romans.*" Of these compositions, in English, the oldest extant is "*Sir Launcelott de Lake;*" in French, "*L'Histoire de quatre fils D'Aymon;*" and in Spanish, the romance of "*Amadis de Gaul;*"—to those succeeded "*Palmierin D'Olive,*" and the "*Roman de la Rose,*" by William de Lorris, with a multitude of others, which it would exceed the limits, as well as the intention, of this sketch to enumerate.

In the 14th century the character of romance had assumed something of the dignity of epic prose; and the effects which it produced on society strengthened and extended the cause from whence it derived its most splendid materials. From the universal infatuation it produced, neither sex nor age, nor piety nor wisdom, nor rank nor profession, was exempted; then *prolates* wrote romances, and *princes* read them; and even the infant poetry of the day, cradled as it was in the bosom of unpolished genius, eagerly imbibed nutrition from this exhaustless source. And we find that it was from the Provençal romances that Dante and Petrarch borrowed many of their brightest images: as in an after-day it was from the Feats of Charlemagne that Ariosto stole many of the most striking incidents of his "*Orlando;*" and from the legends of old Geoffrey of Monmouth that Tasso received the rudiments of his "*Jerusalem.*" Even in a later and a more polished period we perceive that the allegorical page of "*Spenser*" is illuminated with Gothic imagery;—that Shakspeare sometimes reposed the eagle wing of his high-wrought fancy upon the fairy-ground of Gothic story;—and that the classic genius of Milton disdained not to resort to the wild and frequently magnificent fictions of the middle ages, or to sing of—

"Fairly damsels met in forest wide,
"By knights of Logria, or of Lyonesse,
"Launcelott, or Pelias, or Pallinore."

But while fictitious story in prose, continued during a succession of ages, to bear the title of "*Romance,*" some

delinquencies of a more local and domestic nature, less ministered by the marvellously less distinguished by the heaping, and from the novelty of its style called "*Novelle*," or "*Novel*," appeared in Italy. It was after the dreadful plague of 1347, which desolated all Europe, but particularly Italy and the south of France, that the novels of Boccaccio and Cinthia Gualdi were composed and resorted to, as a cheering resource against the moral and physical evils which had arisen in society from the ravages of a mortal disease: it was then a period fatal to all purity of manners, when despair gave birth to licentiousness, and impending death urged to the immediate enjoyment of a precarious life. The *Decamerone* of Boccaccio was followed by the *Tales of Bandello*, and at a more distant period by the "*Novelets*" of Cervantes; and the tale, moral or popular, domestic or national, has still continued a fertile source of instruction and amusement*.

The improvement which took place in the Italian language in the 14th century, owing to the successive and illustrious labours of Dante, Petrarca, and Boccaccio, to reduce into form, and to regulate and polish their native tongue, gave a decided superiority to the modern literature of Italy over that of the other states of Europe; and the transitory fame acquired by the two latter writers in their own day for their voluminous Latin productions, was soon obscured by the lustre of that brilliant reputation acquired by their fanciful compositions in that harmonious language to whose perfection they had so eminently contributed; "and they are indebted" (says the elegant historian of the Medici family) "for their present celebrity to works which they almost blushed to own, and were ashamed to communicate to each other." Of this prejudice, which belonged to the day in which it was cherished, when the revival of the ancient languages and of classical literature was pursued with avidity, Petrarca gives a striking proof

in the surprise he testifies at the success of his Italian writings:—

"*Mio arresi pensava che si avessi
Fossia le voci di sospir miei in rima,
Fatte l'avrei, dal sospir mio prima
In numero piu spesso, in stil piu rare.*"
Son. 283.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of circulation which must have attended all literary compositions, at a period when the art of printing was yet unknown, the novels of Boccaccio were generally diffused through Italy, and read with an applause that almost bordered on adoration for the genius of their author: like the inspirations of Dante, and the love-breathings of Petrarca, they were read in public assemblies, and listened to with unqualified delight by the most learned and enlightened characters in Italy.

But the rapid improvement which took place in the Italian language in the 14th century was succeeded by an equally rapid decline; it was to the taste and munificence of the house of Medici that it owed its restoration in the 15th and 16th centuries, a period rendered memorable in European literature by the arrival of those learned Greeks in Italy, who gave a new and a finer tone to the literary taste of the day. Even the female mind, restrained and limited as it had hitherto been in its pursuits and acquirements, expanded to the reception of that literary enthusiasm and love of classic learning which distinguished the age; and in that delicious country in which the languages of ancient Greece and ancient Rome were revived, woman first began to add to the charm of beauty, the spell of mind: and lovely as were the persons of the fair Florentine Alessandra Scala, and her Milanese rival Cassandra Fidelis, they still drew more homage from contemporary admiration by the elegance of their literary productions, than by that extraordinary beauty which the poets of the day invoked as their inspiration, and which even the firm mind of philosophy was unable to resist*. The examples of these illustrious and fair Italians soon excited the emulation of the distinguished women of France, Spain, England, and Germany: but it was in France particularly that the Muses found altars

* We believe that Miss Owenson had just at this period become herself the foundress of the *National Tale*, by the publication of her "*Wild Irish Girl*." That she was so is the opinion of the "*Revue Encyclopédique*" of France, which, in some observations on the novel-writers of the present day, says—"*Lady Morgan est peut-être la Créatrice d'un autre genre de Romans: le Roman national; qu'il ne faut pas confondre avec le Roman Historique.*"

* It was to Alessandra Scala that the learned and philosophic Florentine Poltiano addresses his amatory verses: unhappy, however, in his love, he gave himself up to the delight of a friendship scarcely less tender for the celebrated Cassandra, with whom he corresponded.

raised to their divinity by the fairest dames, and that the Genius of *fictitious narration* again raised her drooping head, and replied to the caresses lavished on her by the bewitching Queen of Navarre. Successful in her pastoral dramas, esteemed for her poetic talents, it was still by her *Heptameron*, or "*Les cents Nouvelles*," that she acquired her singular reputation. It is curious to observe, that these novels were written while travelling in her litter; and under all the impediments of a tedious journey, they were more esteemed by contemporary critics than the *Tales of Boccaccio*. Pasquier asserts her work to be "*un livre fait à l'imitation du Decameron de Boccace, et non moins plaisant, mais beaucoup plus sage—composition honorée par la plus grande partie des beaux esprits de notre tems.*"

The influence of the ancient romance had now reached its meridian, which it was soon destined to pass—to rise no more! It was not the inimitable satire of Cervantes that broke the long powerful spell exercised over the mind and the imagination by the romantic fictions of darker ages; for it is rational to believe that no individual effort of the human mind could effect so powerful and so universal a revolution in human opinion: it was rather the natural and evident progress of society in knowledge and civilization, which slowly effected this striking change in the popular and literary taste of Europe; and the boldness with which Cervantes ventured to ridicule its obvious folly, is a presumptive proof that *that* folly no longer existed in its primary and original force: while even the admirable satirist, tinctured by the lingering error, whose redemption he laboured to effect, evidently betrayed that above all his other and his abler works he gave the decided preference to his own romance of "*Sigismonde*," and thus unconsciously evinced that his warm imagination and early habits of feeling still remained true to a cause from which his cooler judgment had long deserted. Gay, brave, and gallant, he was himself the hero of a sad romance; and the smile which so frequently beams upon the work of the author, is involuntarily dimmed by the tear which the heart gives to the fate of the man: for who ever yet enjoyed the exquisite humour of his knight and his squire, and sighed not to remember that the page on which their inimitable characters were traced was only illu-

mined by the scanty light which the *bars of a prison-window admitted.*"

With feudal times and chivalrous days expired the true character of the old Gothic romance, which had so long preserved its influence and sway over the manners of society in Europe; and the latter end of the 16th and beginning of the 17th century, were periods equally unfavourable to the cultivation of literature, or to the birth of any new class in the genus of fictitious history.

The discord and misery which prevailed in France during the minority of Louis the Fourteenth, a series of civil wars, and the cold severity of the republican manners under Cromwell in England, the social and political insignificance to which the Italian states were reduced, and the religious disputations and polemic controversies which engaged the attention of the German literati, stood alike hostile to the cultivation of fictitious history; when, after a long interregnum, the Genius of literary fiction again made her irresistible claims to public notice and popular admiration. The agent of her revived influence was still destined to be a woman; and Mademoiselle de Scuderi, while she guided the public taste, contributed to the enjoyments of private society in the most polished circle of France. The romances of this lady became the favourites of a whole generation, and the ill-founded praises of many of her illustrious contemporaries give her an interest with posterity, which her works alone would never have obtained for her. *Ménage* calls her the inventress of "*l'amour de tendresse*," and infinitely extols her works above those of her friends *Voiture* and *Balzac*; while more than one illustrious character of that day of false taste spoke, wrote, and acted throughout their whole lives, like the heroes of her unnatural romances;—of this, the most striking and distinguished example is given in the romantic character of the interesting *Duc de Guise*, the lover of the beautiful *Du Ponts*, the favourite maid of honour to *Anne of Austria*, and the hero of his day and country. Spanish gallantry and Spanish romances were about this period introduced together into the first circles of French society, which assembled at the *Hotel de Sable* and the *Hotel de Rambouillet*, names now consecrated to immortal ridicule in the inimitable "*Precieuses*" of *Moliere*. This influence was naturally increased by the cha-

acter and manners of the then reigning queen, who brought with her to Paris the same notions of gallantry and literature as distinguished the Court of Madrid. Speaking of the leading societies of Paris, Madame de Motteville observes, that at that period—"On trouvoit une si grande délicatesse dans les comédies, nouvelles, et tous les autres ouvrages, en vers et en prose, qui venoient de Madrid, qu'ils avoient conçu une haute idée de la galanterie que les Espagnols avoient appris des Mores." With the ton of the society of the Hotel de Rambouillet and its gallantry died away the solemn love and much of the celebrity of the romances of the *Deinoiselle de Scuderi*, even during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth; but her success had been too brilliant to leave her destitute of a crowd of imitators, and the *Durfés*, the *Calprenedes*, the *Orrerys*, and the *Barclays*, endeavoured to perpetuate a style of composition which had scarcely any other merit than its originality; for these long-winded but short-lived romances, almost as wild as their Gothic predecessors, were still more incongruous and infinitely less natural. And it seemed the unaccountable ambition of their authors to blend the heroic characters of antiquity, with the barbarous customs of the middle ages, and the manners of the existing day. Thus in the romance of "*Cassandra*," Alexander is at once the hero of Macedon, a knight of the round table, and a petit maître of the formal French court of the day in which its ponderous tomes were composed.

To these voluminous but ephemeral productions succeeded another species of fictitious history of a very different character: coarse, humorous, and natural, it formed a striking contrast to the false refinement and high-wrought sentiment of the "*Cleliás*," the "*Polexanders*," and "*Cleopatras*" which had preceded it, and from its imitation of the local and familiar stile of Boccaccio, and Gervasio, it borrowed the title affixed to their works, and was called "Novel" by its authors.

Cervantes boasted that he was the first who wrote Novels in the Spanish language; and Scarron may be deemed the founder of novel-writing in France. Segrais and Le Sage improved, while they adopted, the tone of his composition; and Madame La Fayette added to it all the delicate refinement in which her predecessors were so deficient. The progress of polite literature in Europe

soon shed a new light on fictitious history: it was no longer confined to incident and adventure; it became the medium of more abstract subjects, and Marivaux, Crebillon, Monhy, Prevot, and Riccoboni, mingled with their ingenious fictions, discussions of sentiment, and observations upon men and manners, which presented to the reader a cheap experience of the world without paying the tax of a purchase too often so dearly made. But this state of fictitious history now detailed, is solely applicable to France. In England the progress of novel-writing was less rapid as well as less interesting, and the few works of that nature which appeared were tainted with the bad taste and corrupt morals that prevailed in the Court of Charles II. and which long left its noxious taint behind it. It is in unfolding the stronger operations of the mind—it is in scientific research or philosophic disquisition, that the English language best displays its energetic and copious powers. Rich in the expressions adapted to the lofty boldness of epic poetry, it affords a less appropriate medium for the development of refined sentiment, for the minute analysis of tender emotion, for those varieties of manner, those shades of character, which are exhibited in the intimate intercourse of social life, and to which the delicate nuance of the French, the most artificial of European languages, is so exquisitely adapted. The genius of the English language was stamped by the character of the nation, and peculiarly adapted to the bold, free epic energy of the old Gothic romance. Long therefore did English readers resist the influence of that sentimental sorcery to whose expression their language was so inadequate, and which rendered the pages of the French Novelists always so interesting, and, frequently, so dangerous.

The national taste of the English, more alive to details of humour than of passion, more anxious to be amused than to be touched, produced a class of novel-writers peculiarly their own. Posterity, from whose judgment there is no appeal, has placed the immortal Fielding at their head, and "*Tom Jones*" belongs as much to England as the language in which it is composed*. The dignity of novel-writing seemed now to have reached its summit, and the historian, the poet, and the philosopher,

* Fielding received £700 for "*Tom Jones*," an immense sum for that day.

alike enlisted beneath the brilliant banners of fictitious history. In France, Voltaire and Rousseau—in England, Smollett, Johnson, and Goldsmith, consecrated the order of novelists by enrolling their names on its lists; and blushed not to devote their genius to that style of composition, which Bacon had immortalized by his commendations, and which Du Cange, St. Palaye, and others no less distinguished, have acknowledged, with gratitude and respect, as the sources of that historic information, with which they have enlightened and improved mankind. Such has been the origin, and such the progress of fictitious history, from the earliest to the present day. The mirror of nature and of life; it creates no image of its own, but faithfully reflects the outlines of such as are presented to its surface; sometimes, indeed, colouring the sketch with tints of fancy's hue, and perhaps too frequently bestowing a strength of *reflexo* beyond that to be found in the original. The influence which it has produced, or can effect on existing manners, must ever depend upon the state of the society in which it is composed, or to which it is addressed. In ages when the light of knowledge is partially diffused, when the principles of moral science are neither understood in their cause, nor applied in their effects, and when the pursuits of science and philosophy are too bounded to dispel the errors of the mind, or the illusions of the imagination: in *such* ages the influence of fictitious story will be found most powerful and decisive. Then *ignorance* knows no limit to improbability; and, by a wild imagination, *that* which is not even known to be *possible*, will frequently be admitted as *true*. Thus in the middle ages, when the monks buried in their convents the little learning possessed in Europe, the people and the nobility, if they read at all, read solely with a view to their amusement or to their religion, and found their propensity to the marvellous equally gratified in the legend of the saint, or the adventures of the hero; and so deeply were their imaginations imbued, and their minds governed by the romantic fabling of the day, that the king and the subject alike sought to pass their youth in the field—their age in the cloister. Thus, even so late as the day of Charles the Fifth, we find the hero of his age, and the emperor of nations, retiring from the pomp of a throne to the privacy of a cell, hanging up the sceptre of royalty

at the shrine of a tutelary saint, and shading that brow with a cowl, which the laurels of conquest, and the diadem of power, had so recently encircled. But when the sources of information are alike open to all—when the cultivation of the mind extends the prospect of self-interest, and leads at once to fame and to emolument—when the love of inquiry, natural to human intellect, is excited by the exertions of contemporary genius—and when natural and moral philosophy form an indispensable branch of study in popular education, *then* the influence of fictitious narration must inevitably decline in proportion to the universal promulgation of science and knowledge; and those who would once have been governed by its dictates, are then only amused by its inventions, or charmed by its sentiments: yet it is still too true to human nature ever wholly to forfeit its influence over the human heart; and the higher order of genius will still borrow its attractive veil to shroud and soften those bold truths, which opposing the petty interests of the illiberal few, or the prejudiced opinions of the bigotted many, must be shaded ere they can be with safety offered to the mass of society:—with such a feeling did Swift write his “*Laputa*,” and Fénelon compose his “*Télémaque*.”

With respect to the influence of fictitious history on modern manners, it may be asserted from *inference*, for it would be next to impossible to establish it by *fact*, that never was that influence less dangerous than at the present moment: the political state of Europe, the most awful and most extraordinary in the annals of time; the general and public anxiety which it excites; the universal diffusion of knowledge; the high cultivation of moral taste, the clear exposition of moral duties, (both to be found even in those works adapted to the tender capacity of childhood,) the subjection of the imagination to expanded reason—in a word, the present refined and enlightened state of society, becomes the guide of public taste, the guardian of public manners; and were such fictions *now* to appear as disgraced the age of Charles II. and Louis XIV. they would be hunted down by the common consent of society; and their authors, covered with infamy, would excite only abhorrence for those effusions which once promised them immortality. Whoever now writes to please the public taste, should at least bring to the arduous task an educated mind, and a polish-

ed style, if he hopes to be read, or expects to be tolerated. And with respect to the higher attainments that belong alone to native genius, public judgment is no less fastidious than public taste; and no splendour of diction, or magnificence of imagery, can sanction the character which is unnatural, or the incident which is improbable. But though the tendency of fictitious history has, from the nature and state of things, lost much of its force and power, enough of its influence still remains to give the novelist a higher motive to excellence than what the mere gratification of a public literary appetite awakens.

One would willingly hope, for the honour of human nature, that there is no abstract wickedness upon earth; and that no one ever wrote for the mere purpose of corrupting society, or deceived others, without being at the moment deceived himself. But it must be admitted that it is not enough the intention should be pure, and the object laudable; the means also by which both are to be effected should be cautiously considered, and arranged with a view to the general and probable effect; and perhaps it is in this particular instance that fictitious history may be deemed to produce the strongest influence on modern manners. Satisfied with the purity of the moral inculcated, the incautious and youthful reader may give up an ardent imagination to scenes seductive in their arrangement and dangerous in their contemplation. Vice may appear to smile with the loveliness of virtue, even on her road to retribution; the passions may become awakened, ere the mind has been convinced, and the eye may have dwelt upon the unveiled images of human frailty, until the once chaste mind is at last familiarized with their deformity, the sensitive delicacy of innocence blunted, even in its pursuit of virtue, and the principles have lost their stability, even while the heart is yet pure, and the life still sinless.

Nor is this the only evil to be apprehended from the influence of fictitious history on modern manners. The sedentary education of youth of both sexes, so different from the activity of remoter ages, the indolence and luxury of existing modes, may give peculiar force to a style of composition which addresses itself so seducingly to the fancy and to the heart. Fictitious history may indeed no longer form a hero or a saint, or impose the belief of a flying dragon or a powerful necromancer; it

may and can no longer produce that powerful and general effect which once extended its influence over society at large; but it may in an individual instance, and perhaps too frequently does, produce a false refinement, but little adapted to the state of humanity; and an intense application to its pages may at a certain period of life so assimilate the moral habits and perceptions to the dreams of poetic incident, and the illusions of romantic sentiment, as wholly to disqualify the visionary actor for that scene in which he is destined to perform: while natural sensibility, excited by a perpetual recurrence of fictitious distress, may finally terminate in an imaginary and morbid sympathy; and the feelings accustomed to receive a series of passive impressions, may eventually become rather exquisite than useful, and contribute to a refined and selfish luxury rather than to the performance of a positive and active duty.

Gothic fictions, like Gothic manners, were rude, but active in their tendency; and if they misled the imagination, they did not endanger the heart; if they disordered the fancy, they did not enervate the character. But modern fictions too faithfully accommodate themselves to the softness and indolence of modern habits; and may therefore contribute to the indulgence of passive impressions, and to an excessive refinement in taste and feeling, until their votary, oppressed by this mental disease, reaches the last degree of human misery, and finding that he has to live among the selfish and the prejudiced, the illiberal or the vulgar, will become the prey of disappointment and disgust. Dragged into the common occurrences of daily life, he will submit with gloomy reluctance to "the flat reality;" and if necessitated to mingle in the business and bustle of an uninteresting world, the conduct he will adopt will frequently have less reference to his own peculiar situation, than to some fancied state of which he has read, and in which he actually supposes himself to be placed. So long as fictitious history shall have its origin in the elementary principles of human nature, it may be considered like the source from whence it springs, a "mingled web of good and ill together," alike capable of producing effects beneficial or injurious to manners, according to the existing state of society, and to the moral feeling, the principles, and genius, of those who present themselves to public notice as the authors of com-

positions so popular in all ages and in all countries. The historian may mislead as to facts in which we have no longer either interest or concern; but the novelist holds the key of the human heart, and governs the spring of the human passions; his spell reaches the privacy of domestic retirement, insinuates its magic into the most secret incidents of life, mingles its influence with our feelings and our thoughts, and frequently becomes a standard by which we measure our own characters, and appreciate our own situations. Thus many an amiable woman has claimed a fatal feeling as her own, which she borrowed unconsciously from the impassioned tenderness of *Heloise*; and many an inestimable youth has become the victim of a morbid sensibility which perhaps he had never known, had he never read "*Werter*." But, opposed to these individual instances, it may be justly answered, that a great proportion of the liberality, benevolence, and virtue, to be found in the modern world, may have been added to the sum of human excellence by the influence of those popular compositions, which, though sometimes defective in their execution, or erroneous in their means, are almost universally intended in their object to promote the cause of virtue and morality, to add at once to the harmless stock of public amusement, and to extend the source of social happiness. As long, therefore, as the promotion of human

goodness and human felicity is the great and primary object of those who seek to instruct by endeavouring to please, to infuse the precepts of wisdom through the medium of imagination, and to give to the dryness of truth the persuasive accents of pleasure, the influence of fictitious history on modern manners must be as beneficial to the morals of society as conducive to its amusement. It may delight the fancy by poetic description, it may cultivate the mental taste by refined sentiment, it may excite our disgust for all that is low or illiberal; it may elevate our views of moral excellence, and give to the mind a tone of dignified elegance impracticable to the influence of sordid meanness; it may soothe the feelings which the world may have ruffled, and meet the heart which the world may have disappointed; it may assume the noble character of patriotism, and awaken the pure and latent love of country; it may give a safer experience of the world than an actual intercourse with its scenes could bestow; and it may inculcate by precept, by illustration, and by example, that nothing so effectually promotes the moral improvement and moral happiness of our nature, as a strict performance of those active and indispensable duties connected with our various stations in this life, and on the cultivation or neglect of which, it may rationally be inferred, our hopes must be founded of that life which is to come.

THE BOOK OF FOUR COLOURS. BY MONSIEUR BON TON.

Ridendo dicere verum quid vetat?

At the Four Elements. From the Press of the Four Seasons. 4444.

"NO! it is in vain I struggle against it: the demon of ennui *will* kill me at last," I exclaimed, as I threw down the second volume of *The Monastery*. "You see I *cannot* get through with it—stuck quite fast in the middle." "Is it the laziness of the author, or yourself, that is in fault here?" answered my friend, who seemed maliciously to enjoy my perplexity. "Of both, I believe, for they say he was as confoundedly tired with writing before he had done as . . ." (here I yawned)—"As you are of reading, I suppose." "Just my meaning, but rather more politely expressed; for, seriously, though 'I oped the wide and ponderous jaws' of weariness, I am by no means tired of your company; you must attribute it to the White Lady and

her bodkin, I believe." "Come, come, no railing against the superstitions of the Highlands," he replied; "these are very serious things in Scotland, I assure you, where second-sight has been proved to exist by *ocular demonstration*. The author, I am told, piques himself upon these *jeux d'imagination*, and has half imbibed the principle upon which they are founded." "Why, to be sure, he set off in a deuced hurry back again to the North before London had half exhausted her admiration of . . ." (here I yawned and stretched myself again.)—"Of his wonderful genius, I suppose you mean." "Just so; and explain my other meaning, my dear friend, too." "Well, then, you mean to insinuate that Mr. Cleishbotham of Gander-

cleugh is a little superstitious or so ; and set off to give his daughter away in April, as none but bad wives are married in May amongst the Scotch, you know." "I don't know, indeed ; only I do wish we had something new." "Have you read Barry Cornwall?" "I can't." "Why so?" "Because I've read Shakespeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher too, and Massinger and Shirley, and I don't love translations . . ."—"Of what?" "Of old wine into new bottles." "Well, then, there's Millman just published, can you read him?" "I can read his poetry, if you mean that ; but he's a devilish poor dramatist." "How so?" "Because I can never tell John from Simon, or Simon from Eleazar. Now you may understand Shakespeare, though you should have no names to the separate speeches in the piece." "Well, this is the longest speech I have heard you make this morning. Don't despair. The sun's coming out, and the vapours and blue devils will disappear. Will you take a ride?" "What does Horace say?—*atrox cura* . . . ? something—Oh dear!" (yawning)—"That Care mounts behind the horseman?" "Just so, but infinitely better expressed. Oh, *apropos*, have you got through Maria Edgeworth's *Ennui*?" "No." "Do you ever read books through?" I exclaimed, and absolutely started from my chair. "That depends upon the authors more than myself, I believe." "Yes, to be sure," I replied ; "but I do wish we had something new. I would give as great a reward to the inventor as that monarch of old—but you know the story." "Yes, yes," replied my friend, "don't put yourself to any unnecessary exertion of lungs on my account." "I wish," I replied, "I could behave as disinterestedly towards you ; but if you would just have the charity to step to our friend's in Conduit-street, tell him the distressed condition we are in, and implore him, as he values his literary existence, to send us something more cheering and reviving to the spirit than what his brother Bibliopoles have lately afforded us—the weary, stale, flat and unprofitable lucubrations of brains thrice filtered ; imitations imitated, in the modern play-wright fashion, until the 'perilous stuff' weighs upon the soul like the atmosphere of a foggy day. Tell him, the despair of two hungry-minded Dilettantes is not to be trifled with ; that we must be fed with materials less frivolous and veracious than our provision-

magazines have of late months supplied us with, otherwise we cannot stand the summer's campaign, and by any exertions hold on till the Coronation ;—we must literally fly for it, and bury ourselves in the country." At this serious representation of grievances, instead of sympathizing with my situation, my friend assumed an ironical gravity of countenance, and begged to know whether he should return with the *Old Monthly Magazine* in his pocket. The look of horror with which I answered him, was a sufficient test of the goodness of his joke, and he seemed to enjoy it. "Then you would perhaps prefer the dramatic beauties of Gold and Northhouse." "You are pleased to be merry, sir," I replied, drawing up, and half turning aside ; "I should by no means prefer them." "You will be satisfied with nothing less than *The London Magazine*, I presume, then." "That is as hereafter may appear. I don't like to trust to a *flash in the pan*—when it blows up the Gun-powder Magazine in the North (of which by the bye there is no danger), I shall begin to read it." "Aye, there you have hit it ; you shall have at *Blackwood* without delay,"—and my friend was suddenly sheering off. "I beg your pardon," I replied, laying hands on him, "do no such unadvised thing. So far from giving any exclusive preference, suppose I were to begin in *Blackwood's* own style to pronounce it an inflammable composition of malice and ribaldry, and to prefer your returning with the last twopenny 'Indicator' of the Cockney Monarch himself, the redoubted enemy of Scotch supremacy and tories, who evidently fear while they pretend to despise him. Then give me no more of this new Scotch haggis, this *olla podrida*, in which the thistle and nettle are too lavishly scattered for the milder and more legitimate taste of English manners and good feeling. If animal spirits were an excuse for running riot at all you meet, if scurrility were comparable to wit, these blustering Juvenals, the progeny of St. Andrew, would speedily become fashionable ; but the very caustic on which they fed is consumed, and the fear which they now indulge in, that they shall die for want of strong aliment.

"A plague upon your Magazines ! I say. Can't they fly through the country without falling foul of one another, and gratifying the pugilistic propensity of the nation by an exhibition of fisty-cuffs, at which the newsmen, and the

printer's devils themselves, are seen to blush? One, forsooth, challenges the public to examine whether he has not *more in him* than all the rest put together. Another accuses his brother of plagiarism, in running away with his name, and maintains that it is *not* his—that London is a *proper name*, and not common to all men, or Magazines. B——d, in a timorous shy way, reflects upon B——n, and thinks, like the great serpent, to stifle the young Hercules quickly in his cradle; while B——n, perceiving his drift, boldly grips him by the neck till, we presume, in the next number he will howl again. The more wary Scotchman squares and makes mouths, and is fonder of sparring in gloves with his *Boxiana* and the *Fancy*, than coming to plain and close English *fighting*; or like his fellow-countryman in robbing a gentleman's garden—the first object he beheld on putting his head over the wall, was the master, who demanding of Sawney where he was going, 'Back again, an't please your honour.'

"But whichever proves the most ugly customer to the other, and shews the most wind and science in the end, is none of our affair; so a truce, my dear friend, to your confounded Magazines, and let us have something more fashionable, more lady-like and *new*. While you are away, I'll try to turn over this Portfolio of a Man of Letters, and practise Mrs. Hamilton's theory of '*attention whether you like it or no*,' tracing the progress of genius from the garret down to the saloon, where you perceive the work now lies; and if you promise to make haste, I'll acquaint you with the result of my researches when you return." My friend proceeded, as he said, on his FORAGING EXPEDITION, but, as I took it, on a forlorn hope; while I very magnanimously BEGAN AT THE BEGINNING of the Memoirs of the celebrated ——— in which he pathetically describes the first pains of authorship as more keen and intolerable than any thing "that war or women have," and thus continues:

"With a half unfinished sheet before me, of which my remorseless editor had in fact exacted the completion before I had commenced it, I sat in that hopeless and desponding attitude which distress authors know so well how to assume, (half ludicrous, and half affecting,) with an exhausted brain, and a weary hand slowly scraping my way to the concluding sentence. 'No, this is too

much,' I exclaimed, (though I had not half done my daily task) 'it would make a Scythian weep, or thaw the eyes of the great Russian Czar, to see a hack, infinitely lower than a slave, pulling thus at his brains, that, with the tenacity of bird-lime, only seem to stick together faster and faster. Would I had fortunately been made a Welsh curate, with a family of twelve children, and a salary of 60*l.* per annum, or turned out, as my father advised me, on Salisbury-plain, with a spade on my shoulders, to shape my way through the world, so I had never been attacked with this hereditary disease, which has done infinitely more mischief in families than that more unjustly termed *the evil*. To the *cacoëthes scribendi* which seized me when I was at school, in consequence of the honour of being promoted to the head of my class, do I attribute the misfortunes of my after-life. It came on me with a strange craving after something I could not define, but of which I have since experienced the hollow nature, in the successive disappointments which have attended my youth in attempting to indulge it. O, Goldsmith! how often have I envied the happiness of thy poor Ned Burton from misery freed,

'Who long was a bookseller's hack;
Who led such a damnable life here below
That I don't think he'll wish to come back.'"

There here occurred an "*hiatus valde deflendus*," as if the writer had suddenly fallen into slumber or despair, and which I could not but regret, as I already began to feel interested in ascertaining the process by which he had raised himself from such a humiliating and ludicrous condition to the distinguished eminence which he now enjoys. If such is the complaint of our celebrated historian, I exclaimed, how carefully should the candidates for literary fame weigh the consequences of crossing the *lettered Rubicon*, and declaring war against the bibliopolitan powers, who hold the destinies of authors in their grasp, and like a neat shopman, with a twist of the finger, can send the scale of their customers *bump to the ground*. Unfortunate race! dependant upon that very dubious possession of brains for the chance of prolonged existence! O, ye unfledged brood of contributors, wings of the flying Monthly Mercuries, that bear the riches of knowledge and amusement proudly through the land, to you I appeal—how, in the name of twenty (printers') devils, do you plume your feathers on a thick gloomy morning of Novem-

bed, a ~~lantern~~ a ~~fanning~~ candle, and coughing at the fog that envelopes you about noon, with wits bound, and fingers ~~aching~~ ~~at the delay of inditing something smart and pithyish?~~ In the North this must be dreadful indeed; and we thus frequently see these fine animal spirits that rose in the summer solstice, gradually falling with the quicksilver of the barometer in the stormy and lowering days. From my soul I pity you; for with all its horrors of vacancy, and intervals of uncertainty, and even despair of occupation between visit and visit, this fashionable but weary life of mine must be tolerable to yours. Yet, after all, I should half like to try it, if it would be any relief to long hours; Heavens, it must be such a fillip to nature, such a rouser! absolutely to write for one's bread. Lord, how a man would lay it on, and toil up the hill of fame. Rats, in similar circumstances, eat through stone walls; and what might not he achieve? If it were not for a certain vacancy of ideas, and an unaccountable horror of scribbling, I think I'd try it; but then, zounds, I must train for it like the Fancy; and starve perhaps, to bring me to a proper writing temperature. There's the rub:—

"To starve or not to starve? that is the question:

"Whether 'tis nobler in the body to suffer

"The stings and spasms of outrageous hunger?"

I had here almost worked myself up to a sensation; and springing from my settee, stamped my foot upon the floor, and trod upon a great tom-cat sleeping before the fire, who, giving a dreadful yell, bounced out of the room, mad with pain and anger, in the very face of my friend, who was that moment returning from his expedition. "Zounds!" he exclaimed, turning quick round: "I hope you are not bitten, my dear friend?" I cried, "the cat is not mad, except with pain, and a little frightened or so." I gradually soothed him, and finding he was not hurt, began, with an unusual degree of animation, to inquire into the success of his perambulation. "Confound the cat!" he replied; "such a meeting's as shocking as a bailiff opening your own house door to you. What the deuce did you quarrel with the cat for?—were you so very far gone that you had no other amusement to take to? I wish you were a bookseller's hack; they would soon find other employment for you." "Do you?" I replied. "Done. I'll sell myself, and get rid of all my time, if they'll promise to keep me constantly

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employed, for (don't repeat it) I'm getting confounded sick of Brookes's and the theatres. Only I should like to engage in something piquant and cockneyish, 'beyond the dull monotony of pens that of late besets us.'" "What say you to an article on sticks, or shops? or rats and mice, and such small deer?" answered my friend: "any thing will do, if you'll only cram it hard enough down our gentle public's throat, without giving it time to consider. Eureka then, just imported fresh, and smelling of the sea, the most novel and delightful thing imaginable, the most rare and exquisite essence of polite scandal, full of variety, 'that sips of all, but feeds on nothing long?'—the only copy in England, more valuable than a court dress to the ladies, and teaching the most minute *elegantia elegantiarum* of life, from the last step in a new quadrille, to the supreme art of flirting a fan, or fanning a flirt, if you had rather—*Le Lièvre de Quatre Couleurs*—a literary God-send, I assure you. *Le voilà*. How deuced envious Baldwin or Blackwood would be if they knew of it." "Come, let me clutch thee then," I cried, "thou hast a lively and entertaining physiognomy of a title-page, and I think I shall love thee. Settle yourself in that easy-chair, my dear friend, and seize the pen, 'the pen that Julia gave me,' and I will dictate the contents to you like another Cæsar, though it should be in four different tongues, and in aameleon-coloured type. Let us begin with the preface, I'll translate." "Go on then, I scorn to yield; so translate away, and GARE GALLICISMS AND STOPS, and warn the reader to leave off when he sleeps, and close our variegated book."

THE PREFACE.

Party-colour is so much the favourite one of the day, that our book shall make no apology for taking its place in the boudoir of the belles and blue stockings of a refined age. It will not interfere with the sale of Rees's Encyclopedia, but it will more easily be carried in your pocket. The minds of politicians, that vary like the weather-glass, need not be startled at the sight of a picture which represents them to the life; and the most delicate spirits, that shrink like a sensitive plant at a touch, will not be offended with the moral of it. The lover may behold himself in the various metamorphoses which he assumes; and the friend, in the disguise of truth, see

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here the emblem of his duplicity. Why should not our humours be as variable as our climate? Our different tastes are as arbitrarily imposed upon us as our faces, and there is room enough for them both in the world. Does not every thing inspire us with a love of change? The sun in eclipse, the moon in her phases, the heavens in varying clouds; then the year in its various seasons; the sea in tides; the earth with flowers; the birds in song and plumage; even our philosophers by their systems, our ministers by projects, and our authors by their paradoxes, support it—besides coquettes with their frivolity, lovers in folly, all men in their character, and every woman in her humour. Shall we here be unjust enough to omit the new-cut Dandy. Certainly not; or if we do, it is only that we may give him an article to himself. The very pink of finical variety, he carries it spick and span new, just plucked from the garden of fashion, upon his doublet. In his ogle, in his attitudes, in his strut, as in his sentiments and language, all is equally superlative, exquisite, and even girlish; but the worst of him is, that he can never sit long enough for you to take his picture. At one moment he flings himself sulkily into a soft arm-chair, the next he is cutting a quadrille. You may hear him now railing against the fair, just before he prepares to offer up the incense of his flattery. He is thrown into an ecstasy at the sight of a new strait-laced and padded coat; but hardly is it on, when he quarrels with the collar, and orders a false one of double the size. He tries the newest style of every fashionable trimmer of the sponce, and has even the vanity to suggest to him some extraordinary fresh touch of the scissors. He rings a *peal of bells* to bring his people about him, and when they run to attend, he can't for the soul of him tell exactly what he wants. He drives 20 miles an hour in his tilbury to reach his country-house, merely in *order* to give *orders* to have his bays at the door by five o'clock, to run against time for a dinner in town. He sports a scented white cambric handkerchief, and pretends to grow sick of the *perfume*. If you speak to him, he very leisurely assumes his ogle-glass, to *reconnoitre* before he answers you. He gives order to his bookseller *peremptorily*, to forward him the Magazines the day before they are out, in order to anticipate the follies of the month, and for this he is charged five shillings a number. Let other pub-

lishers take the hint, and give us a *douceur* for the information. When the chambermaid is ready to lace his stays for a *blow-out* or a *scrouge* in the evening, he declares he must first take a *turn in the other world*—a little horizontal refreshment—and goes to bed. If he has to sit down to write, he is immediately seized with a peripatetic fit, and proceeds to measure his chamber with a full cloth-yard stride. Then, like our friend B—, he'll twitch and laugh with one side of his face, and look grave with the other. Between staring and frowning, he caricatures his own physiognomy exceedingly well, and leaves you in doubt whether he be more like a camelion, a monkey, or Proteus himself. But it is in other fashionable modes, that the art of novelty is more conspicuously shewn. What a reformation have ten years made in our style of dress and writing, dancing and eating! There is always a heavy tax laid upon the true dilettanti of fashion: every individual attitude and motion is *un tribut à la mode*; and they have run the polite gauntlet through hunch-backs and high shoulders, stiff necks and stooping ones, from a bow to the ground to the familiar nod, until all the changes of the fashionable bells were rung, and they had recourse, both in dressing and writing, to the plainness and simplicity of nature again, out of sheer despair of something novel and *piquant*. This is observable in our new style of adorning our bodies and our books; in our poetry, sermons, and modern lectures, which possess the singular merit of placing nature in a fresh point of view, and conjuring up old fashions in a new dress of their own.—We next come to other objects which are no less variable and interesting—our venerable modern Philosophers, who are weary of following up the discoveries of their ancestors, and strike out new paths for themselves—becoming amorous of chemical affinities and galvanic animation, and finding more attractions and repulsions than nature ever dreamed of in her most prolific moments of antipathy or love: now, like Joshua, stopping the sun, and whirling the earth round its axis; now impugning the system of Sir Isaac Newton, with some *famous hypothesis*, and next flattering us with the doctrine of innate ideas, which are soon to become acquired: when these too are argued away, and mankind run great risk of being reasoned out of their souls and wits together.

So much for Scotch metaphysics.

I had hitherto proceeded with that rapidity of diction which sets a common pen at defiance; and frequently extorted from my friend exclamations of wonder, highly gratifying to my new character of contributor to the periodical press.—“Stop,” he exclaimed, “if you are not quite destitute of humanity, and let us take breath. My fingers are literally growing together, and ache as if they would come off. I will just go submit our article to editorial inspection, learn the newest *short-hand* in practice, and then, like an accomplished bruiser after the last lesson of his science, challenge

you to the combat once more. Our next *set-to* will be more easy and entertaining, and discover infinite variety of play, to the polite edification of the spectators. To the *fairest* portion we promise an exhibition of the various and true properties and uses of that refreshing and ingenious article called a *fan*, and we trust the Book of Four Colours will unfold more fashionable mysteries than are dreamed of in four ball-nights running. My friend departed, and I am now fast dropping into a fine oblivious sleep. B. T.

ELLEN FITZARTHUR, A METRICAL TALE.

IT is long since we have discarded the petulant prejudice which, when our “mind was all as youthful as our blood,” influenced us to turn from every anonymous publication with cold disdain, gratuitously attributing to its modest author a lurking consciousness of insignificance, the justice of which we were as little solicitous to examine as to doubt. Anonymous *poetry*, more especially, experienced our most unqualified reprobation; and we fear, that though corrected from this illiberality of judgment ourselves, it is still too generally prevalent in the reading world. We trace to the dreaded fastidiousness which renders a *name* so essential to the reception of a new work, the harmless expedient of assuming a fictitious designation, to which many self-distrusting young authors have had recourse, in order, whilst virtually preserving their incognito, to satisfy the unmeaning squeamishness of the public, and to relieve their mental offspring from that portion, at least, of the danger of neglect, which would result from the failure of ostensible parentage. To us, we must own, the chance of being pleased by a first production appears nearly equal, whether it be printed anonymously, or with a name, either real or suppositious, of which we never heard before. “What’s in a name,” untried, unknown, “undreamed-of, till beheld for the first time in the title-page of a new work? Experience of his talents can alone render Mr. A. superior in estimation to Mr. B. or Mr. C. And when we meet an unpractised novice, perfectly ready to blazon forth, with neither fear nor wit, his full designation in front of a dashing *coup-d’essai*, we rather shrink from, than are attracted to, the perusal of his performance; and feel, that instead of having

gained upon our respect by his courage, he has lost upon our good-will by his self-sufficiency, and considerably diminished the interest which we are always disposed to take in behalf of unpretending diffidence.

The poem before us, unowned, unpatronized, and stealing as it were, bashfully into the world, with scarcely the assistance of due newspaper announcement to make it known, must plead our excuse for these reflections, the very natural result of fear, that a production so every way calculated to touch the heart, and gratify the taste, should sink into oblivion without even experiencing the common justice of obtaining a hearing, and of being condemned upon proof. To obviate this, as far as our weak endeavours will extend, we are anxious to disseminate an acquaintance with its purity of sentiments, its chaste simplicity, and affecting tenderness, amongst our readers. We shall, for this purpose, give a summary of its fable, and draw, somewhat largely, upon its pages for illustration of the merits which we have ascribed to it.

The Tale, a completely domestic one, opens in Malwood Vale, an imaginary spot, we believe, where

“the shades of night
Were peacefully descending;
And closing with the closing light,
The peasant’s toil was ending.”

A husbandman’s return to his family is cheerfully described; his wife’s alacrity to welcome him, his children’s caresses, his homely comforts, are briefly, but animatedly, set before us:—

“One climbs into his arms—another
Clings smiling round his knee;
A third is lifted by its mother
Its father’s face to see:

The cradled innocent, his youngest treasure,
Holds out its dimpled arms, and crows for pleasure

"Were all in Malwood Vale so blest?
 Were such light hearts, and tranquil rest,
 As filled that night the peasant's cot,
 Of all in Malwood Vale the lot?
 No—there was one, for whom the Sun
 Went down in clouds and sadness,
 For whom no heart, when day was done,
 Looked out with smiles of gladness:
 For whose return no eye was gazing,
 For whom no cheerful hearth was blazing,
 Whose dreary and forsaken home
 Was dark and silent as the tomb."

This desolate and mournful being is
 the venerable Pastor of the Valley, whose
 only child, Ellen, the heroine of the
 tale, has forsaken him:—

"She whose young life's first clouded ray
 Beamed on a dark and troubled day,
 The guiltless messenger of death,
 Bequeathed with love's expiring breath—
 She who in smiling infancy
 Had clasped his neck, and climbed his knee,
 Whose first imperfect words, dispelling
 The silence of his widowed dwelling,
 Had wakened in his heart the tone,
 That vibrates to that sound alone.
 Oh, moment of parental pride!
 When first those hushing accents tried
 The purest hymn which earth can raise,
 An infant's, to its Maker's praise."

We pass over the details of Ellen's infancy and early youth, though beautifully touched, and select the following passage, descriptive of the blameless enjoyments of domestic life:—

"When rain without is pelting fast,
 And bitter blows the Northern blast,
 When puss i' th' chimney nook is dozing,
 Calmly her humdrum song composing;
 When Carlo on the hearth is dreaming

Disturbed perchance by ruthless thought
 Of prowling rat, pursued and caught;
 Or, if a gust of rushing wind
 Roars, in the chimney's shaft confin'd,
 He starts—th' imagined danger eyes
 With ears erect in keen surprise;
 Half rises, from the sound to fly;
 But as its fitful murmurs die,
 Lulled as they lull, his terrors cease,
 And down he sinks, outstretched in peace.

"When by that hearth, so brightly blazing,
 The father on his child was gazing,
 While she, the wintry hours to cheer
 With native woodnotes charmed his ear,
 (Notes to that partial ear excelling
 The loftiest strains from science swelling,)
 Or light of heart, in youthful glee
 With converse innocent and free
 Beguiled the time, or turned the page
 Of holy writ, or learning sage,
 Or caught, inspired, the glowing theme
 Of lofty bard, or minstrel's dream,
 Till in her eyes a kindling fire
 Sparkled reflected from the lyre—
 Oh! then, whilst gazing on her face,
 He watched each wildly varying grace,
 Till silent rapture's tender tear
 Dimmed on his eyes, a sight so dear;
 With grateful love, his heart o'erflowing,
 To Heav'n with pious transport glowing,

Poured out its speechless tribute there,
 In praise no language could declare.

"If there is happiness below,
 In such a home she's shrined—
 The human heart can never know
 Enjoyment more refined,
 Than where that sacred bond is twined
 Of filial and parental ties,
 That tender union, all combined
 Of Nature's holiest sympathies!

"Tis friendship in its loveliest dress!
 'Tis love's most perfect tenderness!
 All other friendships may decay,
 All other loves may fade away;
 Our faults or follies may disgust
 The friend in whom we fondly trust,
 Or selfish views may intervene,
 From us his changeful heart to wean;
 Or we ourselves may change, and find
 Faults to which once our love was blind;
 Or ling'ring pain, or pining care,
 At length may weary friendship's ear,
 And love may gaze with altered eye,
 When beauty's young attractions fly.
 But in that union, firm and mild,
 That binds a parent to his child,
 Such jarring chords can never sound,
 Such painful doubts can never wound.
 Tho' health and fortune may decay,
 And fleeting beauty pass away—
 Tho' grief may blight, or sin deface
 Our youth's fair promise, or disgrace
 May brand with infamy and shame,
 And public scorn, our blasted name—
 Tho' all the fell contagion fly
 Of guilt, reproach, and misery;
 When love rejects, and friends forsake,
 A parent, tho' his heart may break,
 From that fond heart will never tear
 The child whose last retreat is there!
 Oh union, purest, most sublime!
 The grave itself, but for a time
 Thy holy bond shall sever;
 His hand who rent, shall bind again
 With firmer links thy broken chain,
 To be complete for ever!"

Nothing can be more happily described than the effect upon the dog of the roaring gust in the chimney. It is a picture which must bring back the reality to every reader's mind; and of which it may most justly be said, that it has 'oft been seen, though ne'er so well expressed.'

One rough and stormy night, when

— "The sun had set
 In many a wintry cloud,
 And round their dwelling, cold and wet,
 The wintry wind blew loud,
 — a sound
 Of voices in the blast half drowned,
 Approached; and, nearer as it came,
 Called loudly on Fitzarthur's name;
 Distress and haste were in the tones
 Of that loud cry; and feeble moans,
 As the old Pastor turned to hear,
 Struck indirectly on his ear,
 Confus'dly mingled with the wail
 That sobbed in the subsiding gale.
 And soon th' unclosing door displayed
 A rugged group, whose vent'rous trade

Daily with boat and net was piled
On the near ocean's foaming tide,
One in their sinewy arms they bore,
Whose eyes seemed closed to wake no more,
But for his low and feeble plaint,
That murmured faintly, and more faint."

The stranger thus committed to the hospitality of the good Pastor, has been wrecked that night on the adjacent coast. He only, of all the "hapless band" sailing in the "gallant vessel," has escaped destruction:—

"Close round a floating spar he clung,
Till the returning billows flung
Their living burthen on the beach."

Some friendly fishermen were near, who rescued him from the surge,

"Ere the next fast retreating wave
Should sweep him to a wat'ry grave;"

and, after "short debate," agreed to convey him to their Pastor's,

"Where entrance and relief was free
To every child of misery."

Here, by "days and weeks of tender care," he was restored to health and strength. He had been a soldier, one

—"Whose harassed frame
From foreign fields of conflict came."

The consequence, as might be anticipated, of De Morton's introduction at the parsonage, is his falling in love with Ellen, and Ellen with him. He lingers around her throughout the whole ensuing spring and summer; gains upon the good Pastor's heart,

"Adapting to the spirit there,
Words, looks, and taste with cautious care.
Companion of the old man's walk,
Or studious hours, in serious talk,
Of would he pour, with seeming truth,
The feelings of ingenuous youth;
Of would he speak, with seeming awe,
Of truths divine, and moral law,
With such a sense of heav'nly grace,
As beamed reflected in his face;
Till tears of wonder and delight
Obscured the good old Pastor's sight,
And then he thought, 'Heaven's will be done!
Yet, were I bless'd with such a son!'—

"His simple and ingenuous mind,
Deep read in books, in taste refin'd,
Had studied ill that painful art,
Discernment of the human heart;
Had never its dark lab'rings traced,
By worldly intercourse debased;
That baneful influence, coldly stealing
O'er every warm and noble feeling,
That with torpedo touch benumbs
Where'er its withering contact comes.
Cast in a purer mould had been
Those hearts the rustic sire had seen:
Such was his own, and by its light
He deemed to read De Morton's right,
And saw, unchecked, the lover's art,
That sought and won his Ellen's heart."

Giving, therefore, his sanction to the mutual attachment of the young pair,

nothing delays the marriage but the necessity of waiting till, by suing for it in person, the lover is able to obtain the consent of a

"Grasping uncle, cold and proud,"

on whom, as he asserts, "his fortunes hang;" but, ere long, he acknowledges to Ellen a thousand doubts and fears respecting this meditated application to his unfeeling kinsman; and succeeds in persuading *her*, at least, that it would be folly to defer a union which might be privately solemnized, and kept concealed

"Till happier times should clear away
The clouds of caution and delay,
And to the world he might proclaim
The sharer of his heart and name."

Fitzarthur, however, is not so easily to be influenced. He rejects with firmness the proposal of a clandestine marriage; and, though with reluctance and pain, bids the young man depart, and prohibits his re-appearance till the obstacle is removed which opposes itself to the public disposal of his hand. The venerable monitor is obeyed; the long-cherished guest quits Malwood; and Ellen, sad, yet submissive—clinging to hope, and lingering in every spot, "now dearer by remembrance made," in which she had heretofore wandered with her lover, sees the winter elapse—

"When overhead, the lark no more
Was heard her summer song to pour,
But in her stead, the red-breast nigh,
Hopped noiseless, with enquiring eye,"

without forfeiting her dependence on his honour.

The return of summer, however, brings with it the keenest apprehensions, caused by De Morton's protracted and unexplained delay. Poor Ellen's health becomes affected; her spirits and activity wholly give way, except when in the presence of her father, to avert from whose observation the full amount of her anguish she exerts herself with a sweetness, which, at so trying a season, renders her peculiarly interesting. The beautiful eulogium, which follows, of the female character when adorned with its appropriate virtues, "Long-suffering, mild, meek tenderness," we have not space to insert entire: but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of presenting to our readers its admirable concluding lines:

"Behold her tears in secret flow,
While by the careless world is seen
An aspect cheerful and serene.
To words unkind, and taunting eye,
Mark ye, her soothing, meek reply:
The gentle look, whose timid ray
Imploring soft, turns wrath away;

For those she loves, how fond her cares !
 From those she loves, how much she bears !
 Not wrongs, unkindness, scorn, or hate,
 Her heart can change, or alienate :
 Hers is " the love that knows no chill,"
 Tho' want and woe, surviving still,
 That every ill of life partakes,
 Still cleaving, when the world forsakes.
 For guilty man, to Heaven she pleads ;—
 Repentant man, to Heaven she leads ;
 Spies out the moment, in his heart
 To waken virtue's latent seed,
 And fosters it with patient art,
 Till flowers of sweet perfume succeed."

De Morton, too soon, alas ! for the weal of the guileless inhabitants of the valley, *does* return : but not with the honourable openness of an authorized suitor ; he comes with the stealthy caution of a premeditated betrayer ; surprises Ellen at night-fall in the garden ; and unmoved by the innocent persuasion she is under, and fondly expresses, that his long absence had been involuntary, and had cost *him* as much sorrow as she had *herself* endured—he deliberately tells her, that she must take flight with him that very hour, or resign herself to parting from him for ever !—His uncle, he avers, has been deaf to his most impassioned pleadings ;—her father, she knows, will, from henceforth, be inexorably adverse to his suit ;—they have no alternative : they must either become fugitives together, or separate, never more to meet. Ellen refuses to pursue so desperate a course : he terrifies her by throwing out dark menaces against his own life : she sees, in the moon-beam, his face pale as death, and nearly convulsed with agony : a brief interval (he allows her no time for deliberation) then decides her fate :

" In agony she gazed around ;
 No foot approached, no blessed sound—
 Unheard, alas ! her father's name
 Dies on her lips—no succour came—
 Oh ! for a moment's pause to think—
 To breathe—to gasp on ruin's brink !—
 Oh ! for some saving hand !—too late—
 Behind her swung the closing gate :
 Cold on her heart, as 'twere the knell
 Of peace and hope, its echo fell."

The development of De Morton's character, and the consequent punishment of the remorseful Ellen, now rapidly succeed. He deserts her ere the first twelvemonth has elapsed after their elopement ;—she is a mother, and believes herself to be a wife ;—a longer period, however, than usual, of neglect and avoidance on his part, had rendered her a prey to dejection and wretchedness, when a letter arrives that nearly annihilates her :

" De Morton's last farewell, it birth,
 The veil was rent—the dream was o'er—
 De Morton would return no more !
 A dream, indeed ! a mockery,
 All he had said, and seemed to be—
 A dream, indeed ! his very name
 No wedded right had she to claim—
 Assumed 't' elude the holy rite
 That he had seemed with hers to plight.
 ' 'Twas vain,' he said, ' with vows to bind
 The roving heart, the free-born mind ;'
 And then he spoke of love, ' that flies
 Far off at sight of human woes ;'
 All arts, all hope, all effort vain
 (Once fled) to lure him back again ;
 And when 'twas so, 'twas best to part,
 To seek some more congenial heart ;
 Hers was too pure, too saintly cold,
 To match with one of mortal mould
 So earthly, so unlike her own—
 And she might seek, when he was gone,
 The home her peevish fancy yet
 Haunted with lingering fond regret :
 Question of him would be in vain,
 She ne'er would see his face again."

A dreadful species of calm, though intense despair, assails her on the perusal of this infamous scroll, from which it is weeks, nay months, ere she recovers. Her slender store of money begins to fail ; her health declines ; she remains utterly bereft of friends, of reputation, of means to exist, except such as she obtains by mechanically plying " the needle's skill," to provide a scanty sustenance for her infant. She believes that her father has irrevocably renounced her : De Morton had suppressed every letter which she had addressed to him since her flight ; and dead to hope—stunned by the tremendous penalty which her fault had brought upon her, she neither dared to renew her filial supplications, nor had sufficient energy left to retain even a wish that they might be heard. The progressive and touching manner in which her conversion from this state of unnatural and moody apathy is effected, cannot be too highly commended. We shall select, for the conclusion of this article, the passage, though somewhat long, to which we allude, persuaded that it must excite in every reader of sensibility, an anxious desire to know how the sorrows of poor Ellen terminate.

" The Sabbath day, the day of peace,
 Still bade her weekly labours cease ;
 Still, by instinctive reverence awayed,
 And long observance, she obeyed
 The ordinance of rest—in vain—
 Her rest was weariness and pain ;
 For o'er her soul, devotion's balm,
 Diffused no more its holy calm,
 And never since that fatal day
 When feeling fled with hope away,
 Had Ellen's hands been raised to pray,

Nor ever had her footsteps trod
The pavement of the house of God.
Yet when the Sabbath bells around
Rung out their sweet inviting sound,
Almost with thoughts of other times,
She started at the well-known chimes,
And hastened, as in other days,
To seek the house of prayer and praise.
But tho' its portals opened wide
To entering crowds, they seemed denied
To her, as if a barrier rose
Unseen, her entrance to oppose—
Unseen, but felt—for care half-crazed
Th' appalling interdiction raised,
And fancy's wildly-roving eye,
From the gay crowds that passed her by,
Caught many a glance of insult proud;
And many a taunt more deep than loud,
Breathed scoldingly in fancy's ear,
'Presumptuous! dost thou venture here?'
The timid wanderer shrunk dismayed,
Yet, round the holy walls she strayed,
Like restless spirit, lingering long
To catch the swell of sacred song:
Then far, far onward would she roam,
Till long fatigue recalled her home.

"A Sabbath's summer-moon was o'er,
And tempered was the fervid ray,
When Ellen from her humble door
With head declined came forth to stray,
Reckless, regardless of her way.
Soon had she passed the noisy town,
And soon attained the upland down,
And soon beyond its open plain
She roved in sheltered glades again.
It was an evening calm and mild,
As the first evening nature smiled;
Beauteous, as if the guilt of man
Had ne'er defaced his Maker's plan;
And pain, the penalty of sin,
And death, had never entered in.
No living sound, no motion stirred
In earth or air, save song of bird,
Or hum of insect on the wing,
Or trickling flow of pebbly spring.
Athwart the hollow lane's deep glade
Tall elm-trees flung their dark broad shade,
And sun-beams glancing bright between,
Touched the moist turf with emerald green.

"E'en Ellen's heart half felt the power,
The influence of that tranquil hour,
So deep, so soothing, so serene
The lovely stillness of the scene.
Or memory's long-benighted waste,
A ray of former feelings past,
A feeble light, like morning grey,
Thro' clouds just struggling into day—
The babe slept sweetly in her arms;
She gazed upon its peaceful charms:
Yes, peace was there, as calm, profound,
As that all nature breathed around.
But whence that drop that glistens bright
On its soft cheek with liquid light?
Oh precious tear! for many a day
The first, from Ellen's eyes to stray;
It fell, as on the burning plain
Fall the large drops of summer-rain;
Heavy and slow at first, they break
The surface smooth of pool or lake,
Till thicker, smaller drops descend,
And circles into circles blend,
And the low clouds, their garnered store
In one long plenteous deluge pour.

"Loitering and musing as she past,
Ellen approached the end at last
Of that deep glade; when on her ear
A chime of bells came pealing clear,
Borne sweetly on the swelling breeze;
And soon between the parting trees,
A lovely vale disclosed to sight
Its hamlet group of dwellings white,
And its grey steeple's ivied fane,
Where the long window's latticed pane
Reflected in effulgence bright
The warm red beams of evening light.
From that grey spire, the sacred sound
Of Sabbath bells was ringing round,
And many a group, with faces glad,
In pride of Sunday raiment clad,
Stood clustering round the church-yard gate,
Their pastor's near approach to wait.

"He came, a man with silver hair,
And eyes that beamed paternal care,
When on his little flock they cast
Their silent blessing—as he past,
A word, a look, a smile to gain,
All pressed around, and none in vain.
His hand to many an aged hand
Was stretched with cordial greeting bland,
And question kind, and words adrest
In tones of soothing interest:
And young and old, alike partook
His more than kind, his tender look,
So gentle, children round him prest
To be encouraged and cared.
As Ellen gazed, her heart beat quick;
Tears to her eyes came fast and thick—
Those reverend locks! that mild blue eye
Beaming in kind complacency;
Those village groups! the place! the time!
The ivied steeple's silver chime!
All sights and sounds combined so true,
At once on memory's rapid view,
(From her long trance awakening first,)
All former scenes, and feelings burst,
With such a rush of tender pain,
As fainting nature to sustain
Tasked all her strength—and scarce could bide
Th' impetuous, long-imprisoned tide.

"The bell had ceased; the rustic throng
With silent reverence moved along,
And some, as close they passed her by,
Lingered with kind enquiring eye,
And proffered low, with courteous look,
Welcome within to seat and book:—
The voice of welcome, kind and new,
Fell on her heart like balmy dew.
It seemed to say, 'Poor wanderer! come,
A father's house invites thee home;
Approach; his promised rest is sweet;
Cast down thy burthen at his feet.'
She entered, and the closing door
Shut out the troublesome world once more,
And all its cares—a fearful host!
Were soon in holier feelings lost.

"But when the reverend preacher rose,
How touching was the text he chose!
How did her heart within her burn!
It was the prodigal's return—
Upon that mild persuasive tongue,
In breathless eagerness she hung;
To her! to her! each precious word
Seemed strongly, feelingly referred:
The Lord had promised to forgive
The sinner who would turn and live;

And o'er her heart a heavenly calm
 Even now diffused its healing balm.
 But when the aged pastor dwelt
 On all that *conscience* wand'ring felt,
 When yet far off, and bowed with shame,
 His father to the meeting came,
 And ran and fell upon his neck,
 And kissed him, and bade them deck
 The poor degraded weary one
 With costly robes; and cried, 'My son
 Is found, whom I had sought in vain;
 Was dead, but is alive again!
 Scarce could the feeling be repress
 That rose to transport in her breast:
 Almost with warm resistless glow,
 She cried aloud, "I too will go
 Unto my father, and confess
 My wanderings and my wretchedness;
 And he—oh blessed thought!—may greet
 His child with pardoning love as sweet."
 Solemn as dying saint's farewell,
 The old man's parting blessing fell,

And as he spoke, with *holy* *ecstasy*
 And lifted eyes, *breathed* *his* *prayer*
 A beam of *heavenly* *glory* *beamed*
 Played like a crown of living light."

It would be unfair both to our author, and to those who, we trust, will become desirous of reading this poem, to proceed any further either in our exposition of the story, or our extracts. All we shall add is, that a very elegant and modest introduction in verse is prefixed to the volume, which, we think, will go far towards awakening a favourable disposition in behalf of the writer: and that the catastrophe of the tale is one of the best imagined, and the most impressive, that we have ever met with.

CONJECTURES ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION OF THE TURKS, IN GREECE AND EGYPT.

OUR readers will have observed in our pages lately, many notices relating to endeavours of several of the better informed and more public-spirited Greeks to diffuse the actuating impulse of knowledge among their countrymen; nor have we been backward to consider this as the first power of a series, intended to issue in important consequences. Greece, undoubtedly, for ages, was singularly illustrious in arts and arms. Science and literature were honoured, both in public and in private, among her communities; and so much of our own science and literature is to this day derived from Grecian sources, that scarcely any country on earth is allowed claims to superior interest. We study the language, as well as the arts, of our ancient masters; and it may safely be said, that Britain never saw a period at which an acquaintance with it was more honourable, or more general—a period when so extensive a subscription for a costly work of the kind could have been obtained, as that which now distinguishes Mr. Valpy's edition of Stephens's Greek Thesaurus.

Greece has long suffered under the most barbarous despotism; but Greece has supported the misfortune with a certain kind of sullen perseverance; and nearly four centuries have seen her sons, for the most part, retain their national characteristics, notwithstanding the allurements held out by their oppressors to effect a substitution of their own; and the indignities perpetrated towards those who sternly refuse compliance. We may say, that the language, the manners, the local usages, differ little

from those found by the Turks when first they took possession of the country. We know of nations which have coalesced with their conquerors, and even have taken their name; but a Greek cannot be more injuriously or more dishonourably aspersed, than by being called a Turk or a Mahometan. A Greek may be supple from policy, he may cringe under the pressure of necessity; but at liberty to shew himself, he is another man. This observation, it must be understood, applies rather, in its favourable sense, to the inhabitants of the country, than to Greeks resident in towns; and hence it is that travellers, who mostly see the citizen Greeks, form very inadequate conceptions of the body of the people, with whom they have no intercourse but in passing. Notwithstanding the lapse of nearly four centuries, during which the Ottoman banner has waved triumphant over the country, there were till very lately many parts, and some of them of considerable extent, which retained their liberty, where no Turk dared to shew himself, and where a slight acknowledgment of the Sultan's supremacy was all the obedience he could exact from them. This was remarkable in the Mainiotes, the Spahiotes, the inhabitants of the town and fastnesses of Sulli, who long and valiantly defended their liberty; and if they ultimately fell victims to corruption and treachery, not a few of them still preserve a strong recollection of their former state. Even the Albanians, undoubtedly the best soldiers in the Turkish service, are no longer loyal than while engaged in that service; and

there are points which, even while in employment, they never scruple to contest with their masters. Report has lately announced, not without surprise and sympathy, in the conduct and temper of the population of Parga, a specimen of what Greeks can resolve on when reduced to extremity; a firmness of mind, strongly marked, and not the mere impulse of the moment, but evidently inherent. And yet Parga was far from bearing the best of characters. Mr. Hobhouse describes it in these words:—"The character of the Parguinotes is among the worst of the Albanians; their connexion with the Christian states has taught them only the vices of civilization, and they are not less ferocious, but are become more refined in their cruelty and violence. Their town is the refuge of many of the robbers whom Ali Pacha has driven from the mountains." Elsewhere the same traveller informs us of various songs sung round a roasting fire by night, narrating exploits of robbery.—"One of them began thus—'When we set out from Parga, there were sixty of us.' Then came the burden of the verse,

Κλεφταις ποτε Παργα!

Κλεφταις ποτε Παργα!

'Robbers all at Parga!

Robbers all at Parga!"

It is natural to deduce an inference from the inflexibility of the Parguinotes, (*if correctly stated*) as to what might be expected from those of their countrymen who should be raised to a superiority, by the effect of enlarged acquaintance with the duties of enlightened patriotism, and the energy of a more liberal and generous public spirit. If these rude and unlettered people were thus jealous of their freedom, and thus determined in their resistance to tyranny, what may not be looked for from real patriots, actuated by the higher motive of devotion to the cause of their country and countrymen? If these rough Parguinotes forsook all, rather than become the property of a tyrant, what may not Greece yet produce among her nobler sons, the descendants of heroes, and of deliverers raised by their grateful country to the rank of demi-gods?

Even now, we are told that it is nothing uncommon for whole families and tribes of Greeks to quit the plains for the mountains, in order to withdraw themselves from Turkish severity. Nor has the spirit of forming more general enterprises been wanting among these

people. In 1770, the inhabitants of Peloponnesus revolted against their masters, in reliance on assistance expected from the Russian fleet, then in those seas: this, it was found impracticable to afford them; but the conduct of the Greeks was such, that M. Peyronnel, in his Remarks on Baron du Tott, informs us it was debated on this occasion, in the Turkish divan, whether the whole of this turbulent nation should not be exterminated, as a punishment for defection. Notwithstanding this narrow escape—for it was chiefly, if not wholly, the vote of Hassan Pacha, the admiral, which preserved the Greeks from destruction—they attempted, in 1808, a still more perilous enterprise. The Greeks of Thessaly and the adjoining provinces, tired of the vexations they suffered from Ali Pacha, rose in arms against him: and the Pacha, who had extended his dominion over almost the whole of what was the ancient Greece, found himself reduced to the single province of Epirus. The Turks, who are little less ill-treated by this despot of Albania—for such he is, notwithstanding his professions of humble submission to the orders of the Sublime Porte—saw, with much satisfaction, but not without more than equal astonishment, this insurrection; which they themselves had not vigour sufficient to attempt.—South of Macedonia to the frontier of Attica, almost the whole of the country was under the controul of the Greeks during twenty-two days. But, by a fatality which not infrequently attends unfortunate nations, the spring rains of this year were uncommonly violent and long continued, inso-much that the river Peneus swelled into an inundation, in consequence of which, considerable bodies of troops expected from the Agraphes could not reach the head quarters of the collecting forces, as had been agreed on. At this moment, one of the leaders, whether from fear, or from any other motive, surrendered the passes which had been entrusted to his charge between Epirus and Thessaly; and the issue was fatal to the attempt. Three hundred of these Greeks were met by the son of Ali Pacha, who had effected a passage, by night, over the mountains of Pindus, at the head of a chosen band of Albanian soldiers. The whole of these three hundred warriors were found dead, around the body of their general, after a most obstinate combat, in which half the army of their enemy fell also. The

reader will perhaps think these moderns deserve the honours of a monument equally with those ancients who defended the pass of Thermopylæ against the Persians; nor less the epitaph, "Go, traveller, and report, that here we lie, in obedience to the sacred laws, and to the call of our country."

We the rather direct the attention of our readers to this subject, because the Greeks have at length perceived the necessity of spreading knowledge among their compatriots, previous to any general or national endeavour to throw off the yoke under which they groan. For this purpose they have sent a number of youths to complete their education in the principal universities of Europe. At Paris, where five or six years ago there were not more than eight, there are now more than sixty Greeks. In the German establishments the number is considerable; and there are some in England. The university of Pisa, in Tuscany, has about sixty; drawn thither by the presence of the archbishop Ignatius, a prelate of the most respectable manners, both religious and political. At Paris the labours and reputation of M. Coray ensure the Greeks a favourable reception; while those youths contemplate in this respectable old man, their countryman, the prime mover of that restoration toward which they direct their wishes. They have commissioned a statue of him, to be executed at Rome. During twenty-five years has he been engaged in promoting that well-directed information, which he regards, and justly, as the basis of all legitimate or well-founded hope. We need not say, that France has very assiduously cultivated this favourable opinion of the Greeks: the causes *were* notorious under Buonaparte, and probably have not ceased to operate, or at least to exist, under the present government.—But, every medal has its reverse: every picture has its shades as well as its lights; and the spectator, if he wishes to judge truly on the piece, will not fail to examine these also, as well as the other. While therefore, we desire to record our foresight of what may happen, and what we deem even probable, and what we have watched the preparations for, during several years, yet we deem it equally proper to insert proofs that our confidence is not blinded by appearances; that we are not unacquainted with what may be urged on the other side of the question, nor insensible to those *oppositions* which, when called into

action, will be found neither trivial nor immaterial to the result.

We may say of such important undertakings, as has been said of others, thought to be equally impossible, "*Dans telles affaires c'est le premier pas qui coute.*" The Greeks think, or affect to think, that the *impulse* is already, and effectually given. It would be rash in any one who knows them, on such slender authority, to predict too positively what shall follow. Habits are powerful constraints. Every Greek can talk; it is the character of his nation; but talking may not only contribute to the evaporation of energy, but, if indiscreet, it may give a hint to Ottoman jealousy, and awaken that Mahommedan fury, which if prompt enough—and it is sometimes prompt—may disappoint the best-laid plans. The nation at large has no common centre. The *grandees* are divided by their family and personal rivalships, by their mutual jealousies, by their contemptible ambition: each wishes to be greatest, and thereby degrades himself below the least. As heads of their people they are a rope of sand: they neither know nor feel the power of combination. The districts, also, where liberty still maintains a rugged refuge, are separated by distant intervals; and the inhabitants of the plains dread the incursions of the mountaineers, no less than the *avarias* of their masters. They cannot place unreserved confidence in those whom they have been used to dread as banditti, not to welcome as friends; from those who stripped them of their property, they will hardly receive liberty itself as a boon: they will suspect the gift, from the too notorious character of the giver.

Should some fortunate leader indeed arise, who, like Scanderbeg, shall form a powerful reputation, and be acknowledged as a chief on whom dependance may be placed, there can be no doubt but that multitudes would flock without delay to his standard. So far as personal bravery is in question, the Greeks may supply that quality: but their national, and habitual perseverance, docility, moderation, self-possession, and magnanimity, are questionable. They are, as a people, rather cunning than wise, rather sudden than sedate, rather feverish than firm. They may begin, but if the end be not speedy, they will be disgusted at the interval, however necessary, that elapses between their wishes and their object. They will never forbear that enlargement of

language which preserves an immense distance from simple truth: the consequence will always prove a deception of themselves, and of others who might be disposed to assist them. Nor will they forbear to delight in calumny; a modern Socrates would find no greater favour than did the ancient. A single fault in a general, however eminent, *formerly*, would obliterate all his previous services: and the character given of them by M. Fauvel, the French consul at Athens, who has resided among them many years, would be found extremely just—"Believe me, my dear sir, they are the same *canaille* as they were in the days of Miltiades."

Nor is the character of their adversaries to be overlooked; the habit of commanding not seldom gives the power to command. The voice of authority is obeyed from the mere force of custom. Their masters will not easily resign the mastery: they will be influenced by revenge, by the recollection of advantages hitherto enjoyed, inflamed also by cupidity; but most of all by fanaticism. The delusion of fanaticism is irresistible: it actuates the rude more powerfully than the refined, no doubt; but the mass of all nations is rude, and especially the mass of the Turks. They are strangers to that discipline by which the mind is opened: they neither acknowledge nor respect good qualities in others: they are accustomed to despotism, and in despotism they delight: they are frugal, obstinate, prejudiced, and they estimate human life at nothing.

If we turn our eyes to Egypt, we are struck by the spectacle of a Turkish governor who conducts his proceedings with all the policy of the most consummate European statesman. Mahommed Ali, the present Pacha of Egypt, is by birth an Albanian, and, like thousands of his countrymen, was enrolled among the military of his masters, the Turks. The Albanians are, unquestionably, the best soldiers of the Ottoman army, so far as courage and endurance are in question; but they are insolent, rude, and overbearing; with difficulty controuled, even by the Pachas into whose service they enter. They are from their infancy accustomed to the exploits of military robberies, and maraudings, and they entertain high notions of personal and national independence. Such, no doubt, is Mahommed Ali; but, by whatever means he has acquired it, he possesses a degree of knowledge altogether extraordinary in a chief of his description; and probably,

rather originating with the remains of the French invaders of Egypt, than with himself.

We have already recorded his attention to the procuring of intelligence, both philosophical and political, by means of young Arabs, sent to various academical institutions of Europe, to complete their studies; and he has obtained from the best schools and the best sources, as well the *personnel* as the *materiel* of military power. He has furnished his arsenals with ordnance from the founderies of Sweden; he has in his armoury 5,000 English firelocks; and from the dock-yards of Russia and England, he has procured naval stores of the best qualities, and most serviceable nature; he has commissioned ships from the docks of India, and has purchased others, so that his navy on the Red Sea is rising into respectability; and he has from 30 to 40 vessels constantly trading in the Mediterranean. He is, moreover, intent on deriving from his own country whatever materials it can produce; he has established manufactories of sail-cloth, and other hempen articles; and his manufacture of gunpowder deserves special distinction.

That wood is at present scarce in Egypt is well known; and coal is not the produce of the country; but an Italian chemist, Sig. Giovanni Bassi, finding his labours in the service of the Pacha impeded by a want of fuel, has taken advantage of the heat of the climate to effect evaporation by a slower, a more economical, and a more effectual process. In the course of the last summer (1819) he prepared upwards of 30,000 pounds of saltpetre, from which gunpowder has been made, of a quality decidedly superior to any which has been seen in that country. This is an invaluable acquisition to the Pacha; whose vigilance in preventing this indispensable article of war from reaching his enemies, the Mamelukes, in Southern Egypt, has greatly enfeebled their operations, and, in fact, has defeated their plans: while the possession of this power at home renders him independent of supplies from abroad; and will mainly contribute to establish his independence as a Prince, whenever he thinks proper to manifest his real intentions. Moreover, to consolidate and connect his resources, he has lately cleaned and deepened the canal leading from Alexandria to the Nile, in order to avoid the delay and dangers attending the sands at the mouth of the Nile, or what is commonly called the Boghaz of

Rosetta; which yearly gets worse. This not only facilitates the traffic of the country, and accommodates the city of Alexandria with a necessary article of life, but it will certainly be used as the means of communication between the north and the south. The stores already mentioned, received by the way of the Mediterranean, will reach the interior of Egypt; and should the Pacha succeed in opening the ancient canal from the Nile to the Red Sea, it is within the compass of probability that vessels direct from India may float in the port of Alexandria, and vessels from the Baltic, or from the Thames, may proudly overlook the sands of Egypt, while proceeding by means of a towage by cattle from the north to the south: a singular spectacle! and absolutely incredible, to the descendants of Sultan Selim and his Mameluke despots.

As a commander, Mahommed Ali has already proved victorious over the Wahabi, and has destroyed their power. By his son, Ibrahim Pacha, he has also taken their chief town, Deriah, and has razed it to the ground. It is fair to conjecture that Ibrahim may enter into his father's plans, and this supposed, he cannot but have his eye turned to his succession in the Egyptian government; if so, it seems nothing more than natural that the establishments of Mahommed should be patronised and continued. It is possible, also, that he may eventually possess sufficient influence over the soldiery to establish the European discipline, which is the only thing wanting to the consolidation of the governor's power, to a degree that may bid defiance to all enemies. In this, Mahommed has hitherto failed; and time is necessary for the purpose, as well as personal authority, example, and able instruction. Meanwhile, the important affair proceeds in others of its branches, and perhaps not the less certainly, because in some respects the more slowly, and retarded by prejudices, which might be thought invincible. Mahommed has also sent ambassadors, with pre-

sents, to Sennaar, and even into Abyssinia; what these attempts may produce time only can shew; but they disclose an extent of thought altogether singular in a Turkish governor of Egypt. He has taken possession of Massuah, on the Red Sea, the port of Abyssinia; certainly not without an object, to be realized at a convenient opportunity. Hitherto the wild tribes on the coast and along Eastern Africa have withstood or suspected his efforts: they equally dread and hate the very name of a Turk. There is yet another probable cause of disappointment to the Pacha's schemes; he is an entire stranger to that feeling which is known among the superior class of professional artists of every description in Europe, by the name of *liberality*. M. Belzoni was engaged by the Pacha as an hydraulic engineer and mechanician. but after serving several months he found himself disregarded, and his services unrewarded. Whether this were the fault of Mahommed himself, or of his officers, by their intrigues, we do not determine; but similar instances cannot but operate as repulses to eminent merit; and such the Pacha's necessities require; not mere pretenders to science only, of which he may have enough, and reason enough to lament his disappointments from their failures.

Nothing could be more conformable with the designs of Mahommed, than the lately reported insurrection of Ali Pacha against the divan of Constantinople. This is likely, to say the least, to engage the attention, if not to baffle the power of the Crescent; and should any other defection occur—for the opportunity is favourable—the energy of the Turkish empire will not long delay its fate; whatever its wisdom may do. At this moment, the whole skill of that government consists in raising taxes;—money, tribute, presents, are the summit of its interior skill.—However, we have not forgotten the Arabic proverb—“The Osmanlis catch hares with waggons:” the rest time will shew.

MUZIO, A TALE. BY COUNT LOEBEN.

A YOUNG gentleman, named Muzio, came one day with a new sword out of the shop of one of those manufacturers of Ferrara, whose works raised that city into high repute both far and near. Proceeding towards an adjacent grove, he was met by some of his ac-

quaintance, who, on his shewing them the weapon, immediately began to try it with him in all the movements of the art of fencing, in which the inhabitants of Ferrara were remarkably expert. It so happened that the favourite of the Duke passed that way, and joined in the

amusement. Muzio regarded him as his secret enemy, since he was enamoured of the fair Fiordiligi, whose heart Muzio possessed, but without the approbation of her parents, who for many reasons preferred the wealthy and powerful courtier for a son-in-law, and who, though they would not compel their child to give him expectations that his love would be returned, explicitly declared to the beautiful Fiordiligi, that a passion for Muzio would be utterly hopeless. When Ergasto, the favourite—who could not but be aware that it was owing to Muzio that his addresses produced no effect on Fiordiligi—perceived his rival and his associates engaged in trying the sword, which, as it brightly glistened in the sun, approached too near to a cypress branch, and became entangled among its twigs, he also drew his weapon, and having bent it first one way, then the other, to shew its temper, he made a cut at a myrtle, the detached blossoms of which fell upon the point of Muzio's blade. He then called the others to witness whether that sword with which victory and glory had already been acquired, was not far better than his rival's. With sparkling eyes, and an apparent desire to transfuse the spirit of his jealousy into his sword, Ergasto began to strike sharply at that of Muzio, who, uncertain whether it was intended in jest or earnest, became more and more ruffled. The sparks of hatred and animosity which seemed to shoot forth from Ergasto's weapon, at length kindled similar feelings in the breast of Muzio: compelled to defend himself, he began by degrees to return the attack; both grew warmer and warmer, though neither uttered a single word. As little did Muzio's astonished friends know what to think of the scene before them: the whole transaction was so quiet and so rapid, that they had scarcely time to consider, whether they ought to interfere, or only to serve as witnesses for Muzio, while he took satisfaction for the sudden affront which he had received. The blood of the two adversaries was soon inflamed to the highest degree; they plied their flashing weapons with increased rapidity, till a purple torrent burst from the heart of Ergasto, and the fatal blade dropped from the ice-cold hand of the petrified Muzio.

At the first moment, fortune seemed to have favoured Muzio in this event, since he had undesignedly, and on the contrary by compulsion, ridded himself

for ever of a hostile rival, and had nothing more to fear from that quarter. This flattering prospect soon vanished, and it became equally obvious that this circumstance was likely to rob him of that happiness which it had just before appeared to secure. Was it to be supposed that the Duke of Ferrara could be persuaded of Muzio's innocence?—Would he not, on the other hand, exert all his power to avenge the death of his favourite? A dungeon evidently threatened to separate him from his beloved Fiordiligi. "Ha!" exclaimed Muzio, with anguish, "I now perceive that the cypress branch, in which my sword was entangled, denounced death to my passion, and the detached myrtle blossom, which trembled on this steel, indicated this inevitable parting. Perhaps I shall never behold Fiordiligi more; perhaps she is already lost to me for ever! It is not Ergasto's friends alone that will lament his death; keenly do I already feel that I shall have equal reason to deplore it!"

Muzio's friends besought him to cease his lamentations, and to turn his thoughts to the means of safety. They advised him to flee without delay, while they would report that he had been mortally wounded by Ergasto; that, tortured with burning thirst, he had desired them to conduct him to the neighbouring bank of the Po; that, while attempting to drink, he had fallen into the river, just then swollen by heavy rains, and been carried away by the impetuosity of the current. All of them agreed that this would be the best method of screening Muzio from persecution, and that, in case the Duke should be unexpectedly disposed to clemency, it would be easy to devise some romantic story to account for his preservation and re-appearance, and to open to him again, under the most fortunate circumstances, the gates of Ferrara, and the house of his mistress. There was no time for consideration; the hour approached at which the inhabitants of Ferrara were accustomed to walk abroad into this grove: the moon already appeared; and a gentle breeze waved the dark foliage of the trees, tinted with the roseate hues of evening. Muzio took but a moment for reflection. He was undecided whether to leave Fiordiligi in uncertainty respecting his life or death. "Is not hopelessness of itself, thought he, a species of death? I am now dead, as it were, for Fiordiligi. But true love knows no death—true love stands the

test of the most agonizing trials. If Fiordiligi shall find consolation for my reported death before I can apprise her that I yet live, and live for her, then will her love be unworthy of mine, and the eyes of both will be opened to our mutual delusion. O, that Fortune had put me to the same test as I shall her! then, indeed, things would have turned out better than they are now likely to do!" So saying, Muzio bade adieu to his friends, who promised secrecy and assistance. He picked up the sword, which he had thrown from him. "I ought rather to shun thee," said he to the weapon, "but let us continue to be companions in misfortune, and should thy thirst again become too vehement, I may quench it in my bosom."

The news of the catastrophe was soon spread throughout the city. Fiordiligi, one moment blooming as the rose, in the next lay like a lily in her mother's arms. Her parents, by whom she was tenderly beloved, strove by all possible means to tranquillize and console her; but all the comfort which they endeavoured to pour into her wounded heart rather increased than relieved the anguish of her feelings. They told her she ought to rejoice that Ergasto, whom she disliked, would no more torment her; and as to Muzio, added they, "he was too poor for us to think of giving you to him, and therefore with so hopeless a passion, it is better for him to be dead than living." They then alternately embraced and caressed their daughter, and began to relate how poor and distressed they had themselves been in the days of their youthful love, to prove that it was out of pure affection they had refused to sanction an alliance with Muzio, lest she should be reduced to a similar situation. "All that we possess," said they, "whatever gives us the appearance of wealth and consequence, is not our own: it belongs to a creditor, after whose death or ours, it will be reunited to the treasures which he, an alchemist of Salerno, secretly opened for us at the solicitation of a friend, when we were about to marry, and your mother's covetous uncle would not give her to any suitor who expected a dowry with her during his life-time: so that it was necessary to make a show of wealth in order to obtain her hand. Her uncle was deceived, but he deceived us in his turn. We hoped that he would leave us sufficient to discharge our debt; he disinherited us, having doubtless discovered the trick we had played him.

But for the compassion of our creditor we should then have been involved in the utmost embarrassment: all Ferrara had witnessed our apparent opulence, and it would have been extremely painful to our feelings to have been suddenly torn, before the eyes of all, from this sphere of splendour, and plunged into the obscurity of indigence. The alchemist allowed us to retain the fruit of his economy; it was agreed that things should remain in this situation till his decease or mine; and I subscribed the contract with my blood, to convince him that I was anxious to satisfy him of my integrity and gratitude. Our cares were thus removed, and our joy on the occasion led us into some extravagance. We ought to have retrenched, and to have husbanded many gifts that fortune subsequently bestowed upon us, as if for the extinction of the debt that has burdened us during our whole lives; but we would not overcast the dawn of your youth, my dear, by any parsimony, and now the sense of this folly and short-sightedness fills us with the deepest concern and regret; for the longer we live, the more embarrassed we become, and we have nothing to bequeath to you after our death. How then could we have sanctioned your attachment to Muzio, and suffered matrimony to plunge you into a state equally distressing? We intreat you then, aggravate not our sorrows by your tears!"

Her parents, perceiving that all their arguments were ineffectual, determined to make a last effort to cheer Fiordiligi by presents, elegant trinkets, parties of pleasure, dancing and music, in hopes of dispelling that melancholy which preyed upon her charming person and her amiable soul. Her heart was racked, while she outwardly smiled in order to please her parents. The oratory became her favourite retreat; and thither she often repaired to pour forth her sorrows, which religion alone had power to alleviate.

Meanwhile Muzio was concealed by the dark shade which a cliff of one of the woody mountains of the Apennines threw over him. The road wound along at his feet among craggy precipices. Seated upon a fragment of rock on the desolate eminence, he indulged in gloomy reveries, which were encouraged by the dark tints of the wild scenery around him. He was now convinced that the anxiety of the eventful moment which banished him from Ferrara had misled him and his friends, and that he

could not have taken a more unfortunate course than flight under the pretext of his death; and he bitterly lamented the pain he must have given Fiordiligi by the intelligence. "Alas!" exclaimed he, "had not fate been already sufficiently severe, but that I must complete the death-blow and aggravate the cruelty of that catastrophe! How blind is man, when most wise in his own conceit!" At this moment he heard the sound of mule-bells, and very soon afterwards, the clashing of weapons and an anxious cry for help. Two robbers had attacked an aged traveller, and as he and his attendant strove to defend their baggage, they had disarmed the faithful servant and bound him to a tree, while the exhausted master, mustering all his remaining strength to ward off the assailants, seemed ready to fall beneath their daggers. Muzio having, like the savage in his wilderness, little to fear, as he had little to lose, hastened down the hill, his sword glistening like the silvery mountain-stream tumbling from cliff to cliff. He was fortunate enough to rescue the old man, who had received several wounds, from the hands of the robbers. One of them lost his life, and the other, pursued by Muzio and the released attendant, saved his by plunging into the dark recesses of the forest. The traveller, leaning weak with his wounds on the arm of his deliverer, raised his eyes in gratitude towards Heaven, while his tears mingled with the blood that trickled from his hoary head: the departing sun threw his last rays over the wild scene, and tinged the solitary cross erected upon one of the crags that overlooked the abyss. A spring descended from its side; and while the servant fetched water from it to refresh his fainting master, Muzio was engaged in binding up his wounds, and rendering him other assistance. It was as though the radiant sun, which at this moment embellished the awful aspect of nature, had dispelled in its measure the gloom that pervaded his soul, and diffused over it a new dawn of love and hope; as though he had saved himself from destruction, as well as the stranger; and he paused some time to survey the solitude, which was again involved in shade, and where the cross alone still reflected the rays of the declining luminary.

The old man, whose name was Bonaventura, having escaped the dangers which await the traveller in these mountain passes, and had his wounds dressed at the first inhabited place, was ex-

remely solicitous to learn something more concerning his deliverer, whose residence in so dreary a wilderness he could not account for. Muzio indeed felt some reluctance to disclose his situation to a stranger, but he dropped many expressions from which the principal circumstances of his story might be inferred. When Bonaventura found that Muzio's seclusion from the world was involuntary; and that an unfortunate accident had compelled him to quit his country and the object of his warmest attachment, he rejoiced in the opportunity thus afforded him to evince his gratitude. He insisted that Muzio should accompany him to Salerno, where he resided. "The hand of Heaven," said he, "is visible in all that has happened. I was going to Ferrara, where I have a debtor, with the intention of making myself acquainted with him, his wife and daughter; and if I should find the latter such as she has been described to me, to demand her as a nurse for my declining age, while I, in return, would cancel his bond, and thus relieve him from heavy embarrassments. After spending a long life in exploring alone the silent recesses of nature, I was desirous of dying in the arms of a faithful friend; and as my end is not far distant, it was my wish that the beauteous Fiordiligi should inherit my property as my widow, and in the full bloom of youthful charms, be rendered so much the happier after my death. But I am now convinced that this was a silly plan, and it is better for me, wounded and reduced as I am, to return without accomplishing my purpose, since I cannot think of again attempting to cross those wild and dangerous mountains. Heaven has sent me what I wanted, if you will but come and abide with me. Call me father, and be my beloved son and heir."

It was not without extreme difficulty that Muzio repressed his astonishment at all that he heard. By this extraordinary adventure he saw his love delivered from a new and unexpected danger, and could not help recognizing in the whole chain of events a higher dispensation, to which he bowed with gratitude and reviving hope. On their arrival in Salerno, Bonaventura strove, by every means in his power, to make him comfortable; and if Muzio could have been happy without Fiordiligi, he must have been so in his new abode. When the old man had at length communicated all that had passed between himself and Fiordiligi's parents, from which it ap-

peared that, in his readiness to serve them, he had been actuated by the purest feelings of benevolence; when he stated that, at the time, he knew nothing of the artifice which they had practised upon the uncle, but that he had never repented of what he had done, since a generous action is often destined to produce results which we never contemplated, Muzio could no longer keep silence, nay, he would have deemed himself ungrateful, could he have longer concealed his secret. Bonaventura listened to him with manifest delight. "As the hand of Nature," said he, "covers the most rugged rock with blooming plants, so Providence enables us to derive fresh courage from our very misfortunes and distresses: what man entangles, God alone can unravel, and he will do it too, if we but place our confidence in him."

When Muzio the next morning entered Bonaventura's chamber, it appeared to him to be transformed into the shop of a goldsmith and jeweller. Diamonds, rubies, pearls, elegant chains of the purest gold, were spread out before him on a table of black marble, and the old man was surveying them with evident pleasure. At the foot of the table were bags of money, and letters just written lay around. "All this," said Bonaventura to Muzio, "is for you and Fiordiligi, to whom you shall carry it, if you accede to my proposal. It is this—you shall go disguised as an old man and bearing my name, which I have already given to you, to solicit of Fiordiligi's parents the hand of their daughter, as I had intended to do: you may thus venture to return undiscovered to Ferrara, and gain the consent of the father and mother. Reveal not yourself to your mistress; let her be united to you; bring her hither, and then we shall each of us be assured of the possession of what we love dearest—I of you, Muzio, and you of Fiordiligi; while her parents," added he, "will retain my money, for which I now begin to feel a real esteem, since it is so serviceable to us all." Muzio acquiesced with gratitude and joy in the proposal of Bonaventura, and soon afterwards set out with the strongest hopes of success and of a speedy return to his grateful benefactor. He disguised his graceful person in wide garments of extraordinary make, contrived to change his speech; and a white flowing beard gave him completely the appearance of an aged sorcerer. However he might de-

ceive others, he felt within his bosom all the glowing impatience of youthful love, when the splendid structures of Ferrara, interspersed with gardens and groves, first met his view. It was dark when Muzio reached the city; the notes of the nightingales from the balconies covered with flowers, were mingled with the sounds of many a song and many a guitar.

At the sequestered inn to which Muzio repaired, he began to write to his beloved Fiordiligi, but he soon tore the unfinished letter, and resolved to curb his impatience for another day, that he might convince himself how Fiordiligi mourned his supposed death, and ascertain whether it was possible that even the grave could produce any change in her love. Her parents were not a little surprised at the appearance of the pretended Bonaventura; but the anxiety which they at first felt soon subsided, when he himself came, treated them very courteously, brought with him the bond signed with blood, and informed them of the terms on which he was ready to cancel it. They were perfectly satisfied with the conditions, and promised to speak to their daughter on the subject. Muzio had the greatest difficulty to suppress his agitation, when Fiordiligi, obedient to the summons of her mother, entered the apartment, and with her own hand presented him with ices and lemonade, having previously saluted him with her accustomed gentleness, and apparently without the slightest suspicion of his errand. He thought her paler than usual, but in other respects perceived no alteration. Muzio paused for a moment to consider whether this were to be attributed to constraint imposed upon herself in the presence of her parents, or to indifference. He fancied that when he was so near to her, the glowing breath of love could not fail to reach her and tell her who he was. But when the goblet trembled in his hand, and his pallid lip seemed to quiver, these tokens of advanced age, as she considered them, excited her sympathy, and she placed an arm-chair for him in which he might conveniently repose. Muzio soon retired, that he might not betray himself, and sacrifice at the same time the happiness of his life. No sooner was he gone than Fiordiligi was apprised by her parents what good fortune awaited them, in case of her acquiescence in the proposal of the stranger. All the caresses of parental affection were lavished on the beloved child, but

these would perhaps have had but little effect had she not received the repugnance of her parents to resort to compulsion; as well as their apprehensions lest she should refuse to comply with their ardent wishes. "Our fate," said they, "our peace, our future happiness, are in your hands; decide then whether your parents shall die under the pressure of indigence, or owe to you and your affection freedom from care during the remaining years of their lives. Do what your own heart tells you to be right. You have ever been a dutiful girl—cheer then the last days of Bonaventura, our benefactor, who will not himself grudge you a more suitable match after his death, for he is a good and pious man, who will be to you all that we have been." Her father then told her that they would leave her alone to consider of the matter; but her mother, before she followed him into the adjoining apartment, fell upon her knees before her daughter, who raised her weeping aloud, and was near fainting in her arms. Fiordiligi, after a conflict with herself of many hours, during which she deplored Muzio's fate and her own with torrents of tears, at length promised compliance with the wishes of her parents; and it was only while they clasped her to their bosoms in the first moments of their joy that her sorrow burst forth with vehemence. From that period her countenance wore its wonted smile in the presence of her parents, and her behaviour was just the same as before.

The unexpected intelligence of Fiordiligi's consent was like a dagger to the heart of Muzio. He had not doubted that she would refuse the offer, and purposed in this case to make himself known to her. He now resolved to leave his faithless mistress to her error, avoided all familiar conversation with her; and so miserable was he rendered by the manifest indifference with which she received his presents, that he began to suspect that some other object possessed her heart, and that she reckoned upon Bonaventura's relinquishment of his claim. Her apparent tranquillity, her uninterrupted serenity, afflicted him deeply. He sought to accelerate the wedding-day, for till then he was resolved not to make himself known to her. When she is once mine, thought he, nothing can then separate us; and when I have revealed myself to her and exposed her perfidy, one death shall atone for all. This sword, which has already

served me on two occasions, shall perform the third and last service; and find its grave in her bosom and mine; that it may inflict no more such wounds as love has inflicted on my heart.

The bloody bond was exchanged for the marriage contract, and the ceremony performed. The entertainment given on the occasion was over; the musicians had retired, and Muzio was left alone with Fiordiligi. While he directed her with tremulous voice to extinguish the tapers and leave but a single lamp burning, he seized his sword and leaned against the table on which Fiordiligi had placed her wedding jewels, which glistened by the light of the tapers like dew-drops in the sun. He trembled to such a degree that he could scarcely prevent the rattling of the sword in his hand from betraying his agitation. At this moment Fiordiligi approached him; bursting into tears, and throwing loose her hair, covered with a white veil, she sunk at his feet, and thus addressed him: "Gladly will I be a daughter to you, Bonaventura, and pay you obedience. My heart would have broken when I stood with you at the altar, had not heaven inspired me with an inexpressible, a filial confidence in you. Do not betray it; or if you will not be a benefactor to me as you have been to my parents, plunge the sword which you hold into my heart. Know then, Bonaventura, that I am indissolubly attached to a youth for whom alone is reserved the flower of my love. Preserve it, like a celestial guardian inviolate for him; be a tutelary angel to us all, and I—I will love you, as angels love!"

Muzio dropped his sword, and raised Fiordiligi, exclaiming: "But are you certain that Muzio is dead?"—"Muzio!" repeated Fiordiligi, throwing both her arms around him; "how came you to know his name?"—"I know still more," replied Muzio; "I know that he lives, that you will see him again, and that I shall be the person who will bring you together."—"He lives!" exclaimed Fiordiligi, and clasping her hands again fell upon her knees. Muzio threw himself beside her, and raising his eyes towards heaven, ejaculated: "Bless us, and be thou blest, O eternal God! O infinite love!"—He then rose, re-lighted the tapers, threw off the beard and strange garb, wiped the ashy colour from his cheeks, and Fiordiligi clasped her own Muzio, glowing in manly beauty, to her heaving bosom. What language can express their mutual feel-

ings, or who can conceive them, but those who have loved with equal warmth? Fiordiligi imagined that her heart had been broken by her sorrow; and that Heaven had once more united her to Muzio that she might share his happiness. Muzio, however, soon recalled her to herself, by acknowledging to his beloved all the doubts by which he had been tormented: he confessed the wrong he had done her, and yielded the prize to her piety and virtue.

When Fiordiligi's parents were apprised of the whole train of events, they were transported with joy, and recognized in this dispensation of Providence

the reward of filial affection and constancy. Muzio and Fiordiligi repaired to the benevolent Bonaventura, and remained with him till he died. Meanwhile the Duke of Ferrara, being informed of what had happened, was pleased to signify, that, as the hand of Heaven was so manifestly displayed in favour of Muzio, he should dismiss from his mind the animosity he had borne him; upon which he returned with Fiordiligi to his dear native city, where they were received with extraordinary rejoicing by her parents and the friends of both parties.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE COMMERCE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE DURING THE EXISTENCE OF THE CONTINENTAL SYSTEM; PARTICULARLY WITH RESPECT TO THE BOOK TRADE.

THE efforts of Buonaparte to effect the ruin of British commerce are still fresh in our memory, and will form an important part of the history of Europe; but the nature of those exemptions, under which the produce of the British Colonies was admitted into every part of the Continent, notwithstanding the general prohibitory system, is known comparatively to few; although the licenses under which this partial and restricted commerce was conducted, from the extravagant absurdity of the principles on which they were framed, and the unprecedented effects which they produced on trade, deserve a minute and elaborate history. By the artificial and anomalous transactions which arose out of these arbitrary violations of every commercial principle, the trade carried on by the French booksellers and publishers was particularly affected. The following authentic details on this subject will, we think, be found particularly interesting, not only as valuable illustrations of some leading principles of political economy, but because they exhibit the attainments of the Ex-emperor in that difficult science, as well as his natural capacity, in a point of view which his admirers on this side of the British channel may perhaps consider not the most satisfactory.

Buonaparte having abandoned the project, or discontinued the threat, of invading this country, resolved to attempt the ruin of our commerce; in the destruction of which, he thought, our national existence would be involved. As his navy was by no means able to contend with ours, he invented what is generally known in history as the

blockade, or Continental system. He flattered himself that this famous measure would exclude from the markets of the Continent all British merchandize, particularly Colonial produce.

This was an idea particularly seductive in theory, and very congenial with the character of a man who always shut his eyes against all obstacles. He entertained the sanguine hope that all Europe would, at his command, consent to take succory for coffee, beet-root for sugar-cane, and woad for indigo; he imagined that the burning fever would enter into his views, and suffer its fury to be assuaged by gentian instead of quinquina. But he soon found that although decrees may constrain, they do not persuade; and that Colonial produce, which had become an article of absolute necessity, would continue to find its way into the Continental nations of Europe—into France—into his own palace—in spite of his revenue-courts, and their oppressive decrees. He therefore relaxed the rigour of his Continental blockade, or rather permitted it to be partially infringed, by special licenses for the importation of the prohibited articles; which permission he imagined he could narrow or extend, continue or suppress, at his pleasure. Compelled to acknowledge that Europe would not submit to be deprived of these articles, he endeavoured to monopolize the profits of their importation, not only in France, but wherever his formidable influence extended. According to his plans, Italy, Germany, and even the most Northern nations, were either to dispense altogether with the productions of the New World, or to consume only

those which he should permit them to import: and this chimerical project was perhaps one of the first causes of his disasters. The distant countries which had retained the rank of powers, could not endure this new degradation; and princes who had patiently submitted to see provinces torn from their dominion, rose indignantly to oppose this unheard-of monopoly. Buonaparte granted licenses of importation; Russia likewise granted them, but under different regulations: from that time the blockade was virtually abandoned: the English merchandize was no longer excluded from the Continent. The resentment of the despot induced him to invade Russia, to compel her to observe rigorously the very blockade which he had himself violated. We all know the important events which resulted from that unjust aggression.

At first the licenses were not numerous; they were solicited as favours productive of great profit, even after payment of the enormous import duties, amounting to nearly two francs upon every pound of sugar or coffee, ten francs for every pound of quinquina, and so in proportion for the other articles imported. But these imports were subjected to another condition of a peculiar nature, namely, that of exporting previously, in the same vessel, and to the same amount as the imports, French merchandizes enumerated in the licenses; particularly silk manufactures, which the exporters were under the necessity of throwing into the sea, during the voyage. Buonaparte believed, or rather pretended to believe, that these manufactures, which could not appear in the English ports without being seized, and subjecting the ship and cargo to forfeiture, would purchase in those ports the Colonial produce required, upon advantageous terms. To destroy goods by way of increasing their consumption was rather an extraordinary expedient*; but it was the

anxious wish of Buonaparte, by a forced employment of national merchandize, to impart some encouragement to interior commerce and manufactures, then languishing in a state of inactivity, which he viewed with considerable alarm. To have given this artificial excitement to inert capital and industry would have been the most able of all his administrative measures; but his injudicious attempts were only calculated to produce ruin and destruction. It is true that some warehouses were speedily emptied, that internal commerce and some particular manufactures resumed a partial and precarious activity; but the English were not made to contribute to the attainment of this object. They disdained and rejected the merchandize which was brought to their ports against their will, and in a quantity infinitely exceeding their possible occasions or desires. Several French speculators endeavoured to sell this dead stock at sea. Some American ships bought, for the merest trifles, bales of silk, embroidered goods, and other articles. But the greater part of those who congratulated themselves on these sales, as on a sort of bonus, found in them their ruin. Betrayed either by the crews of their vessels or by some unforeseen accident, they were punished for selling at sea merchandize which was excluded from all ports; and on their return their ships were seized, with the whole of the imported cargoes. Such was the oppressive treatment of men who deserved a premium, for having saved to their country property of which the total destruction seemed inevitable.

As each of the licensed vessels had paid at its return about a million of francs in import duties newly imposed, Buonaparte thought that if one vessel produced one million, an hundred ships would bring in an hundred millions; and that, if the forced purchase of a few ship-loads of French produce had given a certain movement to commerce and manufactures, the simultaneous freight-ing of an hundred ships would empty the warehouses, and restore abundance and animation to French manufactures of every description. He therefore distributed licenses in great numbers; and in January 1813 one hundred and eleven were delivered. Here his usual acuteness deserted him, and his political arithmetic was wretchedly erroneous; for these hundred voyages from France to England could neither be successfully performed, nor performed at all in the

* In some of the last voyages, the English also compelled the adventurers to receive, with the Colonial produce, a certain quantity of their manufactures prohibited in like manner in France. Thus the merchant who had been compelled to buy and throw into the sea silks, wines, and other French merchandizes, was obliged, on his return, to purchase and destroy English pottery, hardware, &c. The French and English merchandize was thus equally destroyed, but the French merchant had to pay for both.

short space of a few months. To facilitate these adventures, he found himself compelled to extend the list of the goods decreed to be exported as counter-value; and many articles were now introduced, which, if not likely to be eagerly bought up, were at least certain of not being confiscated the instant they arrived in an English port. Porcelains, furniture, gilt bronzes, and books, of which some invoices of 1812 had been very profitable, constituted the principal part of these new and far more considerable exportations. A reasonable quantity of these goods might perhaps have been advantageously sold in England; but the enormous quantities exported were out of all proportion to the demand. The fact is, that the sale of them was scarcely thought of in freighting the vessels. The whole of the hundred and eleven licenses were not, however, carried into effect: but an irregular and unexpected sensation was nevertheless produced, and existed for some months in the commerce of Paris, and of some maritime towns. Let us suppose that the proprietor of a licence wished to import cotton or coffee to the value of a million francs; he was consequently obliged to export to the same amount merchandizes conformable to the French *douane*. He would have incurred a great and certain loss if he had actually disbursed such a sum to provide the exportable articles. He therefore endeavoured to buy the necessary commodities at very reduced prices, or even to borrow them of merchants who were willing to suffer them to be shipped in the name of the proprietor of the license, but at their own risk and for their own account; for which service a commission was paid, which varied materially. Five per cent. was at first paid to persons who had real freights to furnish; and these, as the most natural operations, were the most successful. The premium rose afterwards to ten, fifteen, and twenty per cent.; it was for two days at twenty-five, then suddenly fell again, and produced only six per cent. to the last who furnished exportable merchandize. The quality of this merchandize was partly inferior, and was little regarded in contracts of this nature, in which the articles exported were considered as lost.

The chief object of the parties acting under licenses, was to obtain from the revenue commissioners the certificate of value of the articles proposed for exportation; little or nothing was expected

from their sale. The books thus exported were said to be not "*in usum Delphini*," but "*in usum delphinarum*." In many of these transactions neither buyer nor seller considered it of any consequence to which of them the property of the articles exported should be reserved; nevertheless those who made proper stipulations on this subject acted most prudently, as appears by what happened in 1816 and 1817.

In the negotiations occasioned by these extraordinary sales, it was almost universally customary to quote the real value of goods in hundreds of thousands, and the value for which certificates were to be procured in millions. Books, an article with which all the dealers in Europe were excessively overstocked, had accumulated in a frightful manner in the warehouses of the French publishers, in consequence of a long and fatal inactivity: books, therefore, were particularly suited to this sort of traffic. The publisher was glad to obtain even a very low price for heaps of editions which were to him merely so much paper. The merchant could conscientiously, and without fraud, present these books to the French officers of customs at their legitimate and known prices. Thus the extensive operation of these licenses, although originating in absurdity and madness, tended to produce a partial good, in diminishing and removing that state of languor which had long debilitated French manufactures, and particularly the book-trade. But, as it often happens in complicated and irregular transactions, the chief and original object was forgotten in the progress of the business. When these operations became subject to official routine, they were managed by those who did not understand the principles on which alone they could be beneficially conducted. The intention of Buonaparte had been to occupy the public mind by an extraordinary movement; to absorb a great quantity of French produce; and, above all, to secure the receipt of an hundred millions of francs. To encourage and facilitate the licensed voyages was, therefore, the duty of those whom he had appointed to direct and superintend them: instead of which, they did every thing in their power to embarrass and restrain them. It is true that a variety of frauds were practised and attempted. Coloured water was exported for wine; instead of ribbons, the cases were filled with wooden rollers covered with ends of ribbon;

gowns, of which only the bottom was embroidered, and many other singular expedients, were used to elude the law. In valuing the merchandize, much deception was also practicable, in the doubtful worth of embroidery, bronzes, porcelains, &c. But because frauds might be, and in some instances had been practised, the commissioners would see nothing but fraud; because they had discovered that some declarations of value had been exaggerated, they resolved to reduce all. The narrow, petty conscientiousness of some of them, incapable of comprehending the idea of merchandize devoted to destruction, seemed disposed to require that the exports should consist of the most valuable property in the warehouses. They did not see that these absurd proceedings were calculated to inflict a serious wound on the commerce of France. The book-trade was treated the worst of all. The notoriety of its prices exposed it defenceless to all the injuries of the system of arbitrary reduction, and accordingly it suffered severely.

French industry, however, soon discovered a way of suddenly creating *exportation values*; a measure which excess and abuse only could render reprehensible. New editions, and even new works, were quickly fabricated expressly for exportation under the licenses; engraved plates which had long been useless, were reprinted, and produced custom-house values, in property which might, as soon as the certificates were obtained, be thrown into the sea without impoverishing the country. In short, the most industrious were most successful; and those who thus exported the printed bales taken out of their warehouses, obtained for them little more than the value of the paper. These proceedings were attended with many examinations and reports of the commissioners, who would have thought themselves guilty of a dereliction of their duty if they had not reduced the greater part of the *factures* or declarations of value*. The

sellers were, therefore, all more or less injured, and some of them even nearly ruined by these reductions, many of which were made at random, and upon the most vague and uncertain grounds. In the sale of the imports the proprietors of the licenses suffered a loss of a different nature. The twofold effect of the increased importation of Colonial produce into France, was to render it dearer in England, where it was to be purchased, and cheaper in France, where it was to be sold. The expenses of the voyage, the purchase of merchandize or freight for exportation, and the extravagant import duties, formed the most conspicuous articles in their accounts, and the net produce was truly deplorable. Thus this notable system of licenses, which, notwithstanding its extravagant absurdity, might have proved in some degree beneficial, produced to the government less than half of what was expected from it, and disappointed the hopes of the greater part of the speculators.

It seemed to be all over with the licenses, when they were unexpectedly revived to a certain extent. The English became tired of seeing their docks incumbered with innumerable cases and packages of books, notwithstanding the enormous quantities which had actually been thrown into the sea during the voyage. A warehouse-duty had been imposed of one shilling per month for every bale; but who was to be compelled to pay it? The real proprietors? — Where were they to be found? and when found, it might have been very difficult to enforce the payment. They resorted to the merchandize itself, and endeavoured to sell it by auction. It produced scarcely any thing, and these sales alarmed the London book-trade. In order, therefore, to get rid of the innumerable masses of books without losing the warehouse-duty, they permitted them to be re-exported exempt from import duty, but after payment of all other charges, which amounted to no less than forty or fifty shillings for every bale, containing, one with another, from eight to ten reams of printed paper. By these means a great quantity of French books thus redeemed, left the English docks in 1816 and 1817, and either returned to France, or were consigned to different destinations more or less remote; but more than half of these goods had been so damaged either by lying so long in damp warehouses, bad packing, or the inevitable injuries of

* One speculator conceived the ingenious idea of printing an immense number of portraits of the Imperial Family, accompanied by a text purporting to be historical, written expressly for the purpose, and in the most emphatic terms. He thought that the young auditors of the Council of State would not dare to touch the holy ark, or risk incurring the charge of disaffection. He judged rightly: his declaration was received with respect, and admitted without any reduction.

two voyages, that the greater part of the books returned might be considered as destroyed. Porcelains and gilt bronzes, it is said, were in the same manner restored to their old warehouses.

A complete inquiry into the history of these licenses, (which forms a singular episode in that of the political relations between France and England,)

comprehending all the effects of this system on the destinies of Europe, would prove a most fertile subject of investigation. We have here only endeavoured to describe their nature, origin, and immediate effects, on commerce, and particularly on the BOOK TRADE.

ON THE LIVING NOVELISTS.—NO. III.

GODWIN.

MR. GODWIN is the most original—not only of living novelists—but of living writers in prose. There are, indeed, very few authors of any age who are so clearly entitled to the praise of having produced works, the first perusal of which is a signal event in man's internal history. His genius is by far the most extraordinary, which the great shaking of nations and of principles—the French revolution—impelled and directed in its progress. English literature, at the period of that marvellous change, had become sterile; the rich luxuriance which once overspread its surface, had gradually declined into thin and scattered productions of feeble growth and transient duration. The fearful convulsion which agitated the world of politics and of morals, tore up this shallow and exhausted surface—disclosed vast treasures which had been concealed for centuries—burst open the secret springs of imagination and of thought—and left, instead of the smooth and weary plain, a region of deep valleys and of shapeless hills, of new cataracts and of awful abysses, of spots blasted into everlasting barrenness, and regions of deepest and richest soil. Our author partook in the first enthusiasm of the spirit-stirring season—in “its pleasant exercise of hope and joy”—in much of its speculative extravagance, but in none of its practical excesses. He was roused not into action but into thought; and the high and undying energies of his soul, unwasted on vain efforts for the actual regeneration of man, gathered strength in those pure fields of meditation to which they were limited. The power which might have ruled the disturbed nations with the wildest, directed only to the creation of high theories and of marvellous tales, imparted to its works a stern reality, and a moveless grandeur which never could spring from mere fantasy. His works are not like those which a man, who is

endued with a deep sense of beauty, or a rare faculty of observation, or a sportive wit, or a breathing eloquence, may fabricate as the “idle business” of his life, as the means of profit or of fame. They have more in them of acts than of writings. They are the living and the immortal *deeds* of a man who must have been a great political adventurer had he not been an author. There is in “Caleb Williams” alone the material—the real burning energy—which might have animated a hundred schemes for the weal or woe of the species.

No writer of fictions has ever succeeded so strikingly as Mr. Godwin, with so little adventitious aid. His works are neither gay creatures of the element, nor pictures of external life—they derive not their charm from the delusions of fancy, or the familiarities of daily habit—*and are as destitute of the fascinations of light satire and felicitous delineation of society, as they are of the magic of the Arabian Tales.* His style has “no figures and no fantasies,” but is simple and austere. Yet his novels have a power which so enthralls us, that we half doubt, when we read them in youth, whether all our experience is not a dream, and these the only realities. He lays bare to us the innate might and majesty of man. He takes the simplest and most ordinary emotions of our nature, and makes us feel the springs of delight or of agony which they contain, the stupendous force which lies hid within them, and the sublime mysteries with which they are connected. He exhibits the naked wrestle of the passions in a vast solitude, where no object of material beauty disturbs our attention from the august spectacle, and where the least beating of the heart is audible in the depth of the stillness. His works endow the abstractions of life with more of real presence, and make us more intensely conscious of existence, than any others with which we are acquainted.

They give us a new feeling of the capacity of our nature for action or for suffering, make the currents of our blood mantle within us, and our bosoms heave with indistinct desires for the keenest excitements and the strangest perils. We feel as though we could live years in moments of energetic life, while we sympathize with his breathing characters. In things which before appeared indifferent, we discern sources of the fullest delight or of the most intense anguish. The healthful breathings of the common air seem instinct with an unspeakable rapture. The most ordinary habits which link one season of life to another become the awakers of thoughts and of remembrances "which do often lie too deep for tears." The nicest disturbances of the imagination make the inmost fibres of the being quiver with the most penetrating agonies. Passions which have not usually been thought worthy to agitate the soul, now first seem to have their own ardent beatings, and their swelling and tumultuous joys. We seem capable of a more vivid life than we have ever before felt or dreamed of, and scarcely wonder that he who could thus give us a new sense of our own vitality, should have imagined that mind might become omnipotent over matter, and that he was able, by an effort of the will, to become corporeally immortal!

The intensity of passion which is manifested in the novels of Godwin is of a very different kind from that which burns in the poems of a noble bard, whom he has been sometimes erroneously supposed to resemble. The former sets before us mightiest realities in clear vision; the latter embodies the phantoms of a feverish dream. The strength of Godwin is the pure energy of unsophisticated nature; that of Lord Byron is the fury of disease. The grandeur of the last is derived from its transitoriness; that of the first from its eternal essence. The emotion in the poet receives no inconsiderable part of its force from its rebound from the dark rocks and giant barriers which seem to confine its rage within narrow boundaries; the feeling in the novelist is in its own natural current deep and resistless. The persons of the bard feel intensely, because they soon shall feel no more; those of the novelist glow, and kindle, and agonize, because they shall never perish. In the works of both, guilt is often associated with sublime energy;

but how dissimilar are the impressions which they leave on the spirit! Lord Byron strangely blends the moral degradation with the intellectual majesty; so that goodness appears tame, and crime only is honoured and exalted. Godwin, on the other hand, only teaches us bitterly to mourn the evil which has been cast on a noble nature, and to regard the energy of the character not as inseparably linked with vice, but as destined ultimately to subdue it. He makes us everywhere feel that crime is not the native heritage, but the accident, of the species of which we are members. He impresses us with the immortality of virtue; and while he leaves us painfully to regret the stains which the most gifted and energetic characters contract amidst the pollutions of time, he inspires us with hope that these shall pass away for ever. We drink in unshaken confidence in the good and the true, which is ever of more value than hatred or contempt for the evil!

"Caleb Williams," the earliest, is also the most popular of our author's romances, not because his latter works have been less rich in sentiment and passion, but because they are, for the most part, confined to the development of single characters; while in this there is the opposition and death-grapple of two beings, each endowed with poignant sensibilities and quenchless energy. There is no work of fiction which more rivets the soul—no tragedy which exhibits a struggle more sublime, or sufferings more intense, than this; yet to produce the effect, no complicated machinery is employed, but the springs of action are few and simple. The motives are at once common and elevated, and are purely intellectual, without appearing for an instant inadequate to their mighty issues. Curiosity, for instance, which generally seems a low and ignoble motive for scrutinizing the secrets of a man's life, here seizes with strange fascination on a gentle and ingenuous spirit, and supplies it with excitement as fervid, and snatches of delight as precious and as fearful, as those feelings create which we are accustomed to regard as alone worthy to enrapture or to agitate. The involuntary recurrence by Williams to the string of frenzy in the soul of one whom he would die to serve—the workings of his tortures on the heart of Falkland till they wring confidence from him—and the net thenceforth spread over the path

the youth like an invisible spell by his agonized master, surprising as they are, arise from causes so natural and so adequate, that the imagination at once owns them as authentic. The mild beauty of Falkland's natural character, contrasted with the guilt he has incurred, and his severe purpose to lead a long life of agony and crime, that his fame may be preserved spotless, is affecting almost without example. There is a rude grandeur even in the gigantic oppressor Tyrel, which all his disgusting enormities cannot destroy. Independently of the master-spring of interest, there are in this novel individual passages which can never be forgotten. Such are the fearful flight of Emily with her ravisher—the escape of Caleb Williams from prison, and his enthusiastic sensations on the recovery of his freedom, though wounded and almost dying without help—and the scenes of his peril among the robbers. Perhaps this work is the grandest ever constructed out of the simple elements of humanity, without any extrinsic aid from imagination, wit, or memory.

In "St. Leon," Mr. Godwin has sought the stores of the supernatural;—but the "metaphysical aid" which he has condescended to accept is not adapted to carry him farther from nature, but to ensure a more intimate and wide communion with its mysteries. His hero does not acquire the philosopher's stone and the elixir of immortality to furnish out for himself a dainty solitude, where he may dwell soothed with the music of his own undying thoughts, and rejoicing in his severance from his frail and transitory fellows. Apart from those among whom he moves, his yearnings for sympathy become more intense as it eludes him, and his perceptions of the mortal lot of his species become more vivid and more fond, as he looks on it from an intellectual eminence which is alike unassailable to death and to joy. Even in this work, where the author has to conduct a perpetual miracle, his exceeding earnestness makes it difficult to believe him a fabulist. Listen to his hero, as he expatiates in the first consciousness of his high prerogatives:

"I surveyed my limbs, all the joints and articulations of my frame, with curiosity and astonishment. "What!" exclaimed I, "these limbs, this complicated but brittle frame shall last for ever! No disease shall attack it; no pain shall seize it; death shall withhold from it for ever his abhorred grasp! Perpetual vigour, perpetual activity, perpe-

tual youth, shall take up their abode with me! Time shall generate in me no decay; shall not add a wrinkle to my brow, or convert a hair of my head to grey! This body was formed to die; this edifice to crumble into dust; the principles of corruption and mortality are mixed up in every atom of my frame. But for me the laws of nature are suspended, the eternal wheels of the universe roll backward; I am destined to be triumphant over Fate and Time! Months, years, cycles, centuries! To me these are but as indivisible moments. I shall never become old; I shall always be, as it were, in the porch and infancy of existence; no lapse of years shall subtract any thing from my future duration. I was born under Louis the Twelfth; the life of Francis the First now threatens a speedy termination; he will be gathered to his fathers, and Henry his son will succeed him. But what are princes, and kings, and generations of men to me? I shall become familiar with the rise and fall of empires; in a little while the very name of France, my country, will perish from off the face of the earth, and men will dispute about the situation of Paris, as they dispute about the site of ancient Nineveh, and Babylon, and Troy. Yet I shall still be young! I shall take my most distant posterity by the hand; I shall accompany them in their career; and, when they are worn out and exhausted, shall shut up the tomb over them, and set forward."

This is a strange tale, but it tells like a true one! When we first read it, it seemed as though it had itself the power of alchemy to steal into our veins, and render us capable of resisting death and age. For a short—too short! a space, all time seemed opened to our personal view—we felt no longer as of yesterday; but the grandest parts of our knowledge of the past seemed mightiest recollections of a far-off childhood:

"The wars we too remembered of King Nine,
And old Assaracus, and Ibycus divine."

This was the happy extravagance of an hour; but it is ever the peculiar power of Mr. Godwin to make us feel that there is something within us which cannot perish!

"Fleetwood" has less of our author's characteristic energy than any other of his works. The earlier parts of it, indeed, where the formation of the hero's character, in free roving amidst the wildest of nature's scenery, is traced, have a deep beauty which reminds us of some of the holiest imaginations of Wordsworth. But when the author would follow him into the world—through the frolics of college, the dissipations of Paris, and the petty disquietudes of matrimonial life—we feel that he has

condescended too far. He is no graceful writer; he cannot work in those frail and low materials. There is, however, one scene in this novel most wild and fearful. This is where Fleetwood, who has long brooded in anguish over the idea of his wife's falsehood, keeps strange festival on his wedding-day—when, having procured a waxen image of her whom he believes perfidious, and dressed a frightful figure in a uniform to represent her imagined paramour, he locks himself in an apartment with these horrid counterfeits, a supper of cold meats, and a barrel-organ, on which he plays the tunes often heard from the pair he believes guilty, till his silent agony gives place to delirium, he gazes around with glassy eyes, sees strange sights and dabbles with frightful mockeries, and at last tears the dreadful spectacle to atoms, and is seized with furious madness. We do not remember, even in the works of our old dramatists, any thing of its kind comparable to this voluptuous fantasy of despair.

"Mandeville" has all the power of its author's earliest writings; but its main subject—the developement of an engrossing and maddening hatred—is not one which can excite human sympathy. There is, however, a bright relief to the gloom of the picture, in the sweet and angelic disposition of Clifford, and the sparkling loveliness of Henrietta, who appears "full of life, and splendour and joy." All Mr. Godwin's chief female characters have a certain airiness and radiance—a light, visionary grace, peculiar to them, which may at first surprise by their contrast to the robustness of his masculine creations. But it will perhaps be found that the more deeply man is conversant with the energies and the stern grandeur of his own heart, the more will he seek for opposite qualities in woman.

Of all Mr. Godwin's writings the choicest in point of style is a little essay

"on Sepulchres." Here his philosophic thought, subdued and sweetened by the contemplation of mortality, is breathed forth in the gentlest tone. His "Political Justice," with all the extravagance of its first edition, or with all the inconsistencies of its last, is a noble work, replete with lofty principle and thought, and often leading to the most striking results by a process of the severest reasoning. Man, indeed, cannot and ought not to act universally on its leading doctrine—that we should in all things seek only the greatest amount of good without favour or affection; but it is at least better than the low selfishness of the world. It breathes also a mild and cheerful faith in the progressive advances and the final perfection of the species. It was not this good hope for humanity which excited Mr. Malthus to affirm, that there is in the constitution of man's nature a perpetual barrier to any grand or extensive improvement in his earthly condition. After long interval, Mr. Godwin has announced a reply to this popular system—a system which reduces man to an animal, governed by blind instinct, and destitute of reason, sentiment, imagination and hope, whose most mysterious instincts are matter of calculation to be estimated by rules of geometrical series!—Most earnestly do we desire to witness his success. To our minds, indeed, he sufficiently proves the falsehood of his adversary's doctrines by his own intellectual character. His works are, in themselves, evidences that there is power and energy in man which have never yet been fully brought into action, and which were not given to the species in vain. He has lived himself in the soft and mild light of those pure and unstained years, which he believes shall hereafter bless the world, when force and selfishness shall disappear, and love and joy shall be the unerring lights of the species. T. D.

A PEDESTRIAN TOUR THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS.

BY DR. MEISSNER.

Admiring Nature in her wildest grace,
These Northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious I pursue.—Burns.

I SET out on my journey at the most favourable season for visiting the Highlands of Scotland, namely, the latter end of July. The Highlands, particularly those parts which border on the

Atlantic Ocean, are, during the greater portion of the year, visited by continual rains and fogs, and it is only in the summer season that a traveller can truly enjoy the sublime scenery of the north

of Scotland. During the five weeks which I spent on this interesting tour, I had the good fortune to be enabled to journey at the rate of between twenty-five and thirty-four miles every day. But even in this favourable season, a visit to the Highlands is attended by some inconveniences; for instance, a traveller may expect to be enveloped in what is called a *Scotch mist* at least twenty times a-day, to be frequently obliged to wade through bogs and rivulets, or to travel upwards of fifteen miles without the possibility of procuring any better refreshment than a glass of whiskey and a piece of oat-cake. During the last twenty years, however, many excellent roads have been made in various parts of Scotland, and the English, who were compelled by the war to limit their excursions to the boundaries of their own island, have done so much for the security of *comfort*, even in these northern regions, that the difficulties now attendant on a visit to the Highlands are trifling in comparison with what they were at a former period. But these improvements, of course, tend, in some measure, to banish the poetic associations naturally excited by such a journey:—good inns are now to be met with in abundance, and the traveller has seldom occasion to trust to the hospitality of the Highlander in his hut, where light and air are admitted through the same aperture which serves for a chimney. The English language is almost universally understood, and the period is probably not very distant when the Scottish Highlanders will lose those peculiar characteristics which their language and national pride have enabled them to preserve longer than any other European people. The task which Macpherson executed forty-five years ago, in compiling Ossian from detached and chiefly incorrect fragments, would not be easily effected at the present day, so rapidly is the Gaelic language falling into disuse, and the English gaining ground.

I very much wished to have travelled on foot through England; but in my little excursions from London to Windsor, Richmond, Epsom, &c., I had experienced so much rude staring and derisive laughter from the people, and such insolence on the part of the tavern-keepers, that nothing could have tempted me to endure such treatment for the space of several weeks. Add to this, a pedestrian traveller incurs a greater risk of being robbed or murdered in England

than in Italy. In Scotland, on the contrary, nothing of the kind need be apprehended; in the month of August, hundreds of students from Edinburgh and Glasgow set out to visit the uninhabited regions of the Highlands, provided with no other weapons of defence than their umbrellas.

Steam-boats sail daily from Edinburgh to the different towns on the Firth of Forth. On the 29th of July, I engaged a passage on board one of these boats, to proceed to Alloa. In elegance and convenience, this boat was vastly superior to those which I had seen on the Thames. Besides the general cabin, there was an apartment for the ladies, and another for the gentlemen; the table was covered with the latest newspapers, and the passengers were allowed the use of a small library. There was a large party on board, and from the number of portmanteaus I could perceive that many besides myself were prepared for the Highland tour. In about four hours we reached Alloa, the favourable state of the tide having contributed to the swiftness of our passage. To sail along the Firth of Forth is the most interesting thing imaginable; the shore on either side presents an endless variety of beautiful and luxuriant scenery†, while the majestic chain of the Grampian Hills, forming, as it were, the bulwark of the Highlands, gradually appears in view. I proceeded from Alloa to Stirling, a fortress celebrated in Scottish history. The situation of the town, with the castle overlooking it, presents, in some measure, a miniature of Edinburgh. According to popular opinion, the real Scottish thistle grows wild only on the three fortresses of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton; and it is presumed, to be as impossible to root it out from its favourite soil as to destroy the laurel on Virgil's tomb. I should imagine this to be a rare species of thistle, for I sought for it in vain among the basal rocks on my way to the Highland town of Callander. During the first day of my journey I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the peculiar changeable climate of the Highlands. Immense

* Among the other cruelties which the Doctor suffered from the English savages, it is plain that he underwent the operation called a *hoax*. Ed.

† A sovereign has compared the coast of Fife to a mantle edged with gold fringe.

veils of thick fog descend from the naked hills, and fill the valleys with vapour and obscurity; and no sooner are these fogs dispersed by the rays of the sun, than they are succeeded by others. Pursuing my course through a most romantic district, I arrived in the evening at Callander. This little town is, for three months of the year, the rendezvous of thousands of travellers, who throng to this part of Scotland to visit Loch Katrine, to which Walter Scott's poem, the "Lady of the Lake," has given such extraordinary celebrity. In the little inn at Callander I found copies of all Scott's poems, maps of those districts which the bard has rendered classic ground, and a little description of the scenery about Loch Katrine, prepared by the landlord of the inn, and which consisted of quotations from the "Lady of the Lake." I soon made acquaintance with a young student from Edinburgh, in company with whom I promised to visit the Lake on the following day. When I informed him how far I had walked in the course of one afternoon, he remarked that I did not travel after the fashion of the students of Oxford and Cambridge. As we were about to sit down to supper, we were much amused by the entrance of two Oxford men, who had just returned from the Lake. The distance they had walked could not exceed twenty miles, yet the signs of extreme fatigue which they evinced were truly ludicrous. On entering the room, the first thing they did was to throw off their shoes, which, as we afterwards discovered, were stuffed with wool.

There are days in human life in which the abundance of novel intellectual pleasures produces the same exhaustion on the mind as physical enjoyments occasion to the body. During the moment, the operation of the one as well as of the other almost perishes; but throughout life, the fancy retains the happy power of reproducing their images, at least to ourselves, though perhaps not satisfactorily to others by the aid of mere words. All who have visited Naples must have experienced such days; and the vertigo of the first day spent in the Gulf of Baie, or of the morning when a traveller first ascends Vesuvius, or visits Pompeii, cannot fail to create lasting impressions. For my own part, I shall ever number among these happy days the first which I spent in the Highlands of Scotland, where the natural

scenery is as peculiar to the country as the language and manners of its inhabitants. In Scotland, the peculiarities of nature consist not only in the singular contours of the hills, whose naked summits are hidden amidst the descending clouds, or in the contracted glens, interspersed with lakes, but also in the continual variation of the atmosphere, and the sudden transitions from sunshine to rain. This is not, I believe, the case in any other country, and consequently it is only in Scotland that the spirit of the Ossianic poetry can be truly understood; for nowhere else do the clouds produce such phantom-like appearances, or the penetrating rays of the sun such magical effects. When Ossian compares a beautiful virgin to a sunbeam, his real meaning can only be understood in the native country of the bard; and such is the case with nearly all his comparisons.

The distance from Callander to the Trossachs is about 10 miles, and the road runs in the direction of two beautiful lakes. The Trossachs are a cluster of low conical hills, covered with heath and thickets—they present a most curious picture to the eye of the geologist. Behind them lies Loch Katrine, which in a great measure owes its celebrity to Walter Scott's poem, the "Lady of the Lake." Never has any poetic production, in modern times, excited such enthusiasm in the inhabitants of the country in which it was written. Travellers are seen wandering about Loch Katrine and referring to the poem, as it is customary to visit Lake Averno in company with Virgil: whenever a person is seen strolling up and down with a book in his hand, one may be pretty certain that he is perusing the "Lady of the Lake;" as a king of Spain observed, on seeing a man walking about with his eyes fixed on a book and laughing heartily, that he must either be mad, or reading Don Quixote. Boats are kept in readiness to row visitors across to the little island which Scott has made the refuge of his Ellen. Those events which had no reality, save in the imagination of the Poet, are here almost regarded as historical facts, for the people point out the spot in the valley where James V. lost his *gallant grey*, the point at which he approached the lake, the old oak beneath which Ellen concealed her boat, and the point where she landed to conduct the stray hunter to the island. Werner says, "what is in the mind,

has been," and the people of Scotland, have converted into reality that which is merely poetic. This little island, which is scarcely 200 feet from the shore, was once, however, the scene of an extraordinary act of female heroism. The country people had placed their wives and children on this island for security, at the time when Cromwell's troops were pouring in upon this part of Scotland. A party of soldiers resolved to plunder the island, to carry off the women, and murder the children. They had no boats with them, and the boldest of the party swam across the little lake to secure a wherry which was lying in an inlet of the island. The soldier had already reached some shelvy rocks adjoining the island, when one of the women, who had concealed herself for the purpose, suddenly sprang up behind him, and with one stroke of a sword, severed his head from his body, in the view of his companions, on the opposite shore. The rest of the party immediately relinquished their design, and retreated; the great grandson of this heroic woman still resides in the neighbourhood of the lake.

I spent the whole of the day on this romantic spot, and at sunset ascended the mountain called Benvenue. However, after all the trouble and fatigue I had endured in wading over bogs, I was disappointed of the prospect I expected to enjoy on reaching the summit, for every object around me was obscured by fog.

I wished on the following morning, to have had a view of Loch Katrine in its full extent, by taking the most interesting, though certainly not the easiest road to Loch Lomond. This is a course not generally pursued by travellers, for besides the necessity of wading through rivulets and bogs, there is not any thing like an inn for the space of 25 miles, and consequently one must be content with a breakfast at the Trossachs, and a supper in Rowardennam. The distance to the western extremity of the lake is about 10 miles, and the district has the appearance of a perfect desert, with the exception of a few stone huts. The boatman who rowed me over to Portnellen on the opposite side, at my request sang me a Gaelic song, which was the first I had heard. The road from hence to Loch Lomond leads over a lofty hill covered merely with heather. The first view of Loch Lomond is uncommonly grand and imposing; it is the largest of the Scottish lakes, and

those who do not prefer the wildness of Loch Katrine will probably consider it the most beautiful. My journey along the eastern bank was extremely fatiguing; for the distance of 10 miles I was obliged to leap from one stone to another, or to wade through rivulets swollen by heavy rains. But for this I was amply recompensed by the noble prospect presented by the lake and its islands; of the latter there are thirty, and the largest is about two miles in circumference. It is a well known fact that Loch Lomond was violently agitated during the earthquake at Lisbon.

I passed the night at Rowardennam, a little town at the foot of Ben Lomond.* This mountain, like a king, overlooks the surrounding country, and though in height it is inferior to some hills of the Highlands, yet the prospect from its summit is universally acknowledged to be finer than any other. Ben Nevis is the loftiest hill in Great Britain and Ireland; it is said to be 4283 feet, but according to other calculations 4370 feet above the level of the sea; the height of Ben Lomond is calculated at 3240 feet. I know of nothing in Switzerland or Tyrol at all comparable to the grandeur of the prospect from the top of Ben Lomond: while a countless number of lakes glisten like mirrors on every side, the view is bounded by the Atlantic ocean on the west, and I could plainly discern the hills on the islands of Bute and Arran. But still more imposing is the prospect on the north, where lofty clusters of hills tower one above another in the most astonishing way, partly in light, and partly shaded by huge clouds, and in the background Ben-Nevis rears his head above the whole. I sat for a whole hour on the top of Ben Lomond admiring the surrounding scene, when at length I was joined by four young men, residents of the neighbouring country, who had been induced, by the unusual fineness of the morning, to take their breakfast on the hill. Even before the basket of provisions and the whiskey bottle had arrived, I was invited with hearty greetings to partake of their meal. They told me the names of the principal hills; and where the ocean mingled with the horizon, pointed out as the coast of Ireland what I had previously mistaken for a line of mist. We descended the

* Ben is the Gaelic word for Mountain, as Loch is for Lake.

hills together, sailed across the lake in an oblique direction, and separated at the beautiful island of Luss. From thence I proceeded to Inchlavennech (or the island of the two women), which commands a fine view of the lake itself, its shores and the surrounding hills. The greater number of these islands are merely sheep-pastures, and it is only on the largest that houses are to be seen. I entered into conversation with the boatman, who was a very pleasant old man: he taught me several Gaelic words, and readily gave me information on every subject on which I questioned him. I expressed my surprise at the numerous flocks of sheep which I saw feeding among the hills without any one to take care of them. He answered that these sheep were seldom known to stray, and that it was no uncommon thing for those who happened to be sold, to wander to the distance of 40 miles, and return to the flock to which they had originally belonged. I asked him whether he thought it possible that a sort of friendship could arise between animals who had been long accustomed to each other's society; and he emphatically answered: "O Sir, there can be no doubt of that."

The sun had nearly set when I quitted the island of Inchlavennech; and I was about 9 miles distant from Tarbat, where I proposed to pass the night. I proceeded along a beautiful road on the western side of the lake. The recollection of this evening, which I shall ever consider as one of the most delightful of my life, is still strongly engraven in my mind: in proportion as the contours of the hills became more and more undefined, the roaring of the sea became the more audible; and from one of the distant glens, the tones of the bagpipe resounded in a peculiarly plaintive style. It was now quite dark, and I began to fear that the inn of Tarbat had escaped my observation, and that I had gone past the town. I entered a house on the road side, where I saw a light, and in one of the rooms I found a man in bed reading the bible. He informed me that I was not more than 300 paces from the inn; but he would not allow me to quit the house until I had tasted of a bottle of whiskey which he drew from under the bed.

Pursuing my course to Inverary on the following day, I passed through the wildest and most romantic part of the Highlands. Two miles from Tarbat I arrived at Loch Long, a great inlet of

the Atlantic; the brooks had been swollen during the night by heavy rains; and proceeding past a range of waterfalls, partly descending in foam from the rocks, and partly appearing like threads of silver twisted among the heather of the hills, I reached the dismal vale of Glencoe. Here the hills are mere naked masses of stone; not a single thicket is to be seen, and along an extent of ten miles there is no human habitation. But for the numerous brooks which flow over the hills, uninterrupted stillness would prevail throughout this district; and the brooks can never dry up, owing to the proximity of the ocean, which envelopes the hills in continual mist and clouds. I spent the whole day in wandering about this wilderness, and in the evening I joined a numerous party at Inverary, where, owing to the arrival of the steam-boat from Glasgow, upwards of fifty persons had collected in the inn. The neat little town of Inverary, which belongs to the Duke of Argyle, is situated at Loch Fyne, an inlet of the Atlantic, well known to epicures, as the herrings caught there are accounted the best in the world. Now that the use of steam-boats has become general throughout Scotland, Inverary is three or four times a week the rendezvous of the inhabitants of Glasgow, who escape from the bustle of trade and manufactures, and throng hither to enjoy the beauties of nature. The boat leaves Glasgow in the morning, and arrives at Inverary, a distance of seventy miles, in the evening: the price of the passage is ten shillings, and the boat affords the best accommodation.

With respect to vegetation, the country about Inverary forms a singular exception to other parts of the western coast of Scotland. Of the woods celebrated by Ossian, scarcely any trace remains, and trees no longer flourish on those spots which were formerly covered by them. This change of climate is particularly apparent in the Hebrides, where, in the course of excavations, the roots of ancient oaks have been discovered, below a soil, on which, at the present day, trees never grow higher than the walls erected to protect them against the west winds. The hills of Inverary are, however, still covered with the remains of these ancient woods. But the castle of the Duke of Argyle is the chief object of attraction to the curious, and it is reckoned one of the wonders of the Highlands. It is built in the Gothic style, on a most costly

scale; and the sum which is annually devoted to keeping it in repair, namely, 3000*l.* may afford some idea of its magnitude. The plan of the edifice is that of an old fortress, and it is built of a light grey kind of stone, produced in this part of the country. I spent the morning ~~very~~ agreeably in viewing the delightful park in which the castle is situated, and then set out on my way to Oban. Faujas St. Fond has given a minute description of the mineralogical curiosities of the district, in which are situated the village of Oban and its convenient harbour. Its proximity to the ocean, and the view it commands of the islands Kerrera and Lismore, together with the blue hills of Mull, one of the largest of the Hebrides, render it truly romantic. Oban is usually visited merely for the sake of procuring a passage to Staffa, the celebrated basalt island. This was also my intention, though I was obliged to relinquish it, partly on account of the adverse state of the wind, and partly through the exorbitant demands of the boatmen: it certainly vexed me not a little to observe that these men, whom I generally found remarkably honest and civil, should attempt imposition on account of the great influx of visitors. To be disappointed of visiting Staffa, was to me a great sacrifice; for I have been informed that all the wonderful descriptions which travellers have given of that island, are far short of the impression it creates.

At a short distance from Oban are the ruins of Dunolly, a castle which belonged to the House of Lorn, famed in Scottish history. Near the shore of Loch Etive there is a piece of rock of pudding-stone, which is interesting from the popular tradition connected with it. It is called in the Gaelic language *clach-na-caw*, or the dog's pillar; and the common people assert that Fingal has often tied his dog Bran to this piece of rock. On the first day of my journey from Oban, I proceeded through a tract of country celebrated in the early history of Scotland. In the vicinity of Dunstaffnage I passed the ruins of an old royal castle; and on crossing Loch Etive I reached the site on which Berekington, the ancient Scottish capital, once stood. According to tradition, this place was destroyed by subterraneous fire; and a young man of the neighbourhood informed me, that stone was found here that would swim on the water, probably a kind of pumice-stone. I crossed Loch Eran, and arrived

within the district of Appin: this was the scene of many events in the life of Fingal, and the hills of Morven, celebrated by Ossian, are on the opposite coast of the inlet into which I sailed. I would fain have crossed the small arm of the ocean, and entered the kingdom of Fingal, but there happened to be no convenient place at which I could pass the night. Morven is an island about twenty miles long and ten broad; it is almost uninhabited; the hills and narrow glens produce no vegetation but heath, on which thousands of sheep are fed. It belongs exclusively to two wealthy landholders; for here, as is universally the case in the Highlands, it is found more profitable to let land to one or two rich farmers, than to parcel it out among poor families. This cruel system is the main cause of the depopulation of the Highlands; for the proprietor by letting his land to one or two rich farmers, compels the poorer ones, who formerly occupied it, to wander to distant parts of the country in quest of a subsistence. The name of Morven now belongs only to this little piece of land; but the Morven of Ossian extended over the greater part of the western coast of the Highlands. I passed the whole afternoon in this place without meeting a single person; and on arriving near Balichulish, where I intended to pass the night, I saw a piece of stone, about nine or ten feet high, fixed in the earth: it was in the form of an obelisk, and proved to be a piece of gneiss. This was the first monument of the kind that I had met with; erected in sight of the hills of Morven, it was probably the funeral monument of some hero of Fingal.

I had proposed, on the following day, not to take the direct road to Fort William, but to proceed through Glencoe and across the hills, distinguished by the singular name of the *Devil's staircase*. My host doubted whether I could find my way across the hills; he shook his head, and gave me a direction in broken English, and also a letter to a man who could conduct me over Loch Leven's Head, where the bridge was broken. A fine road leads through Glencoe, the most celebrated, but at the same time the dreariest valley in the Highlands. Glencoe was the birthplace of Ossian, and the little rivulet which runs through it and forms a lake in the centre, is the Cona, in allusion to which, the bard frequently styles himself the Voice of Cona. The hills which surround this

valley and give it the appearance of an immense basin, are merely masses of naked stone of the most various forms, intersected by water-falls in every direction. Besides the recollection of Ossian, this valley obtained in the last century, a melancholy kind of celebrity through the massacre of the Macdonalds. The house of Macdonald of Achrichtan, is now the only habitation which the valley contains. I proceeded slowly through Glencoe, not much heeding the penetrating mists which drenched me to the very skin. A continual motion of the mists is daily apparent here, and is a peculiarity of this region of imaginary phantoms. I unexpectedly passed through this valley twice instead of once; for by taking a wrong course across the *Devil's staircase*, I arrived at

a miserable public-house, and not being inclined to pass the night there, I was obliged to go back, to the distance of 17 miles, in order to return to the place whence I had set out in the morning. Here I cannot forbear mentioning a trait which reflects honour on the Scottish character. Night had set in, and I was chilled with cold and rain, when I arrived at the inn from which I had originally set out: the landlord expressed much concern on finding that his directions had proved useless; the best refreshment which the place afforded was instantly set before me, and next morning when I demanded my bill, I could neither induce the man to give it me, nor prevail on any one in the house to accept the smallest recompense for their trouble. (*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE HERMIT'S SKETCHES*.

THESE delightful sketches of English manners have a mystery about them which we cannot penetrate even by guesses. The most cursory reader will enquire with eager curiosity by whom they are written. He must have been a votary at once of gaiety and of letters—conversant with all the varieties of society, from its lowest to the most exalted ranks—a trifler and a philosopher—a man of fashion, and a lover of the romantic. He is at home alike in town and in country—at Edinburgh and at London—and hits off with equal felicity the enticements of a hackney coachman essaying to procure passengers, and the matrimonial schemes of an accomplished dowager. No one can doubt for a moment that he has long been familiar with the highest and most glittering circles, which he describes with an ease so graceful, and satirizes with a humour so genial and free from gall. Yet it is equally evident that his study of the gayest ranks has not injured his sympathies for those sorrows which are the common lot of his species, or for those errors which destroy the happiness which nature offers. Light and airy, as most of his delineations are, there is more of real heart in them than in many works professedly sentimental; and he often makes us feel seriously and intensely, while he is captivating us by the prismatic hues, in which he sets many-coloured life before us.

But we are not only puzzled to imagine who could have written these works, but surprised at the variety of agreeable pictures which they contain of a class of society, whose peculiarities have long been gradually vanishing. We scarcely imagined that, in this degenerate age, the world of fashion had enough of prominent characteristics left to furnish one volume without caricature or scandal. Time was when it had a romance of its own; when its heights required no mean ambition to reach them; and when its glittering honours were bright enough almost to reward a life of assiduity and toil. Then infinite airs and graces were requisite to retain a supremacy of fashion; then courtesy had something in it of the ideal; then airy wit and delicate raillery were native to the drawing-room as to the stage; then the art of dress was really one of the fine arts, and excellence in it was almost a proof of genius. Then a masquerade was a temporary revival of the age of chivalry. What a magnificent scene was exhibited at every ball—what rich brocades, what high sparkling stomachers, what grand circumference of hoop, what looks of young beauty, heightened by the antique richness of the draperies, what stately pyramids of head-dress, what generous restraints of curl! Then the gracious unbendings of the lofty dowager, and the rarely bestowed smile of the toast of all the wits

* The Hermit in London, or Sketches of English Manners, 5 vols. 12mo.
The Hermit in the Country, 3 vols. 12mo.

—were they not worth dressing or fighting for? The entrance of a young lady into the world, was an event then which excited as much flutter of expectation as the appearance of a novel by the author of "Waverley," or a poem of Lord Byron, does in these literary times;—and deserved it as well. Then taste was not banished to circulating libraries; nor had elegance taken refuge in books, and become a dead letter. Now, alas! the height of indifference is the height of fashion; the art of dress affords no scope for high fantasy; courtesy is out of date; and the refinements of gallantry are tales of old! The democratic spirit of the times may, in some degree, be attributed to the change. When the people, at their public places of resort, enjoyed the spectacle of rank and beauty, fitly apparelled in visible splendours, they were proof against arguments on the natural equality of the species. The divinity that did hedge the aristocracy of the higher orders, was too palpable to be disputed. The eye was fed with high pageantry in repayment for the taxes. Now the higher orders have not only resigned the distinctions of dress, but have ceased to visit the scenes where they formerly condescended to receive and to communicate pleasure. They long ago deserted Ranelagh—they have almost cut the opera—and they have quite cut the theatre, "which is the unkindest cut of all." It was a glorious spectacle to see the boxes waving with feathers, and glittering with gems; to perceive sympathy making its way through the rich folds of the stomacher; to see the fairest eyes suffused in tears "which sacred pity had engendered there;" to feel at once all the distinctions of rank and all the community of nature, the high privileges of station, which were a treasure to the imagination, and the higher rights of humanity, which were set mantling in the heart. Surely this was better than moving in cold private circles without the joy of being admired or excited—than lounging at a French play, or going to sleep at a concert of Italian music!

There is another class too, who of yore gave life and animation to the town—now alien from their once happy distinctions—the students of the Inns of Court. What energy had they once in their pleasures, what influence on the tastes of the age! They were among the gayest in the Parks, were wittiest among the wits, critical amidst the poets, and arbiters of the fate of

plays. What tavern suppers—what high convivialities—what romantic adventures at masquerades, chequered their gay career! In proportion as the study of the law was difficult, their enjoyments were intense, and their recreations tasteful. They whetted their wits on "Coke upon Littleton;" and caught a keen appetite for pleasures in the regions of black letter learning. Now their prerogatives of criticism are transferred to the newspapers, their poetry to the Magazines, their direction of the theatres to the apprentices—and their wit—Heaven knows whither! They care nothing for new plays; lounge into the boxes at half-price to pass away the time; admire Miss Foote, like all the world, and encore Miss Stephens, because nobody can help it. Some of them read and work hard, with a view to the seals; but the gay ambition of shining for the night, and mingling intellect with enjoyment, and refining the tastes of the age—is, we are afraid, retained by comparatively few of the once celebrated Templars.

In such a state of society the production of these volumes required no small length of observation, and no low degree of ingenuity and of skill. For though, as we have already hinted, they are not confined to that elevated class of which the author is evidently a member, the far larger portion of them is devoted to its splendid circles: all the varieties which it presents—its airiest vanities and minutest charms—are seized by the author, and portrayed in their most delicate shades. The Hermit "in the Country," indeed, catches as he ought more of sentiment than in London, and extends his views of humanity with his horizon. He is meditative on the sea-coast; jovial in Scotland, and poetical in Britain. The good nature of his remarks every where is as conspicuous as his good sense; and his Sketches will, we think, be almost as instructive as they are amusing. We shall give two extracts from the "Hermit in the Country," which has only just issued from the press; one of them will afford a specimen of the author's gayest, and the other of his more serious style.

AN EXQUISITE'S LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

"THE solitude of a country life is fitted only for the saint, the sage, or the philosopher. To any other man it loses its charms, when he cannot enjoy them in company with friends and fellow men. To see a fine prospect, an enchanting wood, a limpid

river, a delightful waterfall, without being able to say to some one, "What a lovely scene!" saddens the heart of man. Society is as necessary for the country as the town; but the man who transports town habits and pleasures into the bosom of nature, loses the fountain and the grove, the verdant lawn, and the delicious retirement which country society and a country life present.

"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn, to watch his majestic rising from the gilded East, to contemplate the rosy-fingered morning, opening the day upon man, to view the prismatic colours reflected in the drops of dew, to dash that dew with early foot from the shrub and floweret in our healthful walk, to behold the glories of the setting sun, or the silvery moon-beam playing on the surface of the quiescent lake, to admire the expanded rose-bud, and to watch the progress of nature in its spring, are amongst the loveliest and sublimest enjoyments, and are unknown in the busy haunts of vicious and populous cities. The country, retirement, health, order, sobriety, and morality, can alone furnish them.

"There are fashionables, however, who expect to make nature subservient to their habits and caprice, every where, and in every thing; and who, not content with bringing summer in January, into their painted and gilded balloons, by rare shrubs, flowers, plants, and the expensive contents of their conservatories, added to the forced fruits and other articles of ruinous luxury with which their boards abound, madly expect to transmit town enjoyments, and dissipation, into the country, in order to lead the same unvaried course of voluptuousness and riot all the year round. In contradistinction to what we hear of "*rus in urbe*," it is with them "*urbs in rure*"; and not satisfied with turning day into night, and night into day, in town, they convert summer into winter, by passing it in London, or at some watering-place, where they only go as an adjournment of the London spring, and then travel down to the country, to view leafless trees, fields clad in snow, and to be either confined to the house, or to brave bad weather for a short time for form's sake.

"Wedded to the London system of rising in the evening, riding at dusk, and dressing by taper light, they carry the same unnatural and unwholesome arrangements to scenes which would have furnished a retreat full of charms, if visited in the spring, or in the summer. For them the feathered choir chaunts in vain; for them the flower expands not; all is haze, fog, and darkness, unless perchance the rising sun blushes at their orgies, or reminds them that the day has opened ere they retire to a feverish bed.

"There are rakes and debauchees who unblushingly tell you that they only wish to see their family mansion in order to collect their sons; and that to behold their woods

turned into cash, their corn and hay at the market, instead of in their fields, is their sole delight; that their tenants are only the tributaries to their pleasures, and their flocks food for their table; and that they care neither for family pedigree, nor family estate, except as they can make them conducive to their consequence and luxuries.

"There is a depravity in all this which absolutely denaturalises the heart; but, as this is the object we have at present in view, let us peruse the life of a certain nobleman at his family castle, surrounded by majestic woods, lakes, and forests, peopled for his use; a numerous and faithful tenantry, and the most romantic scenery which the eye can possibly view.

"Engaged in London until July, and at Brighton until December, he gets down to this ancient edifice, the pride of his ancestors, about the first week in January, and leaves it in March, just as the days are lengthening, and increasing the *ennui* which the contemplation of rural objects occasions him.

"Surrounded by foreign cooks, confectioners, and fiddlers, he travels all night, and arrives at day-break. His effeminate form sinks for a few hours on down; and he rises in the afternoon. The breakfast-table is covered with delicacies, and with the provocatives necessary to excite a sated appetite. Gamblers and demireps, dandies and adventurers, compose his numerous party. "The weather is odious," says he: "what a bore the country!" He comes there only for fashion's sake, and in order to raise his rents. His spirits are low; brandy alone can save him from the blue devils; he swallows the liquid fire. The billiard-table occupies five hours, his toilette takes two more.

"The second dinner-bell has rung; it is past eight, and he descends to his banqueting room. All here is pomp and pageantry: nothing is rational. Foreign wines and cookery compose the fare. Excess reigns over every thing. Intemperance plies the frequent cup, and vocal and instrumental music breathe their most voluptuous sounds.

"Now comes the hour of gambling. His woods, his lands, his moveables, are all hazarded again and again: ten times in the night they are lost and won. A castle totters on a single card: the comfort of his tenantry depends on one throw: agitation and ill humour ebb and flow: avarice and ruin stare each other in the face. The game is over. He has lost only two or three thousand: and the grinding of a few farmers will rub off his score. He goes to bed. Conscience has nothing to do with him; for these are only considered as the peccadilloes of fashion.

"Occasionally he sallies forth in the evening with a legion of liveried attendants. The woods are surrounded; the birds are circumvented; the cover is beaten. Armed

with a double-barrelled gun, and followed by menials, who take from him even the trouble of loading his piece, he and his party fire a thousand shots, and spread death and desolation around them. This is called glorious sport, a noble day, rare country amusement! and the great man returns as proud as ever Alexander was after his greatest victory. Brandy recruits the fatigues of this memorable morning, and the tongue of flattery tickles the nobleman's ear, and elevates him in his own esteem.

"At dressing time he gives audience to the steward, who is ordered to pay his gaming and intriguing debts, by the sale of timber, mortgage, anticipation, or annuities.

"Such is the Exquisite's country life! Such the delights in which he indulges, in the midst of family estates and picturesque scenery, to which he is as blind as he is to his own vices and failings.

"What a pity that a habitation and scenes like these should be bestowed on such a possessor! The very detail is offensive to reason and feeling; but its colouring is not too high, nor is it a solitary example. Let our self-exiled, our ruined, our ruining nobility and rich men, look to themselves and this picture. How many will behold their own likeness, thus slightly sketched as it is, by the hand of

"THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY."

"LEAVING HOME.

"I HAD just completed my eighteenth year, when I received orders to join my regiment for the first time. The sash and gorget, the maiden sword, scarlet cloth and gold lace, had all their weight and attractions for me. I contemplated the empire which I should have over hearts, and the preference, which I had so often felt mortified at wanting, at a ball, or in a country circle; I expected to live with the best fellows in the world, to see a great variety of scenes, to be ever amused, ever changing quarters,—to dance as it were through life, to the tune of the merry fife and drum, and to leave care and gloomy reflection always a day's march behind me; but above all I longed to see the world, to be free, to be an uncontrolled agent,—in a word, to be my own master.

"I had gone through the classics with some degree of attention, was a pretty good dancer, could play a little on the flute, rode boldly, had read history, was a good shot, and considered myself, upon the whole, a decent sort of fellow, particularly as the maid-servants called me handsome, and the village surgeon's daughter had eyed me with some degree of interest.

"I had now been looking for myself in the gazette for six weeks; and not a little proud was I to see myself in print for the first time. My next impatience was to be or-

dered to head-quarters; and, when the order came, I was in the highest possible spirits. The night before I set out on my journey, I scarcely slept a wink. Young Phaeton, when importuning his father for the reins of that chariot which was fatal to his existence, was not more anxious than I was, on this occasion; nor, when he asked that sire to grant his boon, as a pledge of the love which he bore to his mother—"Pignora da Genitor, &c." could he seek it in a more eager tone than I enquired "if to-morrow was the day on which I was to set out?"

"And yet I tenderly loved my parents. I was an only child, their prop and stay; I could not love them more than they deserved. The whole village too shared my affections: I felt the relative ties of humanity and good will; of brotherhood and connexion with all my neighbours,—domestics and all. I had even a tenderish feeling for the fire-side animals of the paternal roof,—the poor old pointer, the dowager-spaniel, Duchess, the invalid cat, and my mother's pet bullfinch. Yes, I had rather not had to feel the "good by to ye." The shooting party, I recommended to Robert's care; and my setter,—poor Trusty! accompanied me through many a varied and uneven path. Night came, and I sat uneasily on me. I felt almost a woman's weakness as I sunk upon that mother's breast, where I drew my first love, mingled with the stream of life; but I tried to be the soldier; and, after one dewy kiss, I resolved not to see her in the morning. My father was to accompany me a part of the road: and the thought of this was a relief to me.

"As I drew on my regimental boots, the only article of military uniform which I wore on my journey, I felt an elevation of mind, and seemed as if I were already fit to command a company. But my satisfaction was not without alloy: I had the *Dulce Domum* to quit; I had the village to look on, perhaps, for the last time; I had to shake hands with the poor servants, some of whom had borne my helpless infant form in their arms. This was trying. I whistled a march; but it was more like a dirge; I tried a country-dance: it was out of tune.

"I sent the cook to knock at my father's door, an hour earlier than agreed upon; for time now seemed loaded with a weight of care; and I resolved, albeit I was proud of my appearance, not to be seen by my kind neighbours. I therefore gave keepsakes to all the servants, and wrote a letter for the surgeon's daughter.

"My dear father appeared: it was a great ease to my state of mind. I shook him heartily by the hand, tried to look gay, and brushed over the threshold of the door. The old nurse insisted upon kissing me: she was aged and ugly, but a good woman, and somehow she had a right to this embrace. I gave it her heartily, looking, however, jealously around: nobody saw me but the

family, else should I have blushed. "The Captain to kiss an ugly old woman! fie for shame."

"We were now at the end of the village. I dreaded the sight of my mother at the window; so I never looked back until out of sight of the house. I was now to take a last look at this rustic assemblage of houses. They danced tremulously in a tear, in my eye; but I cleared up with such a hoarse and monstrous *hem* that the echo of the church-yard, which returned it to me, terrified me with the sound.—All this time my father and I had not exchanged a word; he looked thoughtful, and as if he had had a sleepless night.

"The morning was beautiful, and I never saw my native scene in such glowing colours before. There seemed to be a peculiar grace in the antique belfry of the church; and the stiff sepulchral yews were gilded with the sun-beam. Obituary sculpture might have caused me some serious reflection. But my mind dwelt not on the past; nor were any doubts and fears as to the future, unfolded to my view.—How many a departed bliss now leaves but its monumental memento in my heart! how many prospects have vanished like the days of my ancestors! how many a brave comrade in arms now lies in his narrow bed, and upon his earthly pillow!—but let us return to my father.

"We had better dismount and walk a little," said he to me, in a kind affectionate tone. 'The weather is beautifully fine; we have a long day before us; and I can return in the cool of the evening. I should like to have as much of your company as I can; and you will not always have your old father for your companion.' We alighted accordingly, and gave our horses to the servant who had charge of my luggage. I was to proceed in the mail from the first stage.

"We now turned off the high road, and skirted a beautiful wood, crossed some adjacent fields, and pursued the course of the river, by the foot-path for some miles.—My father folded his arm in mine with a peculiar degree of friendship, familiarity, and tenderness; and I never hung on the discourse of any one with so much attention either before or since. He evidently tried to amuse my mind, and to cheat the way and beguile the time by his conversation; and he succeeded to a charm. We saw the vertical sun ere we thought morning midway gone; and his declining ray surprised us ere we thought it two hours after.

"Let us dine together, my dear boy," said he, with so much of the good fellow in his air and accent, that I regretted that he was not more my own age, and going to join the army with me. I assented with delight. 'There is scarcely any night,' said he, 'now; and I must ride home the harder for it.'

"Thrice had he essayed to part with me, before this proposal: I saw the motion pass in his mind; but his heart failed him; his steps hung on mine, and his affections lingered with me, and were loth to part. He looked at his watch on alighting from his pony, as much as to say, "a short walk, and then." Next, when fatigued, he sat down on a bank, and seemed determined to shake hands and to bid adieu;—but he could not. He then remounted, and proposed riding on to dinner, in the cool of the evening. My heart placed all these debts of gratitude to his account.

"He had another object, however, in this confidential walk; in this protracted journey together. He wished to give me a great deal of good advice, and that advice was offered and delivered to me more like a brother and a comrade, a companion and a friend, than a parent, or one set in authority over me,—more like the man prone to error and failing like myself, than one to whom age and experience had given so decided a superiority.

"On how many useful subjects did he give me his cool and unpresuming counsel! How fraught with honour, sentiment, and delicacy were his paternal admonitions! In how many instances of life have his precepts and warnings upheld and prevented me from evil! How often has a retrospect of that happy hour been a benefit to me in my passage through life!

"We parted, precipitately at last; for the mail-coach horn relieved us from those aching of the bosom which a first separation from those who are dear to us naturally produces.

"That parent, alas! is now no more! I have been the support of his sad relict; but I have no longer that brotherly father to hang upon my arm, to pledge me in the convivial cup, to interest himself in every circumstance concerning my welfare in this checkered scene of life, nor to recur to, for advice, in difficulty or distress.

"Often have I, in different climates, and novel scenes, in distant and in doubtful circumstance, pondered upon this opening scene of life, with a melancholy sensibility, which has mingled sweets and bitterness so intimately together, that not to have been sad, would be double wretchedness, since sadly sweet was the very essence of reflection.

"Even at the moment that I am writing these lines, it seems as if my father's shade hovered near me—as if I were wrapt and covered all over in affection's mantle. Farewell, dear scenes! I shall never behold ye more! yet must memory itself perish, ere ye fade from the heart of

"THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY."

REMARKS ON VIRGINIUS, AND ON MODERN TRAGEDY.

SINGULARLY rich as the present age is in poetical genius, it has produced very few works cast in noble moulds, and finished with a view to perfection. We have fragments of diversified and of surpassing beauty, many of which, doubtless, will be long and well remembered, but scarcely any imaginative creations which have been framed with a manifest hope that they would never perish. In our tragic poems, where posterity will look for the stateliest memorials of the age, we have done but little. As the noble filling up of this vast chasm in our literature is a subject of our fondest and most earnest desire, we shall endeavour to sketch out our idea of the peculiar requisites of modern tragedy before we examine the beautiful piece immediately before us. We shall not now discuss exploded unities, or mere technical rules, but say a few words on the action—the poetry—and the sentiment to which a tragic poet in these times should aspire.

1. The action of a tragedy, which is its essence, should be altogether different in these times from that which it appears in the grandest of the antique dramas. Setting aside the ingenious analogy which Schlegel has discovered in the ancient drama to the art of statuary, and in the modern to that of picture, we must feel that the materials of the latter are very dissimilar to those of which the former was compacted. There is, indeed, in the best works of the Greek poets no intricacy of plot, no excitement for curiosity, and little of human passion. The whole is scarcely more than one high sacrifice to the power of the gods or of fate. Dignity of rank, and elevation of virtue, are but the ornaments which render the hero more fit to become the victim. All is pervaded by a sublime composure, a gentle spirit of resignation to the powers which are visibly fulfilling their irrevocable purposes. But in modern tragedy man regains his freedom—the struggle is not a contest with destiny, but with circumstance or with passion—and the fullest scope is given for the energetic contest of the finest elements of our being. We cannot agree with the great critic to whom we have alluded, that the idea of fate is essential to tragedy. When superior existences are no longer supposed visibly and immediately to direct the fortunes and inspire or para-

lyse the hearts of men, the idea of fate as influencing tragedy ceases. Necessity in our age is a mere philosophical doctrine, which, whether true or false, can never fitly be represented in the creations of the bard, as hurrying human agents in a particular career, still less, as opposed to their will. The infinite chain of causes may be regulated in its progression by immutable laws, but these will not act in opposition to motives or passions, but will inspire and guide them. Tragedy may indeed shew the grapple of mind with fortune; the limitless desire, opposed to the narrow bounds of mortality; love and hope, of purest essence, contending vainly with the powers of fortune or of the grave. But the triumph of the poet will be greater—his hold on our sympathies firmer—if he can elicit his interest, not from the mere opposition of mind to circumstance, but from the collision of mind with mind—if he can animate the whole scene with breathing life—and endow with sensibility and passion every portion of the high picture which he exhibits. With action, at all events, the piece should be filled—because nothing else, except mere suffering, can be made palpable to the senses; and unless in suffering there be something awful, or redeeming, the soul will be only harrowed and tortured by the spectacle. The mind, indeed, in the high state of excitement, will necessary kindle—passion will grow bright as well as fervid—and the sparks of fancy will fly quickly off from the soul in its rapid career. The plot should have enough of variety to keep alive an intense interest in the spectators, yet no mere surprises, no fantastic turns in which the general feeling is broken, none of the equivocal or intrigue which belong to comedy. The unity of time is nothing—the continuance of place is nothing—but the oneness of the interest is of the highest importance to the success of a tragic poet. As far as possible, the causes should not only be sufficient naturally to produce the results, but should be similar to them in dignity and might. The sad events, at least, should spring not from trifles, or mistakes, but from real circumstances worthy to cause strange and wild distresses. When jealousy is groundless, or hatred arises from mistake, or fatal catastrophes occur from a few minutes' delay of expla-

nation or of succour, there is a dissatisfaction in our grief, a feeling of listless vexation, which is never felt when effects, however awful, arise from adequate and insuperable causes. The chief characters should, in general, have the elevation of external majesty, in order that more of sensible dignity may be given to the scene, unless the passions are of such depth and grandour as to vindicate to themselves a regality of their own. The piece, in short, should be vivid in action, majestic in character, clear and rapid in progress, adequate in its causes, and leave a solemn and undivided emotion on the soul of the spectator.

2. The poetical cast of the language, in a tragedy, is of far less importance than its action. All, indeed, of cold conceit—all of mere metaphor, which, however beautiful and ingenious, draws us from the character to the author—is necessarily injurious to the general effect of the piece. Yet the difference of a composition of mere prose from one of easy and natural verse will be apparent even in the theatre. Passion is always to a certain degree poetical; and naturally takes the language of images, rather than of mere words, for the more vivid communication of its sensations. Two things should be attempted by the tragedian in the use of figurative language—that the images should never be so ostentatious as to divert the mind from its sympathy to a cold admiration; and that they should be deeply tinged and imbued with the passion, which, if it be genuine, must draw all things into its likeness, and impart to them one harmonious colouring. The tide of emotion, as it rushes impetuously onward, may, in the midst of its foaming eddies, have some little pieces of smooth water on which the sun-beams play, or some piece of delicate branch or of golden cloud is tenderly reflected.

3. The sentiment of a tragedy—by which we mean, not the mere moralizing of its persons, but its general influence on the noble and sweet affections of our nature—is happily of high importance to its success. Some writers in our own day have fallen into the strange error of depicting the most horrible anomalies of vice, and attempting to redeem them by the mere power of intellect with which atrocious thoughts are embodied and awful crimes completed. But these works touching on no universal chord of the heart, though they may be admired for a while by

those who require a strong stimulant to break their lethargic indifference, can never endure. Even on the stage the tragic poet never obtains so pure a triumph as when he moves his audience with strange delight by the revealing of some deep spring of sympathy in the heart—when he exhibits to them some affecting instance of the self-sacrifice of a generous spirit, and makes them shivers in some disinterested act which has a tearful beauty in its grandeur. It is not, indeed, necessary that he should exhibit goodness rewarded, but it is essential that he should make us feel its loveliness and its power. It is not his business to make us in love with fortune, but with nature; to inspire a pride in our species; and enable us, in imagination at least, to exert its best and sweetest prerogatives. To avow our latest tendernesses—to open, as by a cabalistic word, the long-sealed springs of charity—to send through the delicate fibres of the soul a keen and shivering rapture by the disclosure of a fresh excellence in man—is the finest of a tragic poet's successes.

The tragic poets of England have never, we think, made so noble a use of active passion, which they have been set free to depict, as the Greeks did of those stern and awful materials to which they were limited by the religion and the taste of Athens. The contemporaries of Shakespear—abounding as they do with the richest stores of fancy, sentiment, and pathos—can scarcely be regarded as having left us tragedies. There is rarely one general design to which all tends—one central point of interest round which all revolves—or one reconciling atmosphere of feeling diffused over their pieces. We never think of them as harmonious structures—but remember individual characters, detached scenes, or exquisite passages. Even Shakespear himself, except in his *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *Roméo and Juliet*, is rather a romantic dramatist than a tragedian. In most of his plays, notwithstanding their higher qualities as poems, there is a want of these definite boundaries, that striking and massive foreground, and that subervience of the whole to one majestic purpose, which are calculated to produce the stately and adamantine oration which will have the grandest effect in the theatre. There is too much perspective of the imagination in his works—too infinite a variety of event, situation, and character—to allow of that singleness of feeling,

which the tragedian should leave on the soul. The scene of a tragedy should appear to the imagination like a narrow, but awful spot, bounded by dark and gigantic barriers, within which the characters are shut for their high struggle and majestic suffering. Since the best days of English genius, until our own, there has been no genuine and native production of this class worthy of particular criticism, except "*Venice Preserved*," a short examination of which will serve to illustrate some of the positions which we have taken.

This piece appears to us to possess all the grandest externals of tragedy. Its plot, involving the fate of an ancient republic, has an importance which fills the imagination, and its action is continued almost without pause, in a succession of closely-woven incidents to its dreadful conclusion. The distress arises from no fantastical source;—but the situation of Jaffier, which becomes more desperate at every step he takes, is at once striking and probable. With these merits, in which perhaps it is unequalled, this tragedy would be one of the most sublime ever written if the filling up were at all comparable to the outline. But unhappily the sentiments and the characters are as low and worthless as the plan is grand, and the situations appalling. There is scarcely any touch of beauty or of nobleness to refresh the soul, and to relieve it of its weight of anguish. The conspirators are a band of the lowest ruffians, whose motives are as base as their designs are bloody and remorseless. Pierre himself, who meanly practises on his friend's necessity to hire him as an assassin, is hardly a step above his poor, weak, luxurious, and trembling victim. Belvidera, who might sweeten the whole by a native purity which no circumstances could injure, is unworthy of her sex, and suited only to the husband whom she cajoles and betrays. She is a pitiful contriver, with nothing but a selfish and cloying fondness towards Jaffier to redeem her from contemptuous pity. The language, with a few exceptions of luxurious softness, is poor, though high sounding, often quite beside the purpose, and sometimes polluted by low and disgusting allusions. Excepting in the passage where Jaffier asks his wife, "How long is't since the miserable day we wedded first," there is no genuine pathos in the play, notwithstanding the distressful nature of its events. Hence we perceive how

much the mere excellence of outline, and the rapidity of action, will effect; and how lamentable a deficiency may yet remain, when truth of sentiment and stability of principle are wanting.

The spirit of tragedy has not been proportionably awakened in the great revival of genius in our time, because the speculative and meditative cast of the prevailing imagination is altogether alien to its essence. The "*Remorse*," with its glory-tinted clouds of metaphysical thought, has not enough of intense human passion, or present interest, to fill the mind with any vast image of massive greatness. "*Fazio*" has a beautiful simplicity of plot, and singular richness of diction; but the characters, as in *Venice Preserved*, are low and selfish, and there is nothing in the piece very exquisitely to move our sympathies, or elevate our conceptions. "*Evadne*," on the other hand, sets before us some of the loveliest traits of humanity, and gives sweet impulse to the purest and most disinterested affections; but it wants coherence, and is too much occupied by lover's quarrels arising only from paltry mistakes. "*Bertram*," though sprinkled with some of the fairest and the saddest flowers of poetry, is destitute of nearly all the requisites of genuine tragedy;—it has little action, no majesty, and no power of touching any sympathy but such as the exhibition of mere Satanic force may awaken. The piece before us has more of genuine tragic spirit than any of these; and if it does not, in all respects, realize our idea of tragedy, it is rather the deficiency of the subject, than of the author.

The story of *Virginius*, notwithstanding its pure and mournful beauty, presents one great difficulty to a modern tragedian, that, in its dramatic form, there can be no struggle. The main interest must necessarily be crowded in a single scene. The design of Appius on Virginia scarcely assumes the high and tragic form, until the dreadful moment when all hope is gone, and the father resolves and completes the sacrifice. If this scene be made the last, there must be four acts, almost without business, or filled with action which can neither tend to produce the catastrophe, nor harmonize with the emotions which it should enkindle. With these obstacles to his success, Mr. Knowles has produced a piece of the deepest and purest interest, and of the most delicate beauty. He has placed the great scene in the fourth act;—

filled the three first with a series of domestic pictures, so touching in their loveliness, that they almost supply the place of crowded incident and energetic action; and has contrived, with equal feeling and skill, to soften our sorrows in the last, and leave us gentle meditations to repose on. The chief wonder in his piece is, that he should hold his audience, during at least two acts, in the sweetest delight by the mere exhibition of natural tendernesses; but so it is; and we are inclined to attribute his singular felicity in this as much to the straight-forwardness and simplicity of his moral feeling, as to his dramatic skill. The scene in which *Virginius* tenderly questions his child in order to discover the secret of her heart, and that in which he betroths her to *Icilius*, his heart running over with fondness, are pieces of the purest natural beauty ever embodied on the scene. Who that has ever seen it can forget the grouping of the persons in the last of these; or the feeling, almost painful from its sweetness, with which he dwelt on their words? *Virginius* has been, in the excess of his affectionate joy, half jesting with *Icilius*, as if he meant only to invite him to a feast; and having left him to procure a witness to a deed he has shewn him, returns with his blushing daughter, and addresses her enraptured lover—

"You are my witnesses

That this young creature I present to you,
I do pronounce—my profitably cherish'd
And most deservedly beloved child;
My daughter, truly filial—both in word
And act—yet even more in act than word:
And—for the man who seeks to win her love,
A virgin from whose lips a soul as pure
Exhales, as e'er responded to the blessing
Breath'd in a parent's kiss. (*kissing her.*)

Icilius,

(*Icilius rushes towards Virginius, and kneels.*)

Since

You are upon your knee, young man, look up;
And lift your hands to heaven—you will be all
Her father has been—added unto all
A lover would be!

Icilius. All that man should be
To woman, I will be to her!

Virginius. The oath
Is register'd! Didst thou but know, young man,
How fondly I have watch'd her since the day
Her mother died, and left me to a charge
Of double duty bound—how she hath been
My ponder'd thought by day—my dream by
night!

My prayer, my vow, my offering, my praise,
My sweet companion, pupil, tutor, child,
Thou wouldst not wonder, that my drowning
eye,

And choking utterance, upbraid my tongue
Which tells thee, she is thine."

Methinks we see even now the trembling delighted fair one—the *Icilius* in silent and serious rapture on his knees, beautiful as the most exquisitely fashioned statue, with his hands gently upraised and extended—and the *Virginius*, with his faltering tongue, blessing the household solemnity, and calling to mind all his daughter's filial sweetnesses as he is about to resign her. The character of *Virginia* is one of the freshest and daintiest loveliness ever drawn. This is the description given of her by *Ap-pius*—

"I know not whether in the state of girlhood
Or womanhood to call her—Twixt the two
She stands, as that were loth to lose her, this
To win her most impatient—the young year,
Trembling and blushing midst the striving kisses.
Of parting spring and meeting summer, seems
Her only parallel."

The marvel is that this should have been actually embodied on the stage, and felt as deeply in the theatre as in the closet. Much of this effect is to be attributed to the forbearance of the author—his having done just enough, and never having overstepped the dramatic into the descriptive; but much is also to be ascribed to the actress—hardly actress!—who performs it. Her natural grace, modest beauty, and exquisite delicacy of feeling, make this performance one of the sweetest and most perfect within our memory.

The scene in the forum where *Icilius* rescues *Virginia*—that in the camp where *Virginius* is informed of the infamous plot against his daughter's innocence—and that in which he returns to his house, are admirably wrought, and prove the power of the author to delineate the affections in their intensest action, as well as in their repose. In the last is that singularly deep touch of nature, when the father, gazing on his sweet devoted child, exclaims, "I never saw you look so like your mother in all my life." The great scene of the sentence and the sacrifice is as replete with minute tendernesses, as it is noble in its outline. The following speech of *Virginius* seems a perfect example of the kind and the degree of imagery which tragedy allows. The intensity of the passion gives birth to the beauty, and all the beauty takes the colouring of the passion.

"My witnesses are these
The relatives and friends of *Numitoria*,
Who saw her, ere *Virginia*'s birth, sustain
The burthen which a mother bears, nor feels
The weight with longing for the sight of it.
Here are the eyes that listened to her rights

In nature's hour of labour, which subsides
 In the embrace of joy—the hands, that when
 The day first look'd upon the infant's face,
 And never look'd so pleas'd, help'd them up to it,
 And bless'd her for a blessing.—Here the eyes
 That saw her lying at the generous
 And sympathetic fount, that at her cry
 Sent forth a stream of liquid living pearl
 To cherish her enamel'd veins. The lie
 Is most unfruitful then, that takes the flower—
 The very flower our bed connubial grew—
 To prove its barrenness."

The little familiar touches in the piece, as the question of Virginius to the lover, "Do you wait for me to lead Virginia in, or will you do it?" and his address when bidding his daughter farewell, "Why how you hold me! Icilius, take her from me," realize the scene, and make our sympathy the sweeter. Their effect would be more dubious if the subject were modern; but, as it is in itself antique and classical, it is well that it

should thus be brought home to hearts, while it fills our imaginations as richly as ever. To sum up the whole, in the beautiful language of the prologue, which is the production of one of the cleverest of our prose writers, and one also of the most promising of our young poets—it is a piece

"Of silent grandeur—simply said,
 As though it were awaken'd from the dead:
 It is a tale made beautiful by years
 Of pure old Roman sorrow, old in tears!
 And those we shed o'er it in childhood may
 Still fall—and fall—for sweet Virginia!"

The piece is, with great propriety, dedicated to Mr. Macready, to whom the author, and yet more the public, are richly indebted for his successful efforts to bring it on the stage, and for his noble and almost perfect representation of its principal character.

FINE ARTS.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF CHRIST'S TRIUMPHANT ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

THIS long-expected performance has been for some time past submitted to public notice, together with Mr. Haydon's preceding works of "Dentatus," "Macbeth," "The Judgment of Solomon," &c. which are already well known. Our observations will therefore be confined to the new picture, as the chief attraction of the present exhibition. In this painting Christ is represented at that period of his mission in which he stood most distinguished by earthly admiration and homage; namely, his glorious entry into the city of Jerusalem, followed by multitudes of zealous worshippers, whose enthusiastic acclamations proclaimed the diffusion of his doctrines, and the triumph of the miraculous evidence by which they were substantiated. Unlike the triumphs of conquering monarchs and chiefs, this event was distinguished by none of the pride, pomp, and circumstance of artificial glory. No gaudy pageant attracted the gaze—the grandeur of the spectacle was the magnificence of nature, a countless multitude impelled by unanimous and fervent feelings to one common object of the most sacred import. The being whom they honoured rode meekly amidst the throng, sitting on an ass's colt. The waving branches of the palm-tree afforded the only ensigns that decorated the procession; the love, the awe, and joy of God's creatures, were the only formulæ of the spontaneous homage

with which they rushed to fall in humble and holy rapture at his sacred feet. Where is the subject more calculated to inspire a painter with that enthusiasm to which the learning of his art is subservient, and without which he may perhaps amuse, but can never delight?

The verses from which the subject of this picture is more immediately taken, are from St. Luke, chap. xix. and from St. John, chap. xii. v. 15. "Fear not, daughter of Zion, behold, thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt." (St. Luke, chap. xix. v. 36.) "And as he went, they spread their clothes in the way." (37.) "And when he was come nigh, even now at the descent of the Mount of Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice, for all the mighty works that they had seen." (38.) "Saying, blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord, peace in Heaven, and glory in the highest." (39.) "And some of the Pharisees from among the multitude, said unto him, Master, rebuke thy disciples." (40.) "And he answered and said unto them, I tell you, that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."

The spectator is supposed to look forward from the city, towards which the procession is approaching; an immense concourse is seen advancing, the rear of which is yet descending a distant hill.

Jesus rides in the midst of the crowd, which opens a passage for him with every demonstration of love and worship; while individuals eagerly seize the opportunity of preferring their particular supplications, or offering their pious acknowledgments of his mercies. On one side, an unhappy mother brings forward to the sacred presence her penitent daughter, to implore the pardon which Almighty mercy has promised to the broken and contrite heart. The tender anxiety, faith, and hope of the mother, in whose fine but pallid features may almost be read the story of her maternal sorrows—the deep repentance of the beautiful delinquent, who conceals her face with one hand, while the other is extended by her parent in supplication to Jesus—the overwhelming sense of unworthiness which seems to render the one incapable of pleading for herself, and the maternal love and confident piety which nerve the other, excite a holy, sad, yet pleasing interest. In this affecting group is also seen the virtuous married sister of the penitent, in whose sweet and placid countenance the melancholy consciousness of a beloved sister's degradation seems giving place to the joyful assurance of her eternal happiness, of which her deep contrition affords the strongest hopes. This married sister is a personification of female virtue, unostentatious—even unconscious of merit, but full of that compassionate sympathy which Christianity inculcates towards the vicious—the truly pitiable. A fine, ruddy boy, whom she carefully holds to her side amidst the throng, by his innocence and beauty, and the amiable infantine carelessness of his manner, suggests a thought of the domestic happiness that even on earth rewards her goodness, and thus impressively contrasts the sober, tranquil, yet vivid enjoyments of the good, with the violent but fleeting joys of the dissipated and vicious. But as these sisters are of totally opposite complexions, it may be questionable whether the connection and consequent merit of the conception could be discovered without the aid of description.

On the opposite side of Christ the daughter of Jairus, miraculously restored to life by our Saviour, is presented to his notice by her grateful father. His features are noble, and fraught with pious and thankful expression; his action, kneeling and extending his arms on each side of his daughter towards Christ, is elegant and impassioned. The

feelings of the daughter seem equally intense; but less accustomed to express them, and, restrained by religious awe, she looks up, not to the face of her God, but with that lowly homage that would scarcely dare to touch the hem of his garment; while her hands crossed on her bosom, and the eloquent language of her eyes, express not only fervent devotion, but the overflowing of love and gratitude suitable to the merciful interposition which in her favour had reversed the laws of nature.

In the foreground, the good centurion kneels on the left, laying his civic crown and sword at the feet of Christ; and on the other, the Canaanitish woman, in a fine attitude, spreads her garment in the road, and looks up with lively gratitude to her heavenly deliverer. Next her, a figure falling prostrate before Jesus, is represented with admirable truth and vivacity; but there is nothing to enable us to distinguish it as intended for *Lazarus*.

Behind the Canaanitish woman, the artist, availing himself of a pictorial licence, has introduced the figures of Newton, Wordsworth, and Voltaire. The former looks steadfastly at Jesus, with deep veneration, but apparently without enthusiasm; as one whose belief was the result of examination and conviction. Wordsworth's head, inclined to the earth, expresses a more implicit faith and humble adoration; and the habitual sneer of Voltaire appears contemptible, when contrasted with the solemn feelings of wiser and better men. The good taste of this anachronism has been doubted, but not by us.

We come now to the painter's great and anxious effort to represent the Christ himself. This has been noticed by some as a most sublime performance; by others as a total failure. The reason of this great diversity of opinion is, the difficulty of our conceiving the expression of the human countenance, when animated by Divinity itself. All our ideas of expression are borrowed from the human face animated by the human soul, and affected by human feelings, passions, and weaknesses. But the necessity of removing every trace of human frailty from a face designed to represent Divinity, exposes the artist to the imminent danger of producing a countenance merely unmeaning. It is easy to talk of uniting the serene with the awful, the benignant with the terrible, the mild with the majestic; but to depict this union is by no means

so easy a task. It may, perhaps, be doubted, whether the characteristic expression of the Divine countenance, or its transient expression under any particular circumstances, are subjects properly within the scope of imitative art. How is the painter to feel, or conceive, the workings of the eternal mind—how pourtray the effect of sensations incomprehensible to mortals? We remember but one instance in which art has succeeded in embodying the idea of Divine intelligence and goodness; and that is done, as far as the limits of human capacity would allow, by Leonardo da Vinci, in his exquisite picture of Christ disputing with the doctors in the temple. That learned and judicious artist justly conceived, that perfect wisdom was an eternal—an inherent quality of its Divine possessor; not, like the knowledge of man, acquired by tedious and painful investigation and deduction. He judged that instruction would be dispensed from Omniscience like light from the sun, without effort or difficulty. He also conceived that the earnestness of debate, and the pride of a victorious disputant, could have no place in the representation of God—condescending to reason with his creatures. To these just and philosophical conceptions, his pencil has in a great degree given effect; to have succeeded perfectly, we may safely pronounce beyond the reach of art. Our Saviour is represented by him with a youthful, serene, and affable countenance; and appears to be reasoning calmly, unostentatiously, and irresistibly. Anxiety, surprise, and mortification, are conspicuous in the faces of his earthly-wise adversaries. The mind of the spectator, combining the idea of the force and perspicuity of the arguments which thus baffle human wisdom and learning, with the beautiful, serene, and unassuming countenance of Jesus, instantly ascribes to him those qualities which may be supposed to distinguish the Divine nature under such circumstances. How perfect that wisdom which thus convinces without effort or ostentation, which triumphs not in its victory! The ineffable sweetness and benignity of the Saviour's countenance, adds the charm of loveliness to the awe and admiration with which we are inspired by these reflections, and thus completes an idea, perfect in kind, though not in degree, of the Divine character. This idea the unskilful spectator attributes wholly to the artist's representation of Christ himself; not aware how much of it he

has himself been led to supply by the association of his own thoughts.

It appears to us, that in the present instance the painter has been baffled by the endeavour to do more than the nature of the case would permit. We are led to suppose from the commencement of his description, that the point of time selected is that in which the Pharisees having urged Jesus to repress the enthusiasm of the multitude, he replied, "If these were to hold their peace, the very stones would cry out." In this sentence the artist justly observes, that our Saviour seems to have participated in the enthusiasm of his disciples; and he has given him a colloquial attitude, suitable to such an answer. But in a subsequent part of the description, we are told, that "the moment in which Christ is represented, is one of conscious, prophetic power; not when he is weeping, or melancholy, not when the man of sorrows, but when excited by the furious enthusiasm of the people to anticipate his death, and calmly, but energetically, collecting his feelings to bear it. There is something sublime in the idea, that in the midst of the highest earthly triumph, surrounded by a devoted and shouting populace, he alone would see 'into the seeds of time,' and muse on his approaching sacrifice! It is the moment that follows his triumphant approach, and precedes his pathetic lamentation over the city, that it is wished to develop by his air and appearance."

This is certainly a most interesting point of view, but it is not clear that it is expressible by painting; nor is it compatible with the point of time selected in the commencement, or with the colloquial attitude of the figure. When Jesus made an emphatic answer to the Pharisees, his countenance was undoubtedly directed to them, and animated by the expression corresponding with the words. When musing on his approaching sacrifice (if we may presume to enter so far into his supposed feelings), we will not venture to say his looks were not those depicted by Mr. Haydon, but his attitude could not have been such as we see in the painting. We think Mr. Haydon has attempted to combine the *predominant feeling* in the mind of Jesus with a momentary and accidental effusion; which is not natural, for a particular and sudden circumstance effaces for the moment the expression of the predominant feeling. In historical painting, those subjects are

preferable in which a clear and unequivocal meaning is evinced, and reaches the mind at once through the sight, without any investigation or effort of reasoning; but in the present instance, the effect is neither obvious nor capable of satisfactory explanation.

From these considerations, we are compelled to admit that the figure of Christ in this picture has disappointed our hopes. He is declaiming, yet addressing himself to no one; and meditating on one subject, while speaking on another. The interesting groups by which he is surrounded, are not united with him by any reciprocity of intelligence. Neither the penitent daughter, nor Lazarus, nor Jairus, nor any of the accompanying figures, attract his notice, or seem likely to do so; he rides forward intent on his own meditations, and there appears little reason to hope that the Canaanitish woman, or the good centurion, will be more successful than the other candidates for his attention, whom he is passing by unregarded. From the excellence of many parts of the picture, we sincerely regret the failure in the principal figure, which is yet such a failure as could only have happened to a man of great genius.

We find that Mr. Haydon intends to devote his pencil to the representation of other passages of our Saviour's life, which will afford opportunities to paint all the various feelings, in which his Divine nature displayed itself. "He will endeavour to shew in future pictures, his moments of love, and of agony, as well as those of elevated and prophetic deity." We believe this resolution to be full of danger, as leading to attempts not properly within the province of painting.

Human expression, elicited by human actions and sufferings, is the proper subject of historical painting. Our Saviour's actions were unlike those of men, and originated in motives beyond our comprehension; and in endeavouring to grasp them, we shall only struggle

"With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls."

In the Cartoons our Saviour appears but twice, and in both instances Raffaele has failed to produce any adequate impression. From our high estimation of Mr. Haydon's abilities, we hope he will confine his endeavours to practicable undertakings. It may be thought that the success of the ancients, in the

representation of their imaginary divinities, militates against our opinion; but it must be recollected that they succeeded by means from which we are excluded. They elevated the human figure to an ideal beauty, and produced a naked perfection which seemed superhuman, and was sanctified by public opinion. But we are compelled by history and public opinion to the use of drapery, and to the renunciation of beauty as meretricious and earthly. The art which the religion of the ancients required was poetical; that which is appropriate to our belief is historical.

Most of the heads in the present painting are fine, particularly the mother, two daughters, and infant boy on the left, and Jairus and St. John on the right. Those of Saint Peter, and one next to him, are ably executed, but the model has not been well chosen, and the features have a national peculiarity foreign to the subject of the piece. There is no display of the naked, except the neck and bosom of the daughter of Jairus (the exposure of which seems excessively improbable), and the arms of the good Centurion and Canaanitish woman. We think these limbs rather heavily drawn, which defect is also observable in the foot of the penitent daughter. In the drapery, (except what relates to colour) there is nothing to censure or to praise; but the figures are too much and too universally clothed. A judicious and moderate use of the beauty of the human figure gives animation, variety, and elegance.

The colouring has on the first glance a most rich, deep, and harmonious effect; but in detail we find the parts occasionally ill combined. The colour of the vest of Jesus approaches too nearly that of his hair and beard, and the pale garments of the Canaanitish woman, are scarcely distinguishable from her wan complexion: the glaring scarlet cloak of Lazarus comes too forward. But these are trifling defects, and of a subordinate nature in a work of this description. We think the very powerful light thrown on the picture, and heightened by the contrast effected by darkening the other parts of the room, injurious to the effect. The colouring is of a description which time will certainly improve, by softening and mitigating the harshness of some of the violent contrasts it presents.

If established rules have (as it is asserted) been violated in the composition of this picture, it is a proof that

those rules are inadequate to the support of the principles of good taste, and have been arbitrarily laid down on a confined and imperfect hypothesis.

Notwithstanding our opinion of the principal figure, we consider Mr. Haydon's performance highly honourable

to himself and his country, and anticipate from his future labours (if wholly devoted to his elevated art, as we hope they will be) works which may equal the productions of the most auspicious times.

MARCIAN COLONNA.*

WE have watched, with very pleasing interest, the gentle and roseate dawn of Mr. Cornwall's genius. His "Dramatic Scenes," and his "Sicilian Story," have combined more of fancy with more of conversational ease—have blended more of freshness with more of luxury—have exhibited more of moral nobleness with more of abandonment to the impulses of joy—than any other poems of our age. In these charming pieces, exquisite beauties are produced without seeming effort; the characters with whom we mingle are native to the element of poetry, and breathe forth human passion in the language of delicate spirits, without appearing to know it. The imaginations drop from their lips like the rain from overcharged blossoms. In the lovely region to which these works have introduced us, the stream of passion is ever fresh and profound, though it is "fringed with roses." Soft as is their whole tenor, there is in them nothing effeminate; their sadnesses are mellowed by fancy, but not refined away, and their "nectared sweets" do not satiate. If airs breathe to us as from the "sweet south," we are always "clipped round" only by the free heavens, not by the gay creations of an artificial elegance. The music of humanity comes to our enchanted ears from the scenes of ill-fated love, or the grave of young hope, mild indeed and harmonious, yet still in its own sad and natural tones. That works like these should become speedily popular, afforded a timely proof that the taste for pure beauty was not lost in the worship of mere energy. Still we wished to see Mr. Cornwall attempting a bolder range—not, indeed, leaving his fairy bowers for the desolate regions of imagination, where all is dark, barren, and gigantic, but penetrating into yet holier and more varied scenes of loveliness than those which he had trodden. That in these inner retirements of the Muses he will be as free a ranger, as in the dainty vales where he has been accus-

tomed to linger "with soft, reluctant, amorous delay," is amply testified by the volume before us.

But though we rejoice to find in Marcian Colonna indications of an intenser spirit, and glimpses of a further nobleness, than in Mr. Cornwall's preceding works, we do not consider his story as very felicitously chosen. The main spring of its distresses is not the motive of a moral agency, but the workings of hereditary madness—a calamity which should, we think, be shaded from the thoughts as one of our being's most awful mysteries. The hero, a younger son of a noble family of Rome, is sent in childhood, by his heartless parents, to the convent of Laverna, where the disease of his mind is sometimes developed by the wretched superstitions around him, and sometimes soothed by the majestic scenery of the mountains. His elder brother dies—he returns to his home—and marries the lady who had shone before his boyish eyes in all "the glory and the freshness of a dream," but who had been given to another, and now regarded herself free by the reported death of her husband. But that husband lives to claim her, to awaken the fury in her lover's veins, and finally to drive him to murder her by poison. The author, in all this, has shewn his capability of treating a fearful subject tenderly—has imparted to the aberrations of madness something of the grandeur of destiny—and has irresistibly inculcated the practical lesson that a disease, whose strangest excesses have no moral obliquity in them, is capable of being softened and rendered gentler by the soothings of affection and the placid varieties of nature. Still—though we would on no consideration have lost the tenderesses and the majesties of the work—we do not think the subject fit for poetry. When madness, like that of Clementina, arises from some great moral cause—or sets loose a stupendous intellect, as in Lear—or makes sweet discord in a lovely

* Marcian Colonna, an Italian Tale, with three Dramatic Scenes and other Poems, by Barry Cornwall. 1 vol. 8vo.

mind, as in the instance of Ophelia—it may have a place in high fiction. But a simple malady derived at the birth—though the most intellectual of diseases—should, we think, be treated only by those who study it with a view to its cure. Indeed, to our feeling, not only absolute insanity, but all morbid emotions are unfit for the noblest uses of the bard. Fresh, healthful humanity, healthful even when erring, is the only fit theme for a poet of so pure a heart, and so sweet a fancy, as the author before us.

The excellencies however of this poem, as we have already intimated, are of a very rare and exalted order. The description of the scenery around Laverna is striking as one of Salvator's wildest pictures. All the loves of Marcian and Julia—when the visitings of disease do not break in on them—are at least as beautiful as any thing of the kind in the author's former poems. The little words and figures seem like the overflowing drops of hearts too full of passion and of joy. But perhaps the finest of all—certainly the vastest piece of contemplative imagination ever embodied by the author, is the following address to the ocean, which we prefer to the celebrated apostrophe with which "Childe Harold" closes.

O thou vast ocean! ever-sounding sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurl'd
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is like a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavily laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
The earth hath nought of this; nor chance nor
change

Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-waken air;
But o'er its wastes, the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound his bosom as they go.
Ever the same it hath no ebb, no flow;
But in their stated round the seasons come
And pass like visions to their viewless home,
And come again and vanish: the young Spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,
And Winter always winds his sullen horn,
And the wild Autumn with a look forlorn
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken when the Summer flies.
— Thou only, terrible ocean, hast a power
A will, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,
When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,
A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds
Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be driven
Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind,
How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,
And stretch thine arms, and war at once with
Heaven!

"Thou trackless and immeasurable main!
On thee no record ever lived again
To meet the hand that writ it; line nor lead
Hath ever fathom'd thy profoundest deeps,
Where haply the huge monster swells and sleeps,
King of his watery limit, who 'tis said
Can move the mighty ocean into storm.—
Oh! wonderful thou art, great element:
And fearful in thy spleen's humours bent,
And lovely in repose: thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
Eternity, Eternity, and Power."

There is a great deal of exceeding beauty in the minor pieces of this volume, but we can only enumerate a few which have particularly pleased us. "Amelia Wentworth," a dramatic scene, has a deep pathos and an affectionate familiarity, which are most soothing and resistless. The "Rape of Proserpine" is a piece of pure Greek beauty, and has the merit of redeeming Pluto from the grimness usually attributed to his frame. The scenes which represent the last moments of the apostate Julian are entirely in a different style from any which Mr. Cornwall has hitherto attempted—they are calm, philosophic, and speculative—though their dissertations on life and immortality are very beautifully chequered and relieved by touches of the genuine pathetic. One argument for the renewal of our existence is put with a beauty which convinces, and which no speculator, unless a poet, could devise—

"I cannot think that the great mind of man
With its accumulated wisdoms too
Must perish; why, the words he utters live
And is the spirit which gives birth to things
Below its own creations?"

This sentiment is manifestly the expression of a mind which feels and knows its truth, and is to itself, as well as to the world, a high evidence of its hopes. Well may one, who can feel and imagine like him, recognize the imperishableness of his being. Well may he feel in his own conceptions, the proofs of a glory to be revealed hereafter; and in his sensibilities, some trains of emotion, which must "have in heaven their perfect rest." Our author has a right to these assurances of his "natural piety," for the "vision and the faculty divine" are his—the clear purity of thought which this world cannot destroy. The words he has uttered *will live*. May he long continue advance in his noble career, and pursue it rejoicing!

ITALIAN WATER-PLANTS.

MR. EDITOR,

AS some of your readers may possibly have it in view to visit Italy in the course of this summer, or, what is better, in the succeeding autumn, allow me to point out a service, which any of them having a taste for botany, might render to the horticulturists of this country.

In passing from Ferrara to Venice you embark on the Po at Ponte del Lago Oscuro; you then sail down this river, and at a certain point, the name of which has escaped me, you enter the first of a chain of canals which lead to the lagunes, or shoals of Venice. In these canals are many very curious and beautiful water-plants in the greatest luxuriance. Besides a yellow-flowered floating *Villarsia*, the specific name of which I have not been able to ascertain, there is the *Salvinia natans*, *Trapa natans*, and *Valisneria spiralis*; none of which have been yet introduced here, with the exception of the *Trapa natans*, which existed a few months in the pond of the Hammersmith nursery some years ago.

The shortest way of acquiring such a knowledge of these plants as will enable any person of observation to recognize them floating on the water, will be to get a sight of the figures or dried specimens in the Banksian or Linnean Libraries.

The two first species are instances of complete plants floating in pure water, without touching soil with any part of their roots. The *Salvinia* resembles at a distance a tuft of mountain-ash leaves which had dropt into the water, and its curious yellow flowers proceed from its roots.

The *Valisneria* affords a singular proof of the sexuality of vegetables. "This plant," Keith observes (*Physiology of Vegetables*, ii. 320.), "is of the class *Diœcia*, producing its fertile flowers on the extremity of a long and slender stalk, twisted spirally like a cork-screw, which uncoiling of its own accord about the time of the opening of the blossom, elevates the flowers to the surface of the water, and leaves them to expand in the open air. The barren flowers are produced in great numbers upon short upright stalks issuing from different roots, from which they detach themselves about the time of the expansion of the female blossom, mounting up like little air-bubbles, and suddenly expanding when they reach the surface,

where they float about in great numbers among the female blossoms, and often cling to them in clusters so as to cover them entirely; thus bringing the stamens and pistils into immediate contact, and giving the anthers an opportunity of discharging their pollen immediately over the stigma. When this operation has been performed, the now uncoiled stalk of the female plant begins again to resume its original and spiral form, and gradually sinks down, as it gradually rose, to ripen its fruit at the bottom of the water."

I have picked up some of these female flower-stalks which, having been broken by the oars, or some other accidental circumstance, were floating on the surface of the canals above-mentioned, which, when uncoiled and stretched out, measured ten feet in length, which shewed that the canal must be of that depth at least.

The *Valisneria* has been introduced more than once into the *Jardins des Plantes* at Paris and Ghent; but never ripened its seed in either, and being an annual, was of course lost. The only botanic garden on the Continent in which I found it, was in that at Avignon, the director of which, Mr. Esprit Reynien, is a botanist of great zeal and activity, and is at present engaged on a *Flora* of his environs, including the celebrated *Vauchuse*, which is, if possible, still more rich in plants than in ideas relative to poetry and "that vulgar passion which we have in common with the beasts that perish."

Though the *Valisneria* grows most luxuriantly in Italy, it is found in various places in the south of France; as near Avignon in the mains of the variegated meadows; in the marshes at Carcasson, and near Nismes, and in the canal of Languedoc, where, report says, it once suddenly grew up from the bottom of the water in such abundance as to prove an impediment to navigation. This was at the time the plant was in flower, when it had shot up its female flower stems to the surface. A consultation among the directors was deemed necessary, to know what was to be done; meanwhile, as this occupied some time, the spiral stalks found time to coil themselves up and retire to the bottom of the canal, so that, by the time the remedy was agreed on, the disease had disappeared. This story I heard at Lyons from a gentleman who found the plant *once* in that neighbour-

hood—what credit is attached to it, I dare not say. It is not unlikely to have happened under such a government as was that of France before the revolution.

Mr. Audibert, a zealous botanist and nurseryman at Tenelle, department des Bouches du Rhone, Mr. Sarrette jun. botaniste et fleuriste at Marseilles, both know the plant and would furnish it to any person passing their way in the spring or autumn. The late severe frosts prevented me from receiving it from the former gentleman along with a number of other things which I received this spring. The safest way, and that which I ordered to be adopted, was, to sow the seeds in a pot in autumn, and send them off by coach in February or March—this was done, but the severe winter killed the plants.

As to the *Salvinia natans*, I pursued the following plan. I procured in Venice a glass jar or gally-pot, about six inches square, with a round mouth about four inches diameter. Having spread out the plant between two square pieces of gauze, I sewed their edges to a piece of brass wire, bent so as to fit pretty exactly the inside of the square part of the jar. A little bending and care was requisite to enter the plant by the more narrow and round mouth, but this done it was easy to rebend the wire into the square form, and so leave the plant floating on the water in the jar—the plant thus incased in gauze. The jar being three parts filled with water, over this was placed moss, to prevent the motion of the gauze while the plant was *en route*. In this way the plant travelled all day, the jar being placed in a wicker case, and set on the roof of the common vehicles of the Vetturini. Every evening, when we rested for the night, the moss was removed, and the water renewed. Having stopped a few days at Milan, Geneva, Basle, and Strasburg, the plant was freed from its envelope at each of these places, placed naked on the water, and the jar set outside the window. In this way I succeeded in bringing the *Salvinia* to Paris; but there, alas! I was destined to suffer the mortification of losing it; for, having placed it, as usual, outside the window in a fine evening about the end of September last, on my getting up next morning it was gone. What I felt can only be conceived by those whose delights,

like mine, are in the vegetable world, and who have, while personally suffering from a very painful malady, taken the trouble I took for such a length of time. The plant being reduced by friction and decay, from six inches square to about two inches, had undoubtedly been carried off by a bird, as no human being could approach it outside the window, nor could any one have known its value. I could only, therefore, blame myself for not putting a gauze covering to the mouth of the jar.

I believe I might have brought it home with equal safety, and much more ease, by planting it on the surface of a jar of wet moss, and laying gauze over that, wetting the moss once or twice a day; and this method I should suggest to any traveller who may attempt the same enterprise; premising, that he must get the moss either on the mountains between Florence and Bologna, or (if he can) at some of the botanic gardens. Moistened flax or cotton might, perhaps, answer as a substitute.

I hope this account (which to some will be dull enough) of my failure both with *Valisneria* and *Salvinia*, may induce some traveller of taste and leisure to bring over those rare and curious strangers, and more especially *Salvinia*.
S. H. T.

Baywater, May 4, 1820.

P.S. The following memoranda may be useful to the juvenile horticultural or botanical traveller.—An immense variety of seeds and plants may be collected round Avignon, and especially at Vaucluse. Above forty varieties of orange and lemon may be purchased, at ten-pence each, at Nervi, near Genoa. Melon-seeds and paper-narcissuses from Naples. Above fifty distinct varieties of Bengal rose are to be seen in the Royal Gardens at Monza—a good collection of succulents—and abundance of pines. A good many Alpines may be collected, with no trouble, by stopping two days at the post-house on the Simplon. Collection of Swiss plants from Geneva or Basle—general collections and cheap, from Ghent. All the botanic gardens on the Continent, with a very few exceptions, sell and exchange seeds, as is done by our Liverpool garden; but, excepting the Paris garden, they have nothing worth asking for.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

THE long-expected tragedy of *Virginius*, at this Theatre, was a complete failure. It had neither nature nor art—poetry nor passion—the variety of the romantic drama, nor the stateliness of the antique. It was a frigid imitation of the tragic poets of France, written in a cold declamatory style, without much of swelling pomp of numbers or sentimental elegance to fill up the mighty chasm which the absence of truth and nature occasions. There were however some vigorous lines, and a general smoothness of diction which proved that the author might have done better, if he had not been seduced by a false notion of tragic dignity. In vain did he raise *Virginius* to the rank, or at least the costume of a general, give Appius a regal palace, and exalt the young Roman school-girl into a boisterous heroine. To supply the place of marvellous incident, of which the story is so barren, he made the modest unconscious virgin wander out in the evening on the banks of the Tyber to meet her lover, brought Appius thither in his stead to enjoy a keen encounter of words with the formidable lady, and *Virginius* himself to fancy his daughter impure, find her only imprudent, and protect her from the decemvir. He could not be content to take the catastrophe from the historian, but, as he first deprived the youth of *Virginia* of its gentleness, he took its sacrificial glory from her fate. He represented her father as striking the dagger to her heart, more from pride than patriotism; and instead of giving its true dignity to her death by exhibiting it as awaking the spirit of freedom from its slumber, and restoring liberty to Rome, he made us feel it as a mere tragical mistake, arising from a chimerical sense of danger; a rash act which a moment's delay would have prevented! Mr. Kean, as *Virginius*, did not improve the author's conception. The measured verse rolled heavily from his lips in a drowsy tone; and his touches of beauty, though not absolutely wanting, were exceedingly rare. The piece, astonishing as it may seem, was treated by not a few of the regular critics as on a level with the exquisite production of Mr. Knowles! The town, however, suffered it to languish and expire; and we trust that its

fate will teach the author, who undoubtedly possesses some talent, to be contented, for the present at least, with nature and with history.

The revival of *Giovanni in London* met with, and deserved, a very different success. This pleasant extravaganza, which was originally produced at the Olympic by Mr. Elliston, is well worthy of the more extended sphere over which he now presides. The *Don Juan* of the Opera, with his infinite gaiety and spirit, would, to our feelings at least, be too gross and selfish for endurance, were not his story little else than the means of combining a series of the divinest harmonies. Here his exploits are merely exuberances of the animal spirits, his wickedness is changed into frolic, and all his worst libertinism becomes an airy jest. The idea of opening the piece in Tartarus, of representing *Giovanni* as flirting with the Furies and making love to *Proserpine*, of sending him back into the world because he is not fit for the infernal regions, and of suffering him to steal the old thief *Mercury's* wings and *Charon's* boat to take back himself and three ladies to the earth, is very daring and happy. The lower parts of Greek story were never burlesqued so pleasantly, or their gloom laughed away in a spirit of humanity so genial. There are few things better on the stage than the song of the three happy widowers, whose wives *Giovanni* so maliciously brings back to their unexpected arms, or the demeanour of the ladies on resuming their old prerogatives. The piece is agreeably variegated by snatches of well-known tunes—old favourites quaintly applied and happily introduced—which often startle us into a train of agreeable associations on a sudden. *Madame Vestris*, as the hero, plays with much liveliness, and sings in the truest taste. But we do not think her equal to the original *Giovanni* of the Olympic, *Miss Burrell*, who went through the character, from *Pandemonium* to the altar, in a free spirit of frolic and of joy we have never hailed on the boards since *Mrs. Jordan* left them. Her acting was a real, genuine, hearty thing—a high sporting with mischief without harm—the triumph of a jocund spirit, and a single heart, thinking and fearing no evil. How triumphantly did she defy the terrors of the burning marle, or sing “*Giovanni*

among the Furies,"—or, "glory to have 'scaped the Stygian Pool!" She has a voice of great depth and richness, and an honest straight-forward nature, of which we heartily wish Mr. Elliston, who must be acquainted with her merit, would allow to gladden his theatre.

Mr. Kean's benefit—always, as it ought to be, an occasion of high interest in the theatrical world—this year, not only filled Drury Lane, but also the rival theatre. He performed Jaffier, which is, we should imagine, one of the most arduous parts for an actor in the whole range of tragedy. It is a long and weary part—with no very prominent passages—and no scope for that exertion of energetic will which Mr. Kean is so fitted to embody. In the earlier scenes he was ineffective, for he is a wretched declaimer; but he kindled with the passion, and where it broke into tenderness, melted all hearts by his tremulous tones and little quiverings of anguish. The finest thing in the performance was his way of telling Belvidera that his friend had struck him: his whole nature seemed to recoil at the indignity in extremest agony, and his action of bewildered shame was most true and affecting. Mr. Elliston was the Pierre; but, as he resembles that gay villain in one thing, that "he has done the state some service," we will say nothing of the points in which his dissimilarity was obvious. Belvidera was well performed by Mrs. M'Gibbon, who played the part neither so loudly nor so lusciously as is usual. But the great source of attraction was evidently the farce, in which Mr. Kean had promised his friends to display the accomplishments of the admirable Crichton, and in an introductory address, delivered by Mr. Russell, suffered himself to be nick-named "The admirable Kean." Alas! for human hopes! He discovered great sweetness of voice, and some skill in the art of fencing; but before he had reached the summit of his ambition as Harlequin, he sprained his ankle in a vain attempt to dance with Miss Vallancey, and was afterwards able to exhibit nothing but his powers of mimicry. We are so sorry for the result of his frolic, which has deprived the stage of his real merit ever since, that we shall only express our feeling, that the man who can play Othello as he does, will add little to his reputation, by shewing that he is the best dancer or mimic in the world.

A novelty on the English stage—a tra-

gical opera in blank verse—has been produced at this theatre with success. We do not wish to see the experiment often repeated; but this once we shall not complain. The story, which is founded on the murder of Rizzio in the presence of Mary Queen of Scots, seems to us happily selected; because it affords a fit opportunity for the introduction of the refinements of Italian music, and the sweet and plaintive simplicity of the Scotch. The author, in representing his hero as softening the heart of an assassin who is meditating his death, while he is unconsciously singing, has at once finely complimented the influences of the musician, and has made his song contribute to the action. The language of the piece is of the best order of common-place throughout, and sometimes touches on the fanciful; but we, for the most part, dislike blank verse, except when the representation is sufficiently dignified to become ideal, and the thoughts are such as "voluntarily move harmonious numbers." The music is almost entirely good, though in very different styles; for the airs by Braham are among his best; a song and chaunt by Attwood are worthy the pupil of Mozart; and the selection from the old Scotch tunes, which are to our hearts the choicest in the world, is singularly judicious. Mr. Braham, as Rizzio, sings as well, and Miss Carew, as Lady Mary, better than ever. The scenery is superior to that usually exhibited on this stage, but it yet wants "the freshness and the glory" of that which contributes so largely to the attractions of the rival theatre.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

We have said, on some former occasion, that Macready is the most romantic of actors. Since his performance of *Macbeth*, we may yield him this praise in a higher sense than before. If, in *Rob Roy*, he embodied a character of prose romance—one into whose manly heart the craggs and lone hills and rolling mists had sent their influences—here he has pictured to us the hero of the most romantic poetry—one on whose soul the shadows of things not seen by vulgar eyes are resting, one whom the spirits of the earth fascinate, and about whose path airy spells are hovering to enchain and to delude him. Macready, from the time of the appearance of the *Weird Sisters*, looked and moved bewilderedly, seemed visibly acted on rather than acting, and spoke as in a fearful dream. His mode of delivering the so-

liology was beautiful and new; instead of starting suddenly as at a ghost, he looked about amazedly, gradually recognized the phantom of the heat-oppressed brain, and awakened from the vision only to a shuddering sense of real and deeper horror. The scarcely mortal tones with which he gave the last lines—the trembling of his hand on the lock of the fatal chamber, and his stealthy gliding into it, left the audience in a hushed expectation. Still finer was his entrance after the deed: his delivery of the first speeches in a frightful whisper—his vivid picture of agony when the stupor ceased—and his mode of giving the speeches of “I could not say Amen, when they did say God bless us,” and the heart-bleeding description of “The innocent sleep.” No one can give a speech in which, amidst the passion, there is a parenthetical beauty—as in this last—like him; his noble voice breaks into the calmly imaginative, and gently gives the placid image, and then rushes on with the passion, as if its course had never been interrupted, with a delicate discrimination and an all-pervading harmony. His performance of the banquet-scene, which all his predecessors whom we have seen either slurred over or mangled, was almost perfect. Instead of bullying the ghost from the room, he trembled from it, sunk exhausted on a chair, and covered his face with his hands, exclaiming, “Hence, horrible shadow—unreal mockery, hence,” in the tone not of command, but of agony. In the last act he most powerfully exhibited the fearful struggle with destiny; in which he seemed to bear up so bravely, that we could scarcely believe he was to fall. Terry’s Macduff was alternately energetic and affecting. Mrs. Bunn and Mrs. Faucit have played Lady Macbeth in turns, both respectably—and more we do not expect, or even desire. We should almost regret a tolerably successful attempt to give some image of this character, lest it should disturb that one sublime remembrance which yet remains “in unapproachable divinity” in the stateliest chambers of the soul.

SURREY THEATRE.

The drama of *Old Mortality*, founded on the celebrated Scottish romance of that name, is far better than we ventured

to anticipate. The vast religious interest of the original is not, and could not be, transferred to the acted drama; but all the other parts of the story are brought out with a power, and wrought with a skill, which leaves a less chasm than could have been expected. The wrestling-match at the inn between Burley and Bothwell—the scene in the loft, where Burley’s remorse so tremendously shakes, yet does not burst the armour of fanaticism with which his soul is girded—the perils of Henry before Claverhouse, and his deliverance—his awful situation in the lone house where the Covenanters are waiting for his blood till the Sabbath shall expire—and the scene in the cave between Burley and Morton—though some of their strange solemnity is gone, have all the life and passion with which they are instinct in the novel. The catastrophe, indeed, is greatly improved from the original, where it is contrived with singular lack of skill. Mr. Huntley’s dress and appearance as Balfour—except that he is somewhat too tall—admirably realize our ideas of the outward man of the holy assassin. His acting is no less excellent, and, if propriety suffered him to pour forth the scriptural language of the novel, would be sublime. Mr. Watkins plays Morton in a fine, gallant style, worthy of the character. Fitzwilliam is very clever in Cuddie; but there is too much consciousness in his humour. Mrs. Dibdin performs Lady Margaret with dignity and ease—Miss Taylor, Edith with delicacy and pathos—and Miss Copeland, Jenny Dennison with as pretty rustic coquetry and genuine *naïveté* as heart could wish. The whole is very interesting, especially the scene in the cavern, where Morton bursts on Burley in his awful moment of self-conflict to recover the deeds of Lady Margaret’s estate, seizes them from the flames, and leaps the tremendous chasm in safety. This wild and fearful scene is set visibly before us. In the battle of Bothwell Brigg, with which the piece concludes, Burley, stricken over the battlements, but clinging to them with his feet, fights with his head downwards till he expires—an improvement in the art of “bravely dying” which we recommend to the serious attention of Mr. Kean.

VARIETIES.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Cambridge, May 26.—The Hebrew University Scholarship for the present year has, after a long investigation, been decided in favour of George Attwood, B. A. of Pembroke Hall; and to John Jowett Stevens, B. A. scholar of Jesus College, the sum of £20 was voted to be presented as a premium for the great knowledge of Hebrew displayed by him in the examination.—The Chancellor's gold medal for the best English poem, for the present year, is adjudged to Mr. G. E. Scott, of Trinity Hall—subject, "*Waterloo*."

Our scientific readers will hear with pleasure of the intended establishment of two new Observatories. One of these we have already mentioned; it is to be at the expense of Government, and is to be built at the Cape of Good Hope, with an astronomer, assistants, &c. The other is to be built at Cambridge, partly at the expense of the University, and partly by public subscription. The Plumian professor is to be the observer at this latter place; and this, it appears, is guaranteed by the foundation-deed. Both these observatories are to be furnished with the best instruments our artists can make, and the observations made at the latter place are to be printed annually, and circulated amongst the different Observatories on the Continent.

Foreign Commerce.—An old Asiatic Merchant's Reflections on the present difficulties of the country, and on relieving them by opening new markets to our commerce, has justly attracted the notice both of mercantile men and of statesmen. The author is a member of parliament, and we observe with pleasure that he has been added, by special vote, to the committee now investigating the petitions. He states that the Americans have almost a monopoly of the trade of Continental Europe to China; and this, combined with very great intermediate advantages, viz. the demand for our manufactures in the extensive eastern Archipelago, and the adjacent coasts of the China sea, might be secured to the enterprise of our merchants, by an arrangement with the India Company to permit private ships to trade with China in every thing but tea. He gives the heads of a plan for promoting this Eastern trade, which are so clear, and at the same time so practicable, that we trust the matter will be seriously taken up, and a negotiation entered into with the Court of Directors for opening this inexhaustible market for the manufactures and trade of the empire.

Substitute for Cinchona.—Dr. Joseph Pavon lately read to the Academy of Sciences of Madrid, an account of a new-discovered plant of South America, possessing qualities similar to those of Cinchona. It is a shrub of a new genus, and has been called by Dr.

P. ananula setrifuga, but it is known to the Indians by the name of *chininha*. It has been administered to several patients with intermittent fevers, in doses of from a scruple to half a dram of the powdered root every three hours, and is said to have removed cases which had resisted the cinchona.

Cheap Mode of preserving Anatomical Preparations.—It has been usual to employ, for this purpose, spirit of wine, somewhat above proof, and which costs about 18s. or 20s. per gallon. It has been ascertained by Mr. Cooke of London, that a saturated solution of muriate of soda (common salt) answers the purpose equally well; and this solution (about three pounds of salt to the gallon) does not cost above 10d. per gallon. Mr. Cooke has received from the Society of Arts, for this discovery, the society's silver medal.

Poetic Festival.—The congress of Bards, which was to have taken place at Wrexham in August, is, in consequence of the coronation, postponed to the second week in September.

Royal Academy.—The King has been graciously pleased to distinguish the Royal Academy by a new mark of his gracious favour, in giving the President for the time being, a gold medal and chain, to be worn by him as President of that Institution. The medal bears a portrait of His Majesty, and is inscribed—"From His Majesty King GEORGE the Fourth to the President of the Royal Academy."

Sherbet.—It is not generally known that this beverage, so often mentioned with praise in Arabic poetry, is neither more nor less than a decoction of oatmeal and sugar, seasoned when cold with rose water.

Extraordinary Production.—There grew last year in the garden of Mr. Johnson, at Sunbury, a stalk of wheat in the hollow of an apple-tree, five feet from the ground, which produced, without care, or scarce any notice, 861 straws, 33 ears, and 1092 grains of wheat, besides what was destroyed by birds and insects. The straw is still to be seen in the hollow, where it grew all affixed to one root, and the produce growing upon and covering near two roods of ground.

The Longitude.—A. M. Hoene Wromsky complains in the *Gazette de France* of the illiberality of the British nation in not granting him the reward of 20,000*l.* proposed by Parliament for the discovery of the longitude. This person declares, that "he has established a new lunar theory, which gives the solution required." Proud of his discovery, he hastened from Paris to London, where he immediately waited upon Sir Joseph Banks, who referred him to Dr. Young, by whom he says, "every thing is done at the Board of Longitude." In the mean time all his instruments, in spite of his remonstrances, were taken from the Custom-

house, and exposed to the Board of Longitude, who, after having minutely examined them, discovered his secret, and then, coolly returning them to him, informed him that his discovery was not new, and that the Board had entertained a *similar idea*. M. Wronsky complains, that not only was he refused the Parliamentary reward, but even his expenses to London were not paid, which, he says, was the more unjust, as the English unfairly obtained a knowledge of his lunar theory, and his theory of refractions. We should be glad that the Board of Longitude would reply to M. Wronsky's statements.

Variation of the Magnetic Needle.—From the mean of daily observations on the magnetic needle this year, it has been found to decrease about 2' in its Western course, compared with observations made last year; but whether this recession will be progressive is a question of considerable importance, and which must be decided by further observations; if so, the magnetic needle may be said to have arrived at its *maximum* variation Westward. The mean variation of the magnetic needle at the close of 1819, was $24^{\circ} 36\frac{1}{2}'$ W.

Precious Stones.—A diamond said to be worth 20,000*l.* and consequently one of the largest in the world, was among the spoils of the Peishwa, and is now in the East India Company's treasury, to be sold for the benefit of the captors. It was brought to England by the ship York. A block of amethyst, or rather a mass of amethysts, has been sent from Brazil to Calcutta. This extraordinary specimen is four feet in circumference, and weighs 98 pounds. It is in its rough state, and consists of more than 50 irregular columns, smooth, transparent, purple and white, shooting up like crystals from a common matrix.

British Antiquities.—A subterraneous cemetery of very remote antiquity, was lately discovered by a farmer on the Carmichael estate, near Hyndford Bridge, between Douglas and Lanark. Several stone coffins have been found.

Coffee.—Substitutes for this useful berry have grown so much into use on the Continent, that the importation of that article into Europe is reduced from seventy millions of pounds annually to below thirty millions.

Arakatscha.—Europe owes infinite gratitude to the memory of Sir Francis Drake, who first introduced from America the potatoe. It has been lately stated, that there grows in *Santa Fe de Bagota*, a root even more nourishing and as prolific as this plant. It is called Arakatscha, and resembles the Spanish chesnut in taste and firmness. It is indigenous to the Cordilleros, a climate as temperate as that of Europe, and might be cultivated here with the same facility as the potatoe.

Counteraction of Infidel Principles.—The Christian Knowledge Society has published

34 new tracts, calculated to counteract blasphemous and infidel publications; and, of these and other publications of the Society, upwards of 400,000 have been issued in the last three months. More than 5,000*l.* has been subscribed in aid of this particular object. — It has been ascertained that the manufacturing districts in the North of England, and the Western parts of Scotland, are deeply and awfully imbedded with irreligious principles.

Universities.—There are at present 1684 students on the books of Trinity College, Dublin—an unprecedented number. Oxford has 4102, and Cambridge 3958 members; also quite beyond former example.

Champagne.—This celebrated wine is indebted for its characteristic properties to the presence of carbonic acid. It produces rapid intoxication, in consequence of the alcohol, which is suspended in, or combined with, this gas, being thus applied in a sudden and very divided state to a larger extent of nervous surface: for the same reason its effects are as transitory as it is sudden.*

Philosophic Girl.—The Italian Journals mention that a young lady, only 13 years of age, named Maria Catherina Gherardi, a native of Serola, has maintained in public a series of philosophic theses, in the Latin language.

A Free Monarchy.—In the work of James I. entitled, "True Law of Free Monarchies," it is laid down, that a free monarchy is one in which the monarch is perfectly *free to do as he pleases!*

Administration of the Law.—The nation ought no longer to be insulted with that public scandal of hired bail. As the judges go to their chambers in Serjeant's Inn, they have to pass through a host of shabby ill-looking fellows, who wait to become bail for any body, and to any amount, for the consideration of half a crown. If the plaintiff, on receiving notice, objects to such bail, other persons are afterwards procured to justify, by swearing themselves worth double the debt. It is well known that many are hired for this latter purpose also, who commit perjury on very moderate terms. All this

* The following simple test invented by Dr. Haknemann, may be relied upon in all cases when an adulteration of lead is suspected.—Expose equal parts of sulphur and powdered oyster-shells to a white heat for fifteen minutes, and, when cold, add an equal quantity of cream of tartar: these are to be put into a strong bottle with common water, to boil for an hour; and the solution is afterwards to be decanted into ounce phials, adding twenty drops of muriatic acid to each. This liquor will precipitate the least possible quantity of lead in the most rapid manner; the muriatic acid being added to prevent a precipitation of iron, which is innocuous, and might accidentally be contained in the wine.

might be very easily altered. Previous notice should, in all cases, be given of the persons who are to become bail, and they should be made to justify at the same time.

Sea Water.—The practice of many who frequent sea-bathing places, of descending to the beach, and there swallowing, periodically, copious draughts of sea-water, is extremely detrimental to the health, from the excessive and permanent irritation of the stomach and bowels produced by this potion, in its state of mechanical mixture with selenite, floating particles of algæ and fuci, and its integral combination of muriate of soda.

New Coinage.—It is earnestly hoped that the coinage to be issued on the Coronation, will evince a more national and enlightened taste than we have lately been accustomed to. We hope to see no devices belonging to

particular orders of knighthood, no laurels, no allegorical personifications. Even mottoes should be avoided, for what sovereign cannot command the most flattering panegyrics of this kind?

RURAL ECONOMY.

To destroy Caterpillars.—A gardener at Glasgow practises a mode of destroying caterpillars, which he discovered by accident. A piece of woollen rag had been blown by the wind into a currant-bush, and when taken out was found covered by these leaf-devouring insects. He immediately placed pieces of woollen cloth in every bush in his garden, and found next day that the caterpillars had universally taken to them for shelter. In this way he destroys many thousands every morning.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

FRANCE.

French Dramas, extensive Collection of.—It may be interesting to our amateurs of national, and especially of theatrical, antiquities, to be informed that a bookseller of Paris, M. Royer, a collector of literary curiosities, unpublished MSS. and other *invaluables*, possesses a series of old French plays, from the time of the Mysteries to that of Rôcrou, in one hundred and sixty-two vols. quarto. It is well known what use has been made of similar collections by Mr. Douce and other commentators on Shakespeare, by the late Mr. Beloe, in his "Anecdotes of Literature;" and how far they contribute to illustrate the manners of a nation, and of the times to which they belong.

Classical Hermes suspended.—M. Pottier has been obliged, by particular circumstances, to suspend the publication of his *Classical Hermes*; but intends to embody in a separate work the materials he had prepared for its continuation.

ITALY.

Copernican System of Astronomy proscribed.—That the immortal, but unfortunate, Galileo was imprisoned for insisting on the motion of the earth round the sun, as its primary—if that were the true cause of his imprisonment—is well known: also, that since that time, by a rescript of Benedict XIV. the Copernican System has been allowed to be taught among Catholics hypothetically only, not positively. The pretence for this rejection of science and truth is a veneration for Scripture, or rather for a version, that in the Romish church holds the place of Scripture, wherein it is said, the sun stayed at the command of Joshua; and elsewhere, "the sun rises, and the sun sets, but the earth abideth ever;" or, as they render it, the earth standeth still, or reposeth, ever. Whether this prohibition will be persisted in is likely to be brought to the test before long. Sig. Scetle, Professor at the Archi-

Gymnasio della Sapienza, proposed, on the invitation of his superiors, to print his course of Astronomy, in which the circulation of the earth as a planet was taught *positively*, not hypothetically. The inspector of books previous to publication, has withheld his permission for printing this work; consequently has prevented its publication, under the authority of the decision and rescript above referred to. It is said, that the author has determined to obtain a definitive determination on this point from the Congregations of the Holy Office, and of the *Index Expurgatorius*.

SWITZERLAND.

Plantain Root, a Febrifuge.—Dr. Perrin has lately read to the Society of Natural Sciences, of which he is a member, observations he has made on the febrifugal virtues of the roots of the plantain (*plantago major, minor et latifolia*, Linn.) He is of opinion that it may be employed with advantage in intermittents. The question may easily be brought to the test of experiment, as the plant is common in all parts; and the leaves are known to every school-boy as a vulnerary.

DENMARK.

Powerful Rockets, Luminaries.—It may be within the recollection of our readers, that "wicked Will. Whiston," as Swift called him, proposed to ascertain the longitude by means of great fires kindled in places distant from each other. Something not very unlike his notion seems to be in the way for being realized by a late invention of M. Schumacher, captain of Artillery, at Copenhagen. He fabricates a new species of rocket, which is much larger than a Congreve rocket, and rises to a prodigious height; when arrived at the extreme point of elevation, it bursts, and spreads a light so lively that it may be seen at the distance of thirty leagues. The inventor discharged several of these rockets from the little island of Hielm

in the Cattegat. His brother was, meanwhile, at the Observatory at Copenhagen; and, although nearly thirty leagues off, and provided only with an ordinary telescope, he discerned them very distinctly, appearing as stars of the first magnitude. This experiment, with others, is taken as an excellent method of executing signals, and very useful for measuring the largest arcs of a circle.

On this subject we may be allowed to suggest a caution: on occasion of the peace of 1763, among other tokens of rejoicing, it was proposed to discharge *six thousand* of the most powerful rockets at the same instant; and observers were desired in all parts to watch the moment of the explosion, and to transmit their observations. This was done by correspondents, some of them as far off as Wales, who described the bearings, effect, &c. of these powerful luminaries,—which, after all, were *not discharged*.

GERMANY.

Comets, pellucid Bodies? — M. Encke, Assistant Director of the Observatory at Gotha, has lately accomplished an exact representation of the track of the comet which appeared in the years 1786, 1793, 1805, and 1819. It is by means of an ellipsis of an uncommon form, if not absolutely unique, that the orbit of this body, (rather to be reckoned among *planets* than *comets*) has been traced. That this body was not self-luminous, is now pretty well ascertained; that the tail, or radiance emanating from this comet, and from all comets, was a lucid vapour, through which rays of light passed without interception, admits of no question; and if confidence may be placed in an accidental observation of the face of the sun, at the time when, by calculation, this comet should have been passing over it, the body also of this meteor was diaphanous;—otherwise it was so very small as to escape the notice of the observer, who was, indeed, most intent on examining the spots then visible on the surface of the sun.

PRUSSIA.

Antiquities to be preserved.—The Chancellor of State has given orders for collecting together into the Museum at Bonn, the Roman and German antiquities, which are now dispersed in various parts of the provinces of Westphalia along the Rhine. Every proprietor of land may undertake whatever diggings or examinations he pleases on his own estate; but he will not be allowed to displace those antiquities which by the station they occupy are historical monuments. This attention is due to the object, and to the intention of past ages. It, therefore, gives us pleasure to announce that a society of men of learning has been formed in Silesia, for the purpose of explaining and publishing the antiquities found in that province; and also another for the same purpose is formed at Naumburg, in Thuringia.

There can be little doubt of this disposition spreading to other provinces; and perhaps it may become general under the patronage of the various governments of Europe. The whole, when properly arranged and digested, will doubtless elucidate many points of history which are now obscure.

SWEDEN.

Anglo-Saxon Coins discovered.—In the course of last summer a number of workmen being engaged in digging in a field in the parish of Dalsund, in Bialstad Socken, discovered a considerable quantity of ancient coins, and other articles, of fine silver: as nine bracelets of four different shapes; also silver chains, which apparently were used as bracelets. Among 242 coins, the inscriptions on which were still legible, 87 were of the Anglo-Saxons, and, except three, were all struck in the reign of King Ethelred; two are of the reign of his father Edgar; 83 bear date of the year 1005. The remainder, except two Cufic coins, one of the year of the Hegira 286, the other of the year 308, are German, struck under the reigns of the emperors Otho I. and II. and the empress Adelaide. This intelligence may prove interesting to British collectors whose series of the Anglo-Saxon coins are not complete. We know that a publication on this subject was in forward preparation, and some of the plates engraved, by the late Rev. Mr. Southgate of the British Museum; but how far his plan was persevered in after the decease of the learned author, we do not know. The Royal Cabinet of Antiquities at Stockholm is in possession of the antiquities thus accidentally obtained.

RUSSIA.

Provisions rendered incorruptible: Vessel not submergible.—M. de Boucher, a Frenchman by birth, Counsellor of State to his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, has discovered a method of rendering the provisions intended for victualling ships absolutely incorruptible. His discovery has been approved by the Economical Society, and by a committee of physicians. A gold medal has been decreed to him. The same gentleman has also presented to the Economic Society the model of a vessel that cannot sink: it has been applauded by a practical ship-builder.

Russian Poem honoured in China.—The Emperor of China has received the "Ode to the Supreme Being," written in Russian by Gabriel Romanowitch, a Russian poet: he has caused it to be translated, has had it copied in both languages (the Chinese and the Tartar) written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the interior of his palace. This incident will give rise to various observations; few, indeed, are the instances in which the Celestial Empire has condescended to accept ideas, especially on subjects connected with theology, from foreigners, or others not of its own persuasion and sect.

Greek City.—Letters from the south of Russia state, that M. Kaptnest, a German proprietor, has discovered an ancient mole and other unquestionable remains of a Greek town, at a village called Koktabel, situated between Kaffa and Sudack, in the Crimea. M. Kaptnest believes them to be the ruins of Theodosia; but a gentleman who has visited the spot, is hardly persuaded to refer them to so considerable a city.

REPUBLIC OF HATTI.

Official Journal: President's Address.—*The Telegraph* is the official journal of the Republic: it is composed in the French language, and well printed. The Number for December 19, 1819, contains an account of an excursion lately made by the President in the *arrondissement* of Jacmel, and his addresses to the different authorities of that division of the island. That which he delivered to the Judicial Order deserves to be recorded: we give it almost entire.—“The obligations which are laid on you are not confined to your assembling in the hall of the tribunal to pronounce judgment on the cases brought before you. The love of the public good should prompt you, as well as myself, to desire the entire suppression of the spirit of chicane, which seems to threaten to extend itself greatly, to the division and mutual enmity of families. . . . Experience has proved to me that it depended much and always on the judges to withhold their

fellow-citizens from involving themselves in the intrigues of certain deceitful men, whose conduct is influenced by motives of self-interest, in exciting the citizens to engage in proceedings repugnant to good faith. Consider yourselves as fathers of families, when you are called to decide on the differences which occur between your countrymen. Rather be arbiters of their controversies, than inexorable judges; and pity the situation of the innocent who often loses his cause, because the forms of justice, puzzling the facts of the case, entangle the affair in an inextricable maze. The laws, under a form of unrelenting austerity, address themselves only to obedience: they cannot abate this, to converse with men as a good father converses with his children. Those, therefore, who are the organs of the laws, are bound to explain them in the most favourable sense to such as seek their protection. Remember, also, that justice and equity should always preside over your actions. Banish every predilection; never reject the poor from your heart; and never decline any of the fatigues or disagreeable circumstances which accompany the offices you have agreed to hold: you will hereby ensure the esteem of your fellow-citizens, and obtain that internal peace, that satisfaction which announces itself in a much more effectual manner than any thing else in the mind of the upright man!”

USEFUL ARTS.

NEW INVENTIONS.

On the Force of a Jet of Water.—M. J. Morosi, Member of the Imperial Institute of Milan, has published an account of a new phenomenon in hydrodynamics, which promises to be of considerable utility in the application of that science. In consequence of the establishment of a manufactory at Milan, in which the power of water was to be applied, M. Morosi commenced a course of experiments, to determine the force of a stream or jet of water. They were made by directing a jet of water against a round disc, and estimating the force exerted on it by a balance. In this way, which is the usual method employed, an expression of the force of the water was obtained. But M. Morosi observed, that in the experiments, the water which had passed against the disc was thrown off in a lateral direction all round, with a velocity scarcely inferior to that with which it first moved, so that much of the force possessed by the jet of water was not brought into action on the disc, but was expended in the production of this lateral stream; and he concluded, that if in any way this could be accumulated on the disc, the effect would be much greater. To obtain, in part, this end, a rim of the height of six lines was raised round the edge of the disc, so as to form it into a kind of dish; and then, without changing any other cir-

cumstance in the experiment, it was repeated. In the first case, the power exerted on the disc equalled 9 pounds 12 ounces of Milan, now it was increased to 20 pounds.

These experiments were made with a reservoir of water, ten feet (French) high, having an aperture in its side near the bottom, four inches square; to this aperture was adapted a pyramidal canal, which, at its external orifice, was an inch in the side, so that the section of the stream of water was a square inch, but the length of the canal, and the size of the disc against which the water struck, are not mentioned. The disc was placed vertically at such a distance from the orifice, as to correspond with the maximum of contraction in the jet of water.

Improvement on Scissors.—A very valuable improvement has been made on scissors. It is especially so to those employed for delicate operations in surgery. The objection to the common scissors is, that in the act of cutting, they, to a very considerable extent, compress and bruise the parts. This is owing to the edges being set very strong, and to the particular angle at which they are set; and is sufficient to account for wounds made by scissors refusing to unite by what surgeons call the first intention. To remedy this defect, it was lately suggested to Mr. Stodart by Dr. Wollaston, to give to scissors the same kind of cutting

edge that a knife has. This has been done, and the success has fully justified the experiment. The operation of Hare lip has been repeatedly performed with the knife-edged scissors both on the infant and on the adult, with complete success. The operation is in this way performed with facility to the operator, and in less time than with the knife; and consequently a less degree of pain to the patient. This improvement need not be confined to the science of surgery. A variety of delicate fancy-work is performed by scissors, all of which will be much better done by giving them knife-edges. There is a little art in setting the edges, readily acquired by practice; this must be done with a view to the kind of work for which the scissors are intended. This improvement may easily be applied to common scissors, by grinding down the outer sides of the blades.

Substitute for a Copying Machine.—Write with common writing ink in which lump sugar has been dissolved, in the proportion of four scruples, or a drachm and a half of sugar to one ounce of ink.

Moisten copying paper, (a paper which is sold at the stationers at 1s. 10d. per quire for the use of copying machines,) by passing a wet soft brush over it, then press it gently between soft cap paper so as to smoothen it, and absorb the superabundant moisture.

Put the paper so moistened upon the writing, and both between cap or other smooth soft paper, placing the whole on the carpet or hearth-rug, one end of which is to be folded over it. By standing and treading upon this, an impression will be taken equal if not superior, to what would have been taken by a copying machine.

Tempering of Glass.—The experiments which have been tried in this country for rendering glass less brittle by heating it up to the boiling point, as suggested by a foreign journal, and thence inserted in our preceding Volume, have not been successful. It is confidently affirmed that the mechanical condition of glass, whether annealed or unannealed, is not capable of being altered by the heat of boiling water.

New-invented Plough.—A plough has lately been invented by the Rev. Dr. Cartwright, which works merely by human power. With two men to keep it in motion, and a third to regulate its course, it performs its office with as much precision and dispatch as could be done by any common pair of horses and a plough-holder. The utility of the invention will not, it is presumed, be confined to this object only, it being equally applicable to every purpose for which horses can be employed, except conveying a burden on the back.

New Metal called Aurum Millium.—It having been a great desideratum with watch-makers, plate-workers, &c. &c. to procure new metal resembling gold, and possessing some of its best qualities, Mr. Mill has

been induced to apply himself to this particular object. After long trial and perseverance, he discovered a metal which he calls aurum millium, and which he has no doubt will answer most of the purposes of gold, without being subject to the numerous imperfections of petit-or, pinchbeck, &c. &c. In colour it resembles 60s. gold, and is nearly as heavy in specific gravity as jewellers' gold. It is malleable, and has the invaluable property of not easily tarnishing, to which the metals just mentioned, and all other imitations of gold are so particularly liable. It is very hard and sonorous, and requires care in the working. The price of it being from 4s. to 4s. 6d. an ounce, will not be an obstacle to its general use, and he has no hesitation in saying, that for beauty there is not any metal that exceeds it, as it is susceptible of an exquisite polish.

Rubies.—These are the rarest, and have hitherto been the dearest, of all artificial stones. M. Doualt-Wieland, a jeweller of Paris, has discovered a method of making with the greatest ease excellent imitations, by fusing five ounces of strass and one gross of oxid of manganese.

Nautical Improvements.—A simple mechanical apparatus to impel boats instead of oars has lately been employed on the Thames, and it appears equally eligible for canal conveyance. It consists of the machinery of steam-vessels; but the moving power is the hand applied to a windlass. Boats were first used on this principle with success on Whit-Monday, between London and Greenwich. The labour is much less than that of oars, and the impulse of the boat through the water much increased in swiftness.

Though we consider this a very judicious mode of employing a rotatory motion, to impel vessels on a small scale, it possesses no merit on the score of novelty, engravings of a similar apparatus being to be found in Leupold's *Theatrum Machinarum*, and other scientific works of a very early period.

Magnetic Attraction.—Mr. Barlow's invention for ascertaining the correct "deviation" caused by local attractions in the ship's compass is now undergoing, under the inventor's direction, the ordeal of practical experiment on board his Majesty's ship *Severn*, which, we understand, the Lords of the Admiralty, actuated by a laudable zeal for the improvement of nautical science, have directed to be fitted out for that purpose.

NEW PATENTS.

CHARLES SMITH, of Piccadilly, in the County of Middlesex, superfine Colour-manufacturer; for an Improvement in the Method or Form of making up superfine Oil and Water Colours, for Drawing, Painting, and other Purposes. January 15, 1819.

This invention consists in inclosing various kinds of superfine oil and water colours in wood, or any other material, so as to be-

come a species of coloured pencils, to work by dipping in liquid, and not dry and chalky, like those before known, capable of making perfect transparent or opaque drawings, on paper, or wood, linen, or any other material, by being wetted or moistened with water, oil, varnish, spirit, or any other liquid matter. To make them, take wood, or other grooves, similar to those used for black-lead pencils, and inclose in them all kinds of the best superfine water or oil colours, and fasten or glue them up, of whatsoever material they may be made, and round and finish them, so as to appear like a regular coloured drawing-pencil, fit for the purpose of drawing or painting, on any material, with colours, and japan, or colour, each pencil outside of the same tint it contains within.

JOHN SMITH, of Bermondsey, Surrey, *Timber Merchant for Improvements in making Arms or Axletrees for Coaches, and all other Descriptions of Carriages.* April 20, 1819.

In Mr. S.'s improved carriage, he constructs the axletree in such a manner that the bearing takes place, for a short distance, at each end only, the bearings being both of the same diameter, form a cylindrical fitting within the box. The outer or extreme end of the arm is formed to a convex shape, which bears against the end or bottom of the box in the centre only, to reduce the friction, and prevent the back of the collar on the inner end of the arm from touching the box when the wheel of the carriage drifts endways. A ring or collet of thick leather, or other fit material, is applied to the face of the collar, and secured by a ring of metal, bolted against the end of the nave of the wheel. The leather being firmly pressed round the edge of the box, and in contact with the face of the collar on the axle, prevents the escape of oil with which the axle is supplied. The ring of metal, which secures the leather collet, is fitted truly upon a cylindrical part of the arm, close to the face of the collar, to keep it steady in its place, and by being bolted through the nave of the wheel, prevents the wheel from coming off by the motion of the carriage.

JAMES HADDEEN the Younger, of Aberdeen, *for an Improvement in preparing, roving, and spinning of Wool.* November 12, 1818.

Various methods have been employed for applying heat to wool during the processes of roving and spinning; that which Mr. H. has adopted has been the introduction of cast-iron heaters into the retaining rollers used in these processes, always using three rollers, and leading the wool over half the circumference of their upper surface, by which means it becomes thoroughly warmed without retarding the working process.

NEW MONTHLY MAG.—No. 78.

JOSEPH BARNER, of Collage Green, Camberwell, *for Means of continuing the Motion of Machinery.* February 6, 1816.

This invention is, for the purpose of continuing a regular and constant motion and force to any machinery, even though the prime mover or actuating force is not continuous or regular in its action. The means of effecting this is, by applying the prime mover of the machine, which may be the strength of men or animals, wind, water, or steam, to raise up certain detached weights into an elevated trough or receptacle, regularly and continually delivered out to certain other machinery, of which the motion will be continued in a regular manner by the descent of the said weights; a receptacle being made large enough to contain a sufficient number of the said weights, they will act constantly upon the machinery, and continue the motion thereof even though the action of the prime mover in raising the weights into the receptacle should decrease, or even cease altogether for a short time.

PATENTS LATELY GRANTED.

WILLIAM HALL and **WILLIAM ROSTILL**, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, *Tortoise-shell-box-makers*; for a certain improvement in the manufacture of hasts, handles, or hilts, for knives, forks, swords, or any other instruments to which they are necessary, and can be applied, whether made of turtle or tortoiseshell, or other suitable material. April 11, 1820.

EDWARD COLEMAN, Professor of the Veterinary College, St. Pancras, Middlesex; for a new and improved form of construction of shoes for horses. April 13, 1820.

MAJOR RONDE, of Leman-street, Goodman's-fields, Middlesex, *Sugar Refiner*; for a method of separating or extracting the molasses or syrup from Muscovado or other sugar. Communicated to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad. April 15, 1820.

WILLIAM BRUNTON, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, *Engineer*; for certain improvements on, and additions to, fire-grates. April 19, 1820.

GEORGE LILLEY, of Brigg, and **JAMES BRISTOW FRASER**, of Blackburn-house, Linlithgow, Scotland; for certain improvements in the application of machinery for propelling boats or other vessels, and for attaining other useful purposes, by means of an hydropneumatic apparatus, acted upon by a steam-engine, or other adequate power. April 19, 1820.

THOMAS HANCOCK, of Little Pulteney-street, Golden-square, Middlesex, *Coach-maker*; for the application of a certain material to various articles of dress, and other articles, by which the same may be rendered more elastic. April 29, 1820.

THOMAS COOK, of Brighton, Sussex, *Engineer*; for an improved apparatus for the purpose of cooking, which he designates, *A Philosophical Cookery.* April 29, 1820.

JOHN HAGUE, of Great Pearl-street, Spitalfields, Middlesex, Engineer; for certain improvements in the method of heating hot-houses, manufactories, and other buildings; and of boiling liquids. May 9, 1820.

JOHN AMBROSE TICKELL, of West Bromwich, Staffordshire, Gentleman; for a cement to be used in aquatic and other buildings, and stucco-work, which is produced by the use and application of a mineral substance, never before employed in the manufacture thereof. May 9, 1820.

JOSIAH PARKES, of Warwick, Worsted-manufacturer; for a new and improved method of lessening the consumption of fuel in steam-engines, and furnaces in general, and for consuming smoke. May 9, 1820.

JAMES JACKS, of Camberwell, Surrey, Gentleman, and **ARTHUR AIKIN**, of the Adelphi, Westminster, Gentleman; for a new or improved method or methods of preventing mildew in sail-cloth and other canvass, and in other manufactures made of vegetable fibre. May 11, 1820.

JAMES SCOTT, of Grafton-street, Dublin, Watch-maker; for a new method of combining, adjusting, and applying, by machinery, certain of the well-known mechanic

powers, and modifications thereof, where power and velocity are required. May 11, 1820.

JOHN MALAM, of Romney-terrace, Horse-ferry-road, Westminster, Engineer; for certain improvements on gas-motors. May 11, 1820.

ROBERT WORNUM, of Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square, Piano-forte-maker; for an improvement on piano-fortes, and certain other stringed instruments. May 11, 1820.

JOHN BARTON, of Falcon-square, London, Engineer; for certain improvements in propelling vessels, and in the construction of engines and boilers applicable to propelling, and other purposes. May 11, 1820.

RICHARD WATTS, of Crown-court, Temple Bar, Middlesex, Printer; for improvements in inking printing-types with rollers, and in placing and conveying paper on types, and in inking with a cylinder. May 15, 1820.

EDWARD MASSEY, of Eccleston, Lancashire, Watch-manufacturer; for certain improvements in the construction of chronometers and pocket watches. May 15, 1820.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

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Scapulae Lexicon Gr. Lat. cum Indicibus Græc. et Lat. consilio et cura J. Bailey;

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"Love had he known in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills;
The silence that is in the starry sky,
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HOC
DIS. MAN. VOTO
DISCORDIAM
DEPRECAMUR.

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DIGEST OF POLITICAL EVENTS.

"ONE single subject may be said to have exclusively engrossed public attention during the last month. It is a subject, indeed, of sufficient magnitude, and of sufficient importance, to entitle it to such undivided notice. We need hardly add, that we allude to the arrival of her Majesty in this country.

Of this event we proceed to lay before our readers a correct detail, accompanied by the whole of the official documents.

Her Majesty arrived at St. Omer at half past five o'clock, on the morning of the 1st of June. She was accompanied by Lady Anne Hamilton, Alderman Wood, &c.

Dispatches from the Queen having reached Mr. Brougham and the King's ministers, the former gentleman immediately left London, accompanied by Lord Hutchinson, who was understood to be the bearer of some specific proposals on the part of his Majesty. They did not reach St. Omer's till Saturday evening. It is proper to add, that Mr. Brougham was entirely unacquainted with the nature of the proposals which Lord Hutchinson was empowered to make: nor did any communication upon the subject take place between those individuals till after their arrival at St. Omer's, when Mr. Brougham, in his official capacity as her Majesty's attorney-general, became the medium through whom they were transmitted.

We have stated above, that dispatches were sent by her Majesty to the King's ministers. The following are copies of the Queen's letters, to the Earl of Liverpool and Lord Melville, with the answer, which was returned by the latter:

" Villeneuve Le Roi, May 29, 1820.

" Having been prevented by indisposition from arriving sooner in England, I take now the earliest opportunity of communicating to the Earl of Liverpool my intention of arriving in London next Saturday, 3d of June; and I desire that the Earl of Liverpool will give proper orders that one of the Royal yachts should be in readiness at Orlais to convey me to Dover; and likewise, that he would be pleased to signify to me his Majesty's intentions as to what residence is to be allotted to me, either for a temporary or a permanent habitation. I trust that his Majesty the King is perfectly recovered from his late severe indisposition.

(Signed) CAROLINE, Queen of England.

" To the Right Hon. the Earl of Liverpool."

The letter to Lord Melville, the First Lord of the Admiralty, was written by Lady Anne Hamilton; it was as follows:

" Lady Anne Hamilton is commanded by her Majesty the Queen of England, to signify to Lord Melville, that it is her Majesty's intention to return to England immediately—therefore she desires, that Lord Melville would be so good as to give orders that one of the Royal yachts should be in readiness at Orlais next Saturday, 3d June, to convey her Majesty and suite to England."

To this the answer subjoined was received by Lady Anne Hamilton, at St. Omer's:

" Admiralty, 1st June, 1820.

" Lord Melville had the honour to receive yesterday Lady Hamilton's note of the 29th ult. conveying the information that the Queen intends being at Calais to-morrow. His Majesty, however, being absent from London, Lord Melville cannot receive his commands as to the Board of Admiralty giving orders for one of the Royal yachts to proceed at present to Calais."

When Lord Hutchinson and Mr. Brougham arrived at St. Omer, they were introduced to her Majesty, and had a short interview, during which nothing passed except conversation on indifferent topics. After they had retired, Mr. Brougham sent the following letter to Lord Hutchinson:

" Mr. Brougham having humbly submitted to the Queen, that he had reason to believe that Lord Hutchinson had brought over a proposition from the King to her Majesty; the Queen has been pleased to command Mr. Brougham to request Lord Hutchinson to communicate any such proposition as soon as possible, in writing: The bearer of this (Count Vassalli) will wait to receive it from your Lordship.—June 4, 1820."

To this letter Lord Hutchinson sent a written answer, which merely stated that his Lordship had no written proposals, but only some scattered memoranda on scraps of paper. Mr. Brougham instantly returned the following reply to Lord Hutchinson's letter:

" Mr. Brougham is commanded by the Queen to express to Lord Hutchinson, her Majesty's surprise at his Lordship not being ready to state the terms of the proposition of which he is the bearer; but, as Lord Hutchinson is desirous of a few hours' delay, her Majesty will wait until five o'clock, in the expectation of receiving a communication from his Lordship at that hour.—Two o'clock, June 4, 1820."

This letter is dated two o'clock on Sunday, and it was not till within a few minutes of the stipulated time (five o'clock) that Lord Hutchinson communicated his proposals in the following letter, addressed to Mr. Brougham:

" Sir,—In obedience to the commands of the Queen I have to inform you, that I am not in possession of any proposition or propositions, detailed in a specific form of words, which I could lay before her

Majesty; but I can detail to you, for her information, the substance of many conversations held with Lord Liverpool. His Majesty's Ministers propose, that 50,000*l.* put at once should be settled on the Queen for life, subject to such conditions as the King may impose. I have also reason to know, that the conditions likely to be imposed by his Majesty are, that the Queen is not to assume the style and title of Queen of England, or any title attached to the Royal Family of England. A condition is also to be attached to this grant, that she is not to reside in any part of the United Kingdom, or even to visit England. The consequence of such a visit will be an immediate message to Parliament, and an entire end to all compromise and negotiation. I believe that there is no other condition—I am sure none of any importance. I think it right to send to you an extract of a letter from Lord Liverpool to me; his words are—'It is material that her Majesty should know confidently, that, if she shall be so ill-advised as to come over to this country, there must then be an end to all negotiation, and compromise. The decision, I may say, is taken to proceed against her as soon as she sets her foot on the British shores.'—I cannot conclude this letter without my humble, though serious and sincere supplication, that her Majesty will take these propositions into her most calm consideration, and not act with any hurry or precipitation on so important a subject. I hope that my advice will not be misinterpreted. I can have no possible interest which would induce me to give fallacious counsel to the Queen. But, let the event be what it may, I shall console myself with the reflection that I have performed a painful duty imposed upon me to the best of my judgment and conscience, and in a case in the decision of which the King, the Queen, the Government, and the People of England, are materially interested. Having done so, I fear neither obloquy nor misrepresentation. I certainly should not have wished to have brought matters to so precipitate a conclusion; but it is her Majesty's decision, and not mine. I am conscious that I have performed my duty towards her with every possible degree of feeling and delicacy. I have been obliged to make use of your brother's hand, as I write with pain and difficulty, and the Queen has refused to give any, even the shortest, delay. I have the honour to be, Sir, with great regard, Your most obedient humble servant,

HUTCHINSON."

This letter is said to have been read by her Majesty with great indignation; and Mr. Brougham, at her desire, returned the following answer:

"Mr. Brougham is commanded by the Queen to acknowledge the receipt of Lord Hutchinson's letter, and to inform his Lordship, that it is quite impossible for her Majesty to listen to such a proposition.—Five o'clock, June 4."

Her Majesty immediately left St. Omer's. She quitted it, indeed, so suddenly, that even Mr. Brougham did not know of her departure; and so little did Lord Hutchinson expect it, that he was in the act of writing the following letter to Mr. Brougham when the Queen went away. This letter was sent after her Majesty to Calais, in an enclosure from Mr. Brougham. Her Majesty read

it, and ordered it to be acknowledged; stating, that the Queen saw no reason to alter her course:

"St. Omer's, Five o'clock, June 4, 1820."

"My Dear Sir—I should wish that you would enter into a more detailed explanation; but, to shew you my anxious and sincere wish for an accommodation, I am willing to send a courier to England to ask for further instruction, provided her Majesty will communicate to you whether any part of the proposition which I have made would be acceptable to her; and if there is any thing which she may wish to offer to the English Government, on her part, I am willing to make myself the medium through which it may pass.—I have the honour to be," &c. (Signed) "HUTCHINSON."

Her Majesty went on board the *Lady Jane* packet, at eleven o'clock on Sunday night (June 4th), and at six o'clock the following morning the vessel left the harbour. About a quarter before one it arrived in Dover roads; but on account of the tide could not enter the harbour. A boat was therefore provided to convey her Majesty and attendants to shore, and at about a quarter past one on Monday the 5th of June, her Majesty landed. Great crowds were assembled to witness her disembarkation, not only at Dover, but along the whole road of her journey to the metropolis, where she arrived on Tuesday evening, and took up her residence at Alderman Wood's house in South Audley Street. The mob paraded the streets at the west end of the town for several nights after her Majesty's arrival, breaking windows and picking pockets. But we must now turn to other proceedings connected with this event.

The moment it was known that her Majesty had positively landed, those steps were taken by ministers, which were mentioned in Lord Hutchinson's letter. On Tuesday, the 6th of June, the following message from the King was sent down to both Houses of Parliament.

"GEORGE, R."

"The King thinks it necessary, in consequence of the arrival of the Queen, to communicate to the House of Lords certain papers respecting the conduct of her Majesty since her departure from this kingdom, which he recommends to the immediate and serious attention of the House."

"The King has felt the most anxious desire to avert the necessity of disclosures and discussions which must be so painful to his people, as they can be to himself; but the step now taken by the Queen leaves him no alternative."

"The King has the fullest confidence that, in consequence of this communication, the House of Lords will adopt that course of proceeding which the justice of the case, and the honour and dignity of his Majesty's Crown, may require."

This message was accompanied in both houses by papers containing the evidence, as connected with her Majesty's conduct, which the King thought it necessary to lay before Parliament. The proceedings, however, which took place in the two houses, upon the occasion, were very different. In the House of Lords Earl Liverpool moved, that the papers which had been laid upon the table, by the command of his Majesty, should be referred to a secret committee; and, in the course of his speech, the noble earl made the following observations, which it is of importance should be remembered, because infamous attempts have been made by the seditious press to create a belief, that her Majesty is to be denied that *open* and impartial justice, which belongs to the meanest subject of the realm, when accused. I trust, said the noble earl, "no one will believe that it is my intention to propose any measure affecting the Queen, in the progress of which her Majesty shall not have the fullest opportunity of being heard, or of adducing whatever evidence she may think necessary. It is not for me at the present moment to anticipate any measure that it may be ultimately found expedient to propose, but to confine myself to the motion for referring these papers to a secret committee of fifteen lords, to be chosen by ballot."

On the following day (Thursday), the committee was chosen, after a motion by Lord Kenyon (for postponing the ballot, in consequence of what had occurred in the House of Commons,) had been negatived by a large majority. The following were the members of the committee:—

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Chancellor, Lord President, Duke of Beaufort, Duke of Northumberland, Marquess of Lansdown, Marquess of Buckingham, Earl of Liverpool, Earl Beauchamp, Viscount Sidmouth, Bishop of London, Lord Redesdale, Lord Erskine, and Earl of Lauderdale.

The sitting of the committee, after it had been appointed, was postponed till the following Tuesday; and it was subsequently farther adjourned from time to time, up to the period at which we are writing. It is extremely probable, however, before this comes into the hands of our readers, that the committees of both houses will have commenced their important inquiries.

It may be necessary to advert, briefly, to a motion made by Lord Holland, as connected with this subject. On Friday, the 9th of June, his lordship intimated his intention of presenting a bill

for the repeal of the 12th Geo. III. commonly called the Royal Marriage Act. He observed, that "exclusively of the many forcible general reasons which had already induced him to wish, that that law were expunged from the statute-book, he could not but indulge hopes that the consideration of it in all its bearings upon the unhappy differences now subsisting in the Royal family, might suggest, to persons better qualified than himself, some legislative measure, divested of all penal character, which might allay apprehensions at present too well founded. The sort of measure which he had in view, should others introduce and adopt it, might supersede the necessity of investigation into any charges, might save the committee from the painful duties about to be imposed upon them, and without disparaging the honour of either of the illustrious parties, might satisfy the reasonable expectations of both, and above all, relieve both from the painful situation in which they had now too long been placed."

The noble lord subsequently brought in his bill, and it was read a first time; but though he entered into explanations on that occasion, we believe there is not an individual, himself excepted, who comprehends how the repeal of the marriage act could be made beneficially applicable to the existing differences between their Majesties. It is not likely, however, that the experiment will be tried, for the Earl of Liverpool signified his intention of opposing the future progress of the bill.—We now pass to the consideration of what took place in the House of Commons upon his Majesty's message. On the day when it was presented, a short debate arose, in the course of which Mr. Bennet, Mr. Creevey, and Sir Robert Wilson, expressed themselves somewhat prematurely upon the general merits of the question.

On the following day, previously to the House taking the message into consideration, Mr. Brougham read the following communication from the Queen:

"The Queen thinks it necessary to inform the House of Commons, that she has been induced to return to England in consequence of the measures pursued against her honour and her peace for some time past by secret agents abroad, and lately sanctioned by the conduct of the Government at home. That in adopting this course, her Majesty has had no other purpose whatsoever, but the defence of her character, and the maintenance of those just rights, which have devolved upon her by the death of that revered

Monarchy, in which her person and unshaken affection she had always found her surest support.

Upon her arrival, the Queen is surprised to find that a Message has been sent down to Parliament, requiring its attention to written documents; and she is led with still greater astonishment that these are in substance of proposing that these should be referred to a Secret Committee. It is this day fourteen years since the first charges were brought forward against her Majesty. Then, and upon every occasion during that long period, she has shown the utmost readiness to meet her accusers, and to court the fullest inquiry into her conduct. She now also desires an open investigation, in which she may see both the charges and the witnesses against her, a privilege not denied to the meanest subject of the realm.

"In the face of the Sovereign, the Parliament, and the Country, she solemnly protests against the formation of a Secret Tribunal to examine documents privately prepared by her adversaries, as a proceeding unknown to the law of the land, and a flagrant violation of all the principles of justice: she relies with full confidence upon the integrity of the House of Commons for defeating the only attempt she has any reason to fear.

"The Queen cannot forbear to add, that, even before any proceedings were resolved upon, she has been treated in a manner too well calculated to prejudice her cause. The omission of her name in the Liturgy, and withholding the means of conveyance usually afforded to all the branches of the Royal Family, the refusal even of an answer to her application for a place of residence in the royal mansions, and the studied slights, both of English ministers abroad, and of the agents of all Foreign powers over whom the English Government has any influence, must be viewed as measures designed to prejudice the world against her, and could only have been justified by trial and conviction."

This communication having been read, and afterwards laid upon the table of the House, Lord Castlereagh proceeded to move the appointment of a committee to consider the papers which had been communicated by the King. In the course of his speech, his lordship went into a variety of important details, and insisted with great earnestness upon the fact, that the papers contained matters of grave and serious charge against her Majesty. He also, as well as Lord Liverpool, disclaimed the idea of any secret investigation, in the following emphatic language. He said, he "considered the message sent down by the Queen as recommended by her legal advisers; and when that message spoke of secret communications, of charges resting on written documents,—and to be decided by some secret tribunal; which the House was to be induced to adopt, through the prejudices excited against the Queen, he wished to relieve the honourable and learned gentleman from such a belief and apprehension. There was a great difference between a

charge and actual guilt; but he would transgress against his duty, if he attempted to describe in detail what the nature of those communications was. He should, however, assure the honourable and learned gentleman, that with respect to the credibility of the sources of information, it came from parties who were prepared to appear before any tribunal which might be appointed, with a view to corroborate in the most solemn manner the truth of those depositions, which had been given in the first instance in a written shape. With respect to the course of proceedings, it was astonishing that the Queen's able legal assistants should not have suggested to her mind, that it could never occur to a rational creature, to a minister of the Crown, accustomed to the administration of justice, that any the slightest imputation of guilt could attach to the meanest subject of the state, without his being allowed an investigation, which would afford him, together with that publicity necessary to the ends of justice, a full opportunity of cross-examining evidence, rebutting testimony, and impeaching the character of the witnesses, with a degree of liberty which her Majesty must share, not in precedence, but in common with every subject in the country."

A long and important debate ensued, which terminated in a motion of adjournment by Mr. Wilberforce, till the following Friday, that time might be afforded for averting, if possible, by negotiation, the necessity for any further proceeding. This motion, which seemed to meet the general wish of the House, was acceded to by Lord Castlereagh, though he stated at the time, that he did not expect any favourable result from the measure, an opinion which has, indeed, been fully verified. The debate was accordingly adjourned till Friday, and a negotiation having commenced, it was further postponed, from time to time, till Monday the 19th, when all hope of a conciliatory arrangement being utterly at an end, the following papers were laid before Parliament.

COMMUNICATIONS ON THE PART OF THE QUEEN WITH HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT; LAID BEFORE BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, JUNE 1820.

No. I.—Communication from the Queen to the Earl of Liverpool.

The Queen commands Mr. Brougham to inform Lord Liverpool, that she has directed her most serious attention to the declared sense of Parliament,

as to the propriety of some amicable adjustment of existing differences being attempted; and submitting to that high authority with the gratitude due to the protection she has always received from it, her Majesty no longer waits for a communication from the Ministers of the Crown, but commands Mr. Brougham to announce her own readiness to consider any arrangement that can be suggested consistent with her dignity and honour.

One o'Clock, Friday, 9th June, 1820.

No. II.—The Earl of Liverpool in Answer to the Communication from the Queen on the same day.

Lord Liverpool has had the honour of receiving the Queen's communication of this day, and begs leave to acquaint her Majesty that a memorandum delivered by Lord Liverpool to Mr. Brougham on the 15th April last, contains the propositions which Lord Liverpool was commanded by the King to communicate through Mr. Brougham to her Majesty.

Her Majesty has not been advised to return any answer to those propositions, but Lord Liverpool assures her Majesty that the King's servants will still think it their duty, notwithstanding all that has passed, to receive for consideration any suggestions which her Majesty or her advisers may have to offer upon those propositions.

Five House, 9th June, 1820.

No. III.—Communication from the Queen to the Earl of Liverpool.

The Queen commands Mr. Brougham to inform Lord Liverpool that she has received his letter, and that the memorandum of April 15, 1820, which the proposition made through Lord Hutchinson had appeared to supersede, has also been now submitted to her Majesty for the first time.

Her Majesty does not consider the terms there specified as at all according with the condition upon which she informed Lord Liverpool yesterday, that she would entertain a proposal, namely, that it should be consistent with her dignity and honour. At the same time she is willing to acquit those who made this proposal, of intending any thing offensive to her Majesty: and Lord Liverpool's letter indicates a disposition to receive any suggestions which she may offer.

Her Majesty retains the same desire which she commanded Mr. Brougham yesterday to express, of submitting her own wishes to the authority of Parliament, now so decisively interposed. Still acting upon the same principle, she now commands Mr. Brougham to add, that she feels it necessary, before making any further proposal, to have it understood that the recognition of her rank and privileges as Queen, must be the basis of any arrangement which can be made. The moment that basis is established, her Majesty will be ready to suggest a method, by which she conceives all existing differences may be satisfactorily adjusted.

10th June, 1820.

No. IV.—The Earl of Liverpool in Answer to the Communication from the Queen of the 10th June, 1820.

Lord Liverpool has had the honour of receiving the Queen's communication, and cannot refrain from expressing the extreme surprise of the King's Servants that the Memorandum of April 15th, the only Proposition to her Majesty which ever was authorised by his Majesty, should not have been submitted to her Majesty until yesterday.

That Memorandum contains so full a communication of the intentions and views of the King's Government with respect to the Queen, as to have entitled his Majesty's Servants to an equally frank,

full, and candid explanation on the part of her Majesty's Advisers.

The Memorandum of the 15th April, while it proposed that her Majesty should abstain from the exercise of the Rights and Privileges of Queen with certain exceptions, did not call upon her Majesty to renounce any of them.

Whatever appertains to her Majesty by law, as Queen, must continue to appertain to Her so long as it is not abrogated by law.

The King's Servants, in expressing their readiness to receive the suggestion for a satisfactory adjustment which her Majesty's Advisers promise, think it right, in order to save time, distinctly to state, that any proposition which they could feel it to be consistent with their duty to recommend to his Majesty, must have for its basis her Majesty's residence abroad.—11th June, 1820.

No. V.—Communication from the Queen to the Earl of Liverpool.

The Queen commands Mr. Brougham to acknowledge having received Lord Liverpool's note of last night, and to inform his Lordship that her Majesty takes it for granted that the Memorandum of April 15 was not submitted to her before Saturday, only because her Legal Advisers had no opportunity of seeing her Majesty until Lord Hutchinson was on the spot prepared to treat with her.

Her Majesty commands Mr. Brougham to state, that as the basis of her recognition as Queen is admitted by the King's Government, and as his Majesty's Servants express their readiness to receive any suggestion for a satisfactory adjustment, her Majesty, still acting upon the same principles which have always guided her conduct, will now point out a method by which it appears to her that the object in contemplation may be attained.

Her Majesty's Dignity and Honour being secured, she regards all other matters as of comparatively little importance, and is willing to leave every thing to the decision of any person or persons, of high station and character, whom both parties may concur in naming, and who shall have authority to prescribe the particulars as to residence, patronage, and income, subject of course to the approbation of Parliament.—12th June, 1820.

No. VI.—The Earl of Liverpool in Answer to the Communication from the Queen of the 12th of June, 1820.

Lord Liverpool has received the communication made by the Queen's commands.

The King's Servants feel it to be unnecessary to enter into any discussion on the early parts of this communication, except to repeat that the Memorandum delivered to Mr. Brougham of the 15th April, contained the only proposition to the Queen which the King authorised to be made to her Majesty.

The views and sentiments of the King's Government, as to her Majesty's actual situation, are sufficiently explained in Lord Liverpool's note of the 11th instant.

Lord Liverpool will proceed therefore to the proposal made on the part of her Majesty at the close of this communication, viz. "That she is willing to leave every thing to the decision of any person or persons of high station and character, whom both parties may concur in naming; and who shall have authority to prescribe the particulars as to residence, patronage, and income, subject of course to the approbation of Parliament."

The King's Confidential Servants cannot think it consistent with their constitutional responsibility to advise the King to submit to any arbitration, a

rather to deeply connect with the honour and dignity of his Crown, and with the most important public interests; but they are fully sensible of the advantages which may be derived from an unreserved personal discussion; and they are therefore prepared to advise his Majesty to appoint two of his Majesty's Confidential Servants, who, in concert with the like number of persons to be named by the Queen, may frame an arrangement to be submitted to his Majesty, for settling, upon the basis of Lord Liverpool's Note of the 11th instant, the necessary particulars of her Majesty's future situation.—18th June, 1820.

No. VII.—Note from the Earl of Liverpool to Mr. Brougham, accompanying his answer to the Communication from the Queen of the 12th June, 1820.

Lord Liverpool presents his compliments to Mr. Brougham, and requests that he will inform the Queen, that if the accompanying answer should not appear to require any reply, Lord Liverpool is prepared to name the two persons whom his Majesty will appoint for the purpose referred to in this Note.—13th June, 1820.

No. VIII.—Mr. Brougham to the Earl of Liverpool, stating that he has received the Queen's Commands to name two Persons to meet the two who may be named on the Part of his Majesty's Government for settling an Arrangement.

Mr. Brougham presents his compliments to Lord Liverpool, and begs leave to inform him, that he has received the Queen's commands to name two persons to meet the two whom his Lordship may name on the part of his Majesty's Government, for the purpose of settling an arrangement.

Mr. Brougham hopes to be favoured with Lord Liverpool's nomination this evening, in order that an early appointment for a meeting to-morrow may take place.—14th June, 1820.

APPENDIX.

Memorandum for a proposed Arrangement with the Queen.

The Act of the 64th Geo. III. cap. 160, recognizing the separation of the Prince Regent from the Princess of Wales, and allotted a separate provision for the Princess.

This provision was to continue during the life of his late Majesty, and to determine at his demise.

In consequence of that event, it has altogether ceased, and no provision can be made for her until it shall please his Majesty to recommend to Parliament an arrangement for that purpose.

The King is willing to recommend to Parliament to enable his Majesty to settle an annuity of 50,000*l.* a year upon the Queen, to be enjoyed by her during her natural life, and in lieu of any claim in the nature of jointure or otherwise, provided she will engage not to come into any part of the British dominions, and provided she engages to take some other name or title than that of Queen, and not to exercise any of the rights or privileges of Queen, other than with respect to the appointment of law officers, or to any proceedings in Courts of Justice.

The annuity to cease upon the violation of those engagements, viz. upon her coming into any part of the British dominions, or her assuming the title of Queen, or her exercising any of the rights or privileges of Queen other than above excepted, after the annuity shall have been settled upon her. Upon her consent to an engagement on the above conditions, Mr. Brougham is desired to obtain a declaration to this effect, signed by herself; and at the same time a full authority to conclude, with

such persons as his Majesty may appoint, a formal engagement upon those principles.

15th April, 1820.

PROTOCOLS.

No. I.—Protocol of the first Conference, held in St. James's-square, June 15th, 1820.

In pursuance of the Notes of the 13th and 14th of June, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh, on the part of the King, having met Mr. Brougham and Mr. Denman, her Majesty's Law Officers, in order to facilitate the proposed personal discussions, it was suggested by the former:—

1st. That the persons named to frame an arrangement, although representing different interests, should consider themselves in discharge of this duty, not as opposed to each other, but as acting in concert with a view to frame an arrangement in compliance with the understood wish of Parliament, which may avert the necessity of a public inquiry into the information laid before the two Houses.

2d. The arrangement to be made must be of such a nature, as to require from neither party any concession as to the result to which such inquiry, if proceeded on, might lead. The Queen must not be understood to admit, or the King to retract, any thing.

3d. That in order the better to accomplish the above important object, it was proposed that whatever might pass in the first Conference should pledge neither party to any opinion, that nothing should be recorded without previous communication, and, as far as possible, common consent; and that in order to facilitate explanation and to encourage unreserved discussion, the substance only of what passed should be reported.

These preliminary points being agreed to, the questions to be examined (as contained in Lord Liverpool's Memorandum of the 15th April, 1820, delivered to Mr. Brougham previous to his proceeding to St. Omer's, and in Lord Liverpool's Note of the 11th of June, and Mr. Brougham's Note of the 12th of June, written by the Queen's commands) were—

1st. The future residence of the Queen abroad.

2d. The title which her Majesty might think fit to assume when travelling on the Continent.

3d. The non-exercise of certain rights of patronage in England, which it might be desirable that her Majesty might desist from exercising should she reside abroad; and,

4th. The suitable income to be assigned for life to the Queen residing abroad.

Her Majesty's Law Officers, on the part of the Queen, desired in the first instance, that the fourth point should be altogether laid aside in these Conferences: her Majesty desired it might make no part of the Conditions, nor be mixed with the present discussions. They then proceeded to state, that under all the circumstances of her Majesty's position, they would not say that her Majesty had any insuperable objection to living abroad; on the contrary, if such foreign residence were deemed indispensable to the completion of an arrangement so much desired by Parliament, her Majesty might be prevailed upon to acquiesce, but then that certain steps must be taken to remove the possibility of any inference being drawn from such compliance, and from the inquiry not being proceeded in, unfavourable to her Majesty's honour, and inconsistent with that recognition which is the basis of these negotiations; and her Majesty's advisers suggested with this view the restoration of her name to the Liturgy. To this it was replied, that the

King's Government would no doubt learn with great surprise that a question of this important nature had now been brought forward for the first time, without having been adverted to in any of the previous discussions, and without being included amongst the heads to be now treated of; that the Liturgy had been already regulated by his Majesty's formal declaration in Council, and in the exercise of his Majesty's legal authority; that the King, in yielding his own feelings and views to the wishes of Parliament, could not be understood (in the absence of inquiry) to alter any of those impressions under which his Majesty had hitherto deliberately and advisedly acted, and that, as it was at the outset stated, that the King could not be expected to retract any thing, no hope could be held out that the King's Government would feel themselves justified in submitting such a proposition to his Majesty.

To this it was answered, that although the point of the Liturgy was certainly not included by name amongst the heads to be discussed, her Majesty's Law Officers felt themselves entitled to bring it forward in its connection with the question of her Majesty's residence abroad. It was further contended, that the alteration in the Liturgy was contrary to the plain sense and even letter of the Statute, and that it was highly objectionable on constitutional grounds, being contrary to the whole policy of the law respecting the security of the succession, and liable to be repeated in cases where the succession itself might be endangered by it, and therefore it was said that a step so taken might well be retraced, without implying any unworthy concession. It was also urged that the omission having been plainly made in contemplation of Legal or Parliamentary proceedings against her Majesty, it followed, when these proceedings were to be abandoned, that the omission should be supplied; and it followed, for the same reason, that supplying it would imply no retraction.

It was replied, that his Majesty had decided that her Majesty's name should not be inserted in the Liturgy, for several reasons not now necessary to discuss: that his Majesty had acted under legal advice, and in conformity to the practice of his Royal Predecessors; and that the decision of his Majesty had not been taken solely with a view to intended proceedings in Parliament, or at law. Independent of the inquiry instituted before Parliament, his Majesty had felt himself long since called upon to adopt certain measures to which his Majesty, as head of his family, and in the exercise of his prerogative, was clearly competent. These acts, together with that now under consideration, however reluctantly adopted, and however painful to his Majesty's feelings, were taken upon grounds which the discontinuance of the inquiry before Parliament could not affect, and which his Majesty could not therefore be expected to rescind: the principle, fairly applied, would go in truth no farther, than to replace the parties in the relative position in which they stood immediately before her Majesty's arrival, and before the King's Message was sent down to both Houses of Parliament.

After further discussion upon this point, it was agreed that the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh should report to the Cabinet what had passed, and come prepared with their determination to the next conference. Her Majesty's Law Officers then asked, whether, in the event of the above proposition not being adopted, any other proceeding could be suggested, on the part of his Majesty's Government, which might render her Majesty's residence abroad consistent with the re-

cognition of her rights; and the modification of her character; and they specially pointed at the official introduction of her Majesty to Foreign Courts by the King's Ministers abroad. Upon this it was observed, that this proposition appeared open to the same difficulty in point of principle; it was calling upon the King to retract the decision solemnly taken and avowed on the part of his Majesty, a decision already notified to Foreign Courts, and to render the position of his Majesty's Representatives abroad, in relation to her Majesty, inconsistent with that of their Sovereign at home—that the purpose for which this was sought by the Queen's Advisers was inconsistent with the principle admitted at the commencement of the conference, and was one that could not be reasonably required to be accomplished by the act of his Majesty, namely, to give to her Majesty's conduct that countenance which the state of the case, as at present before his Majesty, altogether precluded.

At the same time it was stated, that while his Majesty, consistently with the steps already adopted, could not authorise the public reception of the Queen, or the introduction of her Majesty at Foreign Courts by his Ministers abroad, there was nevertheless every disposition to see that branch of the orders already given faithfully and liberally executed, which enjoined the British Ministers on the Continent to facilitate within their respective missions, her Majesty's accommodation, and to contribute to her personal comfort and convenience.

Her Majesty's Law Officers gave the King's Servants no reason whatever to think that the Queen could be induced to depart from the propositions above stated, unless some others, founded on the same principles, were acceded to on the part of his Majesty's Government.

(Signed) WELLINGTON, H. BROUGHAM,
CASTLEREAGH, T. DENMAN.

No. II.—Protocol of the Second Conference, held at the Foreign Office, June 16th, 1830.

The King's Servants began the Conference by stating, that they had not failed to report with fidelity to the King's Government, the proposition brought forward by her Majesty's Law Officers, that the Queen's name should be expressly included in the Liturgy, in order to protect her Majesty against any misconstruction of the grounds on which her Majesty might consent to reside abroad; but they were not deceived, for reasons already sufficiently explained, in anticipating the surprise of their Colleagues, at the production of this question for the first time on the part of her Majesty, more especially in the present advanced state of the proceedings.

That they were authorised distinctly to state, that the King's Servants could on no account advise his Majesty to rescind the decision already taken and acted upon in this instance; and that to prevent misconception, the King's Government had charged the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh to explain, that they must equally decline to advise the King to depart from the principle already laid down by his Majesty for the direction of his Representatives abroad, with regard to the public reception by the King's Ministers abroad and introduction of her Majesty at Foreign Courts; but that they were not only ready, but desirous, to guard in future by renewed orders, against any possible want of attention to her Majesty's comfort or convenience by his Majesty's Ministers abroad, and that wherever her Majesty might think fit to establish her residence, every endeavour would be made to secure for her Majesty from that State, the full-

and protection, and the utmost personal comfort, attention, and convenience.

The explanation of the position in which the King actually stood upon this question in his foreign relations, the instructions under which the Ministers abroad now acted, were communicated to the Queen's Law Officers, and their attention was directed, as well to the principles therein laid down, and from which his Majesty could not be called upon to depart, as to that branch of the instructions which was studiously framed to provide for the personal comfort and convenience of the Queen, when Princess of Wales.

The Queen's Law Officers then stated that they must not be understood to suggest the giving of a general power to her Majesty to establish her Court in any foreign country, and to be there received and presented by the English Minister, because reasons of State might render it inexpedient, that under certain circumstances such an establishment should be made; but they wished that her Majesty should have the power of being so received and treated by the English Minister, where no such reasons of State interfered; and they inquired whether the same objection would exist to the public introduction of her Majesty at some one Court, where she might fix her residence, if she waived the claim of introduction at Foreign Courts generally?

To this it was answered, that the principle was in fact the same, whether at one or more Courts, and that if the King could be consistently advised to meet the Queen's wishes in this instance at all, it would be more dignified for his Majesty to do so generally and avowedly, than to adopt any partial or covert proceeding. The Queen's Law Officers, referring to the decision of the Judges in *George the First's* reign, said it would be a much more unexceptionable exercise of the Royal prerogative, were the King even to prescribe where her Majesty should reside, but to order her there to be treated as Queen by his Minister.

The King's Servants, in consequence of what had passed at a former conference, then reverted to the mode in which the Queen had arrived in England, and the pain her Majesty must experience were she exposed to leave England in the like manner.

They acquainted her Majesty's Law Officers that they could venture to assure them, that this difficulty would not occur.

The Queen arrived in England contrary to the King's wishes and representations; but were her Majesty now to desire to pass to the Continent, whether to a port in the Channel, or if it should more accord with her Majesty's views, to proceed at once to the Mediterranean, a King's Yacht in the one instance, or a Ship of War in the other, might be ordered to convey her Majesty.

After receiving these explanations, the Queen's Law Officers returned to the points before touched upon, viz. the inserting the Queen's name in the Liturgy, or the devising something in the nature of an equivalent, and intimated their conviction that her Majesty would feel it necessary to press one or both of those objects, or some other of a similar nature and tendency.

They then asked whether a residence in one of the Royal Palaces would be secured to her Majesty while in this country, and observed that her Majesty had never been deprived of her apartments in Kensington Palace, until she voluntarily gave them up for the accommodation of the late Duke of Kent?

It was replied, that the King's Servants had no

instructions on this point. They, however, observed, that they believed the apartments which her Majesty formerly occupied, when Princess of Wales, were at present actually in the possession of the Duchess of Kent, and that they considered that this point had been already disposed of, by supplying to her Majesty the funds which were necessary to furnish her Majesty with a suitable residence.

Her Majesty's Law Officers then inquired, whether, supposing an arrangement made, the mode of winding up the transaction, and withdrawing the information referred to Parliament had been considered, and whether the King's Servants saw any objection, in the present instance, to the Houses of Parliament expressing, by suitable Addresses, both to the King and Queen, their grateful thanks for their Majesties having acquiesced in an arrangement, by which Parliament had been saved the painful duty of so delicate and difficult a proceeding?

The King's Servants acknowledged this point had not been considered, but reserved to themselves to report the observations made thereupon to their Colleagues.

It was then agreed that, upon every view of duty and propriety, the final decision should not be protracted beyond Monday, to which day it should be proposed that the proceedings on the King's Message in the House of Commons should be adjourned, on a distinct explanation to this effect; and that a Conference should take place to-morrow, in order to bring the business to a conclusion, and to arrange, by mutual consent, the Protocols of Conference.

(Signed) WELLINGTON, H. BROUGHAM,
CASTLEREAGH, T. DENMAN.

No. III.—Protocol of the Third Conference, held at the Foreign Office, June 17, 1830.

The Conference was opened by her Majesty's Law Officers intimating, that, advertent to what had passed in the preceding Conference, they had nothing to propose, but to proceed to the adjustment of the Protocol.

The King's Servants stating, that before they entered into this business of arranging the Protocol, they thought it their duty to advert to the points discussed in the preceding Conference, upon which no explicit opinion had been expressed by them on the part of his Majesty's Government; they then declared, that they were authorised to inform the Queen's Law Officers, that in the event of her Majesty's going to the Continent, a Yacht or Ship of War would be provided for the conveyance of her Majesty, either to a Port in the Channel or to a Port in the Mediterranean, as her Majesty might prefer.

That every personal attention and respect would be paid by the King's servants abroad to her Majesty, and every endeavour made by them to protect her Majesty against any possible inconvenience, whether in her travels or residing on the Continent—with the understood reserve, however, of public reception by the King's Ministers abroad, and introduction at Foreign Courts.

It was further stated by the King's Servants, that having weighed the suggestion communicated by the Queen's Law Officers in the preceding Conference, they were now prepared to declare, that they saw no difficulty (if the terms in which the same were to be conveyed were properly guarded) to a proposition being made to both Houses, for expressing by address to the Queen as well as to the King, their grateful acknowledgments for the

facilities which their Majesties might have respectively afforded, towards the accomplishment of an arrangement by which Parliament had been saved the necessity of so painful a discussion.

These observations not appearing to make any material difference in the views taken by Her Majesty's Law Officers of the result of the Conference, it was agreed to proceed in the arrangement of the Protocols.

Before however the Protocol was discussed, the King's Servants desired distinctly to know from her Majesty's Law Officers, whether the introduction of the Queen's name in the Liturgy, and her Majesty's introduction at Foreign Courts, were either of them a condition *sine qua non* of an arrangement on the part of the Queen; to which it was replied, that either the introduction of her Majesty's name in the Liturgy, or an equivalent, which would have the effect of protecting her Majesty against the unfavourable inference to which her Majesty might be liable in leaving the country under the circumstances in which her Majesty was placed, was a *sine qua non*. The Queen could not be advised voluntarily to consent to any arrangement which was not satisfactory to her Majesty's own feelings, however her Majesty, with a view to meet the understood wishes of Parliament, had felt it her duty to propose to leave the whole question to an arbitration.

No proposition on the part of her Majesty, other than those already adverted to, was brought forward.

(Signed) WELLINGTON, H. BROUGHAM,
CASTLEREAGH, T. DENMAN.

No. IV.—Protocol of the Fourth Conference, held at St. James's-square, 18th June, 1820.

Before proceeding to finish the discussion of the Protocols, it was suggested, on the part of the King's Servants, if possible to meet the Queen's wishes, and in order the better to assure to her Majesty every public respect and attention within the particular State in which she might think fit to establish her residence (the Milanese or the Roman States having been previously suggested by her Majesty's Law Officers, as the alternative within her Majesty's contemplation), that the King would cause official notification to be made of her Majesty's legal character as Queen, to the Government of such State.—That consistently, however, with the reasons already stated, it must rest with the Sovereign of such State, what reception should be given to her Majesty in that character.

The King's Servants were particularly anxious to impress upon the Queen's Law Officers the public grounds upon which this principle rested.

The general rule of Foreign Courts is to receive only those who are received at home.

The King could not with propriety require any point, of Foreign Governments, the refusal of which would not afford his Majesty just grounds of resentment or remonstrance.

It would be neither for the King's dignity, nor for the Queen's comfort, that she should be made the subject of such a question.

To this it was replied for the Queen, that with respect to this new proposition on the part of the King's Servants, it should be taken into immediate consideration; but her Majesty's Law Officers observed, that her Majesty was not in the situation referred to in the above reasoning, having been habitually received at Court in this country for many years, and having only ceased to go there in 1814, out of regard to the peculiarly delicate situation in which the unfortunate differences in the Royal Family placed the late Queen.

The latter observation was made on the part of the King's Servants, by a suggestion of his Majesty's undoubted authority on this point, whether as King, or as Prince Regent in the exercise of the Royal Authority; that the Court held by her Majesty was in fact the Court of the Prince Regent, then acting in the name and on the behalf of his late Majesty, and that the present Queen, then Princess of Wales, was excluded from such Court.

(Signed) WELLINGTON, H. BROUGHAM,
CASTLEREAGH, T. DENMAN.

No. V.—Protocol of the Fifth Conference, held at the Foreign-Office, June 22d, 1820.

The Protocols of the preceding Conferences were read and agreed upon.

Her Majesty's Law Officers stated, that the proposition of yesterday had been submitted to her Majesty, and that it had not produced any alteration in her Majesty's sentiments.

In order to avoid any misinterpretation of the expression used of mentioning their belief that her Majesty might overcome her reluctance to go abroad, viz. "under all the circumstances of her position," they stated that they meant thereby the unhappy domestic differences which created the difficulty of her Majesty holding a Court, and the understood sense of Parliament, that her Majesty's residence in this country might be attended with public inconvenience.

They also protested generally, in her Majesty's name, against being understood to propose or to desire any terms inconsistent with the honour and dignity of the King, or any which her own vindication did not seem to render absolutely necessary.

MEMORANDUM.

The 2d and 3d Points, as enumerated for discussion in the Protocol of the First Conference, were not brought into deliberation, in consequence of no satisfactory understanding having taken place upon the points brought forward by her Majesty's Law Officers.

The five Protocols were then respectively signed.

(Signed) WELLINGTON, H. BROUGHAM,
CASTLEREAGH, T. DENMAN.

An anxious desire was still felt by the House of Commons, to save the country from the impending disclosures, and another effort was made to accomplish that object. Mr. Wilberforce, on Thursday, the 22d of June, proposed the following resolutions:

"That that House had learnt with unfeigned and deep regret, that the late endeavours to frame an amicable arrangement, with a view to avert the necessity of instituting an inquiry into the information laid before the two Houses of Parliament, had not led to an adjustment of the differences now unhappily existing in the Royal Family, so anxiously desired by that House, and by the country. That the House was fully sensible of the difficulty which her Majesty might justly feel in taking upon herself to relinquish any point in which her own dignity and honour were involved; yet, feeling the immediate importance of effecting an amicable and final adjustment of the differences alluded to, it could not but be of opinion, when such large advances had been made towards meeting the wishes of the Queen, that her Majesty, by yielding to the earnestly expressed wishes of the House, and forbearing to press those points

on which there was most difficulty in coming to an arrangement, would not be understood to do any thing that could mark a wish, on her own account, to avoid an inquiry into her conduct, but would only give a new proof of her readiness to submit to the decision of Parliament, thereby entitling herself to the gratitude of that House, by sparing them the painful necessity of instituting proceedings, and of entertaining discussions, which, whatever might be their result, could not be other than distressing to the feelings of her Majesty, disappointing to the hopes of Parliament, derogatory to the dignity of the Crown, and injurious to the best interests of the empire."

These resolutions were supported by ministers, and carried by a very large majority, 391 members voting for, and 124 against them. They were ordered to be presented to her Majesty by Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Stuart Wortley (who seconded the motion), Sir T. D. Acland, and Mr. Banks. These members, accordingly, proceeded to the Queen's residence in Portman-street, (whither she had removed from Alderman Wood's house,) on Saturday the 24th. A large mob was collected in the street, who assailed the above gentlemen with groans, hisses, and the most opprobrious epithets. Her Majesty was standing in the drawing-room; attended by Lady Anne Hamilton, and having on her right Mr. Brougham, and on her left Mr. Denman. The folding-doors were then thrown open, and the four deputies of the House of Commons in full court dresses entered, and were severally presented to her Majesty by Mr. Brougham, who informed her Majesty of the places for which they were members. Mr.

Wilberforce read the resolutions, to which her Majesty returned the following answer:

"I am bound to receive with gratitude, every attempt on the part of the House of Commons, to interpose its high mediation, for the purpose of healing those unhappy differences in the Royal Family, which no person has so much reason to deplore as myself. And with perfect truth I can declare that an entire reconciliation of those differences, effected by authority of Parliament, on principles consistent with the honour and dignity of all the parties, is still the object dearest to my heart.

"I cannot refrain from expressing my deep sense of the affectionate language of these Resolutions. It shews the House of Commons to be the faithful Representative of that generous people, to whom I owe a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid. I am sensible, too, that I expose myself to the risk of displeasing those who may soon be the judges of my conduct. But I trust to their candour and their sense of honour, confident that they will enter into the feelings which alone influence my determination.

"It would ill become me to question the power of Parliament, or the mode in which it may at any time be exercised. But, however strongly I may feel the necessity of submitting to its authority, the question, whether I will make myself a party to any measure proposed, must be decided by my own feelings and conscience, and by them alone.

"As a subject of the state, I shall bow with deference, and, if possible, without a murmur, to every act of the sovereign authority; but, as an accused and injured Queen, I owe it to the King, to myself, and to all my fellow-subjects, not to consent to the sacrifice of any essential privilege, or withdraw my appeal to those principles of public justice, which are alike the safeguard of the highest and the humblest individual."

Thus far the business had proceeded, when this article was put to press.

SOCIETY FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF PRISON DISCIPLINE.

A general meeting, in support of the object of this institution, was held at Freemasons' Hall, on the 23d May. His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester took the chair, but, in consequence of indisposition, resigned it to Lord Auckland, who was supported by the Marquess of Lansdown, Earl Grosvenor, Bishop of St. Asaph, Lord Belgrave, Hon. E. Harbord, M.P. and a large assembly, on the platform, of gentlemen distinguished for their unweaned exertions in the cause of humanity, while the body of the Hall was filled with ladies, among whom were many of the Society of Friends, particularly the amiable and intelligent Mrs. Fry.

Mr. Fowell Buxton, Dr. Lushington, Mr. J. J. Gurney, Hon. Gerard Noel, and other gentlemen, in succession, addressed the meeting with all the eloquence of feeling and all the energy of truth, the effect of which was substantially evinced by a large collection, and a great accession of members to the Society.

The following extracts from the last report of the Society will best explain the laudable views by which it is influenced:

"Deeply impressed with the conviction, that the neglect of prison discipline was one great cause of crime and misery, and fully satisfied of the practicability of great and essential reforms, the Society determined to enlarge their sphere of action, and to make the consideration of prison discipline a primary object of their association. And first, they will describe what requisites a Prison ought to possess:

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1. Security ; 2. Salubrity ; 3. Classification according to age, sex, and crime ; 4. Employment ; 5. Means of instruction ; 6. Opportunity and space for exercise ; 7. Proper sustenance ; 8. Clothing ; 9. Cleanliness ; 10. Attendance and convenience for the sick.

To this list might be added many other requisites : but if a prison possess not all which have been enumerated, the ends of punishment will be defeated, misery increased, vice promoted, and humanity outraged. Take, for instance, a gaol where is little or no classification: lock up in the same cell, or confine in the same apartment, a boy of 12 years of age, committed, perhaps, for his first offence, with a veteran plunderer committed for his twentieth ; or the accused of petty larceny, with him who has imbrued his hands in the blood of a fellow creature :—these occurrences are not rare:—what must be the consequence? The infection will spread, and the comparatively innocent will, in a very short time, become as thoroughly corrupted as his depraved and abandoned associates. Again, who does not shudder at the thought of throwing the girl of 15, not yet entirely debased, into hourly contact with the lowest prostitute, long lost to all sense of decency and shame ! Bitter are the fruits of such neglect. Another practice which has long prevailed, cannot be mentioned without horror and disgust. So restricted is the accommodation for capital convicts in Newgate (but fifteen cells), that almost always two, and generally three, persons under sentence of death, are locked up at night in the same cell: boys from 10 to 16, with convicts of any age. But this is not the greatest grievance. He who is condemned for forgery, or some crime to which mercy is seldom extended,

shares his cell with him who has received the same sentence for shoplifting, or some other offence for which life is scarcely ever sacrificed. Surely this is a time, when the unfortunate sufferer, whose life the law requires should receive all possible assistance and consolation in his extremity ; yet is he doomed to spend his last hours amidst unrepenting vice and iniquity ; and his prayers for mercy are disturbed by the blasphemies and scoffs of his companions.

Perhaps the most injurious defect, next to the absence of classification, is the want of employment. Almost all who enter the walls of a prison, depend for an honest maintenance on the produce of their own labour. Industry is a habit, which, if once broken, is the most difficult to re-acquire ; hence it often happens that those who have been confined for slight offences, without work, never recover their former habits of labour ; and, when released, become idle and dissolute characters. Nor is this all.—Experience has shewn that all attempts at good regulation or reform are entirely unsuccessful, where there are no means of occupying the vacant hours. The advantages are innumerable ; the prisoner may contribute to his own maintenance, or even, in some cases, earn some small pittance for a family deeply suffering for his offences. For these, and many other reasons, it is earnestly recommended that every prison be supplied with the means of employing its inmates.

“ Amongst the requisites enumerated, there is not one which is not of indispensable importance to the constitution of a good prison. How far each of these particulars may contribute to the ultimate object it is not necessary now to discuss, for the slightest consideration will satisfy all, that such requisites are essential.”

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

ALTHOUGH the superabundant quantity of moisture, and repeated frosty nights during the early part of June, materially altered the aspect of the crops on cold-bottomed and tenacious soils, yet have we no reason to change our opinion with respect to general appearances. We are still sanguine in our expectation of an abundant corn harvest, and view with satisfaction the cheering prospect of our own internal resources ; at the same time, the growers survey with solicitude and apprehension, the great influx of foreign wheat.

Hay turns up a good swath, but not so heavy as might have been expected ; the cold rains stunted the progress of vegetation altogether, and the corn ears a week later than usual ; consequently there is some probability that the harvest will not be very early.

Turnip sowing is a little backward, from the same cause : the heavy lands became poached, and afforded but an indifferent seed-bed. The fly has also made considerable havock amongst the first-sown Swedes.

Moist weather, at the present season, naturally and invariably accelerates the growth of weeds ; this year has by no means proved an exception, consequently many of the inferior hands have thereby been furnished with employment.

We are under some apprehension about the young grasses ; the sets are certainly not strong, but we fear in many places very defective : they have been injured by insects, particularly that mentioned in our last, which attacked the peas and beans—the latter have each mended in appearance.

Wool meets with a readier sale than was previously anticipated, and at somewhat better prices ; store cattle, sheep, and pigs, also produce advanced prices.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Lloyd's Coffee House, June 20, 1820.

It is certainly impossible for us to determine how far the majority of our readers have been initiated into the mysteries of the Stock Exchange, or, indeed, whether they well understand the distinction which Linnæus himself would have passed over as beyond his powers of arrangement—that between *bulls* and *bears*, as exhibited in the money-market of the British metropolis. Nevertheless, they may, perhaps, partake our enjoyment when a few days ago witnessing the conflict between these gentlemen in opposite interests on occasion of the loan lately effected by Government. “It will certainly be at *five per cent. premium*,” says one of the contractors; “the quantity of unemployed capital among the merchants of London is at this moment immense—depend on it, my dear Sir, that very large commissions from the country will arrive, directly as the terms are understood. I know it must bear a *premium*.”—“No such thing,” says his opponent: let me intreat you to make up your mind to *ten per cent. discount*: and that, long before Christmas. Only look at the situation of this kingdom—of Europe—of the world: I would not depend on every idle rumour—but, I have very good authority for saying that—” Then follows, *en suite*, a long catalogue of calamities, enough to make one's hair stand on end,

“Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.”

with many a discouraging allusion to events long gone by, and to former speculations in *omnium*, which issued in loss. Such is the spirit of speculation and commerce! The sums lost and won by it exceed all calculation; and very inadequate are the powers to which we can pretend, to do any thing like justice to a subject so intricate, yet so extensive.

But, the approach of a loan has always an effect on commerce: as several parties form their lists respectively, and each must make preparations for realizing the early payments, each must hold a considerable quantity of money in readiness, among self and friends, to meet the contract, should the event demand it. Hence, not only the price of the stocks are affected, but the markets for commodities also, by the state of suspense attendant on the impending transaction. This may contribute to account for that want of spirit, which not long ago was felt in commercial concerns: at present, a partial animation has taken place, and we have to report that several articles have experienced considerable improvement.

COFFEE, for instance, though extensive sales have lately been brought forward, has met with ready buyers, and at a rise of 2s. or 3s. *per cwt.* if the quality were respectable. At this moment the demand may be stated as uncommonly brisk; and with little or no exceptions, the whole that has been offered for sale has been sold. We hope that we are correct in stating, that a principal cause of this rise may be traced to very favourable accounts from the Continent, especially from Germany; and the opportunity is embraced by a greater number of houses than has been customary; not less than ten or eleven sales being now announced, and with fair prospects. This is the usual time of the year for the new crops being brought to market: however, as yet, nothing like a glut has been perceived.

SUGAR has felt a rise, though not so considerable as coffee: the business done, however, is extensive; and the buyers come forward cheerfully. In the refined market the supply is not at this moment equal to the demand, especially for lumps. If the general opinion may be taken as a criterion, the trade is not only reviving, but is likely to hold its improvement, and this as well for home consumption as for exportation.

TEAS appear by the reports from the recently-closed sale at the India House, to have sold at an advance on the prices of the last sale: and of some kinds it is said, that they have changed hands already, at a profit of 2d. or 3d. *per lb.* The finer qualities were the favourites, and the sale was well supported. The teas in the Private trade have fetched full prices; but the best teas are the Company's.

COTTON has no improvement to boast of at present. The buyers offer a trifle under the currency, but the sellers hold back: in consequence, the sales are very limited; and but little business is done. It is suspected, however, that some small quantities have been disposed of on the buyer's terms; but not enough to establish a currency, or to influence the market.

The unsettled state of the weather has not only affected our own island, but has, probably, extended over much of the Continent. Advices from Bourdeaux report that the vines are already injured, and that the prospect of the ensuing vintage is unfavourable. This has varied the price of brandy, as well there, as here. Nor will that article, probably, remain stationary at its present price: but a change in the temperature of the atmosphere may, it is to be hoped, dissipate the present fears.

The demand for the products of the Whale Fishery has lately much increased; and this appears to have been caused by orders from abroad chiefly. Much of the oil expected is sold before its arrival; which is, indeed, nothing uncommon, but in connexion with the prevailing adoption of gas-light, or rather in opposition to it, deserves notice. This will natu-

rally remind the reader of the ships sent to explore the Arctic regions; of which we have heard nothing for many months; but should be happy to report their welfare, which cannot but be an object of great anxiety to many a relative and many a friend.

The indications of the month are, on the whole, more satisfactory than they have sometimes been, and if we may judge from the orders transmitted by the Continental dealers, the rivalships affectedly set up in opposition to the interests of Britain, have as yet little to boast of. To suppose that this little Island must bear the sway in every undertaking would be folly; but, if our workmen honestly and fairly exert their skill and diligence, and our merchants judiciously employ their interest and capital, as they well know how, the commercial concerns of this country are much more likely to excite the envy than the pity of those who grudge them every degree of superiority, whether the consequence of real excellence, or of the partiality of fashion, and fashionable prepossessions.

Daily Prices of STOCKS, from the 25th May to the 25th June 1820, inclusive.

Days. 1820.	Bank Stock.	3 per Ct. Reduced.	3 per Ct. Consols.	4 per Ct. Consols.	5 per Ct. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 per Ct.	India Stock.	South Sea Stock.	4 p Ct. Ind. Bnd.	Ex. Bills, 2d pr. Day
May 25	224	68	69	86	104	17		210		21 pm.	4 5 pm.
26	224	68	69	85	104	17	66	210		20 pm.	5 10 pm.
27		69	69	86	104	17			77	21 pm.	12 9 pm.
29		69	69	85	104	17				18 pm.	10 8 pm.
30	224	68	69	86	104	17		220 219	76	15 pm.	8 12 pm.
31	224	68	69	86	104	17				21 pm.	12 pm. par
June 1	223	68	69	86	104	17		220 219		12 pm.	1 4 pm.
2	224	68	69	85	104	17		220	76	14 pm.	2 4 pm.
3	224	69	69	86		17		220		16 pm.	3 4 pm.
5	224	69	69	86		17				16 pm.	3 5 pm.
6	224	69	69	86		17		221		16 pm.	3 1 pm.
7		69	69	86		17	67			14 pm.	2 pm. par
8		68	69	86		17				13 pm.	par 1 pm.
9		69	69	86		17				13 pm.	1 dis. 1 pm.
10		68	69	86		17				14 pm.	1 dis. 1 pm.
12		68	69	86		17					1 dis. 1 pm.
13	222	68	69	86		17				12 pm.	1 dis. 1 pm.
14		68	69	86		17				15 pm.	1 dis. 2 pm.
15		68	69	86		17				13 pm.	1 pm. 3 dis.
16	220	68	69	86		17	67			7 pm.	2 4 dis.
17	219	68	69	86		17				11 pm.	3 1 dis.
18		68	69	86		17					1 2 dis.
20		68	69	86		17				11 pm.	3 1 dis.
21	219	68	69	86		17	67			13 pm.	1 2 dis.
22	219	68	69	86		17				13 pm.	2 1 dis.
23		68	69	86		17				14 pm.	1 2 dis.
24		68	69	86		17				13 pm.	1 2 dis.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE, from the 26th May to the 23d June, 1820.

Amsterdam, c. f.	12 3	12 5	Barcelona	34	33
Ditto at sight	12 0	12 2	Seville	34	34
Rotterdam	12 4	12 6	Gibraltar	30	
Antwerp	12 6	12 8	Leghorn	47	46
Hamburgh	36 11	37 2	Genoa	44	43
Altona	37 0	37 3	Venice, Italian Liv.	27	60
Paris, three days' sight ..	25 53	25 80	Malta	45	
Ditto	25 85	26 10	Naples	39	38
Bordeaux	25 85	26 10	Palermo, per oz.	116	
Frankfort-on-the-Maine ..	155	155	Lisbon	51	50
Vienna Ef. 2m. flo.	10 8	10 9	Oporto	50	50
Trieste, Ditto	10 9	10 10	Rio Janeiro	55	
Madrid	35	34	Bahia	58	
Cadiz	35	34	Dublin	8	8
Bilboa	35	34	Cork	9	

PRICE OF BULLION, at per Ounce.

Portugal Gold in Coin ..	0 0 0	0 0 0	New Dollars	4 10	0 0 0
Foreign Gold in Bars ..	3 17	3 10	Silver in Bars, stand ..	5 0	0 5 0
New Doubloons	3 14	3 14			

FROM MAY 23 TO JUNE 23, 1920, INCLUSIVE.

The Solicitors' Names are between parentheses

Kay, R. Bury, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. (Casside, Manchester.)
 Lindop, R. W. Bodhal, Staffordshire. (Collins and Kean, Stafford.)
 Lott, W. late of Llandilo, Caermarthenshire, druggist. (Thomas.)
 Lowrie, G. Commercial-buildings, Mincing-lane, wine-merchant. (Watkins and Peoly, Lincoln's Inn.)
 Lumcombe, W. Ebury, grocer. (Barnes.)
 Longhurst, J. late of Rygham-Hyde, Surrey, carpenter. (Ronalds, Tokenhouse-yard.)
 Linsay, J. Chester, grocer. (Kelsall.)
 Lushington, W. jun. late of Mark-lane, merchant. (Hearings, Lawrence-lane.)
 Macdonald, J. and J. A. Ashmore, Cornhill, merchants. (Lattimer, G. J. Lang-acre.)
 Martineau, J. now or late of Huddersfield, merchant. (Alison.)
 Mariton, J. late of Stroud, Gloucestershire, engineer. (Bowyer.)
 Marriot, T. Broad-street, Ratcliff, oilman. (Hoard.)
 Mathland, A. & J. Adderley, Brentford, ironmongers. (Fenton, Freeman's-court, Cornhill.)
 Mason, O. Chard, Somersetshire, clothier. (Tucker.)
 Miles, W. Oxford-street, linen-draper. (Knight & Freeman, Basinghall-street.)
 Morris, T. jun. late of Wing, Rutlandshire, baker. (Warnevell, R. Northam, Sutton, baker.) (Fisher & Munday, Farnwell's-lane.)
 Newton, M. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, cooper. (Richmond.)
 Nathan, M. & A. Abrams, of Old-street, tallow-chandlers. (Rogers and Sons, Manchester-buildings.)
 Parrish, T. Broad-lane, Kingswinford, glass-cutter. (Faulkner, Sadler.)
 Phillips, G. Manchester, plumber. (Akers.)
 Piers, J. Bathbone-place, Oxford-street, jeweller. (Towers, Gales-street, Falcon-square.)
 Pretty, T. Tipton, Staffordshire, iron-manufacturer. (Spurrer & Ingleby, Birmingham.)
 Prestons, A. & T. Shadley, Manchester, muslin-manufacturers. (Dunt, Stone, Staffordshire.)
 Rae, A. & W. Earle, jun. East London Theatre. (Poole, Adam's-court.)
 Rebernae, A. Grosvener-place, builder. (Boxer, Farnwell's-lane, Holborn.)
 Richardson, W. Wrotham, Kent, ironworker. (Ingleby, Birmingham, pump-maker.) (Spurrer and Ingleby.)
 Seale, G. Bristol, cabinet-maker. (Haynes.)
 Sylvester, W. New Woodstock, mercer and draper. (Chilton, Chancery-lane.)
 Seward, A. New Baram, grocer. (Tinsley, Salisbury.)
 Skillbeck, J. Leeds, linen-draper. (Atkinson & Bolland.)
 Smith, C. Gloucestershire, tallow-chandler. (Whately, Cirencester.)
 Slater, J. Manchester, ink-keeper. (Chew.)
 Snowden, G. Harrow-on-the-Hill, grocer. (Tucker, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn.)
 Smith, G. Leicester-square, tailor. (Fopkins, Dean-street, Soho.)
 Stoddard, Halifax, grocer. (Wrightworth & Co.)
 Squire, L. Weybridge, baker. (Trenchard & Co. Capthall-court, Throgmorton-street.)
 Stouhill, W. Stowley, Buckinghamshire, butcher. (Hooper, Dunstable.)
 Studd, J. L. Kirby-street, Hatton Garden, merchant. (Wills, Cornhill.)
 Taggart, R. B. St. Hill, miller. (Wynnan.)
 Wade, J. late of Kynham, Somersetshire, and J. Wade, late of Leeds, Yorkshire, woollens. (Issac, Marshfield.)
 West, W. Brecknary, Herefordshire. (Shagmitchell and Howell, Broomyard.)
 Wilby, I. Osett, Yorkshire, merchant. (Taylor, Wakefield.)
 Wilkes, W. Old Broad-street, ribb-banker. (Lamb & Mann, Prince's-street, Bank.)
 Watkins, T. late of Ross, Herefordshire, grocer. (James, Backbury.)
 Wild, J. Whittle, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner. (Walmaley, Marple, near Stockport.)
 Williams, J. Birmingham, japanner. (Smith & Co.)
 Woodcock, E. Newrick, cabinet-maker. (Foster and Unthank.)
 Whitehead, J. Denham, Yorkshire, clothier. (Akers, Manchester.)
 Wood, G. Gloucester, marble-mason. (Bird, Kidderminster.)
 Worsfold, F. W. Size-lane, merchant. (Pollock & Oates.)
 Willey, T. Strand, boot-maker. (Wright, G. J. Inn-square.)
 Young, G. New Baram, Wiltshire, grocer. (Tinsley, Salisbury.)

DIVIDENDS.

ALDRIBERT, L. C. C. Bechoe, & J. Hartgrove, St. Paul's Church-yard, June 27
Anderson, W. & R. Lightoller, Chorley, June 16
Ainslie, W. Plinton, June 23
Anson, G. Charlton, June 17
Aston, A. Finsbury, June 5
Ashford, C. S. Harrow-road, June 17
Bell, C. F. Castle-street, June 27
Bradley, M. Huddersfield, June 8
Ballmer, A. City Chambers, Bishopsgate-street, June 6
Beckwith, C. Preston, Lancashire, June 16
Body, W. Newham, June 10
Brice, W. Bristol, June 10
Brown, S. & T. H. Scott, St. Mary Hill, London, June 24
Blackburn, J. Witham, Essex, June 20
Boyle, W. Kingston-upon-Hull, June 20
Briggs, W. Kensington, June 23
Buckley, T. Rochester, June 27
Barford, W. Gillingham, Kent, June 20
Baldwin, W. H. Liverpool, June 20
Hall, T. Keyford, Somersetshire, June 17
Beckett, J. Silver-street, June 20
Bensley, R. Whitehouse-yard, Drury-lane, June 17
Berg, A. Gottenberg, Sweden, June 17
Bersleigh, J. Bristol, July 8
Bolton, W. Bury-street, Westminster, June 27
Cliffe, C. George Inn, Commercial-road, July 1
Cannister, W. Wallington, June 22
Cobham, W. jun. & T. Jones, Ware, Hertfordshire, June 8
Coleman, W. Gosport, June 24
Cooke, W. Birmingham, June 24
Croucher, J. H. Great Althorpe-street, Goodmans-fields, June 20
Coomb, S. Sutton-at-Hone, Kent, June 10
Cohen, E. Broad-street, June 3
Cox, W. 44, Broad-street, June 3
Davis, E. & W. Phillips, Church-street, Lambeth, June 6
Delany, J. Mill-yard, Lower Shadwell, June 17
Darke, J. East India Chambers, Londonhall-street, May 27
Davis, J. Trowbridge, Wiltshire, June 10
Dixon, R. Lamb's Conduit-street, June 17
England, T. Smithfield, June 13

Farrer, S. & R. Dodd, Milton-ant-Bittingborne, Kent, June 19
Fletcher, S. Doncaster, June 20
Fisher, W. Union-place, Lambeth, June 6
Foster, W. Basingstoke, June 10
Goodchild, J. sen. Low Pallion, Durham, June 17
Ham, J. & W. Jackson, late of Dugate Wharf, London; J. Goodchild, jun. High Pallion, Durham; J. Jackson, late of Eppleton, Durham; and T. Jones, sen. late of Greencroft, Durham, June 17
Gosw, J. Westminster, Norfolk, June 23
Greny, J. Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, June 17
Grant, J. Coleman-street, June 22
Grimby, J. B. Kingston-upon-Hull, June 27
Grimwood, S. Bures, Suffolk, June 6
Osley, J. Paternoster-row, June 24
Hardisty, G. & J. Cowing, Bedford-court, Covent-garden, June 20
Haest, C. Mark-lane, June 17
Hellicar, T. & J. Bristol, June 21
Henry, J. Liverpool, June 20
Humphries, J. Birmingham, June 21
Hall, T. & J. Malkin, Compton, Derbyshire, June 9
Hamblin, S. Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, June 3
Harris, J. Hasel, Warwickshire, June 5
Harrison, J. Sheffield, June 6
Hunkin, W. Bath, July 1
Heath, W. Lower-street, Islington, June 10
Hopkinson, J. Liverpool, June 16
Hornby, T. Cornhill, June 3
Jennings, W. Aldersgate-street, June 3
Jones, T. Liverpool, June 10
Jordan, R., J. Smith, & J. Litchfield, Londonhall-street, June 13
Jodkin, D. Newley-heath, Kent, June 15
Kendrick, J. Bellington Mills, Worcestershire, June 21
Knight, J. Coppice-row, Clerkenwell, June 8
Lancaster, T. J. Catton-street, June 27
Lambert, S. A. Broad-street, June 17
Lancaster, J. Leach, Oldham, June 13
Lincoln, R. St. James-street, Westminster, June 17
Mackenzie, C. late of Caroline-street, Bedford-square, June 3
Manfredi, J. S., T. Luff, & H. Henshall, Wheeler-str. Norton Falgate, June 24

Miles, G. Lower Post Smithfield, June 21
Moon, J. Acres Barn, Manchester, June 8
Montgomery, J. & J. Newton, Abney-pool, June 21
Parker, J. sen. & E. Holborn-hill, June 10
Parrell, R. late of Compton, Cheshire, June 8
Pratt, R. Archer-street, Westminster, June 10
Pickett, T. Shrewsbury, June 13
Parker, J. & C. Henry, New, June 10
Parker, J. Whitton, Cheshire, June 10
Roberts, W. jun. Deal, June 17
Ryan, J. Liverpool, June 8
Scott, R. Hornsea, Lincolnshire, June 15
Scott, & Thimbleby, Lincolnshire, June 15
Scott, A. & C. Boston; J. Steel, Hertford; & J. Wray, Lincoln, June 27
Shoobridge, W. Marden, Kent, June 17
Smith, T. Chappetow, June 19
Slingsby, J. Manchester, June 7
Stunt, T. Allen-street, Goswell-street, July 1
Satterthwaite, T. Liverpool, June 19
Schlesinger, W. Church-court, Lombard-street, June 20
Sennott, W. Bowling-green-lane, Clerkenwell, June 20
Taterson, M. Halifax, June 15
Timberlake, R. Great Mary-le-Bone-street, June 17
Vernon, T. Towcester, June 27
Walker, J. Harp-salley, July 1
Willan, J. jun. Ville of Kenwick, Worcester, June 20
Wallace, W. Worthington, Cumberland, June 23
Wickham, H. & J. Calthorpe Mills, June 27
Wilkinson, J. Appleford, Kent, June 20
West, R. E. St. Margaret's-hill, June 27
Womack, J. W. Norwich, June 20
West, J. Richmond, June 24
Wood, M. Hart-street, June 26
Woodrooff, T. W. Dover-street, Piccadilly, June 10
Wheelwright, C. A. Cullum-street, June 24
Woodrooff, J. Gun-street, Old Artillery Ground, May 20
Yates, J. Warrford-court, June 22

INCIDENTS, APPOINTMENTS, BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, &c. IN LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.

With Biographical Accounts of Distinguished Persons.

New Churches.—It appears that St. Luke, Chelsea, is the first parish which will build a new church through the joint aid of a local act, and the commissioners for building and promoting the building of new churches in populous parishes. In the accomplishment of this measure much praise is justly due to the honourable rector, the Rev. Dr. Wellesley, who has been most indefatigable in furthering the object of the commissioners.

Public Debt.—A paper has been printed, by order of the House of Commons, shewing the state of the Public Debt of the empire, funded and unfunded, as it stood at the 5th of January, 1820. By this it appears, that the unprecedented debt of Great Britain and Ireland, on the 5th of January, 1820, amounted to 836,246,923*l.* of which the total annual charge amounted to 49,592,152*l.* This enormous mass of debt has been since increased by the late loan.

City Improvements, May 30.—The commencement of a new building for the accommodation of the commissioners of bankrupts, was made on part of the site of Blackwell Hall in Basinghall-street. The first

stone was laid by Thomas Wilson and H. Wrottesley, Esqrs. assisted by Mr. Fowler the architect. We understand that the proposed building is to comprise a distinct accommodation for each list of commissioners, and upon the most simple and economical construction. A new street is to be opened from Guildhall-yard to Basinghall-street, and several other improvements are proposed to be made in the vicinity by the corporation of London.

Coronation.—The preparations for the Royal Coronation proceed with great activity, and, in many instances, begin to assume a decided form. This is particularly the case in Westminster Hall and Abbey. In the Hall, not only is the platform entirely completed, but the frame-work for the side galleries is erected. The lower part of each gallery is ten feet from the platform; and the flooring of the gallery is also about ten feet in depth, the seats rising regularly one above the other. Behind is a passage to enable the company to pass to the several boxes or seats. Underneath these galleries will be assembled the company at the outer

tables, and the attendants at them, as well as ~~affording room for those who may have to pass to the other tables.~~ The Court in which the Lord Chancellor was wont to sit during term-time no longer exists: the flooring, the benches, the seat of equity, are all gone. The antique figures are covered over with canvass; and will speedily take their stations at the side of the great window. The Court of King's Bench (the judges of this court now continuing to sit in the Exchequer) is now begun to be removed; and the rooms behind these courts are undergoing extensive alterations, as they are to be converted into ~~living and retiring rooms.~~ The extensive frame-work which is erected within the Hall, &c. is prepared at large premises in the Horseferry-road (Mr. Copeland's); and it is thought ready to be fixed, regularly jointed and properly marked. The passing and repassing of the immense number of men engaged in such work gave rise to the rumour that the men had been discharged and the works suspended. The facts are as here related.

In Westminster Abbey, similar progress attends the proceedings. The platform is raised along the nave; the galleries are being erected in the aisles; and the elevated stations occupying the former scene of the choir and altar, and where the Coronation will take place, are formed, and come full upon the sight as the spectator enters the grand West door.

In Cotton-garden (the large open space between the House of Lords and the Thames, and approached by the passage under the Piazza) are proceeding some works of a different character, but not less essential to the completion of the Coronation banquet and festivities. Here are being built a series of kitchens, &c.; there are to be twenty rooms for the preparation of the several courses and entertainments connected with the dinner, banquet, and concluding festivities. In these rooms and kitchens all the requisite preparations will be made; and there is a passage leading to the southern window of the Hall which will enable the several courses &c. to be forwarded with great facility and rapidity. There will be room, should so many be required, for two hundred persons, consisting of cooks, confectioners, and their attendants. The spot is well adapted for the purpose: it is near the Hall, and at the same time completely separated from it.

Births.—In Upper Harley-street, the lady of D. Stuart, esq. of a son.—The lady of G. Filter, esq. of a daughter.—In York-place, Portman-square, the lady of J. Hubbard, esq. of a son.—In Gloucester-place, Mrs. Dashwood, of a son.—In Devonshire-street, the lady of Capt. Dallas, of a daughter.—The lady of George Hicks, esq. of a son.—In Upper Berkeley-street, the lady of W. Baynes, esq. of a son.

Married.—At Camberwell Church, L. B. Allen, esq. to Miss C. J. Romilly, niece to the late Sir Samuel Romilly.—At Marylebone

Church, W. Mac Intire, esq. to Miss Mary Warren.—Admiral James Douglas, to Miss Blathwayt, of Bryanston-square.—Samuel F. Cox, esq. to Mary, third daughter of the late Rev. Sir R. Sheffield, bart.—The Right Hon. Robert Peel, M.P. to Miss Julia Floyd, youngest daughter of the late Gen. Sir J. Floyd, bart.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, George Finch, esq. M.P. to Miss Jane Halliday.—At Kensington, George L. Taylor, esq. to Miss Sibylla Newville.—William Q. Wright, esq. of Aspley, Bedfordshire, to Miss E. Barton.—At St. Andrew's, Holborn, R. G. Bradley, esq. of Gray's-inn, to Miss Lydia Boynton.—At St. George's, Bloomsbury, William Powell, esq. to Miss Anna Eliza Jones, of Brunswick-square.—At St. Marylebone Church, Lieut. Col. W. G. Power, to Miss Maria Morris.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, James Morier, esq. to Harriet, eldest daughter of W. F. Greville, esq. of Bruton-street.—At St. James's Church, P. Rose, esq. of Demerara, to Huntly, third daughter of W. Gordon, esq. of Aberdeen, Aberdeenshire.—At Enfield, Newell, second son of N. Connop, esq. of Durants, Enfield, to Charlotte Augusta, only daughter of the late R. Brown, esq. of Windsor.—At St. Mary's, Islington, R. Davidson, esq. of Highbury-park, to Miss W. Barkly, of Highbury-grove.

Died.—Capt. E. L. Graham, R. N.—In Suffolk-place, Islington, Sarah, wife of Thos. Barry, esq.—At Heath Lodge, Hampstead, Miss Catherine King.—At Hackney, Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr. Hippias, of that place.—Isabel, the infant daughter of J. Curwood, esq.—In North-street, Fitzroy-square, J. Hughes, esq. 70.—In Berners-street, Thomas Wakefield, esq., formerly commander in the India Company's service, 71.—At her house on Richmond Hill, Mrs. Broughton, widow of the late Rev. T. Broughton, of Bristol.—At Stockwell, Miss Emma Scott.—In Lower Cadogan-place, James Preston, second son of James S. Broadwood, esq.—At her house in Portugal-street, Grosvenor-square, Mrs. Merrick Neville, 78.—At Richmond, Miss Amelia Henning.—In Wigmore-street, Sophia, youngest daughter of the late Sir H. Parker, bart.—In Bedford-square, Mrs. Butterworth, wife of J. Butterworth, esq. M. P. 50.—In Montague-place, Russell-square, the wife of Mr. Serjeant Lens.—At her house in Manchester-street, the widow of the Rev. Thomas Comyn, late vicar of Tottenham, Middlesex.—At Walthamstow, the widow of Mr. Camppen, late of the same place, 81.—Mr. Hodge, Bethnal Green. A national school for the education of 200 children has lately been established in the above parish, and the Bishop of London undertook to preach the first charity-sermon for the benefit of the institution. The master of the school, Mr. Hodge, had been indefatigable in preparing the children for the occasion; and just before the psalms commenced he attempted to rise, but fell down dead in the pew.—At her house in Poland-street, the

widow of the late Dr. Simmons—At his house in Goodman's-fields, Mr. C. Tabor, 80—The wife of E. Hanson, jun. of Pudding-lane—At his house in Russell-place, Fitzroy-square, R. Grant, esq. 74.

MR. GRATTAN.

The Right Hon. Henry Grattan died on Sunday night, June 4, in Baker-street. The event had been for some time expected with mournful anxiety by his family, the whole of whom watched, with the tenderest solicitude, the death-bed of this distinguished character. For the last five months Mr. Grattan laboured under a severe dropsical affliction in the chest, which, though attended with acute pain, he bore with the utmost resignation. The disorder had attained so oppressive a height, that Mr. Grattan, for the last three months, was obliged to seek rest in a sitting-posture; any attempt to sleep in any other manner, brought on an asthmatic affection, which immediately threatened fatal consequences. Mr. Grattan, anticipating the fatal result of his disorder, adopted, contrary to the advice of his friends, the determination of making one more effort in that cause which he so long and strenuously maintained, from a conviction of its justice and policy. To use his own emphatic words, in reply to the address of the Catholics of Ireland, presented to him in Dublin not many days ago, he owed "his last breath to his country."

On Friday, June 14, he was interred in Westminster Abbey, with all the solemn pomp suitable to the occasion. The pall was supported by the Dukes of Norfolk and Wellington, Lord Holland, Lord William Fitzgerald, Earl of Harrowby, Marquis of Downshire, Earl of Donoughmore, and Lord Castlereagh. Among the mourners, besides the afflicted relatives of Mr. Grattan, were His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, the Marquis Wellesley, Lord Erskine, Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Lansdown, the Marquis Conyngham, Earl of Surrey, Earls Cowper, Spencer, Darnley, and Rosslyn, Sir John Doyle, Sir Nicholas Colthurst, and many other distinguished commoners.

Then followed the Lords, the House of Commons, and Gentlemen of every part of the empire, amounting altogether to upwards of five hundred.

The whole of the distinguished characters who compose that most respectable body, the English Catholic Board, were also in the procession, and a number of other gentlemen of that profession.

The tomb lies nearly between the spot of earth which incloses all that was mortal of Fox and Pitt. It adjoins the grave of the great Lord Chatham, and is surrounded by the tombs of Lord Mansfield, and other eminent public characters. The foot of Mr. Grattan's coffin nearly touched that of Mr. Fox. It is exactly the spot, out of his own country, which we should imagine Mr. Grattan would have selected for his tomb.

He sleeps amid the most illustrious Statesmen that have adorned the modern annals of this country, and the highest compliments that could be paid him here was to assign him such a place—Convinced as we are of the impolicy of conceding the claims which he advocated, we readily admit the sincerity and disinterestedness of his public conduct.

It is the praise of Grattan, and no man needs desire a nobler epitaph, that, with powers supremely fitted to influence the multitude, he restrained himself from popular excitement. His place was in the House of Commons. There he laboured, and there he lived. It was full of his trophies. He was its true architect. It might have been said of him, "*Si monumentum ejus quæras, circumspice.*" And for this he had his reward. The long succession of demagogues, who each misled the public mind, and who, for the time, were borne above him, perished like the foam when the storm is done. Grattan's name always rose with the falling of the surge, and in the returned calmness and sunshine of the great popular expanse, his firm renown stood up like a rock upon the bosom of the ocean.

The chief instrument of those successes was his eloquence. It had the first mark of genius, originality. But Grattan is defrauded of his highest praise, if his integrity is forgotten. His powers might have commanded all that ambition covets. He was impregnable to place and title. He refused all honours and emoluments, even when they were offered by hands which he honoured. He declared himself to be the purchased servant of the country, and so be incapable of adopting another master. But he is now gathered to the great repository of the human race, and belongs to the infinite assemblage of all tongues, and ages, and nations that have been. The virtues of the dead patriot become the property of mankind. The small seed is buried in the earth, but from it springs the mighty tree gathering the dews of heaven in its branches, and covering the multitude with its shade.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS.

Soon after 8 o'clock this morning, May 19, died, at his house in Soho-square, the venerable President of the Royal Society, the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, G. C. B., &c. The loss to Science by the demise of this excellent man and liberal patron will be long and severely felt. Sir Joseph had been for a long time labouring under a most distressing illness; for some years he had been deprived of the use of his lower extremities, and rendered so feeble as to be lifted from his room to his carriage. He possessed a princely fortune, of which he assigned a large portion to the encouragement of Science, particularly Natural History, private and public charities, and domestic hospitality. In our next Number we purpose giving a copious Memoir of this distinguished character, accompanied by a Portrait.

EARL OF HAREWOOD.

The probate of the will of the late Right Hon. Henry Earl of Harewood, Viscount Lascelles, and Baron Harewood, passed under the seal of the Prerogative Court in Doctors' Commons, 18th May; the personal estate, within the province of the Archbishop of Canterbury, being sworn under 250,000*l.* The grant was made to the present Earl (late Henry Viscount Lascelles), the son and sole executor. Considerable testamentary provisions are made, in pursuance of powers created for that and other purposes, by a trust deed, bearing date 2d May, 1820; among which are, 10,000*l.* to Lord Lascelles; 40,000*l.* to the children of Lady Frances Douglas, (except an eldest son or daughter, who may succeed to certain entailed estates, and except also the Countess of Aberdeen, whom the testator considers well provided for by marriage.) To his daughter, Lady Mary Anne Yorke, 1000*l.* per annum for life, one half of which to be devoted to the support and maintenance of her children; to whom also is given the sum of 20,000*l.* in equal shares, on their arrival at 21, or marriage. Certain freehold estates in the county of York are devised to Lord Lascelles; as are also others in the islands of Jamaica, Barbadoes, Grenada, &c.; but upon the same trusts and limitations as they were devised to the testator by the late Edwin, Lord Harewood, the provisions of whose will are directed to be fulfilled. The freehold mansion in Hanover-square, purchased by the testator of the Duke of Roxburgh; and that also in Hanover-square, purchased of Mr. Wellesley Pole, and in the occupation of Lord Lascelles, are given to his Lordship for life, and ultimately according to the trusts provided in the deed of May 1820. The furniture, books, plate, pictures, jewels, &c. in these houses, are to remain as heir-looms. The freehold house in Hanover-square, purchased of the executors of Sir J. Earle, and that at Bootham, in the suburbs of the city of York, are devised to Lord Lascelles absolutely, who is also to have all household furniture (not left as heir-looms), carriages, wines, &c. and live and dead stock. Miss Emily Hall, the niece of the late Countess, has legacies to this amount of 6,000*l.* and upwards, besides an annuity; and her constant attentions to her Ladyship in her last illness are alluded to with grateful acknowledgments. Legacies to servants are large and numerous, all of the upper class having about 50*l.* per annum, besides immediate bequests. The residue is directed to be applied to the provisions of the above-mentioned deed, Lord Lascelles first taking to his own use the sum of 20,000*l.* and his children 500*l.* each, the testator not making them a larger provision, as their father will have full powers for that purpose by the trust-deed of May 1820. — This will is dated 13th July, 1819.

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LORD DUNDAS.

On Tuesday night, June 14, at his seat at Aske, near Richmond, at an advanced age, Thomas Lord Dundas.—The title devolves upon his son (the Hon. Lawrence Dundas, M.P. for York), in consequence of which, there will be a vacancy in the representation for that city.—This highly-respected nobleman was born Feb. 16, 1741; created a peer August 13, 1794; married May 24, 1764, Charlotte, sister of Earl Fitzwilliam, by whom he had issue, Lawrence, born April 10, 1766, married in 1794, Harriet, daughter of General John Hale; Charlotte, married July 8, 1806, to Lord Viscount Milton; Francis, married to Robert Chaloner, Esq. of Guisbrough; and other children.

LORD SHERBORNE.

Never within the memory of man has death swept with a more devastating and unsparring hand amongst the noble houses of our land, than within the last two years;—the rich and powerful have been humbled amidst the very plenitude of earthly enjoyment, and silently laid in the lowly place of rest, with as unregarding a sweep as has thinned the untitled and undistinguished of our race. But amidst them all, there is none whose death will be more truly lamented than that of Lord Sherborne. This mournful event took place on Monday evening, May 22, at eight o'clock. His lordship had been seriously indisposed for some time past, but, we believe, no idea of immediate danger was entertained. Distinguished through a long and honourable life by the exercise of every generous and noble quality that could adorn the heart of man—Lord Sherborne enjoyed, in unbounded good will, the respect, the esteem, and the affectionate regard of all to whom the many excellent traits of his nature were known. Possessing an extensive property, his first pride was the character with which the gratitude of his tenantry invested him; and to be known as “a good landlord,” was to him the chief gratification derived from his possessions. When the honours of this world have passed away, and are forgotten, the record of his Christian zeal, of his piety, and of his benevolence, will be greeted with a sacred enthusiasm, and a mournful reverence inseparable from the memory of worth.—James Dutton, Lord Sherborne, Baron of Sherborne, co. Gloucester, was born in October 1744, and was consequently in his 76th year. His lordship was married July 7, 1774, to Mary, daughter of Wenman Robert Coke, of Longford, in Derbyshire, esq. by whom he had issue John, the present Lord Sherborne, married to the Hon. Miss Legge, only daughter of Henry Lord Stowell;—Elizabeth Jane married January 1803, to Visc. Andover, now Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire;—Anne Margaret married April 1806, to Prince Boriatinsky, of the Russian

empire, died at Petersburg in March 1807, leaving issue the Princess Bariatinsky;—and Frances Mary, the Hon. Miss Dutton.

LIEUT.-COL. SALKELD.

In Abbey-street, Carlisle, on Wednesday May 24, died Lieut.-colonel Salkeld, aged 59 years, one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Cumberland, and the predecessor of Wilfrid Lawson, esq. in the important office of high sheriff of the county. Lieut.-col. Salkeld served between 20 and 30 years in the Hon. East India Company's service, on the Bengal establishment, universally esteemed and respected by all ranks, for his integrity, urbanity, and professional abilities in different departments; closing with the high official situation of quarter-master general to the Bengal army. During the arduous and successful campaign

against the Mahrattas, &c. in 1803 and 1804, he conducted the army under the personal orders of the commander-in-chief, Lord Lake, with an intelligent activity, ability, and discrimination, that merited general confidence, and called forth the repeated public acknowledgments of that distinguished commander.—Possessing a high sense of honour, a well-cultivated mind, and sound judgment, his conduct as a magistrate was marked by an undeviating uprightness. As high sheriff, he was solicitous to maintain a due degree of splendour, combined with that frank hospitality, peculiar to the military man and English gentleman. Though seldom the proposer of any new schemes, or public measures, whenever an opportunity presented itself, of carrying on or supporting any plan of general utility, he was never the last to lend a helping hand.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES, IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

Married. At Apsley, Wm. Queneborough Wright, esq. to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Barton, esq. comptroller of the royal mint.—At Biddenham, Mr. James Adkins, of Ravenstone Mills, Bucks, to Miss Killineworth, of the former place.

Died. At Book Farm, Wrestlingworth, Wm. Ringstead Barber, esq. 41.

BERKSHIRE.

A new national school has recently been opened in the parish of Tilehurst. The ground is the gift of the rector, the building has been erected at the expense of Sophia, widow of Dr. Shepherd, and its repairs are provided for by an annual benefaction for ever of 16*l*. 10*s*. from Magdalen college, Oxford.

The Rev. Dr. Gabell, head-master of Winchester school, is presented to the valuable living of Binfield, in this county.

Births. At the vicarage house, Hungerford, the lady of the Rev. Wm. Cookson, of a daughter.—At Newtown, the lady of the Rev. C. B. Cox, of a daughter.

Married. At Reading, Mr. James Spicer, of Wanborough, Wilts, to Miss Martin, of Lambourn.—Mr. Thomas Pocock Oram, of New Windsor, to Miss A. Hopkins, of Charlton, near Andover.

Died. At Sillwood Park, Sunninghill, Mary, wife of George Simson, esq. 48.—At Maidenhead, 72, Mrs. Smith.—At Wallingford, Mrs. Sarah Bedford, 51.—Mary Anne, wife of Charles Greenwood, esq. 50.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

The Rev. Richard Marks, of Waterbeach, Cambridgeshire, is instituted by the bishop of Lincoln to the vicarage of Great Missenden; patron, James Oldham Oldham, esq.

Birth. At Gayhurst, Lady Sophia Pierrepont, of a daughter.

Married. At Chesham, Wm. Bill Turnor, solicitor, of Aylesbury, to Mrs. Potter, of the former place.—At Ravenstone Mills, Mr. James Adkins, to Miss Killineworth, of Biddenham, Bedfordshire.—At Aylesbury, Mr. Cheney, to Miss Rolles, of Is-

lington.—The Rev. Wm. Smith, rector of Broughton, to Mary, youngest daughter of Samuel Bay, esq. of Tannington Green, Suffolk.

Died. At Wendover, Mr. T. Mallison, 67.—Thomas Wakefield, esq. formerly commander in the East India company's service, 70.—At Aylesbury, Mr. John Marlow, 78.—Mr. John Hatch, 25.—At Great Missenden, at an advanced age, the Rev. Robert Armstrong, vicar of that parish, distinguished for his piety and literary attainments.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

The Court of Chancery has ordered that three Craven university scholarships shall be established at a stipend of 50*l*. each. The electors intend to proceed to an election upon this new foundation at the usual time in January next.

A direct communication has just been opened from Cambridge, Newmarket, Bury, and Ely, to Wisbech, and into Lincolnshire, by a road from Welney across the Wash, to the hundred feet river, at which a ferry-boat is established.

Married. John Household, esq. of Norwood Lodge, Isle of Ely, to Emma, eldest daughter of A. Jackson, esq. of Barkway, Herts.—The Rev. Thomas Austin, B. A. of Trinity college, to Jane Eliza, eldest daughter of Rev. James Tate, M.A. master of the grammar school, Richmond, Yorkshire.

Died. At Newmarket, Mr. S. Dennis.—At Soham, Marianne, wife of Mr. Thomas Seppings, solicitor, 33.

CHESHIRE.

Birth. At Peover Hall, Lady Mainwaring, of a daughter.

Married. At Chester, Mr. William Williams, to Miss Emma Maysmore.—At Stockport, Josiah Howard, esq. to Janet Buchanan, youngest daughter of James Provend, esq. of Glasgow.—Mr. Samuel Dodge, to Miss Sarah Ranssee.—At Duddleston, near Chester, Mr. George Harper, of Whitchurch, Shropshire, solicitor, to Mary, only daughter of Mr. Wm. Johnson, of Edge Higher Hall.

Died. At Chester, Mr. Joseph Newnes.—Mrs. Phoenix, 22.

THE 2021st ANNUAL REPORT OF THE **CORNWALL** SOCIETY OF LONDON, for clothing, educating, giving religious instruction, and fitting for sea, the neglected children of poor sailors and fishermen in the western parts of Cornwall, to be called "The Mount's Bay Poor Sea Boys' Society." The Marine Society, since their first institution, have educated and sent 72,000 men and boys to sea, and they have at this time 170 stout healthy boys on board their ships, either fit for the king's or merchants service.

Married. At Stephens, Mr. J. N. Ashwood, surgeon, of Brossley, Salop, to Miss France, daughter of Lieut. France, R. N.—At Redruth, Mr. John Bervan, assay master, to Miss Mary Pryce—At Illogan, Mr. Thomas Walters, of St. John's, Swansea, to Miss Mary Reynolds, of Portreath—At Fowey, Mr. Broad, of Padstow, surgeon, to Miss Brown, of Fowey—At Penryn, James Hendy, esq., solicitor, of Truro, to Miss Paul, daughter of the late Rev. Richard Paul, of Magwen—At St. Winnow, Mr. John Cardell, of Lower St. Columb, to Miss Sarah Wentworth.

Died. After a lingering illness, at Newham House, near Truro, Captain Woolridge, R.N.—Miss Mills—At Camelford, Mr. Wm. Scott—At Helston, Mr. Reed, 63—At Fowey, Mr. Broad, of Padstow—At St. Ives, Mrs. P. Grenfell, 24—At St. Teath, 93, Mrs. Elizabeth Smart—At Poundstock, Mr. Nicholas Penfold.

CUMBERLAND.

Married. At Carlisle, Mr. John Bowman, to Miss Mary Jackson—Mr. Joseph Weall, to Miss Elizabeth Shadwick—Mr. Edward Ridley, to Miss Mary Rutherford—At Botcherley, John Holmes, esq., to Miss Burton, of Wormanby—At Whickam, John Lewthwaite, esq., of Broadgate, to Miss Kirkbank, of the former place.

Died. At Carlisle, Mr. Dundas, 46—Mrs. Ferguson, relict of Robert Ferguson, esq.—At Naworth Castle, 74, Thomas Ramsay, esq., upwards of 40 years the principal land steward and agent of the Earl of Carlisle—At Workington, Capt. Matthew Casley, 77—Mary, wife of Capt. William Rees, 45—At Whitehaven, Anne, wife of H. Jefferson, esq. 55.

DERBYSHIRE.

On the 12th of June, the first stone was laid of a new chapel at Ripley, on the principles of the established church.

Married. At Tideswell, Mr. Richard Longden, to Miss Jane Bridson, of Manchester.

Died. At Chadlstone, Mrs. Sarah Cholerton, 54.

DEVONSHIRE.

The parishioners of St. Thomas near Exeter, have unanimously resolved to enlarge their church, by building an additional aisle on the north side; the expense is estimated at about 800l.

The Rev. Robert Hurll Froude, A.M. rector of Dartington, is collated to the archdeaconry of Totnes, by the Lord Bishop of the diocese.

Birth. At Colleton Crescent, Exeter, the lady of Captain Burn, of a daughter.

Married. At Plymouth, William Rendell, esq., of Vincent, to Miss Susanna Harris, of Egg Buckland—At Torrington, Dr. John Forbes, of Penzance, secretary to the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, to Eliza Mary, eldest daughter of the late John Bergh, esq., of Calcutta.

Died. At Exmouth, 47, Major Calland, formerly of the 2d life guards—At Exeter, after a long illness, Mrs. Polson, wife of the Rev. J. Polson—Miss

Anthony, of Bideford, 22—N. Matherley, esq. 76—The Rev. Michael Warde, rector of Ashcombe and vicar of Barnistaple—At Vizanagram, in the East Indies, Major Parmenter, of the 16th native infantry, son of the late J. V. Parmenter, esq., of Exeter, 41—At Crediton, the wife of the Rev. John Russell—At Harborton, in his 80th year, the Rev. Ralph Barnes, archdeacon of Totnes, chancellor of the diocese, and canon residentiary of Exeter.

DORSETSHIRE.

Birth. At Farnham, the lady of Captain Markland, B. N. of a daughter.

Married. At Tarrant Monckton, Thomas, second son of Robert Bridge, esq., of Piddletrenthide, to Emma, 5th daughter of the late John Bridge, esq., of Winsford, in this county.

Died. At Poole, Captain Thomas Linthorne, B. N. 66, having spent 50 years in the service of his country—At Bournemouth, Mrs. Mary Carter, 74—At Warcham, Mrs. Symes.

DURHAM.

The Rev. John Collinson, curate of Ryton, has been licensed to the perpetual curacies of Lamesley and Tanfield, on the nomination of Sir Thomas H. Liddell, bart.

Lord Vane Stewart has presented and placed in the Exchange news-room at Sunderland, a whole-length portrait of the late Sir Henry Vane Tempest, by Hayter.

Married. At Durham, William Green, jun. esq., to Eleanor, second daughter of the late Joseph Granger, esq.—At Woden Croft-lodge, near Barnard Castle, Lionel Simpson, esq., to Miss Elizabeth Birkbeck, of Spring End, Smaledale—At Heworth, Mr. Edward Turnbull, of Lingey House, to Miss Barbara Lawson, of Lanchester.

Died. At Sunderland, Mr. John Reay, 63—At Coniscliffe, 84, the Rev. Henry Richardson, vicar of that parish.

ESSEX.

Married. At Chigwell, John, son of John Blegg, esq., of Bedford-row, to Emma, second daughter of John Wilkins, esq., of Chigwell—At Havering-atte-bower, James Howe, esq., to Anna Maria, second daughter of the Rev. J. E. Gambier, rector of Langley, Kent—At Dedham, Mr. Wm. Clarke, to Miss Susan Hunt, of Iken.

Died. At Springfield-place, Mrs. Anne Brograve, 88, aunt of Sir George Berney Brograve, bart., of Worsted House, Suffolk—At the Hythe, Colchester, 50, Mrs. Holdich, relict of Mr. W. B. Holdich, surgeon, late of Sibthorpe—At Epping, Mr. John Black, land agent and surveyor—At Boxstead, Mrs. Cooke, relict of the Rev. Robert Cooke, formerly vicar of that parish, 89—At Chelmsford, 84, Mr. John Marryam.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

The act of parliament for making the new road between Acton Turville and Downend, has been passed, and the work will commence immediately. On its completion, should it be determined to alter the route of the mail from Bristol to the metropolis, it is computed that, with ease to the horses, &c. it might arrive in that city a quarter before ten in the morning, and of course need not be dispatched again till five in the afternoon.

Births. At Bilton Vicarage, the lady of the Rev. H. T. Ellicombe, of a daughter—At Cheltenham, the Hon. Mrs. Brooks, of a son—At Clearwell Court, Mrs. Haffenden, of a daughter.

Married. At Tetbury, the Rev. Wm. S. Birch,

eldest son of George Birch, esq. of Mona Icha, county Tipperary, to Anne Maria, second daughter of John Paul Paul, esq. of High Grove, in this county—At Winterbourne, the Rev. Frederic Morgan, of Fairford, to Miss Harriet Taylor, of Frenchay—At Cheltenham, Mr. Henry Lucy, surveyor, to Miss Sarah Good, of Dunawater, Herefordshire—At Oxenhall, near Newent, Mr. Wm. Wood, to Miss Susanna Maddocks, of Bulley, near Gloucester.

Died.] At Cheltenham, Rachael Worsley, wife of John Ireland, esq. of Hampton Lodge, Herefordshire, and daughter of the late General Merrick, 71—At Gloucester, William Jones, esq. of the White Friars—At Batsford, Mordaunt Montagu Poyntz, esq. youngest son of the late William Poyntz, esq. of Midgham House, Berks, 86—At Bownham House, the lady of J. Clerke, esq. and sister of Lady Midmay.

HAMPSHIRE.

Birth.] At Gatcomb House, the lady of Sir Lucius Curtis, bart. of a son.

Married.] At Basingstoke, Mr. George Lamb, solicitor, to Miss Anne Workman—At St. Bartholomew Hyde, Richard, second son of William Barnes, esq. of Winchester, to Miss Elizabeth White, of Whitechurch, Oxon.

Died.] At Wickham, near Fareham, Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Grindall, K. C. B. in his 70th year—At Froxfield, William Newberry, esq.—At Darley, Mrs. Elizabeth Doughton—At Fordingbridge, Mrs. Sarah Chubb, 59—At Newport, Mr. Richard Read Taylor, 54.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

The Rev. F. H. Brickenden, B. D. vice provost of Worcester college, Oxford, is instituted to the vicarage of Dewsbury, with the chapelry of Callow annexed, and to the perpetual curacy of Acornbury, county of Hereford, vacant by the death of the Rev. D. Renaud: patrons, the governors of Guy's hospital.

Birth.] At Hill House, near Ross, Mrs. Nugent, of a daughter.

Married.] At Kentchurch, Mr. John Herbert, to Miss Turner, of Deans Common, Gloucestershire.

Died.] At Hereford, 65, Miss Ann Morgan, daughter of the late Rev. Charles Morgan—At Cagebrook House, near Hereford, J. M. Green, esq. 65—At Sidmouth, Joseph, second son of the Rev. R. Hodges, of Woolhope, 25—At Wilton, near Ross, in the prime of life, Henry Platt, esq. who in all the relative duties of life was in all respects exemplary—At Hall Court, Mrs. Browne, relict of Richard Browne, esq.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

The Rev. Thomas Fordham Green, A. B. is instituted to the rectory of Gravely, in this county.

Died.] At Delrow, Lieut.-col. Leighton Cathcart Dalrymple, of the 16th hussars, second son of General Sir Hugh Dalrymple.

KENT.

Births.] At the Admiralty House, Rochester, Lady Gore, of a daughter—At Knowle Farm, near Tunbridge Wells, the lady of Major-general Beatson, of a daughter—At Chislehurst, the lady of Hubert Jenner, L.L.D. of a son.

Married.] At Woodnesborough, the Rev. Francis Burrow, of St. John's, Thanet, to Anne Maude, fourth daughter of John Boys, of Each, in

this county—At Seven Oaks, J. H. Urquhart, esq. to Louisa, eldest daughter of the late William Spurrier, esq. of Poole, Dorset—At Canterbury, Lieut. Thomas Powell, 14th infantry, to Eliza, second daughter of Mr. Alderman Browne—John Wilkes, esq. of London, solicitor, to Miss Townshend, daughter of the Rev. George Townshend, of Ramsgate—At Deal, the Rev. Joseph Ruse, of Northbourn, to Miss Charlotte Warden, of Richmond, Surrey—At Margate, Mr. George Witherden, bookseller, to Miss Frances Sayer, of Ramsgate—At Tunbridge, John Carnell, esq. to Miss Laura Scaones—At Hastings, Charles Willis, esq. of Cranbrook, to Mrs. Whitehead, of Jamaica.

Died.] At Blackhead, George Hawks, esq. of Gateshead Iron-works, in the co. of Durham—At Deal, of a rapid decline, Lieut. Robert F. Hippeley, R. N. 24—At Broadstairs, Captain John Coward, 60—At Ightham, in the 102d year of her age, Mrs. Hilder, who retained her faculties till her death.

LANCASHIRE.

The new market in Great Charlotte-street, Liverpool, the erection of which is to be commenced immediately, will be, when completed, by far the finest covered market in the kingdom. It will be in length 500 feet, and in breadth upwards of 300 feet, with a handsome elevation towards Great Charlotte-street, and such provision for ventilation, that there will be the most uninterrupted circulation of air through every portion of the building. The whole will be surrounded with shops, and the area divided into compartments properly fitted up for meat, poultry, vegetables, fish, butter, eggs, fruit, and every other description of marketable commodities. The expense of the whole, it is calculated, will exceed 80,000*l*.

Births.] At Rochdale, the lady of Lieut.-col. Macgreggor, 88th regt. of a son—At Furness, Nancy, wife of Mr. George Howard, of four male children, two of them with the mother are doing well, the other two died almost immediately.

Married.] At Lancaster, Mr. John Thompson, of Manchester, solicitor, to Miss Humphreys, of Lancaster—At Manchester, Mr. Thomas Pickford, solicitor, to Miss Amelia Timperley—At Paraworth, by the Rev. T. Kidd, T. Horsfall, of Byeworth Hall, Yorkshire, to Mary Anne, daughter of T. Moss, esq. of Mossbrook, Widnes, near Warrington.

Died.] At Manchester, 62, Mr. Abraham Ogden, many years partner in the house of Cockblien and Ogden—At Ashton-under-Lane, Mr. Wm. Taylor, 50—At Clayton Hall, near Manchester, Mr. Samuel Howard.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

The Rev. J. Davies, M. A. chaplain to the duke of Buccleugh, has been instituted to the rectory of Staunton Wyville, on the presentation of the earl of Cardigan; a dispensation has passed the great seal to enable him to hold that living, with the rectory of Glooston, both in this county.

The Rev. Francis Brooke Welles, M. A. scholar of Worcester college, is instituted to the rectory of Catthorpe.

Married.] At Appleby, Joseph Taylor, esq. to Anne Hewitt, eldest dau. of Mr. Wm. Padmore, of Manchester—At Sheephead, the Rev. Matthew Drake Babington, of Rowcliffe-manoir, to Miss Hannah Churchill.

Died.] At Hinckley, Mary Anne, eldest daughter of the late Sir Alexander Kinlock, bart. of Gilmerston, East Lothian.

ter of Mr. R. Lampitt, solicitor—At Whitney, Mr. Leake, in his 88th year, formerly an eminent solicitor in that place—After a few hours' illness, John Hankins, a member of the society of Friends—At Headington, Mrs. Martha Savage, 74—At Marsh Mills, near Henley, Miss Elizabeth House, 20—At Henley, Mrs. Marsh, relict of Barrett Marsh, esq. 59—The Rev. John Curtis, D.D. one of the senior fellows of Magdalen College, 74.

SHROPSHIRE.

The Rev. Henry Calveley Cotton, M.A. vicar of Penn, Bucks, is instituted to the rectory of Hinstock; patron, Sir C. Corbet, bart.

Birth.] At Prado, the Hon. Mrs. Kenyon, of a daughter.

Married.] J. N. Ashwood, of Brasley, esq. to Miss France, daughter of Lieut. France, R.N.—At Doddeston, near Chester, Mr. George Harper, of Whitchurch, solicitor, to Miss Mary Johnson, of Edge Higher Hall, in this county—At Shrewsbury, James Stanley, esq. solicitor, of Market Drayton, to Mrs. Rowland Bayley—At Hanmer, Mr. Thomas Paddock, of the New Buildings, in this county, to Miss Sarah Phillips, of Halghton, Flintshire.

Died.] At his house near Oswestry, Mr. James Green, 78, twenty-four years master of the free-school at Clungerford, near Ludlow, and afterwards master of respectable academies at Bath, and at Runcorn in Cheshire—At Oswestry, the youngest daughter of Thomas Maurice, esq.—At Court of Hill, 78, Thomas Fowler, esq. and of Abbey Cwmhir, in Radnorshire—At All Stretton, 65, regretted by all who knew his worth, the Rev. Richard Wilding, A.M. fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, rector of Easthorpe, curate of Wolstanton and Smethcott, one of his majesty's justices of the peace for this county, surrogate for the diocese of Hereford, one of the trustees of the free grammar-school in this town, and of Church Stretton, in this county. As a magistrate, he was possessed of quick discernment, solid judgment, and strict integrity. As a clergyman, he had an extensive share of learning, and was sincerely attached to the doctrines and discipline of the church of England. In domestic life, he was in every relation exemplary—At Norton near Shrewsbury, Mr. George, 75—At Condover, in his 81st year, the Rev. Edward Daker, M.A. formerly fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

The Rev. Dr. Moysey, rector of Walcot, has been appointed by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, to the archdeaconry of Bath, *vice* the Rev. Josiah Thomas, deceased. The Rev. Dr. Moysey has appointed the Rev. Mr. Baker, minister of Christ Church, *vice* the Rev. J. Thomas.

The Rev. James Hooper is presented to the rectory of Stowell.

The Rev. Charles Francis Bampfylde is preferred to the rectory of Dunkerton; patron, Sir Charles Warwick Bampfylde, bart.

The Rev. Thomas Oldfield Bartlett, rector of Swanage, Isle of Purbeck, to the rectory of Sutton Montagu, void by the death of the Rev. Dr. Palmer.

Birth.] At Swanswick Cottage, the lady of G. A. Sawyer, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Bath, John Maule, esq. son of the Rev. John Maule, late chaplain of Greenwich Hospital, to Frances Emma, youngest daughter of Samuel Norman, esq. of Taunton, Somerset—R. T. Bateman, esq. of Wheathills, near Derby, to Madeline, youngest daughter of the late Robert Willoughby, esq. of Kingsbury Cliff, Warwickshire—

William Shaws, esq. of Downside House, to Elizabeth Mary, youngest daughter of Lady Staines—The Rev. David Stewart Moncrieff, rector of Loxton and of Weston, to Elizabeth Young, second daughter of the late George Monkland, esq. of Belmont, Bath—George Helyar, esq. barrister, to Louisa Matilda, third daughter of the late W. Russell, esq. of Barningham Hall, Norfolk—At Crewkerne, John Gray Draper, esq. to Martha, eldest daughter of Samuel Sparks, esq. banker—At Shapwick, Captain Gyles, 9th regt. of foot, to Maria, eldest daughter of George Warry, esq.—At St. Kew, William Norris, esq. youngest son of the late Rev. John Norris, of Dulverton, to Hannah, second daughter of the late James Read, M.D. of Tremear House, Cornwall.

Died.] At Bath, of a rapid decline, Christiansa Louisa, youngest daughter of the Hon. Paul Horsford, his majesty's attorney general for the Leeward Islands—Lieut. Colonel Flint, late of the E. I. C.'s service on the Madras establishment—The Rev. Josiah Thomas, archdeacon of Bath, 60—Mrs. Douglas, widow of the Rev. James Douglas, F.A.S. of Preston, near Brighton, and whom she survived scarcely six months—Dr. James Sims, formerly of Finsbury-square, 80—The Hon. Miss P. H. Hutchinson, sister to the Earl of Donoughmore—At Bristol, Mr. James Norton, many years a respectable bookseller, and a man of the strictest integrity—Capt. Edward Power, 76, senior dock-master of this port twenty-one years—At Cannington, near Bridgewater, Mary, daughter of R. Symes, esq. 22—The Rev. William Perkins, M.A. 75, vicar of Kingsbury, in this county, and forty-five years curate of Twyford, Bucks, senior member of Lincoln College, Oxford, and one of the oldest chaplains to his present majesty, leaving a widow and fourteen children.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Tamworth, Mr. Benjamin Hatfield, to Miss Graves, of Settle, Yorkshire—At Wednesbury, Mr. William Jones, of Candeston Park, Salop, to Miss Brown, of the former place.

Died.] At Statfold Hall, Samuel Pipe Wulferstan, esq. aged 69—At Stafford, Mary, wife of the Rev. Robert Anlezark, and eldest daughter of the late Dr. Warren, rector of Ripple—At the vicarage-house, Biddulph, Dorothy, wife of the Rev. James Sewell.

SUFFOLK.

Birth.] At Mildenhall, the lady of the Rev. H. G. Phillips, of a son.

Married.] At Bungay, Thomas Collingwood Hughes, esq. son of the late Rev. Sir Robert Hughes, bart. to Elizabeth St. John, youngest daughter of Robert Butcher, of Upland Grove, near Bungay, esq.—At Blakenham Magna, Mr. William Waller, of Ipswich, to Miss Martha Banyard, of the former place—At Ipswich, George Helyar, esq. barrister at law, and fellow of New College, to Louisa Matilda, third daughter of the late W. R. Russell, esq. of Barningham Hall, Norfolk—At Mendlesham, the Rev. John Lucas Worship, to Frances Bridget, second daughter of the late Staring Day, jun. of Norwich, esq.

Died.] At Bury St. Edmunds, Charles Blachley, esq. 73, paymaster of the West Suffolk militia—At Stowmarket, Mrs. Fuller, late of Buxhall—At Sapiston, aged 63, Mr. William Farrow—At the parsonage-house, Ipswich, the Rev. Bailey Wallis, D.D. rector of St. Mary Stoke, Ipswich, 63—Of a deep decline, Henry, eldest son of James Thordike, esq.

SURREY.

Married.] At Whitcham, Richard Norris, esq. to *Winifreda*, second daughter of Sir James Gambler, his majesty's consul-general in the United Netherlands.—At Godalming, William Pontifex, esq. to *Ann*, eldest daughter, and at the same time and place, Edmund Pontifex, esq. to *Sarah*, second daughter, of Robert Marshall, esq.—Mr. Thomas Horsley, of Southwark, to Miss Denyer, of Godalming.

Died.] At Richmond, Mrs. Broughton, widow of the Rev. Thomas Broughton, rector of Tiverton.

SUSSEX.

Thirty-five years ago, the resident population of Brighton did not exceed 8000 persons; now it exceeds 21,000.

Birth.] At Chichester, the lady of the Rev. Barri Phipps, prebendary of Chichester, of a son.

Married.] At Oatsfield, the Rev. William Delves, to Mary, youngest daughter of Francis Bedingfield, esq. of Kirklington Hall, Cumberland.—At Hastings, Charles Willis, esq. of Cranbrook, Kent, to Mrs. Whitehead, of the former place—George Butcher, esq. of Burebet, to Miss Eliz. Lawrence, of Hyde Farm, Blaham, Bucks.

Died.] At Brighton, George Knowles, esq. 47.—At Little Green, 70, Thomas Peckham Phipps, esq. late of Heywood House, Wilts.

WARWICKSHIRE.

The Rev. Thomas Lea, A.M. of Trinity College, Oxford, has been collated by the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, to the vicarage of Bishop's Itchington in this county.

Births.] At Castle Bromwich, the Viscountess Newport, of a daughter.—At Farnborough, of twin daughters, the lady of William Holbech, esq.

Married.] At Aston, near Birmingham, Mr. William Imms, of Bishopsfrome, to Miss Jane Roberts, of Croton, Salop.

WESTMORELAND.

It has been determined by a public meeting, to establish annual races in the vicinity of Kendal, to continue three days. There are to be at least two plates of 50*l.* each, besides sweepstakes, matches, &c.

Died.] At Appleby, Captain Watson, of the Westmoreland militia.

WILTSHIRE.

The Rev. William Roles has been instituted to the rectory of Upton Lovell, vacant by the death of the Hon. and Rev. Edward Seymour.

Birth.] At Fifehead parsonage, the lady of the Rev. Edward Peacock, of a son.

Married.] At Salisbury, Mr. Henry Baker, of Wilton, to Miss Barrett.—At Marlboro', Mr. Cliff, of Woodborough, to Miss White.—At Trowbridge, Mr. James Timbrell, to Miss A. Burnett, of Holt.

Died.] At his seat, Rushell, Sir John Methuen Poore, bart. 76.—At Torquay, whilst in conversation with part of his family, Henry Foot, esq. of Berwick St. John's, in this county, 69.—At Droxford, William Rogers, esq. 82.—At Burbage, Thomas Pearce, esq. 79.—At Fern House, in this county, Susannah, daughter of the late Mr. John Highmore, of Thornford, Dorsetshire.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

The Dean and Chapter of Worcester have appointed the Rev. Allen Wheeler, B.D. to the head-mastership of the college school.

Births.] At Worcester, the lady of James Malden, M.D. of a daughter.—At Malvern, the lady of Captain Maraden, of a son.

Married.] Captain Herbert Brace Powell, R.N. to Miss Eleanor Mary Bradney Marsh, of Lyde House, Staffordshire.

Died.] At Worcester, Mr. Edward Wood.—Mr. Samuel Overton, 61.—At Evesham, Mrs. Meads.—At Tything, Miss Elis. Tomlinson.—At Cotheridge, George Deakin, esq.

YORKSHIRE.

On Monday the 12th ult. the foundation-stone of the new church at Bishop Burton, was laid by the Rev. Robert Rigby, the vicar.

The Rev. William Bishop is presented by the Rev. Henry Heap, vicar of Bradford, to the perpetual curacy of Thornton, in the parish of Bradford.

Births.] At Brandsby, the lady of Francis Cholmeley, esq. of a daughter.—At Hulton Lodge, near Malton, the lady of Colonel J. Maister, of a daughter.—At Heale Mount, the lady of J. R. Watson, esq. of a son.—At Hull, the lady of Dr. Bell, of a son.

Married.] At Ripon, Thomas Darnborough, esq. to Maria, only daughter of the Rev. Joshua Sampson, of South Otterington, near Northalton.—At Scarborough, the Rev. William Woodhall, rector of Bramston and Waltham, Leicestershire, to Miss Dowker, of Salton.—At Doncaster, the Rev. Henry Fenton, to Dorothy-Anne, daughter of Samuel Cooke, esq. Streetfields, Warwickshire.

Died.] At Chapel Allerton, Margaret Brogden, wife of Wm. Williams Brown, esq. banker, Leeds, 26.—Thomas Norcliffe, esq. of Langton, near Malton, 63, one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the North and East Ridings.—At White Windows, near Halifax, Lydia, widow of Joseph Priestley, esq. 70.—At Thirsk, Lieut. D. R. Addison, of the 101st regt. of foot, son of the late Rev. Daniel Addison.—At Market Weighton, Mr. Bradley, the Yorkshire giant: when dead, he measured 9 feet in length, and 3 feet across the shoulders.—At his seat at Aske, near Richmond, at an advanced age, Thomas Lord Dundas. The title devolves upon his son, the Hon. Laurence Dundas, M.P. for York.—At Huddersfield, John, eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Boothroyd, 19.

WALES.

The foundation-stone of a new market, town-hall, and market-place was laid at Neath, Glamorgan-shire, on the 31st of May, by the Portreeve, attended by the burgesses and gentlemen of the town, &c.

The Rev. William Morgan, vicar of Llanfynydd, to the consolidated vicarage of Cryo and Lansawel, vice the Rev. H. Williams, deceased.

Married.] At Neath, William Powell, esq. to Hannah Eliza, eldest daughter of the late John Jones, esq. of Derry Ormond, Cardiganshire.—At Nantglyn, Denbighshire, A. Owen Pugh, esq. to Miss Jane Lloyd.

Died.] At Plas ynllan, near Ruthin, in her 81st year, Mrs. Jones, relict of Edward Jones, esq. of Llangynhafel, Denbighshire.—At Neston, Elizabeth Agnes, wife of C. B. Trevor Roper, esq. of Plas Teg, Flintshire.—At Gronant, 85, Mrs. Bulkeley, mother of Capt. Bulkeley, and aunt to Sir W. Bulkeley Hughes, of Plascoth, Anglesey.—Near Haverfordwest, the Rev. Thomas Phillips, M.A. rector of Haroldston and Lambton, Pembrokeshire, and chaplain to the bishop of St. David's.—Mrs. D. Davies, relict of Hugh Davies, esq. banker, of Machynlleth, 85.

SCOTLAND.

The Caledonian canal, now carrying on for avoiding the tedious and dangerous navigation round the Northern and Western coasts of Scotland, is truly gigantic. When completed, ships of 22 guns will be able to navigate it; the depth is to be 20 feet, the width at the bottom 60, and at the surface of the water 110 feet; and the sluices from 162 to 173 feet in length.

Married. At Edinburgh, Archibald Johnston, esq. of Pittowie, to Miss Clarkson—At Gilston House, Fifeshire, Captain John Whitehill Parsons, 16th hussars, to Mary-Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Major-general Dewar, of Gilston.

Died. At Edinburgh, Hugh Warrender, esq. of Burntisland, his majesty's agent for Scotland, and deputy-keeper of the signet—At the Manse of Localsh, Dr. Alexander Downie—At Delrow, Lieut. Colonel Leighton Cathcart Dalrymple, C.B. 15th hussars, second son of General Sir Hugh Dalrymple, bart.—At Milton, Ayrshire, Lady Hunter Blair—At Aberdeen, at the advanced age of 91, John Abercrombie, esq. formerly chief magistrate in that city—At Hopeville, Caithness, Mrs. Helen Sinclair, wife of David Brodie, esq.; a few hours afterwards, at Stanestill, Mrs. Henrietta Sinclair, her sister, both daughters of the late James Sinclair, of Harpsdale, esq.; also Jane, 2d daughter of David Brodie, esq.—At Rineton, the Rev. James Macdonald, chaplain to the late 78th regt.—At Inverness, Mrs. Margery Maclean, 56—At Perth, Mrs. Pringle, wife of the Rev. Dr. Pringle.

IRELAND.

Births. In Dublin, the lady of N. W. Brady, esq. sheriff elect, of a daughter—The lady of Benj. Riky, esq. of a son—At Westland, county Waterford, the lady of the Rev. H. Fleury, of a daughter—At Duckett's grove, county Carlow, the lady of John Dawson Duckett, esq. of a daughter—On Morrison's Island, Cork, the lady of Jer. James Murphy, esq. of a daughter—At Beaulieu House, county Louth, the lady of Henry Metcalf, esq. M.P. of twin daughters—In Cork, the lady of T. Rye, esq. of Rye Court, of a son.

Married. In Dublin, the Rev. George Bisshop, archdeacon of Aghydne, to Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of Captain Sproule, R.N.—Nicholas Colburn, esq. late major in the Portuguese service, to Harriet, youngest daughter of John O'Donnell, esq. barrister—W. S. Blood, esq. to Mrs. Anne Studdert—Thomas E. Mayne, esq. to Catherine, eldest daughter of James Cowley, esq.—The Rev. Thomas Thompson, to Louisa Charlotte, only daughter of John Metge, esq. and niece of the late Baron Metge—At Castle Connell, Sir John Allen De Burgh, bart. to Miss Anna Matilda Walker, of Castle Waller, county Tipperary—At White Church, Henry B. Archer, esq. only son of the late Admiral Archer, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Nicholas Gifford, of Ballysop, county Wexford, esq.

Died. At Eakar, the Rev. Edward Berwick, rector of Leixlip, county Kildare, and Clongish, in

Longford, 67—At Killybegs, after a few hours' illness, Sir James Bond, bart. 77—At Maynooth College, in his 59th year, the Rev. Paul O'Brien, many years professor of the Irish language in that establishment—At Cargustown, Alex. Macdonnachie, at the great age of 103—Also at Ballysalla, near Kilkenny, aged 111 years, Mrs. Bridget Byrne—At Waterford, suddenly, W. Newport, esq. banker, and only brother of Sir John Newport, bart. M.P.—Miss Catherine Hayden, only surviving daughter of Philip Hayden, esq.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At St. George d'Elmina, on the gold coast of Africa, F. C. E. Oldenburgh, president, governor of that fortress, and commander-in-chief of the Dutch settlements in Guinea. This gentleman was deservedly respected by all chieftains, and particularly so by his English neighbours, the officers of Cape Coast Castle, with whom he lived, both in time of peace and war, on terms of perfect friendship and cordiality—At Paris, George Dering, of Barham Court, county Kent, esq.—At sea, on his return from Lisbon, where he had been for benefit of climate, Thomas Stodart, esq. Cardrona N. B.—On the coast of Cephalonia, Mr. Henry Hyde Freeman, master of the ship *Glasgow*, suddenly carried off by a violent fever in the 18th year of his age. He was the third son of the late Vice Admiral Sir Thomas Freemantle, and promised, by his devotion to his profession, to have made as gallant an officer as his lamented father—At Jamaica, March 27, of a fever which has been so destructive for the last twelve months throughout that island, Miss Popham, daughter of Sir Home Popham, and one of the most amiable and most accomplished of her sex—At Canton, on board the *Vanstarr*, which he commanded, Captain Robert Stair Dalrymple, youngest son of Sir H. Hamilton Dalrymple, bart. of Bargeny and North Berwick—On board the packet off Madeira, Frances Theodosia Viscountess Powerscourt. Her ladyship was eldest daughter of Robert Earl of Roden, born in August, 1786, and married in February, 1812, leaving issue a son born in December, 1818—At Ratisbon, aged 84, the Right-Rev. Charles Arbuthnot, lord abbot of the Scots monastery and college of St. James's, in Ratisbon. This venerable prelate was born in the parish of Longside, Aberdeenshire, from whence he was sent, at an early age, to the above seminary, of which, for considerably more than half a century, he was the brightest ornament and guardian. He was eminently distinguished for his classical knowledge, and accounted one of the best mathematicians in Germany, having repeatedly carried off the first prize from the German universities, for solving mathematical problems. The Abbot's funeral was solemnized with the greatest pomp, and attended by crowds of the German nobility, eager to pay their last mark of respect to the remains of a man so universally beloved and so deeply regretted—On the 9th June, aged 69, the Princess Dowager of Orange, mother of the king of the Netherlands.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. 79.]

AUGUST 1, 1820.

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POETRY OF THE JAPANESE.

CONCERNING the literature, and particularly the poetry of the Japanese, but little is known. Captain Golownin, the latest writer on Japan, in the *Narrative of his Captivity*, says, that he considers the Japanese as the most enlightened people in the world, for education is so generally diffused among them, that there is not an individual, even of the meanest rank, who does not know how to read and write. Captain Golownin gives some very curious information respecting the Japanese language, but he had few opportunities of becoming acquainted with the literature of the country. The extracts which we here present to our readers, are from a work just published by M. Titsingh, who for the space of fourteen years resided at the Dutch factory at Naugasakay, where the respect with which he was treated, and his intimacy with many of the most distinguished natives of the country, enabled him to acquire the most correct information on a variety of subjects interesting to Europeans.

The Japanese suffer no event, possessing the least degree of interest, to pass away without rendering it a subject for the exercise of their taste for poetry. The following quotations from some poetic effusions on the death of *Yahmahszero**, may afford an idea of the style of their poetry, and the energy of their language †.

*Kee rah ray tah vah
Bah kah to see yo ree to
Kee koo tah fah yah
Yah mah mo o see ro mo
Sah vah goo sin bahn.*

* A councillor of state, who was assassinated.

† M. Titsingh at first endeavoured to translate these Japanese lines, word for word; but he renounced this difficult task, and substituted a free translation for the literal version. In fulfilment of his intention to afford the reader an accurate notion of Japanese poetry, the exact sense is given line for line in Latin, and M. Titsingh's paraphrase is also inserted.

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*Prædisse
Consiliarium minorem
Nuper audiivi,
In montis castello
Turbas excitantem, novum custodem.*

“ I have just learned that one of the new guards has excited a tumult in the castle, by assassinating a councillor in his folly.”

*Yah mah see ro no
See ro no o ko so day
Tuhay mee so mee tay
Ah kah do see yo ree to
Fee to rah yoo nahr.*

*Yahmahszero
Candidam togam
Cruore tinctam
Rubentemque consiliarium
Omnes viderunt.*

“ The white robe of *Yahmahszero* is stained with blood, and all call him the red councillor.”

*Ah soo mah see no
Sahn no no rah takree nee
Mee soo mah see tay
Tah no mah mo kee ray tay
O tooo roo yah mah see ro.*

*In via orientali
Per Sahnno vicum irruentes,
Aquæ profuentes,
Terram lacunæ perforaverunt
Multique montis castellum.*

“ The current which, on the Eastern road, crosses the village *Sahnno*, has swelled, and penetrated the dike round the quagmire, and the high castle of the mountain has fallen down.”

*Fah tee on yay tay
Oo may gah sah koo rah to
Sah koo fahn nah ro
Tah ray tah kee tooo hay tay
Sahn no nee kee ray say tah.*

*Pretiosas in vasis arbores,
Prunos et cerasos,
Floribus amenas
Quis in ignem projecti
Sahnno quidem eas præcidit.*

“ Who has cast into the fire the plum and cherry-trees?—valuable trees, which are planted in boxes, for the sake of their agreeable flowers? *Sahnno* has cut them down.”

*Kee rah ray tah vah
Bah kah do see yo ree to
Yoo oobay hay nee
Sahn no sin sah yay mee moo
Ko ray gah ten mei.*

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R

Præcidit (consiliarium)
 Vesantis consiliarius,
 Dicere possumus,
 Si prius talia unquam audiverimus,
 Hoc fuisse Cæli Mandatum.

"A councillor, in his madness, has been overthrown; if ever such an event was heard of, it may be said to be a punishment of Heaven."

REMARKS ON THE PRECEDING STROPHES.

Bahkah tosee yoree. An extraordinary councillor is called *vahkah tosee yoree*, or young councillor; the change of the first letter of his name gives this new signification, and this play of words proves how much he was despised.

Yahmah seero no. *Yahmah* means mountain, and *seero*, castle; *no* is a particle which has no meaning, but which confers expression and elegance on the language: it is used both in prose and verse.

In these two words the name and rank of the murdered person, as well as the spot where the assassination took place, are described; the palace of the *Djogoon* being situated in the last enclosure of the castle, on a height.

Sahvahgoo sin bahn, signifies properly a new fashion which makes a great noise: but these words are here metaphorically used for a new guard.

Seero no Okosoday: a loose upper robe of white, which no one has the privilege of wearing, except those who bear the title of *Rahmee*, women and priests.

Ahsoomah.—*Yedo*, according to the division of the empire, lies on the road to the east of *Mecyako*, which is its capital. *Ahsoomah* is an old word, of which some persons thus explain the origin. *Tatshay bahnah feemay*, the wife of *Yahmahitto dahkay no meekotto*, being, with her husband, overtaken by a storm at sea, threw herself overboard to appease the fury of the sea deity, *Reeooren*, and was drowned. Her husband, having landed, ascended the mountain *Osooce*, which commanded an extensive prospect over all the eastern part of the country. There, recollecting the sacrifice of his beloved wife, he exclaimed, uttering a profound sigh:—*Ahtsoomah!* or, my wife! Hence, it is said, Japan received the name of *Keesee koki*, or the country of women: others allege that the name is derived from *Tensio Daiseen*, from whom the Japanese believe they are descended.

When the provinces *Odjo* and *Deva*, opposite to the island of *Yeso*, were in a

desert state, the inhabitants were styled *Ahsoomah eebees*, or rude and savage people; and the term is still applied to any one who is vulgar and ill-educated.

Sahnno; the name of a village, which is intersected by a great river, over which is a bridge of boats, fastened together by chains. It presents a superb aspect, and has been the subject of some very beautiful poetry. Googeen presented it to one of the ancestors of *Sinsayemon*, as a reward for the services he had rendered him in war.

Tahnomah:—*tah*, arable ground; *no-mah*, or *noomah*, a quagmire. When a quagmire happens to be situated near arable ground, the farmers separate it by a dike. Here the word alludes to the father of *Yahmahsseero*, who was compared to a quagmire, on account of the innovations he meditated, and which made him disliked.

Yahmahsseero is properly the name of a castle on a mountain; a castle on the sea-shore is called *Oomee seero*; and one in a valley receives the appellation of *Feerah seero*.

This line is an allusion to the following story:—

Under the 88th *Dairi*, *Go fookakooan-no-in*, *Fosio toki yori* was prime minister to *Yori-tsoogoo* and *Moone tuka sin-o*, *Djogoons of Kamakooro*. Under his administration the empire flourished, and the people were happy in the full enjoyment of their rights. In the eleventh month of the eighth year *Ken-tsho* (the year 1256), *Toki-Yori* having formed the determination of travelling through the empire, in order to ascertain, from his own observations, whether the reports which he received from different quarters were correct, resigned his post in favour of his son, *Toki Moone*, who was then only six years old; appointing *Naga-toki* and *Masa-mooru* to fulfil the functions of prime minister until the child should be of a fit age to act for himself. *Toki-Yori* then withdrew to the temple called *Sai-mio-see*, where he shut himself up, and forbade any one to approach his apartment. In the second year *Djo-ko* (the year 1258) he circulated a report of his death, and that of his councillor of state *Nikaïdo-sinanonoodo*, who had retired along with him; and the event plunged the whole empire into mourning and consternation. He then prosecuted his design, and travelled through the empire for the space of three years, accompanied by *Nikaïdo*, both habited like priests to avoid incur-

When he arrived at the village of *Sahnno*, a heavy fall of snow prevented him from continuing his journey. He knocked at the door of a cottage, roofed with thatch, and requested a night's lodging. The woman who opened the door replied: that if it depended on herself she would readily give him shelter, but that her master was from home; she however offered to go in quest of him. The master having arrived, observed to the priest that his house was small and ill built, and that he would pass but an indifferent night in it. He advised him to go a few streets further on*, to the village of *Yakmahotto*, where he would find several good houses, and would be better accommodated:—the priest, however, urged the impossibility of his proceeding farther, owing to the darkness of the night, and the man at length agreed to receive him if he would be content with so humble a lodging. The woman presented him with some baked millet, and apologized for not having rice, which she said she would have offered him had her circumstances been such as they once were. The priest replied, that millet was his favourite dish. While they were conversing together, the night became darker and the cold more severe, but the poor people had neither covering to offer their guest, nor wood to make a fire. In this extremity they determined to cut down the trees which grew in boxes before the house. *Toki-Yori* perceived their intention, and said that a priest should accustom himself to endure cold and hunger, and even to sleep in the open air if necessary. He asked to see the trees, and the man brought them to him. "They are," said he, the only remnants of my former prosperity. I had once a great number; but when poverty visited me I gave them to my friends, with the exception of these three, which I liked best of all (these were an *oome*, or plum-tree; a *sahkoora*, or cherry-tree; and a *mahts*, or fir-tree;) but now I will cut them down to make a fire for you." The priest thanked him for his kindness, but requested that he would not cut them. "Trees," said he, "live like men; they grow, bloom, bear fruit, and wither away only to bloom again." The man, however, carried the trees out of the house, cut them down, made a fire, and requested his guests to approach

and warm themselves. *Toki-Yori* expressed his regret for the trouble the man had taken, and in the course of their conversation he inquired his name: he at first hesitated to tell it; but at length being urgently pressed by his guest, he acknowledged himself to be *Sahnno gen-sahye-mon-tsoone-yo*, the son of *Sahnno sahbro-masa-tsoone*. The priest seemed surprised. "*Sahnno sahbro*," said he, "was a great nobleman: how happens it that you are so poor?" "My uncle, *Sahnno-toda*," replied the man, "secretly murdered my father, and persuaded the *Djogoon*, that he had committed suicide in a fit of insanity; he afterwards banished me, and this is the cause of my misfortune. I have, more than once, been almost tempted to kill my uncle, to avenge my father's death; but he is a great man, and is surrounded by so many servants, that it is impossible to obtain access to him." Whilst he related the story, the poor man, as well as the woman, shed a torrent of tears; and the two travellers wept with them. *Toki-Yori* asked why he did not prefer a complaint to *Kamakoora*; but he replied, that he had learned with sorrow that the prime minister *Toki-Yori* was dead, and that the other councillors of state did not govern with such equity. "Though poor," said he, "I have still a cuirasse, a *nage-nata†*, and a red horse, at the service of the *Djogoon*, should war be declared against *Kamakoora*." *Toki-Yori*, amazed at what he had heard, advised the poor man to be patient, and to hope for happier days. While they were thus conversing together, day-light appeared, and the two travellers bade adieu to their kind guest, and pursued their course.

Having completed their journey, *Toki-Yori* suddenly appeared at the court of *Kamakoora*. This unlooked-for event diffused joy throughout the empire, for all had believed him dead. He immediately summoned *Sahnno-toda-tsoone-yosi*, with his relations, as well as *Sahnno-gensahyemon-tsoone-yo*, to appear before him. After a rigorous examination, he was convinced that the account which the latter had given him was perfectly true, and *Sahnno toda*, together with one of his relations who had been the accomplice of his crime, were beheaded on the sea-shore. *Toki-Yori* restored to *Gensayemon* all the lands that belonged to his father, and gave him, besides, the

* The word *street*, *mahtshay*, is used to mark distances.

† A curved sabre with a long handle.

village of *Domeda*, in the province of *Kaga**; the village of *Sakoor-ee*, in the province of *Yetshoo*; and the village of *Matsooyeda*, in the province of *Katsooki*: thus making allusion to the three trees *oome*, *sakoor*, and *mat*, which he had cut down to kindle a fire for his guests.

Plum-trees and cherry-trees are much esteemed in Japan on account of their flowers. They are planted in boxes, at the back of almost every house; and in the apartments of the rich there is generally a porcelain vase, with a branch of a cherry or plum tree in blossom. Here the poet alludes to *Yahmahsscero*, as though he meant to say, "Who has cut the beloved stem of *Takomo, Sakuno*?"

Sinsahyaymeemon. The *n* in the first and last syllables, taken for the consonant *si*, makes *si* before; *sahyay*, it was not; *mee*, ever; *mo*, heard: by omitting the syllable *mee*, it forms the name *Seensahyaymon*, which is pronounced *Seensahceemon*.

Ten mei. When any misfortune happens, it is common to say *ten mei*; it is a punishment of Heaven: if any one commits a crime, which cannot be clearly proved, and if afterwards any misfortune should befall him, the same expression is used. Here it expresses the mischief committed by *Yahmahsscero*, through his abuse of power, together with the period at which he was punished, namely, the fourth year, *ten mei*, or *ten mo*.†

OTHER STANZAS ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Tonomah Yahmahsscero
Floka deeyah nah ee gah
Ahah moe tai see
Kee rah raytay neegayrahron
Eeyo sahano seensah
Day tshooovah sahnah
Eco ee keemee seeahnee eeyay.

"*Tonomah Yahmahsscero* received three sabre-wounds. Though they were not deep, yet he suffered much pain; he endeavoured to defend himself, but his blood flowed:—it is a happy event."

Orakwah toomoo vo
Nee keo moo see ah

* *Kaga*, in Chinese *Kia-ho*, and *Yetshoo*, in Chinese *Yooeitshoong*, are two provinces on the northern coast of Nippon, to the south of Cape Noto. The province of *Katsooki*, in Chinese *Shang-ye*, lies farther to the south-east, in the centre of the same island.

† In Chinese, *Tsean-ming*, *Osui* mandarin.

Nah ee gah sahnah
Fectores ee moos kama
Koorah nah ray tah
Eeyo sahano seensah
Day tshooovah sahnah
Eco ee keemee seeahnee eeyay.

"We harbour no enmity against the old father *Tonomo*, though his son has been overthrown. His only son has been killed; *Sahnno* shed his blood:—it is a happy event."

Tonomah Yahmahsscero
Keerahraytah sono
Den tshoo kee soo ahn
Ahahkeegah deerahray mahce
Eeyo sahano seensah
Day tshooovah sahnah
Eco ee keemee seeahnee eeyay.

"*Tonomah Yahmahsscero* was grievously wounded at the castle. Though his wounds were not deep, yet he was unable to leave the castle; his blood flowed:—it is a happy event."

Lines which include the names of all the months containing thirty days, and of some others containing only twenty-nine.

See eeyo dahce mee o
Moo seoo nee neakoo mo oo
Nahnahs oo bo see
Ae mah see koo ray bah
Seemo no see yah rah see.

"All the grandees of the empire hold in horror the Bear (the arms of *Yahmahsscero*, which consist of seven stars); may it no longer shine:—it is a happy event, even for the meanest servants."

These lines contain the months that have thirty days, namely, those in Roman characters, *moo*, the 6th; *seoo*, the 1st; *nee*, the 2d; *nahnahs*, the 7th; *see*, the 4th; *koo*, the 9th; and *seemo*, the 11th. The rest have only twenty-nine days, namely, those marked in italics*.

Stanzas to the air of a Romance called OOTAHEE, formerly written on the Story of GENSAHYEMON, whose memory is still revered on account of his humanity.

Ee day so no to kee nee
Fah see no gee rah
To no mah yah sahnno nee
Keera rayta go nah

* These jeux-d'esprit, which resemble our rebuses and calembourgs, are very common in Chinese poetry. It is obvious that they must be easily produced in a language in which every syllable, taken separately, may bear a great many different significations. The Japanese experience the same facility in making phrases with double meanings, by adapting their own mode of pronunciation to the Chinese characters. The words of their language also afford scope for numerous allusions, as may be seen by the foregoing production.

Sono fees pah o
 Kahn no nee O ois
 Yetshoo nee sahtoo ruh duk
 O otay nee soogree yahmah
 Ahwah see lay saingah
 Seoo no taht kee soo

Ngah shee pah pah see
 Eptah rop mah day

So o mo ah rpg so nah

Zee zeets no seoo

Tahngo nee torree taooki

Kahgo nee no ree lay no ro.

In illo tempore

Res magni momenti (evenit)

Tonomo a Sahmo

Prostratus cecidit !

Prope regiam.

Kahmo et Oota

Et Yetshoo ab ostio postico (palatii)

Ad portam anteroentem Soogree-yahmah

Simul pergebant,

Vulneratus est triplici loco.

Pater ejus miser

Factus est hoc (casu).

Sic profecto

Ejus hora advenerat.

Tahngo superbieris

Ad currum eum duxit.

REMARKS ON THE FOREGOING STANZAS.

The name of the extraordinary councillor of state was *Kahmo totomee no-kahmee*.

The name of the extraordinary councillor of state, *O-otah Biengo-no-kahmee*.

The name of the Prince of Figo, *Foso-kahwah yetshoo-no-kahmee*.

Soogree yahmah tonoske, the guard of the interior chamber, (*Okonahndo*), in which the wardrobe of the *Djogoon* is kept.

The extraordinary councillor of state, *Yone koorah tahngo-no-kahmee*, *Mahsah Jahroo*.

"In the present age, an event of great importance has taken place: *Tonomah* has been overthrown by *Sahmo*, near the palace; he was proceeding with *Kahmo*, *O-otah*, *Yetshoo*, and *Soogree yahmah* from the back to the front door. His father has become unhappy. It was necessary it should be thus: his hour was come. *Tahngo* supported him, and led him to his car."

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

KOTZEBUE is known in our country chiefly as a dramatic writer, and even in that respect as one more distinguished by his voluminousness, and a mawkish sensibility, which laid him open to every kind of ridicule, than by any other qualifications. His writings certainly form a kind of epoch in modern dramatic literature; and the representation of his pieces caused a sort of sentimental hysteria in the public, which, however, it grew ashamed of, upon more sober reflection, by finding that what it took for dignity was rant, and what it imagined to be pathos was silliness. Kotzebue's literary career was an extraordinary one;—it began early, it continued to the last moment of his existence; and though he never produced any thing that could be said to cause an universal sensation, yet those effusions of his pen made up in number what they wanted in weight, and though each struck only a feeble blow, yet before the impression of it was gone off, another and another was produced, and thus the public mind was kept in a state of constant irritation by the rancour and abominable personalities in which he indulged himself, and which those who have hitherto been accustomed to think of him only as a dealer in lachrymals and soft speeches, will scarcely be able to reconcile to the idea they had before formed of his character. Kotzebue was, at an early age,

imbued with a taste for reading by his mother, who, left a widow whilst yet in the very bloom of life, renounced all its gaieties to devote herself entirely to the instruction of her children. At six years old he could dwell with pleasure upon the story of *Romeo and Juliet*, the exploits of *Don Quixote*, and the adventures of *Robinson Crusoe*. He was in love, and wrote poetry, at seven years old, and he was likewise at that tender age extremely devout; but he was cured of this species of enthusiasm by his tutor, who enforced upon him a rigorous attendance at church, and a noting down of the sermon as it was delivered. The destiny of man often turns upon an event apparently the result of mere accident. So it was with Kotzebue. An itinerant company of players came to Vienna, where he resided. One of his relations took him to see the "Death of Adam," by *Klopstock*, and from that moment he seems to have literally thought "all the world a stage, and all the men and women merely players." The entire absorption of his faculties in his intense contemplation of the drama, his veneration for the persons of the performers, his own unwearied assiduity in getting up pieces for private representation, in which he would perform, by turns, every character that might be wanting, are all related in a lively manner by his biographer, who, at the same

time, attributes to the versatility of his personifications at this period, and the ease with which he adopted the most opposite sentiments of different writers, the corresponding versatility in political opinions, and inconsistency of ideas on moral and religious subjects, which disgraced him at a future period of life.

"Nature had undoubtedly endowed him with considerable abilities and talents; but they were obscured by his excessive vanity. He soon lost the finest bloom of youth, innocence, simplicity, and purity of heart. His mind was not stimulated by the wild pranks and gay thoughtless tricks of boys; he was a stranger to the sports of youth, which by absorbing the faculties for a time, give them a greater elasticity. Human life, not as it is, but as it appears in good and bad comedies, and in marvellous tales and novels,—amorous declarations tendered to grown-up young ladies, who provoked the youth in order to laugh at him; family circles that were amused by his errors, and an idle striving to feed his overweening vanity on such unhallowed grounds, these were the delusions under which Kotzebue reached the age of youth." Thus distinguished solely for his early licentiousness, and a quickness disgraced by obscenity and scurrility, he was forced to leave Weimar in his sixteenth year, in order to avoid the unpleasant consequences of a most shameless lampoon, replete with immoralities. From this time his whole life was a scene of literary scribbling and disputation. Even his theatrical pieces were made the vehicles of private scandal;—he introduced the worthiest characters upon the stage, in order to hold up their peculiarities to ridicule; he unfolded the most important family secrets to public view, and drove the sensitive and high-minded to despair, by making them subjects of scorn. The fecundity of his pen was a general curse; he took the management of several periodical and critical works into his own hands, and disgraced them all by his virulence.

The same conduct naturally producing the same consequences, Kotzebue was compelled to take refuge in Russia, from the indignation of his countrymen. In that country he was much caressed, and among other appointments, was made governor of the German theatre at Petersburg; he made an honourable marriage, was loaded with distinctions, lived among players, and might be regarded as at the very acmé of hu-

man felicity, according to his perceptions of what it consisted in, had he not, unfortunately for himself, about this period made the same discovery that Solomon had made before him, that all was "vanity and vexation of spirit." He therefore fell into deep melancholy. From this state, as real sufferings always cure imaginary ones, he was roused by the death of his wife, whom he professed to idolize; and after having vented a part of his grief in an account of his wife's last illness and departing moments, written with about as little taste, feeling, or delicacy, as Mr. Godwin displayed on a similar subject, he went to Paris to dissipate the remainder.

Towards the end of the year 1790, shortly before Kotzebue quitted Paris, a pamphlet was published in Germany, which involved him, as its author, in very serious embarrassments, and rendered all his subsequent efforts to obtain a consideration founded on moral worth absolutely unavailing. It was entitled "Doctor Bahrdt with the Brass Forehead, or the German Association against Zimmerman. A Play in four acts, by Baron Knigge, 1790." This Zimmerman was the celebrated physician of Hanover, more especially known in this country by his Essay on Solitude. Kotzebue had become intimate with him at Pyrmont, and this play was set forth in the dedication, as being intended to avenge him against his many literary enemies. The *dramatis persone* were all men much respected in Germany, and whose literary fame was far from being confined to their own country. In the first act they are represented as meeting at Bahrdt's country seat, near Halle, in Saxony, and entering into a league against Zimmerman, which they seal with a solemn oath; the remainder of the piece is taken up with declarations from each of the conspirators, respecting the mode of attack proper to be adopted, and it is concluded by a mock apotheosis, of Doctor Bahrdt and his accomplices, which sets all decency at defiance. It would be difficult to conceive a more impudent, scandalous, and malicious production. Aristophanes himself might have been ashamed of it; and to add to its atrocity, the name which was falsely introduced in the title-page as its author, was that of a man who was universally esteemed both as a writer, and as holding an honourable situation in the state. At that very time he was on bad terms with Zimmerman, who had unjustly accused

him of entertaining reprehensible political opinions, and who had had an action for defamation brought against him in consequence. To most persons, therefore, it appeared highly improbable that Knigge should take upon him the task of chastising this imaginary junto of Zimmerman's enemies; for, after all, it was only in the imagination of the author that such a junto ever existed. But others thought, or affected to think, that he assumed the mask of generosity in order to wound Zimmerman more severely in this secret manner. "Whilst public indignation was every where roused, and the police of several states interfering to stop the circulation of this atrocious libel, the Regency of Hanover felt itself particularly compelled to take every possible step for the discovery of the audacious libeller. Klockenburg, who was at the head of the police in Hanover, enjoyed the esteem of his superiors, and the confidence of his fellow citizens, and lived on the best terms with Zimmerman, against whom he never wrote a syllable. In this farce he was, however, ranked among his enemies, and accused of the most odious vices. This imputation distressed him to such a degree, that he lost his senses, and died in a state of insanity. Several persons were suspected. Zimmerman himself was considered as the author, but generally absolved, on account of his known regard for morals and decency. Others still suspected Knigge, although it had been proved that the pamphlet had been printed without his knowledge and concurrence. Suspicions fell upon *Doctor Bahrdt*, at Halle; *Mauillon*, at Brana-wick; *Frederick Schultz* at Mittau, and others; but none upon the real author. Many innocent individuals were involved in the affair, exposed to judicial proceedings, and disturbed in their domestic peace." At length in the midst of all this ferment, Kotzebue was discovered to be the author, and stood before the public, loaded with infamy, amidst a tissue of the meanest falsehoods, and the most revolting hypocrisy. By the most servile flattery to Catherine of Russia, he averted the punishment which hung over his head, and which he so richly deserved. But from that moment the public withdrew its esteem from him, and though the sarcastic, and sometimes humorous wit of his comedies, continued to excite a laugh among those who either read or witnessed the performance of them, the name of

their author was never more pronounced, except with the utmost contempt.

It is not our intention to follow Kotzebue through the remainder of his life, clouded as it was by the disgrace under which he laboured. One of the most important events of it, viz. his banishment into Siberia, by order of the emperor Paul, he has already made known to the public, in a very minute account, intitled, in his usual spirit of egotism, "*The most memorable year of my life.*" After his return from his dreary exile he took up his residence at Berlin, where the natural compassion excited by his sufferings caused him to be received in society with somewhat more of outward respect than had been shewn to him of later years. Here he increased his literary assiduity, but not his literary prudence. It was at that moment a peculiar epoch for Germany. In the cause of liberty all her leading states had combined together against the gigantic encroachments of the French, then extending even into Russia. Kotzebue fanned the sacred flame, by which every breast seemed animated with his utmost breath, and put the whole strength of his facility and practice into the Russico-German weekly journal, which he began to publish in April 1813, one month after the Russians had driven the French from Berlin. This journal obtained a wide circulation, not so much for its manner of treating the subjects it embraced, as that the subjects themselves were as dear as life itself to the Germans; and as it helped to spread favourable news, to excite pleasing hopes, and combat apprehensions, it was generally read and applauded, and most of all in those places where French spies were most anxiously watching to prevent its circulation. This journal lasted however only a few months. It closed with the armistice; and how were the feelings of his countrymen revolted when they saw it succeeded, almost immediately afterwards, by a "*History of the German Empire,*" from the same author, in which all the opinions he had before professed to maintain were disavowed, and all the notions he had affected to venerate were held up to ridicule and censure! Immediately after the publication of this work, which drew down the deadliest rancour of his countrymen upon its author, Kotzebue was appointed by the Emperor Alexander Russian Consul at Konigsberg. Being afterwards sent on a sort of literary mission to his native

country, he injudiciously enough took up his residence at Weimar; but when we consider that he was influenced, in so doing, by some of the most laudable feelings of the human heart, by attachment to his aged mother, and to the friends and relatives of his youth, we are ready to forgive him the imprudence of returning to a place where out of his own immediate family circle he could expect to find only the enemies which he had been but too active in making for himself.

He remained at Weimar until the close of the year 1818, when he removed with his wife and children to Mannheim; where, on the 23d of March, 1819, he had a dagger plunged in his breast by a student of Jena, named Sand.

Kotzebue had passed the day in his usual manner. In the afternoon, at five o'clock, when his family was receiving a visit from a lady, he was informed, that a young stranger wished to speak to him. He immediately went to the adjoining room, into which Sand had been ushered by the servant. At the end of a few minutes a piercing cry was heard. The servants hastened to the room, where they found their master on the floor, weltering in his blood. He was still wrestling with the stranger, who held with a firm hand the bloody dagger, with which he had stabbed the unfortunate Kotzebue through the heart and lungs. Surrounded by his sorrowing family, Kotzebue, at the end of a very few moments, closed his eyes for ever. And whilst all was hurry and confusion, and a surgeon was sent for, Sand left the room, rushed down stairs, and reached the street, where he fell on his knees, and proclaimed with a loud and sonorous voice, "The traitor is no more, my country is saved! I am his murderer! Thus must all traitors perish! Father in Heaven! I thank thee, that thou hast allowed me to perform the deed!" At the same instant he tore his clothes open, turned the dagger against himself, and inflicted a deep wound in his breast. The multitude that crowded about him carried him half-dead to the hospital, where he was slowly cured of his wounds; and on the 20th of May, 1820, he was beheaded at six o'clock in the morning, in a plain between Mannheim and Heidelberg.

We will conclude this article with the following account of the domestic habits of Kotzebue, from the volume before us.

"Kotzebue was highly pleased with his residence at Berlin, but it did not agree with the health of his consort. As she was frequently indisposed, she attributed her indisposition to the climate; she saw no company, and devoted herself entirely to the care of her children, and to her domestic duties. Kotzebue himself had that attachment for his offspring, which is so natural to human feelings. He delighted to see his children, but never attended to their education; this he committed to their mother, and to strangers. When his sons grew up, he placed them in the military schools at Petersburg and Vienna. His daughters were brought up under the eyes of their mother. Kotzebue's great activity was confined to literary occupations, the stage, and company. It is not likely that he changed his mode of living in the latter part of his life, as it was only by a constant adherence to it, that he could find time for his inconceivably numerous literary productions. He generally rose before five o'clock in the morning, and smoking a pipe to his coffee, sat writing at his desk till eleven, when he received or paid visits, attended at rehearsals or readings of plays, or took an airing in his carriage. He used to dine soon after one, and rarely accepted of invitations to dinner, because he preferred dining with his family. After a short nap he resumed his seat at his writing table. The evening was devoted to the theatre, to company, or to his domestic circle. He was fond of passing the summer evenings in the open air; in the winter evenings he liked to play at cards. In every society he readily joined in the amusements of the company. He seldom sat up later than eleven o'clock. The pleasures of the table had great attractions for him, yet he desired not a variety of dishes, but well-dressed victuals. His rooms were elegantly furnished; he liked to see every thing about him wearing the appearance of good taste and elegance, and could be bitter in his censures for any neglect in this respect. A good economist of his time, he was not less economical in his expenses, without either avarice or covetousness. He was compassionate and charitable, were it only to keep every disagreeable impression at a distance. Though easily irritated, he was not less easily reconciled; and whoever had studiously observed him for a length of time, could not possibly hate him."

REMARKS ON THE WRITINGS OF CHARLES LAMB.

THE works of Charles Lamb form a delightful curiosity in the literature of the times. They are replete with beauties almost as rare in their kind, as they are rare in their water, and exquisite in their polishing. His claim to the praise of originality, which he eminently deserves, rests on far higher grounds than that of many who are accustomed to receive it. He has not sought for distinction by choosing untried or startling themes—he has asked no aid from the strange or the terrific—he has aimed neither at novelty nor effect by describing the anomalies of nature, or the devious aberrations of passion, which chill while they astonish, and which, however strikingly depicted, find no answering chord in the general heart. His originality consists—not in the mere choice of his subjects—but in the whole cast of his fancy, reflection, humour, and feeling. His thoughts and imaginations, indeed, dwell for the most part on the beaten paths of existence. Over their old and accustomed objects he delights to throw the tender light of his genius, or to open to us the lowly recesses by the way-side of humanity, among which little joys and consolations are nestling.

Mr. Lamb is a true and genuine inheritor of the old Shakespearian sweetness. This is the only mark of individuality which our immortal poet retains. While he throws himself into a myriad varieties of sentiment and passion, and seems to live and breathe only in his characters, it still cleaves to him. This it is which we find every where, gently withdrawing its sting from agony, nicely disclosing the soul of goodness in things evil, shading the most repulsive objects with a rich overarching of glorious imagery, and diverting sorrow by such golden fancies and beautiful conceits as make our sympathy delicious. The quality of which we speak, and which has been more out of fashion than even the more prominent of Shakespear's excellencies, is not something distinct from the powers of observation, which leads a philosophic poet to soften down the less pleasing results of his enquiry. It pervades and impues the whole range of his faculties—leading him, as by a divine affinity, to find the deep and pure springs of hope and love, which are scattered every where through this our human nature—and giving them an intuitive perception of those

things to which they are thus naturally attracted. It is a kind of intellectual magic, like the power of those magicians who are represented in Arabian story, as discovering hidden treasures where all appeared barren to the common eye, and as able by a word to open the rich veins of precious ore. Of this genial wisdom—this “divine philosophy,”—none since its great master has so largely partaken, as the author whose genius we are faintly attempting to describe. Every thing which belongs to genuine humanity is grasped by him with cordial love. He seems to “live along” the golden fibres of affection by which the brotherhood of man is mysteriously bound together, and to rejoice in the little delicacies of feeling, and dear immunities of heart that cluster about them. His very satire—if such a name be not misapplied—so tenderly treats the little frailties and peculiarities of its subjects, that it make us love them the better while we smile. His pathos, deep and touching as it is, only draws forth such tears as it is a luxury to shed. His wit does not merely dazzle by its splendour, or surprise by the admirable combinations which it exhibits. It is full of the warmth of humanity; ever scattering its soft and delicate gleams on some lurking tenderness of the soul, some train of old and genial recollections, or some little knot of pure and delightful sympathies.

“John Woodvil,”—a tragedy written in the true language and spirit of our elder dramatists—is the longest of the poems which Mr. Lamb has as yet given to the world. Its story, though most affecting, is peculiarly simple. The hero, a gay and loyal youth, is represented just after the restoration of Charles the Second, as dissipating in high revels the fortunes of his banished father, who lingers in the forest of Sherwood, chained by “a childlike cleaving to the land that gave him birth” at the peril of his life. There he is accompanied by his younger son Simon, who, with a spirit of gentle allowance to less generous natures, while devoting his whole being to the pious offices of filial affection, strives to extenuate his brother's weaknesses. In an hour of intoxication, John betrays to a wretched parasite the retreat of old Sir Walter, who is consequently taken in the forest, and dies without a word, struck to the heart by

the treachery of his child. The unhappy reveller soon hears of the fatal effects of his indiscretion, and sinks into a cold despair. From his stony and silent suffering he is won at last into a gentler grief by the soothing of a most delicate and high-souled woman, whom he had slighted in the days of his pride, and by the recollections of his early childhood, which sweetly force their way to his heart as he kneels on the old spot in the family pew,

—“where he as oft had kneel'd,
A gentle infant, by Sir Walter's side.”

In all this, it is very true, there are none of the crowded incidents, striking situations, or violently contrasted characters, which the cravings of the theatrical public require. But there is much that comes home to the inmost soul. The perversion of a frank and generous nature in Woodvil—the high swellings of his spirit, which prompt him so woefully to overstep his duty—the quick, yet most natural transitions, from the spirit of boundless confidence to humiliation, thence to defiance, and thence to cool contempt—and the flashes of generous emotion amidst his excesses—are conceived with an intensity of feeling which could be nurtured only by a deep-thoughted love for humanity amidst all its errings. Never was there a finer portrait of sweet heroism than that of Simon, from the presence of whose young virtue the armed traitors shrink away abashed; or of all-enduring love, meek self-reverence, and unpretending generosity, than that of Margaret, who, when she returns to comfort the forsaken wretch who had despised her, only compares his ill-treatment to the waywardness of all “who, being splenetic, refuse sometimes old play-fellows.” The Forest of Sherwood pleasingly reminds us of that of Arden. The following description of its pleasures, given by Simon to Margaret, who asks of him “what sports do you use in the forest?” contains a succession of graceful images, and breathes throughout a natural freshness scarcely surpassed by any passage in the compass of our noblest poetry.

“To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
Like some hot amourist with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bands of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him,
Sometimes the moon on soft night clouds to rest,
Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence, while those lovers sleep.
Sometimes outstretch, in very idleness,
Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,

To view the leaves, this dance upon air,
Go eddying round; and small birds, how they fare,
When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
Fitch'd from the careless Amalthea's horn;
And how the woods berries and worms provide
Without their pains, when earth has nought beside
To answer their small wants.
To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
Then stop, and gaze, then turn, they know not
why,
Like bashful youngers in society.
To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
And all fair things of earth, how fair they be.”

Mr. Lamb's sonnets are perhaps the daintiest pieces of pure beauty which have ever adorned their class of poems. The following, which has a strange exquisiteness of a feeling blended with the richest fantasy, will more than justify our praise:—

“Was it some sweet device of Faery
That mocked my steps with many a lonely glade,
And fancied wanderings with a fair-haired maid?
Have these things been? or what rare witchery,
Impregning with delights the charmed air,
Enlighted up the semblance of a smile
In those fine eyes? methought they spake the
while

Soft soothing things, which might enforce Despair
To drop the murdering knife, and let go by
His foul resolve. And does the lonely glade
Still court the foot-steps of the fair-haired maid?
Still in her locks the gales of summer sigh?
While I forlorn do wander reckless where,
And 'mid my wanderings meet no Anna there.”

Was there ever a more felicitous recalling of one of the wildest and intensest moments of existence, than in the following lines?

“Oh! I could laugh to hear the midnight wind,
That, rushing on its way with careless sweep,
Scatters the ocean waves. And I could weep
Like to a child. For now to my raised mind
On wings of winds comes wild-eyed Phantasy,
And her rude visions give severe delight.
O winged bark! how swift along the night
Pass'd thy proud keel! nor shall I let go by
Lightly of that dear hour the memory,
When wet and chilly on thy deck I stood,
Unbonnetted, and gazed upon the flood.
Even till it seemed a pleasant thing to die.—
To be resolv'd into th' elemental wave,
Or take my portion with the winds that rave.”

The Miscellaneous Poems of our author are not only instinct with bright fantasy and original thought, but are, in their mere numbers, full of the choicest music. The structure of his verse is almost as original as the cast of his sentiment and fancy. Let the reader take, by way of example, the following lines, extracted from a poem addressed to a child who passed his infancy in prison, which, though in length only of eight syllables, have a facile majesty which modern poetry seldom exhibits:—

“But the clouds, that overcast
Thy young morning, may not last.

Soon shall arrive the evening hour,
 That yields thee up to Nature's power.
 Nature, that so late dost greet thee,
 Shall in overflowing measure meet thee.
 Thee shall recompense with ease:
 For every lesson thou hast lost.
 Then wandering up thy sire's lordly hill,
 Thou shalt take thy airy fill
 Of health and pasture. *Birds shall sing*
For thy delight each May morning.
 'Mid new-year'd lambskins thou shalt play,
 Hardly less a lamb than they.
 Then thy prison's lengthened bound
 Shall be the horizon skirting round.
 And, while thou flitest thy lap with flowers,
 To make amends for wintery hours,
 The breeze, the sunshine, and the place,
 Shall from thy tender brow efface
 Each vestige of untimely care,
 That sour restraint had graven there;
 And on thy every look impress
 A more excelling childishness."

There is also, in the same measure, a "Farewell to Tobacco," which combines the humorous with the graceful, the mock-heroic with true majestic, in a piece of the noblest harmony. But we must hasten to say a few words of "Rosamond Gray," that sweetest of mournful stories.

This delicious romance in miniature, is, like Mr. Lamb's tragedy, exceedingly simple in its construction. A most beautiful and sweet-natured girl, who bears meekly with the infirmities, and supports the age of her blind grandmother in a little cottage, whither she had retired from the pressure of misfortune, is loved, by a youth of most noble and affectionate spirit. In the "very spring-time of their love," a ravisher meets the sweet maiden as she wanders, in her youthful enthusiasm, through the moonlight walks and glades, among which she had roamed with Elinor, the sister of him whose heart was in hers. On the same sad night the old lady is found on her knees lifeless, with "a smile on her face in death." Rosamond can never hold up her head after hearing of this last disaster, but languishes for a time, and then expires, uncomplaining, in the arms of Elinor, "quiet, gentle as she lived—thankful that she died not among strangers—and expressing, by signs rather than by words, a gratitude for the most trifling services, the common offices of humanity." Elinor soon after follows her gentle friend to her rest; and her brother Allan, thus seemingly desolate, finds a "wayward pleasure, which he refuses to name a virtue," in solacing with kind attentions the sufferers in hospitals. In one of these visits of mercy,

he sees the wretched destroyer of his young hopes, and ministers to him in his dying agonies. But no outline or analysis can give our readers any idea of this exquisite tale. The effect is the result of touches so minute, of colouring so ethereal, and gleams of feeling so profound, yet so delicately harmonizing with the general sentiment, that abridgment or extract can avail but little. We know of nothing to which we can liken it, but the story of Ruth in the Bible. One might almost fancy it, from its style, a newly discovered piece of Scripture history. The meeting of the historian with Allan, who is represented as the friend of his school-days, on the scenes of their early joys, years after the fate of Rosamond had crushed them, is depicted in colours of such sweet sadness, as makes the soul run over with cordial sympathy. Never surely in a space so limited, has pensive imagination found a picture more lovely, or more complete, on which it might repose. The old lady, with her confident leaning on Providence, her old-fashioned maintenance of an authority rooted in love, and her little frailties of temper, which her affection can afford so well; and which so beautifully set off the submissions of her lovely favourite—the timid beauty of Rosamond, her charming blushes and well-restrained joys—and the young lover, so angelic in disposition, so modest in his hopes, so delicate in his raptures—form a group which might for ever fix, in delight, that "inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude." The air of old simplicity pervading the whole, gives to it a certain venerableness, which renders its griefs more gentle, and its joys more holy. It is like an ancient picture brought from some recess where it had been hidden for ages—with all its colours as fresh as at the first—and with the beauty, looking as for ever young, amidst the old foldings of the drapery, and the antique magnificence of the setting.

"Mr. H." a farce produced at Drury Lane theatre, was, as the prefatory notice informs us, "damned." Its fate, with all its delicate pleasantry, can scarcely be regarded with surprise. Made out of the watery moonbeams of wit, it would not endure the glare of stage chandeliers. Founded solely on the fantastical distress of a hideous appellation which the hero seeks to disguise under his initial, it is necessarily deficient in the interest which is elicited from the old and palpable sorrows of duns,

baillifs, and double-locks, without any great expense of invention or of humour. The distress, however, is diversified with singular skill, until the disclosure of the name; like the unveiling of the waken figure in the Mysteries of Udolpho; necessarily breaks the spell. This piece inculcates more philosophically than is done elsewhere, the value of a good name. It makes the destiny of man seem to hang on a sound, and tremble on a letter. It is the very apotheosis of the alphabet. The public thought this little world of letters too airy for an afterpiece; but it will remain an exquisite proof what elegant fantasies genius may construct from the most frail and slender materials.

The chief of Mr. Lamb's critical essays have for their subjects, the tragedies of Shakespear in relation to their fitness for the stage, the works of Hogarth, and the old English dramatists. In the first of these, he aims at shewing that the plays of Shakespear are rendered, by their excellencies, unfit for the theatre. He has proved, doubtless, that these beauties for which we love them most, are far too subtle and airy, or too deep and internal, to be embodied by the aid of machinery and of actors. But it scarcely follows that they are, therefore, less calculated to afford gratification to spectators than inferior works; since they may, and we think do, possess those lower qualities of incident, situation, breadth of design, and rapidity of movement, which delight the most superficial observer. Even, however, if it be thought that Mr. Lamb has a little too far extended his theory, we cannot help rejoicing that he has done so, since he thus, in his progress, sets in new yet in clearest light, some of the sacredst beauties of Shakespear. The passionate eulogy on Lear—imbued with something of the high intellectual earnestness which pervades that work—is the finest of all. It is the worthiest commentary on the noblest of human texts. In the essay on Hogarth—where our author combats the idea that this great and truly English painter necessarily belongs to a class inferior to the historical—he has opened to us the hidden soul of beauty, and made us feel how independent the imagination is of external pomp and circumstance, for its most genuine and exalted productions. The criticisms on the dramatic writers of Shakespear's age, which were originally appended to the specimens, are full of profound views of the art of poetry and

of the strengths and the weaknesses of our nature. There is one peculiarity in these, and in all other essays of this author, which distinguishes him from most popular writers of the present time. It is the exceeding genuineness of all that he has written. There are in it no exotic metaphors—no rhetorical flourishes—no mere pomp of language. All is full of real feeling or thought; a sentiment and a meaning is every where; the ideas in proportion to the words are pressed down and running over. They excite no astonishment at first, which vanishes on a second perusal. New gleams of sentiment seem to glimmer on us tenderly at every reading; and the beauties which enchanted us at first, are better loved the longer they are dwelt on.

Of the exquisite pieces of humour which were inserted in the Reflector under assumed and characteristic signatures, we have left ourselves no room to expatiate. But we cannot pass over without a word these sacred reminiscences, by the author, of his early days, which are so naturally, and so sweetly breathed forth in his article on Christ's Hospital. These young and precious blossoms of hope and joy, on which time so often sheds a killing frost, are with him as fresh and as fragrant as ever. The affections of childhood have not withered while his deep-searching intellect has expanded. In his fresh remembrances of youthful gladness, and his more serious ponderings on early innocence and love, he ever awakens in the soul "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." And here we must take leave to allude to a lady, the sister of the author, who has contributed several charming little pieces to the collected volumes of his works, and who, if we mistake not, has a large claim on the gratitude of children for the nourishment which, in other pieces, she has prepared for the opening affections. All that she has written is full of genuine humanity rendered even gentler by the most delicate and feminine grace. Her lessons are not those of a calculating morality or refined selfishness—they teach the imagination to glow and the soul to kindle, and give that precious and undying boon—

"The first mild touch of sympathy and thought,
In which we feel our kindred with a world
Whose want and sorrow are."

The world has, until lately, felt, far more than it has acknowledged, the influences of Mr. Lamb's genius. He is,

at length, beginning to enjoy a wider fame. Even now, however, he has attained some rare and indisputable success. His admiring remarks on the older dramatists have been expanded by more ambitious writers, and have gradually led the people to these old springs of delight which they had almost forgotten. In an age where "envy and all uncharitableness" have been active in our literature, he has been gently counteracting their tendencies, and breathing a spirit of good-will and kindness into criticism. He has deprived witty malice of its sting, and shaken the seat of the scooner. In some measure, has he stopped the progress of that love of mere strength in writing before which the humanities of poetry were

declining, by delighting us with glimpses of a new and fresh beauty, and disclosing lovely nooks in the calmest regions of imagination, where hitherto none had invited us to repose. There are those to whom his happiest creations have long been "personal themes" most dear, and who have felt the benign influences of his genius in their inmost souls. They think of his works as the sweeteners of their moral and intellectual natures—they blend the idea of him with their most genial trains of thought, and their sweetest remembrances, which he has awakened in their hearts—and never can they become cold to his merits or indifferent to his fame, until the inmost affections of the soul shall cease to warm them. T. N. T.

ON ANGLING.

LETTER III.

Praise of the River Thames—Angling for Carp—Description of the Carp, &c.

TO discourse on the subject of rivers is as delightful to an Angler, as for a connoisseur to talk of a gallery of pictures, or a collector to commend a cabinet of minerals. I shall however begin our piscatory pleasantries, not with rehearsing the praises of the foreign rivers of Europe, such as the Danube, the Rhine, the Loire, the Garonne, or the Po, all renowned for excellent fish, but with one that in all respects is as worthy to be celebrated, and that is the river *Thames*. For that stream you must of course suppose me to cherish the greatest partiality, as I was born and educated upon its banks; so that I cannot express myself in a manner more congenial with my feelings of predilection for it, now like our favourite poet Gray I revisit the scenes of my boyish days, and contrast them with the cares of my succeeding age, than by repeating part of his delightful Ode to Eton College:—

"Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
Ah fields below'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring."

What beauties does the Thames display as you pursue its winding course from Lechlade to London! What noble towns, what pleasant villages, and ele-

gant mansions, adorn its banks: at this mere allusion to them, I doubt not you immediately picture to your imagination Oxford, Reading, Henley, Maidenhead, Windsor, Richmond, Kew, and all their rich attendants of varied and enchanting scenery. How numerous the vessels adapted both to business and to pleasure that are continually gliding upon its bosom! How grand are the bridges that connect its shores, particularly those that have been lately constructed in the metropolis! And more than all, when you consider the Thames in a commercial point of view, and observe the forests of masts that extend from London bridge to Limehouse, and the ships that enliven the majestic and widening stream as it flows towards the ocean, bringing to our island the produce of the most remote countries, your admiration must be raised to the highest pitch, and you must pronounce the Thames to be the noblest river, as London is the noblest metropolis, in the world.

But we brothers of the angle owe to the Thames a more than common tribute of praise, for it produces most of the freshwater finny race, and perhaps their excellent quality is owing to the excellent nature of its water. Does it not appear as if Denham had written for the information of us anglers, when he describes the Thames,

"Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,

Strong without rage, without overshadowing skill."

Yet there are many shallows in it that are equally conducive to our sport, as I shall one day inform you.

I shall now proceed to tell you, that

I thought the Thames deserving all this praise, in consequence of having been gratified with very unexpected sport whilst angling in it. Know that near Isleworth myself and some friends caught some very fine carp. The evening was warm, the sky was cloudy, and the Western wind gently fanned the surface of the deep near the bank. This circumstance suggested to me the subject of this letter: I shall therefore proceed to give you some account of the carp, and to instruct you in the most likely methods to catch him.

The common English carp (*Cyprinus carpio*) is thus described: the yellowish-olive carp, with a wide dorsal fin, with the third ray serrated behind. When in high season, and at his full growth, he is a very noble fish, not less the delight of the angler than of the epicure. He is leather-mouthed, his teeth are in his throat; he is so subtle, shy, and strong, that the full exercise of an angler's art and patience are necessary to catch him. On dissecting the head, you will find that a carp has a much larger proportion of brains than other freshwater fish; and this may account for his superior sagacity, docility, and other qualities.

Carp differ very considerably in size and colour according to the water in which they are found. The lively deep gold scales distinguish the river carp from those kept in ponds. In some ponds they do not exceed sixteen inches, but in warm climates they reach two, three, or even four feet in length, and weigh from twenty, thirty, to forty pounds. They are so wonderfully prolific, and the quantity of roe is so great, that it is said sometimes to exceed the weight of the emptied fish itself.

River carp are more delicious than those bred in ponds. They vary much in taste, according to the soil and water they have been accustomed to. There is much the same difference between carp, and other fish bred in ponds, in point of flavour, as there is between stalled deer, and those that have had the range of parks and forests. I quote the observation of old R. Franck, in his "Northern Memoirs," a scarce, quaint, and curious work published in 1694, as it confirms this remark. "River fish excel those bred in a pond: though peradventure travel mitigates growth, yet it most generously compensates the gusto, for every fish that comes cautiously by his commons, is by so much the

more confirmed delicious, and, if I mistake not, as nutritious also."

Carp bred in ponds with sandy mud bottoms, supplied by running streams, are far better than those bred in standing waters supplied only by rain.

Anglers maintain that carp will take all kinds of baits, such as pastes, green peas, gentles, cad-baits, bees, grasshoppers, live minnows, gudgeons, and even artificial flies. I find, however, that no baits are better than well-scoured worms.

Carp are fond of still deeps, and the most quiet parts of rivers and ponds. They love to lie under roots of trees and hollow banks, and near great beds of reeds, weeds, and rushes. The best method of angling for them is to use two or three strong rods with silk lines, and suitable hooks. Bait their favourite holes, the night before you intend to fish, with fresh grains, or bread chippings, and plumb the exact depth of the water, that you may not scare the fish by plumbing the depth when you come to angle. The next morning early, according to the season, proceed to the baited holes with all possible silence and caution, recollecting that you have one of the shyest and most subtle of fish to deal with. Have no lead upon your line; let your baits fall gently into the water, without making any noise or circles on the surface, if possible. Place your rods at a proper distance from each other on the bank, and keep out of the fishes' sight, so as just to command a view of the floats. When the fish bite, restrain your impatience, creep to your rods very cautiously without making a noise, and strike your carp before he runs out, and draws your line to a stretch. Play him as long as you can in the deep water, and when you have fully exhausted his strength, have your landing-net ready to introduce him to the shore.

A very likely method to catch a carp is thus described by the author of "The Innocent Epicure," a curious old Poem, republished in the year 1713.

"With a small float unleaded near the side,
Near to the place he plays in, gently guide
Thy rolling bait, which on the ground must lie,
Not in the depths, but almost surface high;
Decoy'd he thus imagines it to crawl
From neighbouring sods, or its too oozy hole:
The float extended gives him no distrust,
And appetite betrays him not, but lust."

In Polish Prussia and some parts of Germany the sale of carp constitutes a part of the income of the nobility and

gentry. Of the methods practised there a description was sent to the Royal Society, and inserted in their Transactions for 1771, by Dr. Forster. He relates that he had seen carp, treated according to the German methods, above a yard long, and of 25 pounds weight, but had no method of ascertaining their age. In the pond, however, at Charlottenburg, a palace belonging to the King of Prussia, I saw, said Dr. Forster, more than two or three hundred carp between two and three feet long; and I was told by the keeper they were between fifty and sixty years standing: they were tame, and came to the shore in order to be fed.—Dr. Forster vouches also for another extraordinary fact. He relates that carp will not only live for a long time out of the water, but will grow fat in their new element. He thus writes like a true epicure: “I saw the experiment tried in a nobleman’s house in Anhalt Dessau; and during a fortnight I visited myself every day the fish, which, after it had been kept in fresh wet moss spread upon a piece of net, and fed with bread and milk, was dressed and served up at dinner, and every one present found it excellent in its flavour.”

Have you ever observed that the gills and bodies of carp are covered with an oily substance, a kind of mucus? This prevents their external surface from becoming dry, and therefore they can bear a longer exposure to the air when they are taken out of the water. May not this be one cause of their being able to live so long out of their own element?

The carp is with good reason called the river fox, as he exercises an instinctive craft similar to that wily animal. Sometimes he leaps over the nets, and escapes; or, like the tench, he drives his head so deep into the mud, that the net is drawn over him. Of whatever kind the net is that is used for taking carp, you must let it rest at the bottom of the water for some time before you draw it up, or you may labour in vain.

Carp and all other fish taken out of ponds or rivers that have muddy bottoms, may be made more sweet and palatable by keeping them alive a few days in a large cistern, or other large vessel, in pure water, which ought to be changed twice a day.

As a confirmation of the great age that carp will reach, I give you the authority of Buffon: “When I was with

the Count de Maurepas, I saw, said he, in the moat of his castle of Ponchartrain, some carp that were at least 150 years old, as was well attested. They appeared as active and lively as common carp.”

By being constantly fed, they may be made so familiar as to come for food to the side of the pond where they are kept. Dr. Smith, in his sketch of a Tour to the Continent, speaking of the Prince of Condé’s seat at Chantilly says, “The most pleasing thing about it was the immense shoals of very large carp, silvered over with age, like silver fish, and perfectly tame, so that when any passengers approached their watery habitation, they used to come to the shore in such numbers, as to heave each other out of the water, begging for bread, of which a quantity was always kept at hand, on purpose to feed them. They would even allow themselves to be handled.”

From what has been observed of the quantity of roe, which a carp produces, it is evident that it is a very prolific breeder. From their rapid growth as well as their great increase, they are the most valuable of all fish for stocking ponds; and if the breeding and feeding them were better understood, and more generally practised, the advantages and profits would be considerable. A pond stocked with them would be as valuable to its owner as a garden.

As an excellent method to fatten your pond carp, rake the mud round the outside of the pond about the month of April, when the water is low, and sow some hay-seeds thereon, because in the winter when flooded, the produce will afford excellent food for the carp, and will make them grow very fat. Mr. Cherry of Birmingham says, “that a friend of his does this every year, and by that means obtains excellent fish.”

Many persons are as fond of exaggerating the size and weight of fish, as others are of romancing with regard to ladies’ fortunes, and ecclesiastical preferments: I shall report to you only what I have seen. The largest carp I ever saw caught was taken out of Blenheim lake by Beckley, the Duke’s fisherman. It weighed 13 pounds. The bigger the carp, the better; in this respect they differ from other fish. The Roman epicures, who had the most refined taste for the luxuries of the table, esteemed the mouth the most delicious part of the carp. The moderns are equally partial

to the palate. And now lest you should deservedly *carp* at me, for being rather prolix, although enlarging upon the subject of so noble a fish can require no apology to an amateur like yourself, I shall reward your patience by giving you two excellent and economical methods to dress a carp, that would have gratified Apicius, or Darteneuf himself.

Let your carp be plain boiled, and sent to table with common fish-sauces. Or if you must have a more luxurious dish, stew your carp, and use cyder instead of claret, and enrich your gravy with spices, onion, and anchovies, and garnish the dish with sippets and horse-radish. Provided your cook acquit herself well in the execution of either of these receipts, and the vicar and the squire of the parish should both be your guests, they will give her as much praise for dressing, as they will give you for catching a carp. Adieu.

LETTER IV.

The Barbel—Directions to angle for Barbel—Sport in a Thunder-storm—The Diver, &c.

I MUST again call your attention to a subject which I am confident you will think not tiresome but very agreeable, and that is the gently-flowing stream of the Thames; because it is the best river with which I am acquainted for the diversion of angling for barbel. This fish, I allow, is of little intrinsic excellence, being of a very coarse nature; but, as you profess yourself to be very keen and eager in pursuit of your aquatic amusements, and are fond of sport, for sport's sake, and not like a fishmonger, who estimates his fish merely for the money they will procure, the barbel shall be the subject of this letter. This love of sport, you may observe, is the ruling passion by land as well as water. The hunter pursues the fox, as the angler seeks for certain fish, merely on this account. Each is attracted by the pleasure of the pursuit, rather than the value of the acquisition. The barbel is very strong, active, and sagacious; so, like crafty reynard, he stimulates the art and the diligence of the angler to catch and to kill him, and the longer the chase, the greater the triumph, of every scholar of Walton, as of every follower of Nimrod.

Barbels are leather-mouthed, handsome in shape, and are covered with very small silvery scales exquisitely formed. They have barbs or wattels at

their mouths, from which they take their names; their back-fin is armed with a remarkably strong thorn or spine which is scoured, and with this natural weapon they can inflict a very severe wound if they are handled incautiously.

They grow to a considerable size, sometimes reaching three feet, and eighteen pounds in weight. I saw a barbel at Godotow that was nearly that length; and another taken in the Thames near Oxford, that weighed 14 pounds.

They are gregarious fish: in the winter they retire into deep water; in the summer they frequent sharp streams, that run over gravelly or sandy bottoms, or they lie in strong and deep currents, near bridges, flood-gates, or weirs.

When you angle for barbel, your tackle must be very strong. Put a reel upon your rod, and fish with a silk-line; your bottom link should be three lengths of gut twisted together. Your hook should be of a middling size, and your float large to carry your bait not more than half an inch from the ground. The best baits are well scoured lob-worms that are tough; for if not, the fish are so cunning, that they will stick them off the hook. Your worms must be fresh and good, or you will not please so nice a feeder as the barbel. If you hook him, you are likely to hold him fast; as I have before observed, he is leather-mouthed. He will show you great sport: you must keep your line tight to prevent him from running among stumps and weeds, for there he will strive to retreat, and if he succeeds, he may disengage himself from the hook, or break your tackle. Be provided with a large landing-net; it should be deep as well as wide, or he will by a sudden spring leap from it into the water.

Be careful never to throw your bait into the water at a great distance from you, so as to make a splashing, and let your lead sink into the water with as little noise, and as gently as possible. Large fish do not always frequent the middle of a river. The water near the banks, particularly if it be hollow, is the most likely place to find them; and you never stand a better chance of sport than by being very quiet. This caution is applicable to all kinds of angling.

They spawn at the beginning of May, and are then at the worst: their prime season is in August and September, and then you cannot angle for them too early in a morning, or too late in an evening.

Now for an anecdote peerless, pithy,

and pleasant, to convince you of the hardship that angling can inspire. At the end of July my cousin Peter, a young Etonian and myself angled for barbel, in the still deeps near Chertsey Bridge. Our baits were well-scoured ~~lob~~ worms. We began to fish in the evening, and persevered during some part of the night, although a violent storm came on: rain poured down in torrents, flashes of lightning were frequent and very vivid, and thunder rolled in loud and awful peals,

"Intomere poli, et crebris micat ignibus æther."

We endured for some hours the pelting of the pitiless storm, for we had excellent sport, and caught some remarkably fine barbel. We were armed with those requisites recommended to anglers in an old fishing-book, "the courage of David and the patience of Job," and we reaped the rewards of those essential piscatory virtues. I must confess, however, as I am much more delighted with the *beautiful* of a fine day, than with the *sublime* of a stormy night, and greatly prefer the prospects of Claude Lorrain to those of Salvator Rosa, I shall neither repeat the experiment, nor recommend its imitation to you.

You will be pleased to be informed of one of the most extraordinary of all methods to take barbel. You may recollect having seen old Darcey, who kept a music-shop in Oxford. Although he was so bulky as to appear as if he was one of the family of Falstaff, he was a very expert swimmer and diver. Like the knight, he had a "great alacrity in sinking." He used to dive into a deep hole near the four streams, a bathing-place well known to the Oxonians. He remained under the water for a minute, and came up with a brace of fine barbel, holding one in each hand. The report Darcey made was,

that many of these fish lay at the bottom of the hole with their heads against the bank, in parallel lines like horses in their stalls. They were not disturbed at his approach, but allowed him to come close to them, and he selected the finest of them all, with which this intrepid diver emerged from the deep, to the wonderment of all the spectators.

That this method of taking sea-fish, a much more perilous exploit, was practised by the antients, is evident from the description given by Oppian in his poem called *Halientica*.

The diver harden'd to the dreadful toil
With artless force attacks the finny spoil;
Boldly he plunges from ethereal day,
Springs to the deep, and treads the fluid way,
Firm as on land along the vaulted shores
The secret chambers of the deep explores,
Revisits safe the long-suspended air,
And grasps with loaded hands a captive pair;
The sargo thus, and timorous shade-fish glide,
Nor this his fears secure, nor that his sice.

Jonas's Oppian.

The author of "The Angler's sure Guide" says, that a barbel roasted makes an excellent dish, and when properly pickled will eat little inferior to a sturgeon. Another method recommended by a good cook is to bake a barbel with a pudding like a jack.

P. S. When I related the anecdote of old Darcey to the Etonian, he said it reminded him of the descriptions given by Homer and Virgil of Neptune and the river gods Scamander and Tiberinus emerging from their crystal caverns in the deep, and raising their placid heads above the surface of the waters. Is it not probable that the notion of such beings as Neptune, the Tritons, the Naiads, and even of Venus herself, to say nothing of Mermaids, might originate from the appearance of some skilful divers, being indistinctly seen by distant spectators, who were ignorant of the art these proficient had acquired of sinking and rising in the water? Adieu.

A PEDESTRIAN TOUR THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS.

(Concluded from p. 63.)

I now directed my course to Fort William, in order to cross the Highlands in the direction of the remarkable lakes, which, as has been justly observed, seem destined by nature to form a junction between the Atlantic and the North Sea. That stupendous work, the Caledonian Canal, formed by the union of the Lakes Ness, Oich, Lochy, Eil, and Linnhe, will no doubt be shortly open

to navigation. In future, the long and difficult voyage round Cape Wrath may be avoided; for vessels of any size may now sail direct from one sea to the other, the canal being about 100 feet broad and 20 feet deep. I travelled through the whole extent of Invernesshire. This county, which is the largest in Scotland, is likewise remarkable for the great public works it contains.

Fort William is situated at the foot of Ben Nevis, the highest hill in Scotland, and the only one on which I observed flakes of snow. It requires six or seven hours to ascend Ben Nevis; and in clear weather its summit commands a view both of the Atlantic and the North Sea. Though the road from hence to Fort Augustus is rich in the beauties of nature, yet all is exceeded by the charm of Loch Ness. The hills hereabouts have not, it is true, the grandeur of those in other parts of Scotland, but their contours are uncommonly picturesque. At a short distance from this lake is the Fall of Fyers, the most beautiful cascade in Scotland; and when the river happens to be swollen, which was the case when I saw it, it may certainly be accounted the grandest in Europe. The river Fyers rushes down in two distinct divisions, one from a height of seventy feet, and the other, about a quarter of a mile distant, from a height of about 200 feet. If natural phenomena, such as this, can be described by words, the following beautiful lines of Burns may perhaps afford some notion of this astonishing waterfall:

"Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods,
Till full he dashes on his rocky mounds,
Where, through a shapeless breach his stream re-
sounds.

As high in air the bursting torrents flow
As deep recoil the surges from below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless echo's ear astonished rends.
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless
showers

The hoary cavern, wide surrounding, lowers.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below the horrid cauldron boils."

At the solitary inn, near the cascade, where I passed the night, I made acquaintance with three young Scotch gentlemen, who, like myself, had travelled over the hills on foot, and we agreed to continue our journey in each other's company. Our road from hence to Inverness lay through woods composed of the most beautiful trees. How absurd was Dr. Johnson's sally, when he observed that the only trees to be seen in Scotland were the gallows, and what a wilful misrepresentation on his part, as he had visited not only the western, but the eastern coast, which abounds in fine vegetation.

The fertile plain in which Inverness is situated forms a singular contrast to the hills by which I had lately been surrounded. The sudden transition

from a mountainous to a level country is extremely curious. Inverness is a very neat little town, and the most important in the north of Scotland. Though it consists chiefly of two streets, which cross each other, yet the inns are supported in a style of elegance not to be met with in many capital cities of Germany. My travelling companions and I put up at the Geddes Hotel, and next morning we procured a guide to conduct us to a neighbouring hill, where we might view some remains of what are called the *vitrified forts*, concerning which so many conjectures have been formed. Our guide was a man belonging to the poorer class, yet he spoke English with a degree of purity not very common in Inverness. I did not fail to enter into conversation with him on a subject, respecting which I had vainly sought information in Scotland, and which I was frequently laughed at for mentioning in Edinburgh; namely, the gift of *second sight*.* The man looked proudly at me, and replied: "Sir! we look upon such things at Inverness at nonsense." What a happy proof of the advancement of information, and this in the 58° of north latitude. At a short distance from Inverness, is the field of Culloden, on which the last hopes of the house of Stuart were annihilated.

I visited a little hospital which has been for some years established in the vicinity of the town. Though it contained but few beds, there were more than sufficient, for the majority were empty. This is the only establishment of the kind in the Highlands; but the people entertain so much dislike of an hospital, that they seldom apply to it for relief. The two wings of the building

* The Scotch, as well as the English, now-a-days treat the belief of *second-sight* with as much derision as they do animal magnetism. When I conversed with the celebrated Professor Leslie, of Edinburgh, on animal magnetism, I found he knew nothing of the matter. The gift of *second-sight* is now regarded merely as a subject on which a poet may exercise his fancy. It has been happily treated by Walter Scott, and particularly by Thomas Campbell, in his beautiful poem of "Lochiel." It is worthy of observation, that in the East a similar superstition prevails respecting a pre-sensation through the organ of hearing, which the Highlanders believe to exist in the organ of sight. Lord Byron terms this gift *second-hearing*.—See his notes to "The Giaour."

are set aside for insane patients, who receive no medical aid, but are merely maintained and kept apart from the rest of the inmates. Insanity is very common in this part of the country: the reason assigned for it is, that so many people are obliged to separate from their families to go to the West Indies. Considering the strong attachment of the Highlanders to their country and their home, this is certainly not improbable.

From hence we proceeded to Fort George, the most important of the three fortresses of the Highlands. Here I changed the plan of my journey; and instead of proceeding further north to visit the county of Ross, as I originally intended, I accepted the invitation of one of my travelling companions, to accompany him to the residence of Mr. Brodie, his grandfather, near Forres. However much I wished to form an idea of the mode of living in the family of a wealthy Scotch gentleman, yet other reasons still more strongly urged me to accept the proposal of my young companion. I had been informed that on Mr. Brodie's estate was situated the spot where, according to popular tradition, as well as on the authority of Shakspeare, the witches first appeared to Macbeth and Banquo. We departed from Fort George, and taking an easterly direction, arrived that very morning at *Cawdor Castle*, said to be the ruins of the old fortress, with which Duncan rewarded Macbeth for the victory he had gained: thus the second witch salutes him with the words—"Hail! Thane of Cawdor!" This castle is most strikingly situated; its battlements are seen towering above the trees, from an immense distance, and the nearer one approaches it the more beautiful it appears. The various styles of architecture of several different centuries, are here united together, though it is very certain there are no remains of any thing that might have existed in Macbeth's time. The square tower in the middle, which appears to belong to the age of chivalry, is surrounded by buildings of more recent date. At Cawdor Castle the bed is shown, in which it is pretended that King Duncan was murdered, though the murder was committed in Macbeth's castle near Inverness, no trace of which now remains. An old woman, who shewed us over the castle, and who was herself not unlike one of the *weird-sisters*, cut off a piece of wood from Duncan's bed and gave it to us as

a particular favour. In the park adjoining the castle we visited the *hermitage*, namely, a hut surrounded by hills; a little murmuring brook flows through it, and it is altogether one of the most romantic spots I ever saw. We passed the night at Nairne, a little town pleasantly situated on the sea-side. On the following morning we set out on our way to Brodie-house. We had scarcely proceeded four miles when my companion drew my attention to a hill planted with young fir-trees, which rose above a heath of immeasurable extent; the latter is called the *hoar-moor*, and the eminence *Macbeth's-hill*: it is situated at a short distance from the main road. Mr. Brodie has cut down the trees which formerly grew here and there on the moor, and has judiciously planted only the hill with fir-trees, so that it is visible at an immense distance. The whole district has so gloomy and dismal a character, that it has ever inspired the common people with a kind of horror, and few would be bold enough to cross the *hoar-moor* after night-fall. Macbeth's history is not confined merely to the readers of Shakspeare, but is universally known. The *hoar-moor* extends as far as the eye can reach; behind it lies the sea, and in the blue distance the steep rocks, between which is the entrance to the Frith of Cromarty; and in the background tower the lofty hills of Ross-shire. To the left, on a hill near Forres,* Nelson's monument rises like a beacon. On another plain are the ruins of two old castles, and Brodie-house appears rising above the surrounding trees.

Only in the country which may be called the home of hospitality, can a wandering stranger hope to experience the hearty welcome with which I was greeted at the house of Mr. Brodie. Though a pedestrian traveller, after the German fashion, could make but a sorry figure at the residence of a Scotch gentleman of fortune, where all the elegance and even luxury of the capital prevailed, yet the kind owner of the mansion warmly urged me to extend my visit to a longer period than two days. For my gratification, Mr. Brodie ordered several dishes peculiar to the North of Scotland, to be prepared for his table. I was particularly fond of the

* Shakspeare was well acquainted with the region in which he has laid the scene of his great tragedy: "How far is't called to Forres?" says Banquo on his entrance.

moor-fowl, a kind of partridge, far more delicate than ours, which is only found in the Highlands. They live entirely on the heather, and no one is permitted to shoot them before the 12th of August, under pain of a severe penalty. After that period, however, a general war is waged against them, and the hills resound with the reports of fowling-pieces. Oatmeal-porridge is also a favourite mess with the Scotch, but I admired it as little as I did their singed sheep's heads.

On the 16th of August I left Brodie-house, and its amiable owners, whose kindness will ever remain engraven on my memory. I proceeded only two miles further North, namely, to Forres, from whence I proposed returning to Edinburgh. Forres is a pretty little town, commanding a view of the numerous inlets of the North Sea, along the coasts of Cromarty and Ross-shire, together with a part of the Highland hills. The most remarkable object in the neighbourhood of Forres, is an obelisk covered with bas-reliefs called *King Sweno's stone*, which is supposed to have existed since the period when the Danes invaded this part of Scotland. The obelisk at present measures about 23 feet in height, but it must have been originally much loftier, as in the course of eight centuries the ground may be supposed to have risen considerably. It consists of a sandy kind of stone, and the sculpture with which it is adorned has been greatly obliterated by the rough sea winds. Among the figures only two are now distinguishable: they appear to be extending their hands to each other, beneath a crucifix. The most probable conjecture respecting this monument is, that it was erected to commemorate the peace between Canute and King Malcolm, when the Danes retired from Scotland in the year 1012.

Notwithstanding all that I had hitherto seen in the Highlands, I was not prepared to meet with so desert and barren a district as that between Forres and Blair Athol. Along the road between Pitmain and Dalwhinny, a distance of 90 miles, it is only at intervals of 15 miles that any thing in the form of a village is to be met with. The fine road runs across hills on which no vegetation but heather is visible. The only pleasing objects are the mountain-streams, which unite with the numerous brooks that flow in every direction, and at length assume the form of rivulets.

None but the traveller who has wandered for three days through this barren tract of country, can form an idea of the delight experienced on entering Blair Athol, where he is suddenly transported to a region fertile as Paradise. The hills which line the banks of the Garry are clothed with luxuriant vegetation, and excellent roads lead from one village to another, which is not the case in any other part of the Highlands. If any man may be accounted happy for what he possesses, certainly it is the Duke of Athol, who owns a spot thus blessed by Nature and human industry. One might almost suppose that the sublime aspect of his domains had imparted an unusual degree of benevolence to his mind. Other men of fortune shut up their parks, and affix to their gates notifications that steel-traps and spring-guns are kept in readiness, or that trespassers shall be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law*. The Duke of Athol, however, holds out no such inhuman threats. The river Bruar has received celebrity from Burns, who, in the name of the stream, has addressed a poetic petition to the Duke of Athol, entreating him to plant its banks. Dunkeld, about 20 miles distant, through which I passed on the following day, also belongs to the above-mentioned nobleman. From its romantic situation it has justly been pronounced the finest town in Scotland. About two miles from Dunkeld, on my way to Perth, I saw Birnam-wood, which, in fulfilment of the prophecy of the *Weird-sisters*, advanced to Macbeth's castle at Dunsinnan:—the wood now consists merely of a young plantation of oak trees. It has been thought singular that Shakespeare, in his *Macbeth*, should have confined himself solely to popular tradition, without regard to historical truth. According to history, Macbeth died at Lumphannan, in the county of Aberdeen; but this fact does not correspond with

* This unsocial excluding spirit of the English was sufficient to render a residence among them insupportable to me. As England is an island, so the house and estates of an Englishman form an island in miniature. Richmond, in the neighbourhood of London, is one of the most delightful spots imaginable; but here an admirer of Nature is deprived of all enjoyment by the threat of spring-guns. The owner of a park on the banks of the Thames, has gone so far as to fix up a board with the following inscription, "Parties are not allowed to land and dine here!"

the traditions of the surrounding country, collected by Sir John Sinclair, and which prove that the poet exclusively availed himself of them. These traditions alledge, that Macbeth, in obedience to the commands of two witches, erected his fortress of Dunsinnan, a name signifying *ant-hill*, which it received in allusion to the industry and labour of the men who were employed in building it. From this fort he saw Malcolm advance with his English and Scotch troops, who, to ornament their caps, had cut down boughs from the trees in Birnam-wood. Seized with alarm, he rushed out, and was killed by Macduff, at a short distance from the fort. A mound of earth, in the neighbourhood of Dunsinnan, is still pointed out as the grave of the *tall man*, for Macbeth is supposed to have been of gigantic stature; and near it is the spot where Banquo was murdered by order of Macbeth. The similarity between this popular tradition and Shakspeare's story, would lead one to imagine that the poet had collected the materials of his tragedy on this very spot. This supposition is strengthened by what Guthrie says in his History of Scotland, namely, "that, in the year 1599, King James requested Queen Elizabeth to send him a company of players, which she did." He adds, that he has great reason to believe, the immortal Shakspeare was among the number.

I now left the hills and entered the Lowlands at Perth, about eleven miles from Birnam-wood. Tacitus has recorded the exclamation of the Roman troops under Agricola, who, as they approached the enchanting banks of the Tay, in an extacy of admiration uttered the words, "*Ecce Tiberim!*" The country hereabouts presents the hilly aspect of the *Campagna di Roma*; the serpentine course of the Tay, bounded by Kinnout Craigs, calls to mind the windings of the Tiber at *Ponte Molle*; and the beautiful form of Kinnout resembles that of *Monte Mario*. Perth is not an unimportant place; its population amounts to 12,000, and its flourishing manufactures, extensive salmon-fishery, and improved agriculture, render it a very wealthy town. During the summer season it is the resort of strangers, who throng here and to Dunkeld, to enjoy the scenery of two of the loveliest spots in Scotland. Perth was once the favourite residence of the Scottish kings, and in its vicinity stood the celebrated Seone Castle, at which they were crown-

ed. On the site of the old castle and abbey, which was burnt by the Reformers, Lord Mansfield has erected an extensive palace in the Gothic style, so greatly admired by the English. The edifice, however, owes its effect chiefly to its vast magnitude, the beautiful stone employed in building it, and the fine park and plantations by which it is surrounded. At Perth I became acquainted with a Scotch gardener, who invited me to visit him. The Scotch gardeners are accounted the most skilful in Great Britain for the cultivation of fruits. My new acquaintance shewed me a number of *hot-houses*, which, in all seasons of the year, produce abundance of fruit. I now understood how it happened, that when I was in Edinburgh, I could purchase the most exquisite fruits at a comparatively moderate price. All the Scotch nobility and persons of fortune have extensive hot-houses in their orchards, which, owing to the abundance of fuel, are maintained at a very trifling expense; and as most great families were at that period travelling on the Continent, fruit was not only sent in abundance to the Edinburgh market, but also shipped for London. The English capital, indeed, receives many dainties from the sister country; and since it has become so common a practice to send salmon from Scotland to London, the Scotch servant-maids no longer find it necessary to stipulate with their masters that they shall not be obliged to eat salmon more than five times a week.

I had become too much attached to the Highland hills to take the straight course from Perth to Edinburgh, and I determined to cross them in a direction from East to West. I accordingly proceeded by the way of Crief and Comrie to Loch Ernehead, passing the Trossachs a second time, and then crossing Aberfoil to Loch Lomond. I was delighted at being able to tarry for five days longer among the hills; and when on my departure from Loch Lomond I gradually approached the low country, I felt the full force of Burns's lines:

"Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love."

I pursued my course along the river Leven, which flows from Loch Lomond into the Clyde; and the nearer I approached Dumbarton the more striking was the change in the surrounding

scenery. Instead of the dark and solitary hills which I had left in the morning, I found myself transported into the busiest quarter of the Lowlands; instead of fog and mist the atmosphere was obscured by the smoke of steam-engines and manufactories, over the gates of which were inscribed in large letters the words, "*No admittance.*" Smollet, who lived on the banks of the Leven, near the spot where his monument is now erected, has written an ode on this delightful district; it is introduced in his "*Humphry Clinker*," a novel which affords a most animated picture of Scotland. The fortress of Dumbarton, in the vicinity of the town of the same name, is the strongest, and, in point of situation, the most picturesque, in Scotland. The castle stands on a high biforkated basalt rock, connected with the shore only at a very small point, while it is three parts surrounded by the Frith of Clyde, into which the Leven disembogues itself near this spot. It would be difficult to find in any part of the world a steeper or more singularly formed rock than this. In the cleft between its two summits stands the main part of the fortress; the steps leading to it are cut in the rock, which has in many places a magnetic power. The sword of Wallace is kept in Dumbarton castle, and certainly no fitter place could be chosen to deposit a memorial of Scotland's deliverer than this, which was the scene of his heroic achievements.

Glasgow is about fifteen miles distant from Dumbarton; in respect to population, wealth, and extensive trade, it deserves to be called the capital of Scotland; it, however, presents but few attractions to those who have seen the principal manufacturing towns in England. Some notion of the extensive

trade of Glasgow may be formed from the number of steam-boats which daily sail along the Clyde to Greenock, and thence to the towns situated on the islets of the Atlantic, as well as to the islands of Bute and Arran. Every day about twelve of these boats arrive and depart, filled with passengers, and furnished with the best accommodation. The passage along the Firth of Clyde is even more interesting than that on the Firth of Forth; on the left bank of the river are situated the most important manufacturing towns in Scotland, namely, Renfrew, Paisley, and Port-Glasgow, and the rock of Dumbarton, projecting above the water, forms one of the grandest objects I ever beheld. Great caution is observed with respect to steam-boats in Scotland, where they have seldom been known to occasion any accident. They certainly are not very carefully managed in England, for while I was in London, the boiler burst on board of the very boat in which I had sailed to Richmond only a few days previously; three men were killed by the accident. Shortly after one of the Gravesend boats also blew up.

The cheapest and most agreeable mode of travelling from Edinburgh to London is by sea, on board one of the smacks, four or five of which sail weekly from Leith. Owing to the competition of several Companies, who are the proprietors of these smacks, the price of the passage is at present reduced to three guineas. The passengers experience the best accommodation, and the vessels, which are constructed for swift sailing, are manned with the most skilful seamen. I sailed to London on board a Leith smack, at the latter end of September; and in the following month I returned to the Continent.

ON THE LIVING NOVELISTS.—NO. IV.

MATURIN.

THE author of *Montorio* and of *Bertram* is unquestionably a person gifted with no ordinary powers. He has a quick sensibility—a penetrating and intuitive acuteness—and an unrivalled vigour and felicity of language, which enable him at one time to attain the happiest condensation of thought, and at others to pour forth a stream of eloquence rich, flowing, and deep, chequered with images of delicate loveliness, or darkened by broad shadows cast from objects of stern and adamantine majesty.

Yet, in common with many other potent spirits of the present time, he fails to excite within us any pure and lasting sympathy. We do not, on reading his works, feel that we have entered on a precious and imperishable treasure. They dazzle, they delight, they surprise, and they weary us—we lay them down with a vague admiration for the author, and try to shake off their influence as we do the impressions of a feverish dream. It is not thus that we receive the productions of genuine and holy

hands of Shakspeare, of Milton, of Spenser, or of Wordsworth—whose far-reaching imaginations come home to our hearts, who become the companions of our sweetest moods, and with whom we long to “set up our everlasting rest.” Their creations are often nearest to our hearts when they are furthest removed from the actual experience of our lives. We travel on the bright tracts which their genius reveals to us as safely and with as sure and fond a tread as along the broad highway of the world. When the regions which they set before us are the most distant from our ordinary perceptions, we yet seem at home in them, their wonders are strangely familiar to us, and the scene, overspread with a consecrating and lovely lustre, breaks on us, not as a wild fantastic novelty, but as a revived recollection of some holier life, which the soul rejoices thus delightfully to recognize.

Not thus do the works of Mr. Maturin—original and surprising as they often are—affect us. They have no fibres in them which entwine with the heartstrings, and which keep their hold until the golden chords of our sensibility and imagination themselves are broken. They pass by us sometimes like gorgeous phantoms, sometimes like “horrible shadows and unreal mockeries,” which seem to elude us because they are not of us. When we follow him closest, he introduces us into a region where all is unsatisfactory and unreal—the chaos of principles, fancies, and passions—where mightiest elements are yet floating without order, where appearances between substance and shadow perpetually harass us, where visionary forms beckon us through painful avenues, and on approach sink into despicable realities, and pillars which looked ponderous and immovable at a distance, melt at the touch into air, and are found to be only masses of vapour and of cloud. He neither raises us to the skies, nor “brings his angels down,” but astonishes by a phantasmagoria of strange appearances, sometimes scarcely distinguishable in member, joint, or limb, but which when most clearly defined come not near us, nor claim kindred by a warm and living touch. This chill remoteness from humanity is attended by a general want of harmony and proportion in the whole—by a wild excursive-ness of sensibility and thought—which add to its ungenial influence, and may be traced to the same causes.

If we were disposed to refer these de-

fects to one general source, we should attribute them to the want of an imagination proportionate to sensibility and to mastery of language in the writer's mind, or to his comparative neglect of that most divine of human faculties. It is edifying to observe how completely the nature of this power is mistaken by many who profess to decide on matters of taste. They regard it as something wild and irregular, the reverse of truth, nature, and reason, which is divided from insanity only by “a thin partition,” and which, uncontrolled by sterner powers, forms the essence of madness. They think it abounds in the speeches of Mr. Phillips, because they are so crowded with tawdry and superfluous epithets—in the discourses of Doctor Chalmers, because they deal so largely in infinite obscurities that there is no room for a single image—and in the poems of Lord Byron, because his characters are so unlike all beings which have ever existed. Far otherwise thought Spenser when he represented the laurel as the meed—not of poets insane—but “of poets sage.” Pure imagination is, indeed, the deep eye of the profoundest wisdom. It is opposed to reason not in its results, but in its process; it does not demonstrate truth only because it sees it. There are vast and eternal realities in our nature, which reason proves to exist—which sensibility “feels after and finds”—and which imagination beholds in clear and solemn vision, and pictures with a force and vividness which assures their existence even to ungifted mortals. Its subjects are the true, the universal, and the lasting. Its distinguishing property has no relation to dimness, or indistinctness, or dazzling radiance, or turbulent confusedness, but is the power of setting all things in the clearest light, and bringing them into perfect harmony. Like the telescope it does not only magnify celestial objects, but brings them nearer to us. Of all the faculties it is the severest and the most unerring. Reason may beguile with splendid sophistry; sensibility may fatally misguide; but if imagination exists at all, it must exhibit only the real. A mirror can no more reflect an object which is not before it, than the imagination can shew the false and the baseless. By revealing to us its results in the language of imagery, it gives to them almost the evidence of the senses. If the analogy between an idea and its physical exponent is not complete, there is no

effort of imagination—if it is, the truth is seen, and felt, and enjoyed, like the colours and forms of the material universe. And this effect is produced not only with the greatest possible certainty, but in the fewest possible words. Yet even when this is done—when the illustration is not only the most enchanting, but the most convincing, of proofs—the writer is too often contemptuously depreciated as *flowery*, by the advocates of mere reason. Strange chance! that he who has embodied truth in a living image, and thus rendered it visible to the intellectual perceptions, should be confounded with those who conceal all sense and meaning beneath mere *verbiage* and fragments of disjointed metaphor!

Thus the products of genuine imagination are “all compact.” It is, indeed, only the compactness and harmony of its pictures which give to it its name or its value. To discover that there are mighty elements in humanity—to observe that there are bright hues and graceful forms in the external world—and to know the fitting names of these—is all which is required to furnish out a rich stock of spurious imagination to one who aspires to the claim of a wild and irregular genius. For him a dictionary is a sufficient guide to Parnassus. It is only by representing those intellectual elements in their finest harmony—by combining those hues and forms in the fairest pictures—or by making the glorious combinations of external things the symbols of truth and moral beauty—that imagination really puts forth its divine energies. We do not charge on Mr. Maturin that he is destitute of power to do this, or that he does not sometimes direct it to its purest uses. But his sensibility is so much more quick and subtle, than his authority over his impressions is complete; the flow of his words so much more copious and facile than the throng of images on his mind; that he too often confounds us with unnumbered snatches and imperfect gleams of beauty, or astonishes us by an outpouring of eloquent bombast, instead of enriching our souls with distinct and vivid conceptions. Like many other writers of the present time—especially of his own country—he does not wait until the stream which young enthusiasm sets loose shall work itself clear, and calmly reflect the highest heavens. His creations bear any stamp but that of truth and soberness. He sees the glories of the external world, and the mightier wonders of man’s

moral and intellectual nature, with a quick sense, and feels them with an exquisite sympathy—but he gazes on them in “very drunkenness of heart,” and becomes giddy with his own indistinct emotions, till all things seem confounded in a gay bacchanalian dance, and assume strange fantastic combinations; which, when transferred to his works, startle for a moment, but do not produce that “sober certainty of waking bliss” which real imagination assures. There are two qualities necessary to form a truly imaginative writer—a quicker and an intenser feeling than ordinary men possess for the beautiful and the sublime, and the calm and meditative power of regulating, combining, and arranging its own impressions, and of distinctly bodying forth the final results of this harmonizing process. Where the first of these properties exists, the last is perhaps attainable by that deep and careful study which is more necessary to a poet than to any artist who works in mere earthly materials. But this study many of the most gifted of modern writers unhappily disdain; and if mere sale and popularity are their objects, they are right; for in the multitude the wild, the disjointed, the incoherent, and the paradoxical, which are but for a moment, necessarily awaken more immediate sensation than the pure and harmonious, which are destined to last while nature and the soul shall endure.

It is easy to perceive how it is that the imperfect creations of men of sensibility and of eloquence strike and dazzle more at the first, than the completest works of truly imaginative poets. A perfect statue—a temple fashioned with exactest art—appear less, at a mere glance, from the nicety of their proportions. The vast majority of readers, in an age like our’s, have neither leisure nor taste to seek and ponder over the effusions of holiest genies. They must be awakened into admiration by something new, and strange, and surprising; and the more remote from their daily thoughts and habits—the more fantastical and daring—the effort, the more will it please, because the more will it rouse them. Thus a man who will exhibit some impossible combination of heroism and meanness—of virtue and of vice—of heavenly love and infernal malignity and baseness—will receive their wonder and their praise. They call this *power*, which is in reality the most pitiable

weakness. It is because a writer has not imagination enough to exhibit in new forms the universal qualities of nature and the soul, that he takes some strange and horrible anomaly as his theme. Incompetent to the divine task of rendering beauty "a simple product of the common day," he tries to excite emotion by disclosing the foulest recess of the foulest heart. As he strikes only one feeling, and that coarsely and ungently, he appears to wield a mightier weapon than he whose harmonious beauty sheds its influence equably over the whole of the sympathies. That which touches with strange commotion, and mere violence on the heart, but leaves no image there, seems to vulgar spirits more potent than the faculty which applies to it all perfect figures, and leaves them to sink gently into its flashy tablets to remain there for ever. Yet surely that which merely shakes is not equal even in power to that which impresses. The wild disjointed part may be more amazing to a diseased perception than the well-compacted whole; but it is the nice balancing of properties, the soft blending of shades, and the all-pervading and reconciling light shed over the harmonious imagination, which take off the sense of rude strength that alone is discernible in its naked elements. Is there more of heavenly power in seizing from among the tumult of chaos and eternal night, strange and fearful abortions, or in brooding over the vast abyss, and making it pregnant with life, and glory, and joy? Is it the higher exercise of human faculties to represent the frightful dissonances of passion, or to show the grandeur of humanity in that majestic repose which is at once an anticipation and a proof of its eternal destiny? Is transitory vice—the mere accident of the species—and those vices too which are the rarest and most appalling of all its accidents—or that good which is its essence and which never can perish, fittest for the uses of the bard? Shall he desire to haunt the caves which lie lowest on the banks of Acheron, or the soft bowers watered by "Siloa's brook that flows fast by the oracle of God"?

Mr. Maturin gave decisive indications of a morbid sensibility and a passionate eloquence outrunning his imaginative faculties, in the commencement of his literary career. His first romance, the "*Family of Montorio*," is one of the wildest and strangest of all "false creations proceeding from the heat-oppressed

brain." It is for the most part a tissue of magnificent yet unappalling horrors. Its great faults, as a work of amusement, are the long and unrelieved series of its gloomy and marvellous scenes, and the unsatisfactory explanation of them all, as arising from mere human agency. This last error he borrowed from Mrs. Ratcliffe, to whom he is far inferior in the economy of terrors, but whom he greatly transcends in the dark majesty of his style. As his events are far more wild and wondrous than hers, so his development is necessarily far more incredible and vexatious. There is, in this story, a being whom we are long led to believe is not of this world—who speaks in the tones of the sepulchre, glides through the thickest walls, haunts two distant brothers in their most secret retirements through their strange wanderings, leads one of his victims to a scene which he believes infernal, and there terrifies him with sights of the wildest magic—and who after all this, and after really vindicating to the fancy his claim to the supernatural by the fearful cast of his language—is discovered to be a low impostor, who has produced all by the aid of poor tricks and secret passages! Where is the policy of this? Unless by his power, the author had given a credibility to magic through four-fifths of his work, it never could have excited any feeling but that of impatience or of scorn. And when we have surrendered ourselves willingly to his guidance—when we have agreed to believe impossibilities at his bidding—why does he reward our credence with derision, and tacitly reproach us for not having detected his idle mockeries? After all, too, the reason is no more satisfied than the fancy; for it would be a thousand times easier to believe in the possibility of spiritual influences, than in a long chain of mean contrivances, no one of which could ever succeed. The first is but one wonder, and that one to which our nature has a strange leaning; the last are numberless, and have nothing to reconcile them to our thoughts. In submitting to the former we contentedly lay aside our reasoning faculties; in approaching the latter our reason itself is appealed to at the moment when it is insulted. Great talent is, however, unquestionably exhibited in this singular story. A stern justice breathes solemnly through all the scenes in the devoted castle. "Fate sits on its dark battlements, and frowns." There is a spirit of deep philosophy in the tracing

of the gradual influence of patricidal thoughts on the hearts of the brothers, which would finely exhibit the danger of dallying with evil fancies, if the subject were not removed so far from all ordinary temptations. Some of the scenes of horror, if they were not accumulated until they wear out their impression, would produce an effect inferior to none in the works of Ratcliffe or of Lewis. The scene in which Filippo escapes from the assassins, deserves to be ranked with the robber-scenes in the *Monk* and *Count Fathom*. The diction of the whole is rich and energetic—not, indeed, flowing in a calm beauty which may glide on for ever—but impetuous as a mountain torrent, which, though it speedily passes away, leaves behind it no common spoils—

“Depositing upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and gentle thoughts
Which cannot die, and will not be destroyed.”

“*The Wild Irish Boy*” is, on the whole, inferior to *Montorio*, though it served to give a farther glimpse into the vast extent of the author’s resources. “*The Milesian*” is, perhaps, the most extraordinary of his romances. There is a bleak and misty grandeur about it, which, in spite of its glaring defects, sustains for it an abiding-place in the soul. Yet never, perhaps, was there a more unequal production—alternately exhibiting the grossest plagiarism and the wildest originality—now swelling into offensive bombast, and anon disclosing the simplest majesty of nature, fluctuating with inconstant ebb between the sublime and the ridiculous, the delicate and the revolting. “*Women, or Pour et Contre*,” is less unequal, but we think, on the whole, less interesting than the author’s earlier productions. He should not venture, as in this work he has done, into the ordinary paths of existence. His persons, if not cast in a high and heroic mould, have no stamp of reality upon them. The reader of this work, though often dazzled and delighted, has a painful feeling that the characters are shadowy and unreal, like that which is experienced in dreams. They are unpleasant and tantalizing likenesses, approaching sufficiently near to the true to make us feel what they would be, and lament what they are. *Eva*, *Zaira*, the maniac mother, and the group of Calvinists, have all a resemblance to nature—and sometimes to nature at its most passionate or its sweetest—but they look as at a distance from us, as though between us and

them there were some veil, or discolouring medium, to baffle and perplex us. Still the novel is a splendid work; and gives the feeling that its author has “riches fineless” in store, which might delight as well as astonish the world, if he would cease to be their slave, and become their master.

In the narrow boundaries of the Drama the redundancies of Mr. Maturin have been necessarily corrected. In this walk, indeed, there seems reason to believe that his genius would have grown purer, as it assumed a severer attitude; and that he would have sought to attain high and true passion, and lofty imagination, had he not been seduced by the admiration unhappily lavished on Lord Byron’s writings. The feverish strength, the singular blending of good and evil, and the spirit of moral paradox, displayed in these works, were congenial with his tastes, and aroused in him the desire to imitate. “*Bertram*,” his first and most successful tragedy, is a fine piece of writing, wrought out of a nauseous tale, and rendered popular, not by its poetical beauties, but by the violence with which it jars on the sensibilities, and awakens the sluggish heart from its lethargy. “*Manuel*,” its successor, feebler, though in the same style, excited little attention, and less sympathy. In “*Fredolpho*,” the author, as though he had resolved to sting the public into a sense of his power, crowded together characters of such matchless depravity, sentiments of such a demoniac cast, and events of such gratuitous horror, that the moral taste of the audience, injured as it had been by the success of similar works, felt the insult, and rose up indignantly against it. Yet in this piece were passages of a soft and mournful beauty, breathing a tender air of romance, which led us bitterly to regret that the poet chose to “embower the spirit of a fiend, in mortal paradise of such sweet” song.

We do not, however, despair even yet of the regeneration of our author’s taste. There has always been something of humanity to redeem those works in which his genius has been most perverted. There is no deliberate sneering at the disinterested and the pure—no cold derision of human hopes—no deadness to the lonely and the loving, in his writings. His error is that of a hasty trusting to feverish impulses, not of a malignant design. There is far more of the soul of goodness in his evil things,

than in those of the noble bard whose example has assisted to mislead him. He does not, indeed, know so well how to place his unnatural characters in imposing attitudes—to work up his morbid sensibilities for sale—or to “build the lofty rhyme” on shattered principles, and the melancholy fragments of hope. But his diction is more rich, his fancy is more fruitful, and his compass of thought and feeling more extensive.

Happy shall we be to see him doing justice at last to his powers—studying not to excite the wonder of a few barren readers or spectators, but to live in the hearts of the good of future times—and, to this high end, leaving discord for harmony, the startling for the true, and the evil which, however potent, is but for a season, for the pure and the holy which endure for ever! T. D.

EXPEDITIONS INTO THE INTERIOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES.*

THE British Colonists in New South Wales were unacquainted with the country which lies West of Sydney, and beyond the Blue Mountains, which were deemed impassable, until the year 1813, when Messrs. Lawson, Blaxland, and Wentworth, attempted a passage across those formidable barriers, in hopes of discovering additional pasturage for the cattle of the colony, then suffering severely from long-continued drought. These gentlemen made a considerable progress Westward; and their favourable report of the country induced Governor Macquarie to send Mr. Evans to make farther discoveries, who penetrated about 100 miles Westward in a very fine, clear, well-watered country. A road was immediately commenced, and carried over the mountains and through the whole line of the new discoveries; which arduous undertaking was completed in 1815. The indefatigable Governor then proceeded to a personal survey, and encamped on 4th May 1815, on Bathurst Plains, near the termination of Mr. Evans's journey, where he selected a site for a town to be denominated Bathurst. The adjacent country is a rich and fertile soil, abundantly watered by a fine river called the Macquarie. Fifty thousand acres of land, clear of timber, are within ten miles of this site, one half of which may be considered excellent soil for cultivation: there is also a sufficiency of ordinary timber. His Excellency next dispatched Mr. Evans with a party, furnished with a month's provisions, to explore the country to the South-west; the result of which journey led to the more extensive researches confided to the direction of John Oxley, Esq. Surveyor-General of the territory. The chief object was to ascertain the real course or general

direction of the Lachlan River, which runs Westward from Bathurst, and, as it was expected, would be found to fall into the sea on the S. W. coast of Australia, between Spencer's Gulf and Cape Otway.

By Mr. Oxley's report, dated August 30, 1817, it appears that he found the river terminated about 500 miles West of Sydney, in a vast expanse of marshes filled with reeds, rendering further progress Westward equally impracticable and useless. The expedition then took a Northerly course in search of the Macquarie River, which they succeeded in discovering, running in a N. W. direction, in a rich and picturesque country; and their provisions being exhausted, they returned Eastwardly to Bathurst, keeping near the Macquarie.

In June 1818, Mr. Oxley was again sent with a party to explore the course of the Macquarie. This river was also found to terminate in reedy marshes, precluding the possibility of farther progress; but Mr. Oxley thinks these phenomena strongly indicative of the existence of an inland sea. This junction of waters, or the point where the Macquarie ceases to have the form of a river, is in lat. 30. 45. S., and long. 147. 10. E. From that point the expedition pursued an easterly course for the sea-coast, across marshes, bogs, and quicksands, for about 300 miles, when they arrived in a rich and beautiful country, and afterwards at a range of lofty mountains, from which they discerned the ocean at a distance of fifty miles. They had also the gratification to find that they were near the source of a large stream running to the sea. On descending the mountains they followed the course of this river, which they denominated the Hastings, and found it

increased by many accessions, until they arrived on the beach, near the entrance of the port which received it.

This inlet is situated in lat. 31. 25. 45. S., and long. 152. 53. 54. E., and had been previously noticed by Captain Flinders, but from the distance at which he was necessarily obliged to keep from the coast, he did not discover that it had a navigable entrance; of course the most anxious attention was directed to this important point; and although the want of a boat rendered the examination as to the depth of water in the channel incomplete, yet there appeared to be at low water at least three fathoms, with a safe though narrow entrance between the sand-rollers on either hand. Having ascertained thus far, and that by its means the fine country on the banks, and in the neighbourhood of the river, might be of future service to the colony, Mr. Oxley named it Port Macquarie, in honour of his excellency the Governor, as the original promoter of the expedition.

Port Macquarie is situated to the N. E. of Port Jackson, from whence it is distant about 220 miles. Mr. Oxley was instructed to proceed in the *Lady Nelson* to examine the entrance, which he did in company with Lieut. King, of His Majesty's cutter the *Mermaid*. They found it to be a bar harbour, on which however there is at low water spring tides, at least nine feet; the tide rising from three to four feet. The true channel is perfectly straight, and the tides set so, that no danger is to be apprehended from their operation. The chief danger to be avoided on entering is a sunken rock on the south side, having about three feet on it at low water; and it will be necessary, should the port be settled, that this danger should be buoyed. The bar extends about two hundred yards; the bottom a soft sand when the water deepens to two fathoms and a half, and alternately to three fathoms, when secure anchorage will be found inside the Beacon Rock.

When vessels arrive off the bar, should the wind or tide be adverse to entering the port, good anchorage will be found in from five to eight fathoms outside the bar; Tacking Point being shut in by Peaked Hill Point. When the winds are from the south, round by the west to north, the bottom a clear sand.

The winds from north-east and south-east, if blowing strong, cause

the water to break across: but as these winds are fair for entering, no danger is to be apprehended to vessels whose draft of water does not exceed nine or ten feet. Should, however, circumstances render it imprudent or impracticable to enter, the coast may be cleared on either tack, the indenture of the coast line not being such as to cause it ever to be a dangerous lee-shore.

The port should be entered at or near high water, when, unless it blows very hard, it seldom breaks on the bar. The tide of ebb runs with great rapidity, sometimes nearly four miles per hour, owing to the great quantity of fresh water in the Hastings River, and the narrowness of the channel. The flood-tide seldom exceeds one mile and three quarters per hour. The tides are, however, very irregular in their operation, being considerably influenced by local circumstances. The port is perfectly capable of receiving vessels of the class usually employed on the coasts of this territory; and is in Mr. Oxley's opinion far better and safer than many considerable bar harbours in Europe; and which are much frequented by vessels adapted to their navigation.

Within the port the water deepens to five and six fathoms, which depth continues for nearly ten miles, when the rapids of the river render it impracticable for craft drawing more than six or eight feet; which depth continues for six or eight miles farther, when the falls commence; it may however, when the river is ordinarily full, be navigable for boats some little distance farther.

These surveys were attended with much difficulty and danger. Several horses died of fatigue, and the whole party suffered severely at times. Much of the country is bog and marsh; while in other parts, no water is to be found for many leagues: the mountains are very high and precipitous; the forests almost impervious, the firm ground usually overgrown with stubborn fern and brushwood. To add to these difficulties they were frequently annoyed by parties of the natives, by whom one man was dangerously wounded. These savages exist in the wildest and most ignorant state: they adhere to the more elevated lands, and are very scantily supplied with food. A tamulus over the grave of some distinguished person amongst them, was found near the Lachlan River. It is thus described in the journal:—

“Almost directly under the hill near

our halting-place, we saw a tumulus, which was apparently of recent construction (within a year at most.) It would seem that some person of consideration among the natives had been buried in it, from the exterior marks of a form which had certainly been observed in the construction of the tomb and surrounding seats. The form of the whole was semicircular. Three rows of seats occupied one half, the grave and an outer row of seats the other; the seats formed segments of circles of fifty, forty-five, and forty feet each, and were formed by the soil being trenched up from between them. The centre part of the grave was about five feet high, and about nine long, forming an oblong pointed cone.

"I hope I shall not be considered as either wantonly disturbing the remains of the dead, or needlessly violating the religious rites of an harmless people, in having caused the tomb to be opened, that we might examine its interior construction. The whole outward form and appearance of the place was so totally different from that of any custom or ceremony in use by the natives on the Eastern coast, where the body is merely covered with a piece of bark, and buried in a grave about four feet deep, that we were induced to think that the manner of interring the body might also be different. On removing the soil from one end of the tumulus, and about two feet beneath the solid surface of the ground, we came to three or four layers of wood, lying across the grave, serving as an arch to bear the weight of the earthy cone or tomb above. On removing one end of those layers, sheet after sheet of dry bark was taken out, then dry grass and leaves in a perfect state of preservation, the wet or damp having apparently never penetrated even to the first covering of wood. We were obliged to suspend our operation for the night, as the corpse became extremely offensive to the smell, resolving to remove on the morrow all the earth from the top of the grave, and expose it for some time to the external air before we searched farther.

"July 30.—This morning we removed all the earth from the tomb and grave, and found the body deposited about four feet deep in an oval grave, four feet long, and from eighteen inches to two feet wide. The feet were bent quite up to the head, the arms having been placed between the thighs. The face

was downwards, the body being placed east and west, the head to the east*.

It had been very carefully wrapped in a great number of opossum skins, the head bound round with the net usually worn by the natives, and also the girdle: it appeared after being enclosed in those skins to have been placed in a larger net, and then deposited in the manner before mentioned. The bones and head showed that they were the remains of a powerful tall man. The hair on the head was perfect, being long and black; the under part of the body was not totally decayed, giving us reason to think that he could not have been interred above six or eight months. Judging from his hair and teeth, he might have been between thirty and forty years of age: to the west and north of the grave were two cypress-trees, distant between fifty and sixty feet; the sides towards the tomb were barked, and curious characters deeply cut upon them, in a manner which, considering the tools they possess, must have been a work of great labour and time. Having satisfied our curiosity, the whole was carefully re-interred, and restored as near as possible to the station in which it was found."

The termination of the researches on the Lachlan affords a good idea of the nature of the greater part of the country explored in that direction. Mr. Oxley relates it as follows:

"July 7.—At eight o'clock, taking with me three men, I proceeded to follow the course of the stream; I attempted in the first instance to keep away from the banks, but was soon obliged to join them, as the morasses extended outwards and intersected my proposed course in almost every direction. About three miles and a half from the tent, a large arm extended from the north bank to a considerable distance on that side; the banks continually getting lower, and before we had gone six miles it was evident that the channel of the stream was only the bed of a lagoon, the current now being imperceptible, with small gum trees growing in the middle. Three miles farther the morasses closed upon us, and rendered all farther progress impossible. The water was here stagnant. The large trees that used to be met with in such numbers

* "Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east; my father has a reason for it."
—*Cymbeline*.

up the stream were entirely lost, a few diminutive gums being the only timber to be seen: the height of the bank from the water-line was three feet six inches; and the marks of floods on the trunks of the trees rose to the height of four feet six inches, being about one foot above the level of the surrounding marshes. It would appear that the water is frequently stationary at that height for a considerable time, as long moss and other marks of stagnant waters were remaining on the trunks and roots of the trees, and on the long-leaved acacia, which was here a strong plant. There could not be above three feet water in this part of the lagoon, as small bushes and tufts of tea-grass were perceptible. The water was extremely muddy, and the odour arising from the banks and marshes was offensive in the extreme. There were only four different kinds of plants at this terminating point of our journey, viz. the small eucalyptus, the long-leaved acacia, the large tea-grass, and a new diæceous plant which covered the marshes, named *polygonum junceum*. It is possible that the bed of the lagoon might extend eight or ten miles farther, but I do not think it did, as the horizon was perfectly clear in all directions, a few bushes and acacia trees, marking the course of the lagoon, excepted.

"Had there been any hill or even small eminence within thirty or forty miles of me, they must now have been discovered, but there was not the least appearance of any such, and it was with infinite regret and pain that I was forced to come to the conclusion, that the interior of this vast country is a marsh, and uninhabitable. How near these marshes may approach the south-western coast, I know not; but I do not think that the range of high and dry land in that quarter extends back north-easterly for any great distance; it being known, that the coast from Cape Bernouilli to the head of Spencer's Gulf is sandy and destitute of water*.

* The view from the top of Mount Brown (in lat. 32. 30. 15. S. and lon. 138. 0. 4. E. head of Spencer's Gulf) was very extensive, its elevation not being less than three thousand feet; but neither rivers nor lakes could be perceived, nor any thing of the sea to the south-eastward. In almost every direction the eye traversed over an uninterruptedly flat woody country, the sole exceptions being the ridge of mountains, extending north and south, and the water of the gulf to the south-westward. *Flinders' Voy. vol. I. p. 150.*

"Perhaps there is no river, the history of which is known, that presents so remarkable a termination as the present: its course in a straight line from its source to its termination exceeds five hundred miles, and including its windings, it may fairly be calculated to run at least twelve hundred miles; during all which passage, through such a vast extent of country, it does not receive a single stream in addition to what it derives from its sources in the eastern mountains.

"I think it a probable conjecture that this river is the channel by which all the waters rising in those ranges of hills to the westward of Port Jackson, known by the name of the Blue Mountains, and which do not fall into the sea on the east coast, are conveyed to these immense inland marshes; its sinuous course causing it to overflow its banks on a much higher level than the present, and in consequence, forming those low wet levels which are in the very neighbourhood of the government depot. Its length of course is, in my opinion, the principal cause of our finding any thing like a stream for the last one hundred miles, as the immense body of water which must undoubtedly be at times collected in such a river must find a vent somewhere, but being spent during so long a course without any accession, the only wonder is, that even those waters should cause a current at so great a distance from their source; every thing however indicates, as before often observed, that in dry seasons the channel of the river is empty, or forms only a chain of ponds. It appears to have been a considerable length of time since the banks were overflowed, certainly not for the last year; and I think it probable they are not often so: the quantity of water must indeed be immense, and of long accumulation, in the upper marshes, before the whole of this vast country can be under water."

The journal describes in the following terms the stoppage of the expedition on the Macquarie:

"July 3.—The main bed of the river was much contracted, but very deep, the waters spreading to the depth of a foot or eighteen inches over the banks, but all running on the same point of bearing. We met with considerable interruption from fallen timber, which in places nearly choked up the channel. After going about twenty miles, we lost the land and trees: the channel of the river, which lay through reeds, and was

from one to three feet deep, ran north-erly. This continued for three or four miles farther, when, although there had been no previous change in the breadth, depth, and rapidity of the stream for several miles, and I was sanguine in my expectations of soon entering the long sought for Australian sea, it all at once eluded our farther pursuit by spreading on every point from north-west to north-east, among the ocean of reeds which surrounded us, still running with the same rapidity as before. There was no channel whatever among those reeds, and the depth varied from three to five feet. This astonishing change (for I cannot call it a termination of the river) of course left me no alternative but to endeavour to return to some spot, on which we could effect a landing before dark. I estimated that during this day we had gone about twenty-four miles on nearly the same point of bearing as yesterday. To assert positively that we were on the margin of the lake or sea into which this great body of water is discharged, might reasonably be deemed a conclusion which has nothing but conjecture for its basis; but if an opinion may be permitted to be hazarded from actual appearances, mine is decidedly in favour of our being in the immediate vicinity of an inland sea, or lake,

most probably a shoal one, and gradually filling up by immense depositions from the higher lands, left by the waters which flow into it. It is most singular that the high-lands on this continent seem to be confined to the sea-coast, or not to extend to any great distance from it."

The situation of Bathurst seems to be very favourable for a settlement, and will be much improved whenever a navigable communication can be effected between the Macquarie and the Hastings, so as to connect Bathurst with Port Macquarie. But it is in the rich picturesque and fertile country newly discovered, through which the noble stream, the Hastings, takes its course, that the most appropriate site for colonization is to be found. We are glad to perceive the active spirit of the Colonial department, and of Governor Macquarie, evinced in these transactions; and considering that the present discoveries comprise only a very small part of Australia, we entertain the hope that similar exertions will be rewarded with rich acquisition of territory; and that it will be made the interest of emigrants from Great Britain to settle in this extensive country, instead of increasing the strength of America.

ADVICE TO JULIA.*

WE rejoice to perceive that the good old passion of laughter is reviving. As our poetry grew deeper and more intense, it naturally lost, for a while, many of its lighter graces; and if broad and side-shaking mirth was not entirely excluded, the softer and more airy pleasantry seemed to have "spread its light wings" and departed. We are happy to perceive that it is now returning;—for, though we do not wish to see it again triumphant over the profound and passionate spirit of English literature, it may agreeably hold a subordinate station in our poetry. It is, at least, more to our taste than the heavy gloom of those works which we are daily importing from Germany, to render life sadder, and increase "the burthen of the mystery of all this unimaginable world." The gay frivolities of fashion—the grace and splendour of artificial life—are, we think, as pleasant themes for a poet, or a reader, as the moody singularities of misanthropic spleen. The decrees of

the ladies, patronesses of Almack's, are, at least, as poetical as those of Fate. The whims of a lady, in the pride of beauty and of power, are as interesting as the caprices of a melancholy maniac. The sweet apparitions of the ball-room are as fair, and do their spiriting as gently, as the visionary shapes which have been called from the vasty deep of metaphysics to haunt and perplex us in the new German romances. We are, therefore, grateful for this work—which tickles the fancy very delicately by its wit—introduces us to Almack's without the permission of its fair despots—and gives us to sip of the delights of Paris without danger to our morality or our purse. Its construction is not, however, very happy. The author addresses a lady, of no very dubious character, with an expostulation on her detaining his friend by her blandishments, from all the amusements befitting his rank and age; and thus introduces a succession of pictures of fashionable life. This mode of

stringing together his sketches is, for obvious reasons, in 'bad taste'; but it is better managed than could be well expected. We shall select a few of the brightest and most vivacious passages for the amusement of our readers.

The following glimpse of Almack's, with the disappointments arising from the inflexibility of its fair Directors, is very lively and amusing :

O ! Julia, could you now but creep
 Jacog into the room and peep,
 Well might you triumph in the view
 Of all he has resign'd for you !
 Mark, how the married and the single
 In yon gay groups delighted mingle !
 Midst diamonds blazing, tapers beaming,
 Midst Georges, stars, and crosses gleaming,
 We gaze on beauty, catch the sound
 Of music, and of mirth around ;
 And Discord feels her empire ended
 At Almack's,—or at least suspended.

Here is the only coalition
 'Twixt Government and Opposition ;
 Here parties, dropping hostile notions,
 Make, on their legs, the self-same motions.
 Beauty each angry passion quenches,
 And seats them on the self-same benches,
 Where they uphold, without a schism,
 The Patronesses' despotism ;
 The Whig, for female power and glory
 As great a stickler as the Tory :
 For, mortals, happy you may be
 At Almack's, but you can't be free ;
 Bent both in body and in soul
 To gentle, absolute control.
 Yet though despotic, why should any call
 Its wholesome exercise tyrannical ?
 Unlike all tyrants since the flood,
 They only mean their subjects' good.

What form is that, which looks so sinister ?
 Willis, their Excellencies' minister.—
 See where in portly pride he stands
 To execute their high commands ;
 Unmoved his heart, unbribed his hands.
 See where the barrier he prepares
 Just at the bottom of the stairs,
 Midst fragrant flowers and shrubs exotic ;—
 A man relentless and despotic
 As he of Tunis, or Algiers,
 Or any of their Grand Visiers.

Suppose the prize by hundreds mis'd
 Is yours at last.—You're on the list.—
 Your voucher's issued, duly signed ;
 But hold—your tickets left behind.
 What's to be done ? there's no admission.
 In vain you flatter, scold, petition,
 Feel your blood mounting like a rocket,
 Fumble in vain in every pocket.
 " The rule's so strict, I dare not stretch it,"
 Cries Willis, " pray, my lord, go fetch it."—
 " Nonsense !" you cry, " so late at night—"
 " Surely you know me, sir, by sight."
 " Excuse me—the committee sat
 " This morning."—" Did they, what of that ?"
 " An order given this very day,
 " My lord, I dare not disobey."
 " Your pardon."—" Further parley's vain ;
 So for your ticket, in the rain,
 Breathless, you canter home again.
 Thus cured (and can th' expense be less ?)
 Are absence, and forgetfulness.

And say, do they abuse their powers
 "Gladst. after Antislavery Society"
 Here once you walked your midnight round
 In vain,—no creature could be found ;
 Save a few stragglers, in the vapours
 From gazing at the walls and tapers.
 Then not a dance could be begun,
 Waltz, or quadrille, till after *ONE* !
 While, without music, friends, or books
 Perchance, at home on tenter-hooks,
 The least contended with the greatest
 Who should come lounging in the latest.
 But is not now the law, in letter
 And spirit, altered for the better,
 Since our fair Sovereigns' last *Ukase*
 Has peopled the enchanted place,
 And forced the crowd, ere midnight strike,
 To do the very thing they like ;
 All, with their other pleasures, gaining
 Perhaps the greatest—of *complaining*.

What sounds were those !—O earth and heaven !

Heard you the chimes—*half past eleven* ?
 They tell, with iron tongue, your fate,
 Unhappy lingerer, if you're late.
 Haste, while you may.—Behold ! approaches
 The last of yonder string of coaches ;
 Stern WHILLS, in a moment more,
 Closes th' inexorable door,
 And great the conjuror must be
 Who can cry " Open, Sesame !"

So when a packet hurries over
 From Calais, through the straits, to Dover,
 Her sails all set to save her tide
 And supper, on the other side ;
 Wishing the force of steam were lent her,
 While luckier ships the harbour enter.
 Just with her bowsprit on the town,
 'Tis ebb,—the fatal flag's hauled down !
 She sees, and sickening at the sight,
 Lies to, or beats about all night.

Such is the rule, which none infringes.
 The door one jot upon its hinges
 Moves not. Once past the fatal hour,
 Willis has no dispensing power.
 Spite of persuasion, tears, or force,
 " The law," he cries, " must take its course."
 And men may swear, and women pout,
 No matter,—they are all shut out.

" Friend, I'm The Ministry,—give way !"
 " Avaunt, Lord Viscount Castlereagh !
 You're doubtless in the Commons' House
 A mighty man, but here a mouse.
 This evening there was no debate
 Or business, and your lordship's late.
 We show no favour, give no quarter
 Here, to your ribbon, or your garter.
 Here for a Congress no one cares,
 Save that alone which sits up stairs."

Fair Worcester pleads with Wellington ;
 Valour with Beauty. " Hence, begone !
 Perform elsewhere your destined parts,
 One conquer kingdoms, t' other hearts.
 My lord, you'll have enough to do ;
 Almack's is not like Waterloo.
 Awhile lay by that wreath of laurels,
 Cull'd in composing Europe's quarrels ;
 Secure, the war-whoop at her door,
 In Britain's cause to gather more."—
 For the first time in vain, his Grace
 Sits down in form before the place,
 Finds, let him shake it to the centre,
 One fortress that he cannot enter,

Though he should offer on its borders
The sacrifice of half his orders.
The English Duke—the Spanish Lord—
The Prince of Flanders—drops his sword;
Compelled at last, ere break of day,
To raise the siege, and march away!

The following gives us a glance at the French play:

If thus from Almack's he withdraws,
What but your witchcraft is the cause?
What but your spells—if now no more
The hero huries, as before,
The self-same crowds, next night, to meet
For novelty, in Argyl-street.
Thither they run from space and ease
At Almack's, to secure a squeeze;
Taught by long practice, to a title,
How too much room endears too little.
There, in the midst of Perlet's acting,
(Beckon'd so easy and attracting)
Would he contrive that not a word
The Frenchman utter'd should be heard;
Sending all innocent away
Of sense or meaning in the play:
A practice somewhat rude, 'tis true,
Ev'n for the fashion; but he knew
How often there, with colour faded,
Dress rumpled and attention jaded,
A fair one will affect to listen,
And gaze with eyes that never glister
Till Fancy paints what, after all,
Delights her most—the approaching ball.

Here is a very pleasant disquisition on the Cachemire shawls worn by the Parisian belles, in which we particularly relish the classical joke at the end:

Sprightly like her and debonaire,
'Tis granted, are the Gallic fair:
Besides, to arm them, Chance has sent
A still more killing instrument,
A weapon from which none escapes,
Though proof against their eyes and shapes,
That *Schal*, or rather that *Cachemire*,
So Eastern, fanciful, and dear!
The difference 'twixt the two is curious;
Cachemire is real, *Schal* is spurious;
One's French or English, t' other Persian.—
Both were, till lately, our aversion,
Save in the winter, when design'd
As screens against the frost and wind.
But be it *Cachemire*,—be it *Schal*,
Genuine, or false, 'tis all in all.
'Twill bribe a woman in a trice,
'Tis Fashion's touchstone, Virtue's price!
The sex's glory and delight,
Their thought by day, their dream by night!
In vain the Paris fifti-one dresses;
Vain is the comb in her tresses,

Or on her neck,—To make her smart,
Nature in vain conspires with Art;
In vain the Loves and Graces mould her,
Unless the Cachemire's web enfold her,
Or fling its all-subduing charm
In careless dangle from her arm:
With is she triumps, though a fright
Or elattern, in her sex's spite;
But young or old, in frost or heat,
At home, or in the crowded street,
At opera, promenade, or trim ball,
Without is she's a tinkling cymbal.

You've reason for your fears;—'tis granted.
Julia, these Cachemires are enchanted,
And could not thus have turn'd men's heads,
But for some witchery in their threads.
For ne'er did Fancy's widest scope
Imagine such an envelope.
In that impartial equalizer,
Most women of one shape and size are;
Each, huddled in her separate sack,
Alike in shoulders, neck, and back.
Say, Belles, why thus degrade your figure?
Why are these Cachemires thus of rigour?
"O! they're so light, and soft, and warm!"
I own it,—but is *that* the charm
Which tempts their zealous votaries most?
Or whence they come, and what they cost?
Make them at home, and let their price
Sink to their value,—in a trice
The owners from their limbs would tear 'em,
And ev'n their maids would scorn to wear 'em.

You've heard, my dear, perhaps, that Juno
(She was a heathen goddess, you know,)
Once begg'd, to make it up with Jove,
Her girdle from the Queen of Love;
For he, who little cared about her,
Had learn'd to live whole weeks without her.
Scarce was it on, when lo! the spell
Succeeded, to a miracle.—
This girdle was, perchance, in all
Its virtues like a modern *Shawl*.
Further, the cases don't agree,
And here must end my simile;
Since where to find (but this between us)
A Belle as liberal as Venus,
Who, for a single hour would lend
Her Cachemire to her dearest friend
And, dizenng thus a fellow-charmer,
For pleasure or for conquest arm her!

But we must positively close our extracts, recommending the work to all who love light reading in summer weather, and who wish, in the suspension of town gaieties, to live over again their past enjoyments, or to anticipate those of next winter.

THE VISION OF LAS-CASAS†.

LAS-CASAS, the eloquent, the indefatigable defender of the Americans, lay stretched on his death-bed in his ninetieth year. For a long period preceding his demise, all his thoughts were directed towards the happiness of a bet-

ter world; and though now about to enter that world, he trembled on the brink of eternity. Conscious of the purity of his heart and the innocence of his life, he had encountered, without dismay, the angry glance of kings, and

* De rigueur.

he dreaded no earthly judge; but the Judge before whom he was speedily to be summoned, was God, and he was awed by the supreme sanctity of infinite justice. Thus the strongest as well as the weakest eye is overpowered by the dazzling beams of the sun.

At the foot of his couch was seated an aged monk, who had long been his faithful friend. Equal in virtue to Las-Casas, he loved him as a brother; inferior to him in courage and talent, he respected him even to admiration. He was continually near his death-bed, and observed with sorrow the decay of nature, though he still endeavoured to rouse the hopes of his dying friend; but the great thought of eternity filled the soul of Las-Casas:—he begged the old man to retire, and leave him in the presence of his judge.

Las Casas collected himself: he recalled the past to his memory, and cast a retrospective glance over his whole life; but to whatever point he fixed his attention, he discovered errors and faults; he saw them in their full magnitude, and their consequences lay extended before him like a vast ocean. His good actions, on the contrary, seemed poor, covered with blemishes, and void of the fruits which he had expected they would produce; like a feeble streamlet which loses itself amidst the sands of the desert, and whose banks are adorned neither with flowers nor verdure. At this aspect, overwhelmed with shame and repentance, in his imagination, he knelt down before God, and fervently exclaimed: "Oh, Almighty Father of mankind, do not condemn me; let me find grace in thy presence!"

This emotion overpowered his strength, and he sunk into a profound sleep. Suddenly he thought that the stars of heaven lay scattered beneath his feet, and that he ascended, supported on clouds, through boundless space. At an immense distance he beheld rays of dazzling light issuing from majestic obscurity; and on every side innumerable legions of beings rose from and descended to inferior worlds. Scarcely had his eye gazed and his soul admired, when an angel with the severe brow of a judge, appeared before him, and opened a book which he held in his hand. A shuddering like that of death—like that which seizes the criminal at sight of the scaffold, chilled the heart of the old man when the immortal being pronounced his name, and enumerated all the noble faculties with which Heaven

had endowed his mind, all the mild and generous affections, the seeds of which had been diffused through his blood, and named the opportunities for the exercise of virtue, the aids and encouragements which his situation afforded him. At this moment, all that was good in him seemed to belong to God, and only his errors and sins appeared to belong properly to himself.

The angel commenced the history of his life; he turned in search of the inconsiderate aberrations of his youth; but they were nowhere to be found: the first tear of repentance had obliterated them. The tear alone was visible in their stead; and every serious resolution to do well, every joyful emotion on the fulfilment of a duty, every sentiment of virtue and humility, and every triumph over terrestrial nature, which is ever revolting against Heaven, was carefully noted down. Hope then began to kindle in the heart of Las Casas:—for, though his errors were more numerous than grains of sand on the sea-shore, yet his life abounded in acts of goodness; and these acts became the more frequent, and his faults the more rare, in proportion as his years increased, in proportion as experience and reflection developed the energy of his mind, and the habit of fulfilling his duty strengthened his desire and his power of fulfilling it. Yet his most noble actions were not perfect in the eye of God, and the source of all his virtue was still troubled and tarnished.

At length the angel raised his voice, and his words flowed eloquently:—the youth had attained the age of maturity, and the new world, formerly peaceful and happy, was a prey to carnage and despair, when Las-Casas appeared like the hero of humanity. The angel described what he suffered and what he achieved; how all the sorrows of innocence became his own, and fired his soul with that ardent zeal which even old age could not extinguish;—how, supported by the justice of his cause, he braved the vengeance of power, and pronounced a loud anathema on the fanatics who smiled on murder, and the policy which neglected to punish them. The angel enumerated the instances in which he had risked his life on the waves of the sea, regardless of storms and shipwreck, to lay the complaints of the innocent at the foot of the throne, or to convey hope and consolation back to the afflicted. He mentioned how Las-Casas had appeared before the proud

conqueror, the first who had ever ruled over two worlds, when, on hearing the voice which reproached him for his crimes, the monarch imagined himself in the presence of the Judge of the universe, and that his death-bed was enveloped in avenging flames. The angel painted the sorrow of the virtuous man, when he wept over his blighted hopes,—his courage, when he re-assembled his forces and dashed into new enterprises,—and how, when his hopes were finally extinguished, he buried himself in retirement, renouncing all pleasure and consolation, regarding his terrestrial abode as a dungeon, and devoting his whole soul to the thoughts of eternity. As the angel perused the book, his eyes became animated, his countenance grew more and more radiant, and beams of pure and gentle light expanded around him:—for zeal in the cause of truth and justice, though reduced to silence, and testified only by tears, is of inestimable value in the eye of Heaven.

The old man listened with downcast eyes, and melancholy thoughts were expressed in his countenance. A sad recollection oppressed his heart, namely, the fatal counsel which he had once given, in a phrenzy of despair, to relieve one people by the oppression of another.* His thoughts wandered on the banks of the Senegal and the Gambia, and to the interior of that quarter of the world, where eternal warfare resigned millions of men to the chains of European barbarians. The angel, at length, pronounced that fatal action, more dreadful in its consequences than a crime of darkness, more fertile in murder and tears than the old man could have imagined in his most disturbed dreams. That immensity of horror, beyond the power of language to express or fancy to picture, spread over continent, sea, and islands; the crimes of barbarity, the tortures of innocence, the stifled shrieks of agony, the silence of despair, all were present, all were reckoned up before God. Las-

Casas stood motionless and almost petrified with horror. At this awful moment his thoughts were no longer occupied with the presence of the supremely holy and just Being, from whose eye no darkness can shelter and no wings protect: his heart, moved by compassion, felt only the misery of so many millions of his fellow-creatures. The angel beheld him tormented by the serpents of remorse, and shed a tear of pity.

A voice then issued from the sanctuary, a mild and gentle voice like that of a forgiving father, and the angel heard the words,—“*Tear the book!*”

He obeyed; and the wrecks of the book were annihilated. “Thy foibles,” said he, “are effaced from the recollection of God; but thy name is inscribed before him in characters of light:—were he to punish faults such as thine, no mortal could be justified, and Heaven, void of inmates, would be a mere desert. God doomed immortal souls to wander amidst dust, that through errors they might come to the knowledge of truth, acquire virtue from faults, and happiness from suffering.”

“Oh, take from me!” exclaimed Las-Casas, shedding a torrent of tears, “in pity take from me the recollection of my fault, or I shall eternally bear my punishment within my own bosom. Destroy this terrible recollection, as thou hast destroyed the book wherein it was inscribed, or in Heaven I shall vainly seek the presence of the Almighty, in the bosom of happiness I shall vainly sigh for repose.”

“Mortal,” replied the angel, “does not happiness exist within thyself? And where canst thou find it, imperfect creature—thou who art not, like God, exempt from faults and errors!—where canst thou find happiness, if not in the proof which thou hast given of having employed all thy faculties to do good;—in the sincere and profound love which animates thy heart for the meanest of thy fellow-creatures,—and in thy nobleness of mind which is evinced by thy very repentance?” —“But this inexpressible affliction, prolonged through the lapse of ages,” —“It will be converted into happiness and plenitude of joy, in fulfilment of the plan of HIM who created thee. Thou hast acknowledged thy weakness; now acknowledge HIM in his grandeur.”

* Though the introduction of this incident appears to be the object for which the Vision is principally written, yet it is very doubtful whether Las-Casas did really recommend the cultivation of the American colonies by African negroes. The fact has been strongly contested by many writers, and the *Abbe Grégoire*, in a Memoire which he presented to the Institute, seems to have proved, beyond contradiction, that this ancient tradition respecting the origin of the slave-trade, is not founded on truth.

being showed him the earth, which rolled beneath his feet; he pointed to the steep mountains covered with eternal snow; and marked out the devastation occasioned by earthquakes and tempests. Brooks and rivulets flowed down from the hills, and millions of beings were happy on their banks; the blessing of Heaven descended in thunder upon the earth, and the woods and plains were clothed with fresher verdure. In those places which had suffered from the ravages of the storm, man breathed more freely, and his countenance bore the ruddy tinge of health:—for contagious disease no longer floated amidst the atmospheric vapours; the tempest had broken its wings, and it had vanished.

Then the angel having developed to the eyes of Las-Casas the scourges which afflict the earth, and the blessings which are diffused along with them, he conducted him from visible to invisible nature, and initiated him in the sublime truths which no mortal hand can unfold to mortal eye. He taught him that, amidst the revolutions and agitations of mortals, the Almighty pursues his course with an equal pace, surrounded by glory, and that no vice, no error, is permanent in the vast space of the creation, from the first to the last of the stars. "Suffering," said he, "awakens the activity of the soul;—in the bosom of misfortune arise the noblest sentiments that honour humanity. Torn from his country, on a foreign soil, the witness of his labour and his sorrows, the slave gathers up a treasure for eternity. His mind receives impressions containing the embryo seeds of knowledge dear to the inhabitants of Heaven; in this oppressed and sorrowing mind, a thousand virtues will one day spring up, and amongst them that which crowns all, the gentlest, the most sublime, the fulfilment of the law, the perfection of humanity, namely—*that holy love which extends to all beings, and embraces even one's enemy.* And that enemy, covered with the wounds which vice has inflicted on his moral nature, will one day rise from his degradation; his punishment is but the delay of happiness; he travels by a steep, thorny, and winding road, which recedes from Heaven, and nevertheless leads to it. In the order established by Supreme Wisdom, perversity engenders misery; misery gives birth to repentance; the fruit of repentance is virtue; that of virtue is happiness; and in the bosom

of happiness, arises a *virtue* increasing in purity and sublimity. Every earthly discord is changed into divine harmony, and every complaint into a hymn of joy."

Seized with the holy tremour announcing the presence of God, Las-Casas attentively listened to the angel, and became acquainted with the mysteries of Divine love. At this moment a veil seemed to fall from his eyes. The darkness of ignorance, with all its horrible phantoms; suddenly vanished; the day seemed to break to him on the interval world, and to disclose to him all its secrets; the light arose pure, serene, and brilliant, and an ecstacy of joy announced its approach. Still, however, every fibre of the old man trembled with grief and compassion; his joy was mingled with sorrow, and tears flowed from his eyes. "Oh, Thou!" he exclaimed, falling on his knees, and raising his eyes and hands towards the Sanctuary—"Oh, Thou whom I sought in my childhood, and who now revealest thyself to me, such as thou art, all grace, all mercy, all love!—my Father, and not my Judge; the Father of all thy creatures—the Father of these numberless worlds, the work of thy hands! . . . Thou who hast raised a rich harvest of salvation, even where my ignorance had planted the seeds of ruin;—who makest me feel in my inmost soul, that to belong to thee is happiness, and to see thy greatness is the summus of bliss; Thou who rewardest me with ecstasies of joy for the mere will to do good—~~Alas! the mere will, with powerless efforts to effect it!~~—Thou who hast ordained that even errors should be transformed into new and fertile sources of blessing; O Supreme, incomparable Being! . . . But I can no longer regard thee; my soul sinks!"—His tongue now became mute. The angel extended his hand towards him, and with a look beaming with Divine love, pressed him to his bosom, and said, "My brother!"

Here Las-Casas awoke. On raising his eyes, he beheld his terrestrial angel, his faithful guardian, who had approached his bed-side to listen whether he still breathed. He attempted to speak, he wished to describe the happiness he had experienced; but his eyelids closed, his head sank on his pillow, and his limbs were already stiffened by the icy hand of Death. The pious monk, in an agony of grief, kissed his cold forehead, and bathed it with tears.

Then clasping his hands, and raising his eyes to Heaven, he prayed that his own death might resemble that of his venerable friend;—for Las-Casas had gently

yielded up his breath like a child on its mother's bosom; and the peace of Heaven still smiled on his countenance amid the shades of death.

THE DEATH OF MARSHAL BRUNE.

THE DEATH OF MARSHAL BRUNE.

[We present our readers with the following affecting details, on the best authority, as a melancholy example of the mischiefs too often resulting from the abuse of the press. Were those who make a trade of slander susceptible of any feelings of honour, this dreadful catastrophe might serve to warn them from their atrocious practice.]

AFTER Marshal Brune had submitted to the royal government, he resigned the command of Marseilles and of the 8th military division, about the end of July 1815, to the Marquis de Riviere, the present ambassador of France to the Ottoman Porte, who furnished him with passports to return to Paris. A certain presentiment, which men of high spirit are often too proud to follow, determined the marshal to embark at Toulon for some port of Bretagne, and thence to proceed to the capital. His effects had already been conveyed on board, as well as those of M. Bedos, the chief of his staff. False shame, and the fear lest he should be thought to betray some weakness by those who urged him to travel by land, and who described the road as perfectly safe, induced the marshal to change his mind. Escorted by a squadron of horse, he pursued his way through Provence, followed by his aid-de-camps. M. Bedos embarked according to the original plan, and the sequel but too well justified his caution.

On reaching the Durance, the marshal, impelled by a kind of fatality, dismissed his escort. On Tuesday, the 9d of August, 1815, about ten in the morning, he arrived at Avignon, never to leave it again alive. He alighted at the Palais Royal hotel, where he and his aid-de-camps breakfasted in a room by themselves. One hour, one unfortunate hour, had elapsed. The marshal was just going to remount his carriage, when he was recognized; a soldier, standing with some other persons at the door of a coffee-house on the opposite side of the street, mentioned his name. The appearance of the veteran officer excited among the spectators a respectful curiosity, which was converted by a word into a very different feeling. A wretch, who joined the populace assembled round the carriage, exclaimed,

“Admire the murderer of the Princess Lamballe!”

At these words, legions of banditti seemed to spring up, as if by enchantment. Confused cries were heard. The carriage proceeded, but was detained at the gate, where a post of the national guard assumed an air of no small importance at having to examine the passport of a Marshal of France. The officer on duty insisted that this passport, which was wholly in the handwriting of the Marquis de Riviere, ought to be submitted to the inspection of Major Lambot, the provisional commandant of the department of Vaucluse. Every moment's delay augmented the danger; an infuriated multitude obstructed the way; a shower of stones was thrown at the carriage, which had already passed the gate, when some of the maddened mob seized the reins, and conducted the marshal back to the hotel which he had just quitted, the doors of which were immediately closed.

The dauntless soldier endeavoured to cheer his aid-de-camps, who trembled for his safety alone; they were parted from him, and he was kept by himself in a room, where, with the firmness of a hero, he awaited the catastrophe which he foresaw. The inhabitants of the whole city were assembled before the house: the atrocious calumny first broached in the infamous publication of Lewis Goldsmith, passed from mouth to mouth. Persons, whose names are known, were seen running about among the populace, repeating and commenting upon the slanderous report. A cry was soon raised, demanding the death of the veteran, whose blood had so often flowed for France, though it is but justice to observe, that some of the officers of the national guard exerted themselves to the utmost to prevent violence.

In the first moments of the uproar, the marshal wrote a note in the follow-

ing terms to the Austrian general, Nugent, who was then at Aix:—"You know our engagements; I am a prisoner at Avignon, and trust that you will hasten to release me."—What became of this note is not known.

M. de Saint Chamans, the new Prefect of Vaucluse, had arrived in the preceding night, and was, *incognito*, at the same hotel. Roused by the tremendous noise, he rose, and showed himself to the people. His authority was not recognized, and one of the ringleaders of the tumult had even the effrontery to declare that he was invested with the functions of prefect. The *generale* was beaten; the mayor, the worthy and spirited M. Puy, assisted by a company of the national guard and some *gens-d'armes*, repulsed the furious populace for a moment; he went to the marshal, and sought in vain to favour his flight. He again addressed the rabble, but the latter endeavoured to force their way through the national guard, who opposed the most determined resistance. The mayor at their head, cried out to the rioters, "Wretches! it is only over my lifeless body that ye can reach the marshal!" and placed himself in the midst of the bayonets, by which the door of the house was defended.

In the mean time, others of the banditti scaled the walls in the rear, and penetrated into the hotel. The marshal heard them approaching, and desired the sentinels before his door to return him his arms: they were denied him, and in vain he offered one of the soldiers a purse of gold for his musket. Some of the assassins forcibly entered the apartment. The marshal, who was standing before the fire-place, uncovered his breast, without uttering a word. A voice repeated in his presence the calumnious accusation, which served as a pretext for the rage of the depraved populace. "My blood has flowed for my country," replied he, to his executioners, "I have grown old under the banners of honour. I was sixty leagues from Paris, when the crime of which I am accused was perpetrated."—"You must die," cried one of the villains, interrupting him. "I have learned to brave death," replied the general, "and would fain spare you a crime; give me arms, and allow me five minutes to make my will."—"Death!" shouted the murderer, discharging a pistol at him; the ball grazed his forehead, and tore off a lock of hair. The undaunted

Brune folded his arms, and awaited the second shot. The pistol hung fire. "You have missed," said another of the assassins; "make room, 'tis my turn now," and with a carbine the wretch extended on the floor a warrior, whom glory had accompanied in twenty battles, and crowned with the laurels of Mincio, Verona, and Tavernelle.

It was two o'clock. The murderers burst into the apartment and plundered the effects of their victim; they found, among other things, a sabre of great value, which the Grand Signor had presented to the Marshal. After the completion of the bloody deed, one of the murderers appeared in the balcony, adorned with the white feathers from the general's hat. The savages under the window set up a hideous shout, and demanded that the booty should be thrown down to them.—The corpse was, nevertheless, placed upon a bier, and carried towards the church-yard; but the fury of the mob was not yet appeased; twenty paces from the hotel, they seized the body and dragged it by the heels, with beat of drum, to the ninth arch of the bridge, where they threw it into the Rhone, having first horribly mangled it with all kinds of weapons. The general's aid-de-camps were withdrawn by the master of the hotel and another person from the rage of the populace, and they were kept concealed for several days, till they could leave the town in safety.

All the horrors of this infernal deed are not yet related. Females, not belonging to the lowest class, danced the *farandola* in the public square that was yet stained with blood; and a being in human shape composed a song of triumph in the popular style, in the midst of these *Megæras*. It is said that a *procès-verbal* was drawn up, attesting that Marshal Brune committed suicide. If one of the principal actors in this atrocious scene were not yet bidding defiance to justice, we might almost believe that Providence itself had undertaken to punish them: for the first instigator of the crime expired a few days afterwards in the most agonizing tortures of remorse and despair.

The Rhone carried the corpse of the hero to a spot between Tarascon and Arles, and there threw it upon the sandy shore; but such was the terror which the murderers of Avignon had spread around, that no one durst consign the mutilated body to the earth.

For several days it was left a prey to ravens, till at length humane persons removed it by night, and covered it with quick-lime. A citizen, who had taken a long and dangerous journey to rescue

the mangled remains of a general of the old French army from the birds of prey, collected them with religious care, and returned to Paris to deliver to his family the mournful present.

ON THE POINTED ARCH.

BY ROWLEY LASCELLES, ESQ. *

THE language of heraldry may be considered as a sort of historical monument: coins, undoubtedly, are so considered. In these, many ancient forms of buildings, of utensils, and national costume, are preserved. There is, in some book of travels or other that I have seen lately, a vignette representing a coin of the Greek empire, whereon is impressed the figure of a castle, having battlements *crenated*, or very deeply indented. It is certain that such battlements first suggested the pattern of those rude crowns worn by Charlemagne and our Saxon princes. *For the crowns or coronets of generals and princes are all taken from some prominent feature or other in civil or military architecture.* Thus the mural and naval crown of the Romans, the crenated crown (after the pattern of the castle battlements in the coin above mentioned), are all taken from fortification—whether naval or military—from the battlements of fortresses, ships, or castles.

The dome of St. Sophia at Constantinople (from which those at Venice, Florence, Rome, and London, are copied) suggested the idea of the framework which surmounts the cap of a royal crown. But the imperial crown, borrowed from that of the Greek emperors, has this remarkable difference; it is scalloped in front, presenting also the form of two elongated horns pointing upwards, and towards each other. And as the military and royal crowns followed the pattern of their kindred architecture, so the tiara and episcopal mitre followed some elementary form in the ecclesiastical. The imperial one, that of the emperors of Germany for example, is mixed; being a composition of the royal crown and the episcopal mitre, implying an union of the civil and ecclesiastical power in one person. The mitre of the Jewish high priest is represented with two horns, curving towards each other, and if elongated, would terminate in a point, like the

episcopal mitre viewed sidewise. But viewed thus open, or closed, as in the tiara all round, and in our episcopal mitre viewed frontwise, they still present the contour of an imperfectly-spheric cone, any hyperbolic section of which gives us that arch we meet with at every step, repeated in the windows, doors, ceilings, the transept, and nave of a Gothic cathedral.

Our first step therefore is, that there has been a peculiar style allotted to sacred architecture. It remains to investigate from *what* pattern that style was taken, and *why*?

The first temple was a portable one—a mere altar-piece. It was borne aloft with poles, supported on men's shoulders, and was not of larger dimensions than our communion-table. This was the first idea or model of a church, at the earliest institution of religious worship. But before we proceed any further, we must take notice, from Bryant, of three remarkable engravings in Pockocke's Egypt, copied from the sculpture on Memnon, a marble of very high antiquity. These represent a boat, containing an old man seated in a shrine. This boat is borne along in great pomp on the shoulders of eighteen or fourscore priests; and doubtlessly related to some mysterious preservation of their first traditionary ancestor, who lived in a very remote age. In several parts of Greece, and at the Eleusinian mysteries, a ship was carried about in the same manner, accompanied with lamentations, as for some great general calamity, followed by rejoicings, as for some signal deliverance.

The beginning of time, uniformly, among the ancients was the *deluge*—a fact admitted in the history of all nations. None of their genealogies reach higher. They considered it as a kind of second creation. A ship on the ocean, or the ocean itself, they made the father of all things, by whom time, nature, and man, were renewed, made, or re-

* Extracted, by the Author's permission, from his late interesting publication on the *Heraldic Origin of Gothic Architecture*. London, 1820.

stored. The duration of the deluge itself, when a single family only was preserved, they computed as an intermediate period—a temporary and passing death;—the issuing out of it as a new term of existence.

It is also admitted among numismatians, that the head on coins with two faces, an old and a young man, turned in quite opposite ways, denoted the man who saw the world before, as well as after, the deluge. He was the Janus Bifrons of the ancients, and the Noah of the Hebrews. Both have been respectively handed down as the first institutions of public worship, a fact it will be found material to remember.

The story of the deluge had been so inculcated on the minds of men, and had caused so universal, so deep, and so lasting an impression, that mankind (the Ammonians and Egyptians particularly) ever were referring to it, making it the principal subject of their religious representations. The Ogdoads of Egypt consisted of eight personages, described to be in a boat, and who were esteemed the most ancient gods of the country. This number was accordingly held sacred and mysterious. It is one of the characters or words in the Chinese language implying the same thing. It was held to comprise the six planets, together with the sun and moon; while the zodiac itself was represented in the form of a ship. It is very well known, that whenever the crescent on coins is placed horizontally—that is, so that a line joining the two horns is parallel to our horizon—it signifies, not one of the phases of the moon, but a cup, or skiff, and is emblematical of the deluge. Most of the shrines among the Misraim were formed under the resemblance of a ship, in memory of the same event. It is remarkable, too, that the Egyptian name for a shrine is *Baris*, the very name of the mountain, in Armenia, on which the ark rested.—Euseb. *Præp. Evang.* lib. ix. c. 11, .p. 414.

The Thebais in Egypt was so called from a temple built not only of the dimensions, but in the exact form of a ship. A temple was called *Theba*, the very word used in Scripture for the ark. Hippa means the same thing in Ammonian. The Greeks confounded this with the word *ἵππος*, a horse, from the similarity of the sound, and that splendid blunder was immortalized on the pediment of the Parthenon. In that absurd fable, Minerva and Neptune, whose emblems are made to be an olive

and a horse, contend with each other for the tutelary supremacy over Athens. But what has Neptune to do with horses? The explanation is given by this well-known fact: the Athenians were an Egyptian colony, which had emigrated successively from the Sais and the Thebais, i.e. the temple of the olive and the ark.

I must also remind the reader here, that Bishop Warburton has observed a most remarkable circumstance, overlooked, till he pointed it out, by every one; namely, that there is no direct mention, in words, of a future state in the Old Testament. But as this is questioned, we need, for the purpose of this argument, the doubt only: the very doubt on this subject shows that that important truth is not so clearly and prominently mentioned in the Old Testament as it is throughout the New. To the Hebrews, then, as well as to all the Pagan nations, the phenomenon of the deluge must have been the most striking change, in the physical constitution of things, since the creation of the world. And this mighty instance of supernatural destruction and supernatural preservation must have been the fittest subject for a memorial of the Deity's power, severity, and favour, all at once—the great objects of our admiration, fear, and hope. Nor could this be too emphatically and strikingly represented to the senses, during the celebration of public worship, then first instituted, for a people whose views were confined exclusively to this globe. It is quite immaterial to our argument, that certain wise and deep men, (and who are, perhaps, not quite so profound philosophers as they dream they are,) do not choose to believe one word about this deluge. It is enough for us that the fathers of the style, we are now exploring, not only believed it, but acted upon it. Certainly the notion which the Pagans, and even the Hebrews had of a future state, before the coming of the Messiah, was very rude and imperfect; figured in the person of Janus, above noticed: and referable to the same tradition of a man who had seen the world before as well as after the deluge. He was said, in their fabulous idiom, to have lived or to have been born twice; (rather three times, for his existence during the deluge was accounted an intermediate state of being.) They had no idea or expression of another, and a future, state of existence but this figured one. It is certain they regarded the figure of the ark,

and simplicity of, or allusion to, it in their temples, as the emblem of immortality in general: as well as, in particular, a memorial the most striking of some very signal preservation of the human race in the first ages.

I have said above, in rather too unqualified a manner, that the first artificial temple of which there is any record was a portable one. For I there alluded to the tabernacle of Moses; which ceased to be portable for the first time, under Solomon: who built the earliest immovable temple of stone, capable of receiving a congregation within its sanctuary. But the first church, strictly speaking, was the altar raised by Noah, on coming out of the ark: when, it is far from improbable, he made it, in its shape also, an historical emblem of the supernatural preservation he had just experienced. Further, it is observable that the Jews till the time of Noah lived in tents: the ark was the first fabric that could come under the denomination of a building. In Hebrew the word for a building and a ship was the same. (So also it was in the Saxon language; for the Saxons were a people inhabiting the sea-coasts, and were fishermen and mariners before they were husbandmen.) It is observable, too, that Apollonius ascribes the first temples in Greece to Deucalion. (Argonaut. lib. iii.) This is manifestly some tradition; that had reached Greece, of Noah, immediately after the deluge, instituting public worship.

I say, then, it is not a strained supposition that the small ark of Moses, or the tabernacle, might have been in the shape of the real ark of Noah. The shape, indeed, is not specified in the Old Testament, wherein shapes and dimensions are given with a scrupulous

exactitude; but this might be because, it being the very subject they had under their eyes, it was too obvious to mention, and therefore superfluous; while it was requisite to specify the dimensions, these being a matter of regulation, and variable. The adopting of that shape, however, to represent the thing signified, must make the historical recollection of so great an event the stronger, and more striking to the senses. I presume, of course, that the ark of Noah was in the form of a ship or boat. It is too obvious almost to need mentioning, that no form is so well fitted, not merely to pass through the waters, but, when fixed, to let the waters pass by. A wedge or plane triangle is not so well fitted: the object of this is to divide only; while the spherical cone not only divides, but permits the resisting, or counteracting, body to reunite again. The convenience of this form is likewise self-evident in the pier of a bridge; in the shape of a fish; and in the head of a lance. The hull of a ship, or a boat, therefore, I take to have been the form of the primitive ark, of the primitive altar, and of the tabernacle, of Moses. *Now any horizontal, parabolic, or perpendicular section of this form gives the pointed arch.*

Let any one for a moment survey a Gothic cathedral, whether of the heavy or of the lightest order, inside or without; and say, whether the original conception was not that it was a *frame-work of wood*—of knee-timber? Nor can any thing prove more the ingenuity of the Freemasons, who were for so long a time the itinerant architects of Europe, than that they should have been able to imitate so frail, and osier-like, a texture, so reticulated a frame of rib-work, of such capacity, loftiness, and delicacy, in stone.

SOMETHING NEW.

“Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vita.”

MR. EDITOR,

A MAN'S character may often be more easily discovered by the examination of minute circumstances in his conduct, than by the apparent general tenor of his more important actions. Of this maxim (which is much better expressed in one of Lord Bacon's Essays), I felt the force very sensibly a few mornings since, when I called on a friend in the Temple, who, after spending his patrimony, has figured on the world's wide stage as a poet, an actor, a political

writer, a dramatist, a manager, and a gamester, and now appears not only to study, but to practise the law, in the capacity of a conveyancer. Upon such a subject, there are few people who have not sense enough to observe, that the restless instability which induces a man to be constantly changing his pursuits, generally prevents his attaining eminence in any profession; but there are still fewer who know that such changes are seldom entirely voluntary, and that a man who is capable of supporting him-

self by a great variety of talents, cannot be supposed ignorant of the advantages of patient, tenacious Scotch perseverance. My friend has found it easy to live by many modes of industry, but difficult to find fame and eminence by any other than the beaten track of long, long patient plodding; and this he always thought too high a price for any sublimary advantages. He is a very clever fellow, and will one day, I have no doubt, pay me the two hundred and fifty—But I beg the reader's pardon.

It was about ten in the morning when I called. The servant who opened his door to me, declared that his master was engaged, but would see me in a few minutes. In the mean time he seated me at a large writing-table, on the only chair in the room that was not occupied by books or other articles, particularly a very large Leghorn bonnet, with flowers enough to make four handsome bouquets. A stranger would have wondered what a single man in the Temple could want with such a thing; but I, who have known him from a child, referred this phenomenon to some new proof of the versatility of his genius.

I could not help remarking the very great confusion of his papers, which lay heaped in chaotic disorder on his table, and every other piece of furniture. As it was long before he made his appearance, I amused myself with reading such of the papers as were legible as they lay, without lifting or moving a single article, which I should have considered a breach of confidence. But surely, so far as a man chooses to lay his affairs before the world, it cannot be dishonourable to observe or to publish them. I found these readings so illustrative of my friend's character, that I committed them to paper, and now send them to you, in hopes they may amuse some of your readers, and convince all of the utility of folding, indorsing, tying up, labelling, and indexing their papers.

—"Provided always nevertheless, and it is hereby mutually covenanted, declared, and agreed by and between the said several parties to these presents, that if at any time or times hereafter—"

—"The rivers backward to their sources flow,
Lamb's head with lions, heat produces snow,
Physicians shrink with horror from their fees,
Or priests hate plenty, indolence, and ease—"

—"You will let mee have part of hit, has hit as now bin 5 cars standing. I ham, most respectably, Sir,

"Your much obleedjd and humbel servunt,
"SIMON SKIRT."

"EPIGRAM ON A DUNNING TAYLOR."

This was so scratched and blotted, that I could only make out the last word, which was "needle." This epigram had, at least, a sting in its tail.

The next was the following extraordinary acquittance:

"Received, 10th June, 1820, of *Mrs. Amelia Jessamy*, by the hands of Francis ———, Esquire, one broken head, in full of all demands.

"The mark of *✕* PATRICK ROURKE,

"King Street, Soho."

—"At this important crisis, when the fates of our country seem poised in equilibrium, and the minutest weight may produce a decisive movement, pregnant with destruction to all that loads the opposite scale—at this eventful period when (astounding as it appears) nothing but imbecility, arrogance, and folly, as the Edinburgh Review assures us, has attempted to point out the road to national prosperity, it is hoped that the following simple, perspicuous, and easy plan for relieving all the distresses of the country, annihilating discontent—"

The rest of the sheet was blank!

"ACT III. — SCENE, *A Cavern*. — *Robbers discovered drinking.*

GLEB.

"While our priests refuse us wine,
How their ruby noses shine!
While the judge condemns the cup,
His pimples rise in judgment up.
Nor cady, priest, nor alcoran,
Shall ever keep me from my can!

"Enter Callisthenes, who harangues the band. They swear to aid the Greeks in their revolt, and *exunt*, embracing Callisthenes and each other. Scene, the Turkish fortress. Enter the Greeks and Robbers with a real cannon. Abdallah defies them from the walls. Bombarding, storm, capture, and burning of the fortress. Abdallah flying, hanging by his feet on a beam. — *Act*, that has been done. — Suppose Abdallah mortally wounded, with his hands tied behind him, were to creep about the stage, biting the toes of the enemy. — *Ida* is rescued from the flames by —"

—"Sir Wm. Curtis & Co. Lombard Street.

"Please to call between 3 and 5 o'clock."

—"bargained, sold, aliened, released, nullified and confirmed, and by these presents *Ida* grant, bargain, sell, alien, release, nullify, and confirm unto the said John Frox (in his actual possession now being, by virtue of a bargain and sale to him thereof made by indenture—"

"THE BOWER OF FANCY."

"In groves umbrageous, dark, romantic, grand,
By fountains cool'd, by balmy zephyrs fann'd—
Whence smiling lawns emerge, with flowers blue,
Now rise to hills, and now in vales decline,

Where sportive fawns in frolic gambols rove,
An instant seen, then vanish in the grove,
Midst whose majestic shadows brighter seem
The wand'ring hills among its stems that gleam,
In such a lovely solitude, there stands—

—“A detached brick-house, with 6 good
bed-rooms, 2 parlours, and offices below,
coach-house and stable, a large garden and
orchard. For further particulars apply to—”

—“Your's ever affectionately,
“*Nelson Street,* *SELINA L.—*,”
“*Sitty rode.*”

—“PROSPECTUS OF A PLAN FOR ASSUR-
ANCE AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY
MATRIMONY.

“The precarious condition of human life,
perpetually subject to the loss of its most
valued possessions, and of those comfortable
appendages which alone render it desirable,
has occasioned a laudable exertion of the in-
genuity of mankind to mitigate the ruinous
consequences of individual misfortunes, by
voluntarily dividing the damage among many
associates, all of whom engage to contribute
to a compensation for the accidental misfor-
tunes which may happen to any of them.
All possible injuries, which are capable of
pecuniary compensation, may be made the
subjects of insurance; and surely there are
none against which it is more important to
guard than matrimonial disappointments.
Those sagacious dozens of good men, to
whom injured husbands so often appeal, can
always assess the exact value of a *given* wife,

but after their grave appraisement is made,
it frequently turns out that the defendant is
pennyless. But a gentleman who had in-
sured his wife from the time of his marriage,
might in such a case recover upon the policy.”

—“ODE ON THE ACCESSION OF HIS PRE-
SENT MAJESTY.

“O thou—
“Say, heavenly,—
“What sounds—
“Whence is—
“Where—
“Arise, immortal—”

} All these had been crased
as ineffectual attempts.

L. s. d.

—“Attending you conferring }
hereon } 0 6 8
8. Attending you and your bro- }
ther, consulting on the several } 0 13
matters in question }
9. Attending you and your bro- }
ther, and Mr. Smith, confer- }
ring fully on this matter, and } 1 0 0
advising on the steps to be }
taken }

—“INTEGRITY, A VISION—”

—“and unless the same is paid on or before
Wednesday next, together with 6s. 8d. the
costs of this application, we shall be under
the necessity of commencing an action
against you without further notice.

We are, Sir,

Your most obedient servants,
SHARP and GRIPE.”

JOHN BULL.*

THERE is no species of humour in
which the English more excel, than
that which consists in caricaturing and
giving ludicrous appellations, or nick-
names. In this way they have whim-
sically designated, not merely individu-
als, but nations; and in their fondness
for pushing a joke, they have not spared
even themselves. One would think,
that in personifying itself, a nation
would be apt to picture something grand,
heroic, and imposing; but it is charac-
teristic of the peculiar humour of the
English, and of their love for what is
blunt, comic, and familiar, that they
have embodied their national oddities
in the figure of a sturdy, corpulent old
fellow, with a three-cornered hat, red
waistcoat, leather breeches, and stout
oaken cudgel. Thus they have taken a
singular delight in exhibiting their most
private foibles in a laughable point of
view; and have been so successful in
their delineations, that there is scarcely
a being in actual existence more abso-

lutely present to the public mind, than
that eccentric personage, John Bull.

Perhaps the continual contemplation
of the character thus drawn of them, has
contributed to fix it upon the nation;
and thus to give reality to what at first
may have been painted in a great mea-
sure from the imagination. Men are
apt to acquire peculiarities that are con-
tinually ascribed to them. The com-
mon orders of English seem wonderfully
captivated with the *beau ideal* which
they have formed of John Bull, and
endeavour to act up to the broad carica-
ture that is perpetually before their eyes.
Unluckily, they sometimes make their
boasted Bull-ism an apology for their
prejudice or grossness; and this I have
especially noticed among those truly
home-bred and genuine sons of the soil,
who have never migrated beyond the
sound of Bow-bells. If one of these
should be a little uncouth in speech,
and apt to utter impertinent truths, he
confesses that he is a real John Bull,

and always speaks his mind. If he now and then flies into an unreasonable burst of passion about trifles, he observes, that John Bull is a choleric old blade, but then his passion is over in a moment, and he bears no malice. If he betrays a coarseness of taste, and an insensibility to foreign refinements, he thanks heaven for his ignorance—he is a plain John Bull, and has no relish for frippery and nicknacks. His very proneness to be gulled by strangers, and to pay extravagantly for absurdities, is excused under the plea of munificence—for John is always more generous than wise. Thus, under the name of John Bull, he will contrive to argue every fault into a merit, and will frankly convict himself of being the honestest fellow in existence.

However little, therefore, the character may have suited in the first instance, it has gradually adapted itself to the nation, or rather, they have adapted themselves to each other; and a stranger who wishes to study English peculiarities, may gather much valuable information from the innumerable portraits of John Bull, as exhibited in the windows of the caricature shops. Still, however, he is one of those fertile humourists, that are continually throwing out new traits, and presenting different aspects from different points of view; and, often as he has been described, I cannot resist the temptation to give a slight sketch of him, such as he has met my eye.

John Bull, to all appearance, is a plain downright, matter-of-fact fellow, with much less of poetry about him than rich prose. There is little of romance in his nature, but a vast deal of strong natural feeling. He excels in humour, more than in wit; is jolly, rather than gay; melancholy, rather than morose; can easily be moved to a sudden tear, or surprised into a broad laugh; but he loathes sentiment, and has no turn for light pleasantry. He is a boon companion, if you allow him to have his humour, and to talk about himself; and he will stand by a friend in a quarrel, with life and purse, however soundly he may be cudgelled.

In this last respect, to tell the truth, he has a propensity to be somewhat too ready. He is a busy-minded personage, who thinks not merely for himself and family, but for all the country round, and is most generously disposed to be every-body's champion. He is continually volunteering his services to settle

his neighbours' affairs, and takes it in great dudgeon if they engage in any matter of consequence without asking his advice; though he seldom engages in any friendly office of the kind without finishing by getting into a squabble with all parties, and then railing bitterly at their ingratitude. He unluckily took lessons in his youth in the noble science of defence, and having accomplished himself in the use of his limbs and his weapons, and become a perfect master at boxing and cudgel play, he has had a troublesome life of it ever since. He cannot hear of a quarrel between the most distant of his neighbours, but he begins incontinently to fumble with the head of his cudgel, and consider whether his interest or honour does not require that he should meddle in the broils. Indeed, he has extended his relations of pride and policy so completely over the whole country, that no event can take place, without infringing some of his finely-spun rights and dignities. Coughed in his little domain, with these filaments stretching forth in every direction, he is like some choleric, bottle-bellied old spider, who has woven his web over a whole chamber, so that a fly cannot buzz, nor a breeze blow, without startling his repose, and causing him to sally forth wrathfully from his den.

Though really a good-hearted, good-tempered old fellow at bottom, yet he is singularly fond of being in the midst of contention. It is one of his peculiarities, however, that he ~~commences~~ ^{always} the beginning of an affray: he always goes into a fight with alacrity, but comes out of it grumbling even when victorious; and though no one fights with more obstinacy to carry a contested point, yet, when the battle is over, and he comes to the reconciliation, he is so much taken up with the mere shaking of hands, that he is apt to let his antagonist pocket all they have been quarrelling about. It is not, therefore, fighting that he ought so much to be on his guard against, as making friends. It is difficult to cudgel him out of a farthing; but put him in a good humour, and you may bargain him out of all the money in his pocket. He is like one of his own ships, which will weather the roughest storm uninjured, but roll its masts overboard in the succeeding calm.

He is a little fond of playing the magnifico abroad; of pulling out a long purse; flinging his money bravely about at boxing matches, horse races, and

cock fights, and carrying a high head among "gentlemen of the fancy;" but immediately after one of these fits of extravagance, he will be taken with violent qualms of economy; stop short at the most trivial expenditure; talk desperately of being ruined, and brought upon the parish; and in such moods, will not pay the smallest tradesman's bill, without violent altercation. He is, in fact, the most punctual and discontented paymaster in the world; drawing his coin out of his breeches' pocket with infinite reluctance; paying to the uttermost farthing, but accompanying every guinea with a growl.

With all his talk of economy, however, he is a bountiful provider, and a hospitable housekeeper. His economy is of a whimsical kind, its chief object being to devise how he may afford to be extravagant; for he will begrudge himself a beef-steak and pint of port one day, that he may roast an ox whole, broach a hogshead of ale, and treat all his neighbours, on the next.

His domestic establishment is enormously expensive; not so much from any great outward parade, as from the great consumption of solid beef and pudding; the vast number of followers he feeds and clothes; and his singular disposition to pay hugely for small services. He is a most kind and indulgent master, and, provided his servants humour his peculiarities, flatter his vanity a little now and then, and do not peculate grossly on him before his face, they may manage him to perfection. Every thing that lives on him seems to thrive and grow fat. His house servants are well paid, and pampered, and have little to do. His horses are sleek and lazy, and prance slowly before his state carriage; and his house-dogs sleep quietly about the door, and will hardly bark at a housebreaker.

His family mansion is an old castellated manor-house, grey with age, and of a most venerable, though weather-beaten appearance. It has been built upon no regular plan, but is a vast accumulation of parts, erected in various tastes and ages. The centre bears evident traces of Saxon architecture, and is as solid as ponderous stone and old English oak can make it. Like all the relics of that style, it is full of obscure passages, intricate mazes, and dusky chambers; and though these have been partially lighted up in modern days, yet there are many places where you must still grope in the dark. Additions have

been made to the original edifice from time to time, and great alterations have taken place; towers and battlements have been erected during wars and tumults; wings built in times of peace; and out-houses, lodges, and offices, run up according to the whim or convenience of different generations; until it has become one of the most spacious, rambling tenements imaginable. An entire wing is taken up with the family chapel; a reverend pile that must once have been exceedingly sumptuous, and, indeed, in spite of having been altered and simplified at various periods, has still a look of solemn religious pomp. Its walls within are storied with the monuments of John's ancestors; and it is snugly fitted up with soft cushions and well-lined chairs, where such of his family as are inclined to church services, may doze comfortably in the discharge of their duties.

To keep up this chapel has cost John much money; but he is staunch in his religion, and piqued in his zeal, from the circumstance that many dissenting chapels have been erected in his vicinity, and several of his neighbours, with whom he has had quarrels, are strong papists.

To do the duties of the chapel, he maintains, at a large expense, a pious and portly family chaplain. He is a most learned and decorous personage, and a truly well-bred Christian, who always backs the old gentleman in his opinions, winks discreetly at his little peccadilloes, rebukes the children when refractory, and is of great use in exhorting the tenants to read their bibles, say their prayers, and, above all, to pay their rents punctually, and without grumbling.

The family apartments are in a very antiquated taste, somewhat heavy, and often inconvenient, but full of the solemn magnificence of former times; fitted up with rich, though faded tapestry, unwieldy furniture, and loads of massy gorgeous old plate. The vast fire-places, ample kitchens, extensive cellars, and sumptuous banquetting-halls, —all speak of the roaring hospitality of days of yore, of which the modern festivity at the manor-house is but a shadow. There are, however, complete suites of rooms apparently deserted and time-worn; and towers and turrets that are tottering to decay; so that in high winds there is danger of their tumbling about the ears of the household.

John has frequently been advised to have the old edifice thoroughly over-

hauled, and to have some of the useless parts pulled down, and the others strengthened with their materials; but the old gentleman always grows testy on this subject. He swears the house is an excellent house—that it is tight and weather-proof, and not to be shaken by tempests—that it has stood for several hundred years, and, therefore, is not likely to tumble down now—that as to its being inconvenient, his family is accustomed to the inconveniences, and would not be comfortable without them—that as to its unwieldy size and irregular construction, these result from its being the growth of centuries, and being improved by the wisdom of every generation—that an old family, like his, requires a large house to dwell in; new, upstart families may live in modern cottages and snug boxes, but an old English family should inhabit an old English manor-house. If you point out any part of the building as superfluous, he insists that it is material to the strength or decoration of the rest, and the harmony of the whole; and swears that the parts are so built into each other, that, if you pull down one, you run the risk of having the whole about your ears.

The secret of the matter is, that John has a great disposition to protect and patronize. He thinks it indispensable to the dignity of an ancient and honourable family, to be bounteous in its appointments, and to be eaten up by dependants; and so, partly from pride, and partly from kind-heartedness, he makes it a rule always to give shelter and maintenance to his superannuated servants.

The consequence is, that, like many other venerable family establishments, his manor is encumbered by old retainers whom he cannot turn off, and old styles which he cannot lay down. His mansion is like a great hospital of invalids, and, with all its magnitude, is not a whit too large for its inhabitants. Not a nook or corner but is of use in housing some useless personage. Groups of veteran beef-eaters, gouty pensioners, and retired heroes of the buttery and the larder, are seen lolling about its walls, crawling over its lawns, dozing under its trees, or sunning themselves upon the benches at its doors. Every office and out-house is garrisoned by these supernumeraries and their families; for they are amazingly prolific, and when they die off, are sure to leave John a legacy of hungry mouths to be provided for. A mattock cannot be

struck against the most mouldering, tumble-down tower, but out pops, from some cranny or loop hole, the grey pate of some superannuated hanger-on, who has lived at John's expense all his life, and makes the most grievous outcry, at their pulling down the roof from over the head of a worn-out servant of the family. This is an appeal that John's honest heart never can withstand; so that a man, who has faithfully eaten his beef and pudding all his life, is sure to be rewarded with a pipe and tankard in his old days.

A great part of his park, also, is turned into paddocks, where his broken-down chargers are turned loose, to graze undisturbed for the remainder of their existence—a worthy example of grateful recollection, which, if some of his neighbours were to imitate, would not be to their discredit. Indeed, it is one of his great pleasures to point out these old steeds to his visitors, to dwell on their good qualities, extol their past services, and boast, with some little vain-glory, of the perilous adventures and hardy exploits through which they have carried him.

He is given, however, to indulge his veneration for family usages, and family incumbrances, to a whimsical extent. His manor is infested by gangs of gypsies; yet he will not suffer them to be driven off, because they have infested the place time out of mind, and been regular poachers upon every generation of the family. He will scarcely permit a dry branch to be lopped from the great trees that surround the house, lest it should molest the rooks, that have bred there for centuries. Owls have taken possession of the dovecote; but they are hereditary owls, and must not be disturbed. Swallows have nearly choked up every chimney with their nests; martins build in every frieze and cornice; crows flutter about the towers, and perch on every weather-cock; and old grey-headed rats may be seen in every quarter of the house, running in and out of their holes undauntedly, in broad day-light. In short, John has such a reverence for every thing that has been long in the family, that he will not hear even of abuses being reformed, because they are good old family abuses.

All these whims and habits have concurred woefully to drain the old gentleman's purse; and as he prides himself on punctuality in money matters, and wishes to maintain his credit in the neighbourhood, they have caused him

great perplexity in meeting his engagements. This too has been increased, by the altercations and heart-burnings which are continually taking place in his family. His children have been brought up to different callings, and are of different ways of thinking; and as they have always been allowed to speak their minds freely, they do not fail to exercise the privilege most clamorously in the present posture of his affairs. Some stand up for the honour of the race, and are clear that the old establishment should be kept up in all its state, whatever may be the cost; others, who are more prudent and considerate, entreat the old gentleman to retrench his expenses, and to put his whole system of housekeeping on a more moderate footing. He has, indeed, at times seemed inclined to listen to their opinions, but their wholesome advice has been completely defeated by the obstreperous conduct of one of his sons. This is a noisy rattle-pated fellow, of rather low habits, who neglects his business to frequent ale-houses—is the orator of village clubs, and a complete oracle among the poorest of his father's tenants. No sooner does he hear any of his brothers mention reform or retrenchment, than up he jumps, takes the words out of their mouths, and roars out for an overturn. When his tongue is once going, nothing can stop it. He rants about the room; hectors the old man about his spendthrift practices; ridicules his tastes and pursuits; insists that he shall turn the old servants out of doors; give the broken-down horses to the hounds; send the fat chaplain packing, and take a field preacher in his place—nay, that the whole family mansion shall be levelled with the ground, and a plain one of brick and mortar built in its place. He rails at every social entertainment and family festivity, and skulks away growling to the ale-house whenever an equipage drives up to the door. Though constantly complaining of the emptiness of his purse, yet he scruples not to spend all his pocket-money in these tavern convocations, and even runs up scores for the liquor over which he preaches about his father's extravagance.

It may readily be imagined how little such thwarting agrees with the old cavalier's fiery temperament. He has become so irritable, from repeated crossings, that the mere mention of retrenchment or reform is a signal for a brawl between him and the tavern oracle. As

the latter is too sturdy and refractory for paternal discipline, having grown out of all fear of the cudgel, they have frequent scenes of wordy warfare, which at times run so high, that John is fain to call in the aid of his son Tom, an officer who has served abroad, but is at present living at home, on half-pay. This last is sure to stand by the old gentleman, right or wrong; likes nothing so much as a racking roystering life; and is ready, at a wink or nod, to out-sabre, and flourish it over the orator's head, if he dares to array himself against paternal authority.

These family dissensions, as usual, have got abroad, and are rare food for scandal in John's neighbourhood. People begin to look wise, and shake their heads, whenever his affairs are mentioned. They all "hope that matters are not so bad with him as represented; but when a man's own children begin to rail at his extravagance, things must be badly managed. They understand he is mortgaged over head and ears, and is continually dabbling with money-lenders. He is certainly an open-handed old gentleman, but they fear he has lived too fast; indeed, they never knew any good come of this fondness for hunting, racing, revelling, and prize-fighting. In short, Mr. Bull's estate is a very fine one, and has been in the family a long while; but for all that, they have known many finer estates come to the hammer."

What is worst of all, is the effect which these pecuniary embarrassments and domestic feuds have had on the poor man himself. Instead of that jolly round corporation, and saug, rosy face, which he used to present, he has of late become as shrivelled and shrunk as a frost-bitten apple. His scarlet gold-laced waistcoat, which belled out so bravely in those prosperous days when he sailed before the wind, now hangs loosely about him like a mainsail in a calm. His leather breeches are all in folds and wrinkles; and apparently have much ado to hold up the boots that yawn on both sides of his once sturdy legs.

Instead of strutting about, as formerly, with his three-cornered hat on one side; flourishing his cudgel, and bringing it down every moment with a hearty thump upon the ground; looking every one sturdily in the face, and trolling out a stave of a catch or a drinking song; he now goes about whistling thoughtfully to himself, with his head

drooping down, his cudgel tucked under his arm, and his hands thrust to the bottom of his breeches pockets, which are evidently empty.

Such is the plight of honest John Bull at present; yet for all this the old fellow's spirit is as tall and as gallant as ever. If you drop the least expression of sympathy or concern, he takes fire in an instant; swears that he is the richest and stoutest fellow in the country; talks of laying out large sums to adorn his house or to buy another estate; and, with a valiant swagger and grasping of his cudgel, longs exceedingly to have another bout at quarterstaff.

Though there may be something rather whimsical in all this, yet I confess I cannot look upon John's situation, without strong feelings of interest. With all his odd humours and obstinate prejudices, he is a sterling hearted old blade. He may not be so wonderfully fine a fellow as he thinks himself, but he is at least twice as good as his neighbours represent him. His virtues are all his own; all plain, home-bred and unaffected. His very faults smack of the raciness of his good qualities. His extravagance savours of his generosity; his quarrelsomeness of his courage; his credulity of his open faith; his vanity of his pride; and his bluntness of his sincerity. They are all the redundancies of a rich and liberal character. He is like his own oak; rough without, but sound and solid within; whose bark

abounds with excrescences in proportion to the growth and grandeur of the timber; and whose branches make a fearful groaning and murmuring in the least storm, from their very magnitude and luxuriance. There is something, too, in the appearance of his old family mansion that is extremely poetical and picturesque; and, as long as it can be rendered comfortably habitable, I should almost tremble to see it meddled with during the present conflict of tastes and opinions. Some of his advisers are no doubt good architects that might be of service; but many I fear are mere le-vellers, who when they had once got to work with their mattocks on the venerable edifice, would never stop until they had brought it to the ground, and perhaps buried themselves among the ruins. All that I wish is, that John's present troubles may teach him more prudence in future. That he may cease to distress his mind about other people's affairs; that he may give up the fruitless attempt to promote the good of his neighbours, and the peace and happiness of the world, by dint of the cudgel; that he may remain quietly at home; gradually get his house into repair; cultivate his rich estate according to his fancy; husband his income—if he thinks proper; bring his unruly children into order—if he can; renew the jovial scenes of ancient prosperity; and long enjoy, on his paternal lands, a green, an honourable, and a merry old age.

LETTER FROM A RESIDENT AT CUBA.

[Since it is not improbable that the relations between Great Britain and the Island of Cuba will, at no distant period, become more important and immediate, we are happy to lay before our readers the following account of that settlement, which we believe to be as faithful as it is lively and interesting.]

Havanna, May 2, 1819.

YOU are not aware, my dear friend, what a task you impose upon me: to write merely a note is a fatiguing operation here, and you desire a letter containing a circumstantial account of all that strikes me in the New World. I will, however, endeavour to satisfy you.

In the first place, I shall inform you, that since I have been here, four-fifths of those who accompanied me from Europe have gradually disappeared. Almost all new-comers are attacked by that dreadful disease, the *vomito negro*, better known by the name of the yellow fever. Respecting the cause of this malady and the remedies to be employed against it, the physicians of this

country are just as ignorant as myself; their prescriptions, although totally different, invariably produce the same effect—the death of the patient.

The negro women, to the confusion of science, treat the *vomito negro* with much better success than the faculty; the confidence which they inspire tranquillizes the patient, and nature probably performs the rest. The captains who have brought over these good creatures from the coast of Africa, are themselves obliged to implore their assistance, and owe their lives to persons whom they have torn from their country, and deprived of freedom. This disease kills with terrible dispatch. Woe to him whose conscience is not clear! You cannot be absent two or

three days, without hearing, on your return, of the death of some of your acquaintance. This has occurred to me twice. The first person of whose decease I was thus apprised was a young Frenchman, named St. André, who was preparing to deliver lectures on chemistry, and who, having resided three years in the colony, was considered as acclimated to the climate. The second, scarcely nineteen years old, was the son of M. Darte, the celebrated porcelain manufacturer, who has such a handsome shop in the Palais Royal at Paris. The accomplishments, amiable disposition, and modesty of this young man, had gained him many friends.

Havanna is not the only seat of this dreadful disease; it prevails in all the parts of the island of Cuba. I have just learned, that of one hundred Frenchmen who were sent about two months since to Nuevitas, half have already perished. The country indeed is more healthy, but thither also the *vomito negro* extends its ravages, though there it is neither so common, so violent, nor so fatal.

The natives are not so completely exempted from the yellow fever as is generally supposed; it is only on one severe condition that they can secure themselves from its attacks, namely, never quitting the Havanna, or the other parts of the island. Those who embark for the continent of America, or for Europe, and even such as have lived for some years in the interior of the country, cannot return without danger to their town residences. I have just witnessed the death of a girl of ten years: she was born in the Havanna, and brought up a few leagues from the city, whither she had come to attend some family festivity, no more to return. Instances of this kind are not rare.

You may possibly imagine that the disease is less active during the six months of the year when the sun quits this part of the torrid zone. This notion, though generally received, is erroneous. It is unfortunately but too certain that the *vomito negro* carries off fresh victims every day, only in less number in autumn and winter than in spring and summer. At this moment it rages with great violence: in the latter half of April, it swept away seventy-six Frenchmen. The English, and other Europeans, suffer in the same proportion. I am surrounded by dead and dying. When I go out, I meet hundreds of priests running, crossing them-

selves, in all directions: some are carrying the host; others, singing hymns for the dead, are walking in procession towards the church-yard. If I return home, twenty bells, which are continually going, produce a much more painful impression upon my soul than the scenes that I have just quitted. What most astonishes me is, that those who are not attacked by the disease do not leave a country cursed with so horrible a scourge. The love of gain has its martyrs: people are loth to relinquish a speculation in which they have embarked, and therefore remain. Each nation adheres to its peculiar character: the Frenchman drowns reflection by singing, the Englishman by drinking. As I can neither sing nor drink, I shall seek refuge in the country, where I will continue my letter, if the *vomito negro* does not pursue me thither.

Here I am established, in the midst of a dreary country, covered with volcanic ruins, without any prospect, but that of a few thinly scattered trees which afford no shade, and the pale green of which has no charm for the imagination. I shall entertain you this time with a subject less dismal than the *vomito negro*. I have already informed you that I was sixty days on the passage: I was impatient to discover land, and still more to set foot on it. Fancy painted it as the most beautiful country in the world; but how different was the reality! Instead of an enchanting coast, enamelled with a thousand flowers, and watered by twenty meandering streams, all was bare, dreary, and desolate. Much as I was disappointed, I still beheld in idea our learned and indefatigable Petit du Thouars, climbing like a goat over the rocks that scarcely project above the water, his eye-glass constantly in motion, himself in despair at not finding a single plant to increase his collection, at length relinquishing all hope, and asking, with his habitual good-humour and serenity, "But whither have you brought me?"—without further reproaching me for this scurvy trick.—Should the mania of visiting foreign countries ever seize you, my friend, consult not professed travellers or geographers, who merely copy the former; apply for information to mercantile and sea-faring men, who are not led away by imagination, but see things as they really are. Here we are, however, in the harbour of Havanna, which is celebrated enough to deserve some description.

Before you enter, you observe on your left a fort, called Morro, under the guns of which all ships are obliged to pass: the eminence on which it is built, its extent, and still more the threatening attitude of its cannon, give to this fort an air that commands respect. On approaching nearer to the entrance, you perceive on the right some small country houses, and in the distance a village called Salua. This prospect is very pleasing. In a few minutes you sail up the narrow channel, which leads into the port, and a prodigious basin of an oval figure suddenly opens upon the view. Here from a thousand to twelve hundred flags of all nations are frequently seen flying at once. Tyre herself could not have afforded a more magnificent spectacle: but another prospect soon puts an end to all reflection and comparison. On the right the city is concealed by a thick wall, above which scarcely any thing can be discovered but a few church steeples, from the heavy appearance of which it may be presumed, that, in the embellishment of this city, the services of architects have been entirely dispensed with. On the left of the port are seen several houses belonging to the village of La Regla, and in the back-ground a number of trees, the only ornaments of this immense basin. In vain would you look for rocks picturesquely crowned with wood, verdant hills, or buildings rising in the form of an amphitheatre.

The port of Havanna, without doubt the most spacious in America, is gradually decreasing in depth with a rapidity that ought to excite the serious attention of the mother country, and of the colony. It is ascertained, that the channel leading to it has, in sixty-nine years, become fifty-nine *varas* narrower, being now no more than one hundred and fifty *varas* in breadth. In the year 1743, it was twenty-four feet deep; at present it is only seventeen. In the same year the depth of water at the entrance of the harbour was sixty feet; now it is but eighteen. The evil is known, and the remedies for it would doubtless be extremely easy; but firmness and perseverance are requisite for their application, and these seem to be wanting as well in the officers of government as in private individuals.

Before I leave the harbour, I must inform you that a machine has been erected here for masting ships, which is said to be very ingenious, and excites the admiration of foreign seamen. It

was constructed upwards of twenty years since, after the plans of Pietro Gatel, a native of Catalonia, who, however, was deprived of the honour and profit of the invention by the then governor. He could not even obtain permission to erect his machine; vexation and want soon afterwards consigned him to the grave, and his widow and children were left at the Havanna in abject indigence.

Now that you are acquainted with the harbour, permit me to conduct you into the city. As soon as you have landed, you perceive a narrow arch that leads into it. From the beach to this gate the distance is ten paces. At the first step you feel yourself sinking into a quagmire, but you keep up your spirits with the idea, that, when this space is passed you, shall find firm footing. When once through the gate, you discover your mistake; to the right, to the left, and before you, there is nothing but a swamp, and the straight streets merely indicate that you must not expect to be in the dry till you have reached the house you are in quest of. The streets are not paved; there is no drain for the water; the ground continues in the state in which it was originally created. The Havanna may be said to be one vast sewer, from which pestilential exhalations are incessantly rising. As soon as you enter the place, you are assailed by an intolerable stench, which adheres to, and does not again quit you.

You advance through dirty narrow streets, lined with low houses, the unglazed windows of which are only closed with wooden shutters. Their populousness merely serves to aggravate the painful impression: thousands of whites and blacks, mostly covered with rags, excite disgust in the newly-arrived stranger; his brilliant expectations vanish, and all that he sees is totally different from what he anticipated. The whole way you have to defend your face from swarms of muskitoes, and your ears from the everlasting din of eight or ten bells. One tolls for a dying person, another for a funeral, a third for divine service. At length you reach your inn, which you would not take to be such, unless you were told so. A prodigious hall, as large as our barns, and almost as bare, is the public room; the small cells of bed chambers are, if any thing, still more naked. Here you find yourself without any other furniture than a truckle-bed. You throw yourself upon it, rather in order to see and hear no more, than to sleep. Vain hope! The

wretched hard mattress, which you have obtained after long solicitation, produces intolerable heat and uneasiness; sleep does not visit you; and unfortunately you cannot here dream with your eyes open, for the moans that proceed from the adjoining chamber, would cast a gloom over the liveliest imagination. Such was my case the first night: no sooner had I risen than I hastened to inquire concerning my sick neighbour, whose groans had so disturbed me. "He is out," was the reply: this pacified me, till I heard next day that he was gone out, never to return, having been fetched away to be buried.

This, my friend, is a faithful description of my first day. Three fourths of the new-comers have quite enough of it, and embark again immediately: military men are usually in the greatest hurry to get away, whence I infer, that notwithstanding their bravery, they are fonder of life than might be supposed.

In vain you seek to amuse yourself; here is not one building worthy of notice, no public garden, not a tree to shade you from the sun—nothing but narrow muddy streets, and low houses, the construction of which proclaims the infancy of the art. In short, Havana seems to have been built expressly for the inhabitants by which it is peopled. In Europe, the most abject wretchedness cannot present a more disgusting spectacle, than those creatures, with black and brown faces, who fill the public streets; whose bodies, where they are not covered with squalid rags, exhibit plasters, poultices, and blisters of Spanish flies. In a word, you fancy yourself not in a town, but in a vast hospital.

Methinks I hear you ask, "Do the more opulent inhabitants then never quit their houses?"—They certainly do, but they are seldom seen on foot; the heat and the dirt oblige them to make their excursions in a *volante*. As to the women, whether rich or poor, custom forbids them the use of their feet; they cannot go abroad except in a carriage, and then they are almost wholly concealed from unhallowed looks by a cloth curtain. A peep into their houses is more entertaining. The largest apartment is level with the ground, and the doors and windows are constantly open. You know not at first what to call this apartment, for you see carriages, toilet, and bed, all huddled together. Is it a coach-house, a parlour, or a bed-chamber? It is all three; and though it is open to the street, yet all domestic offices

are performed in it—nay, even the women put on their *chemises* there as quietly as if they were screened from every intrusive eye. In London or Paris such a scene would attract a crowd of spectators; here it is scarcely noticed. Whether London has the advantage in point of morality I will not pretend to decide; but certainly more decorum prevails in that city.

Towards evening, in the hope of indemnifying yourself with social intercourse for the disappointments of the day, you repair to some acquaintance, or to one of the persons to whom you have been recommended. You find the master of the house and his family in awful solitude. Perhaps you have come too early. Such is your first thought. You wait one hour, and then a second; not a soul arrives to interrupt the dullness of the conversation. In this country it is a real effort to talk, from which you feel, as it were, bathed in perspiration. Very soon tired of speaking alone, you sink down upon your seat, and, after the example of your host, resign yourself to sleep. On waking, you are offered a large glass of water; this is the signal for separating, and after being well entertained, according to the ideas of the colony, you take your leave.

The lodging-rooms here are of extraordinary dimensions; take measure of the apartments of the king's library, and you may then form an idea of them. In some of these rooms you observe furniture of European workmanship, but they appear not the less bare; for it would require a whole magazine of goods to make any kind of show. In a country, moreover, where furniture is liable to injury from vermin, heat, and damp, it would be necessary to renew it every two or three years, which would be very expensive. The natives, therefore, prefer keeping their gold and their piastres, on which those enemies cannot make any impression, and the sight of which affords much more gratification to the uncultivated mind than the productions of art and taste.

I need not tell you that the merchants were the first to set the example of embellishing their houses, but hitherto they have been followed by very few. The first families in the country still adhere to their ancient manners and simplicity. In their apartments scarcely any other articles of furniture are to be seen than chests or boxes; these they place here and there upon chairs, and name after the use to which they are applied. That which

contains papers, for instance; they call the *secretaire*, and that which holds their linen, the *commode*. Hence you may perceive that they are no strangers to the different uses to which our various articles of furniture are appropriated.

In a country where the refinements of social life are scarcely known, dramatic entertainments and balls are almost indispensably necessary. Respecting the former I shall merely tell you, that the "*Mysteries*," which so highly delighted our ancestors, are still represented here. I was present at the performance of the "*Triumph of the Ave Maria*;" this tragedy terminates with the sudden appearance of a valiant knight, mounted on a real horse, and waving the bleeding head of an infidel on the point of his lance. I cannot describe the horror which this sight produced in me; but to the rest of the spectators it afforded high gratification—no fainting-fits, no nervous weaknesses, none of those affections by which you men in Europe are continually imposed upon. How could a fiction shock the feelings of females accustomed to bull-fights, and who are daily liable to encounter the corpse of a murdered fellow-creature?

Let me now conduct you to the assembly-rooms. These are situated about half a mile from the town. An avenue leads to them, at the extremity of which is a statue of Charles III. It is small, and the dress is so faithfully copied as to give the king quite a ridiculous appearance. I am highly displeased with the sculptor, whose chisel has thus exposed the best and most enlightened of the Spanish monarchs to the public derision. I had almost forgotten to mention, that upon the road close to this statue lies a block of marble, upon which is rudely sketched the head of Christopher Columbus. This shapeless image of that great man, relinquished almost as soon as begun, lies in the dust at the king's feet—a correct emblem of the ingratitude of the monarch whom he served. About twenty years ago, during a momentary enthusiasm occasioned by the removal of the remains of the discoverer of the new world from San Domingo to Havana, it was determined to erect a statue in honour of him; some money was collected for the purpose; but not a purse was opened on a second application, and the artist abandoned his work in its present unfinished state. The insult thus offered to the memory of Columbus will be repaid; his ashes will not remain here; a people

worthy of possessing them will avenge him. But to return to the balls of the Havana.

Five or six hundred *volantes* are employed in conveying the ladies and gentlemen to the rooms. These *volantes* are not to be compared with the meanest of our post-chaises; they are drawn by two horses; and driven by blacks. You enter the assembly-rooms, but soon perceive that dancing is but a secondary object of the company. The first apartments through which you pass are full of tables completely covered with gold and silver. The largest sums are lost and won in a minute with a *sang-froid* wholly unknown in Europe. What renders this spectacle the more amusing is, to observe this Countess, or that Marchioness, seated between a Spanish monk and a Dutch sailor, and enveloped in clouds of smoke, which they puff at her from their segars. Here gambling is not condemned by the public opinion; the priest, the gentleman, the magistrate, the merchant, sit down to the green table with the same composure as they would perform the most indifferent action. The father of a family conducts his wife and daughter into the ball-room, and then joins the gamblers; all this is quite a matter of course. It is not accounted degrading to keep the bank; the best proof of which is, that the bankers belong to the noblest families in the colony. The laws and the commands of the governor, indeed, threaten gamblers with severe penalties; but those who are charged with the duty of prosecuting transgressors, find it more advantageous to screen them; they, therefore, undertake to persuade the governor that gaming is a necessary evil, and, doubtless, their arguments are convincing, since it is carried on with open doors and almost in public.

We are now in the ball-room, which is decorated with simplicity and taste. A hundred tapers pour a brilliant light over the ladies, who form a semicircle at one extremity of the room. This is the most agreeable moment of the illusion. Large black eyes, faces full of expression, and the prettiest little feet in the world, could not fail to shake the most rigid stoic, to whatever country he might belong. The gentlemen are seated on the opposite side of the room. During the whole of the ball the sexes never intermingle. The masters of the ceremonies call out the parties to dance, and so strict is the decorum maintained in the room, that you would almost imagine the formalities observed to be the

same as those which the Jesuits introduced at the dances of the savages of Paraguay. The ball opens with a minuet, which is repeated to disgust, not from choice but from necessity; the minuet step is more like walking than dancing, and this is better suited to a country where the slightest motion deprives you of breath and strength.

It is a difficult task to drive the ladies from their seats. No sooner have they quitted the attitude of repose, than they lose all the graces with which your fancy invested them; they hop like cripples; the tight shoes which pinch their feet occasion them severe pain at every step; their sufferings are so strongly expressed in their countenances as to distort their features. Their shape is not supported by any corset, and they have no notion of holding their robes, for I must tell you that the French fashion of dress is of very recent adoption in this country. Not more than ten years since, females were accustomed to appear in public just in the same state as they had risen from bed.

The men are less awkward, because they suffer no annoyance from their shoes, but they want that dignity of air and attitude which is so necessary in the minuet; they are, moreover, utter strangers to the peculiar character of that dance. These barbarians presume to present themselves to their partners in surtouts, and with round hats, or none at all. Whites alone are admitted to the balls which I have just described, and you perceive that they cannot boast of having adhered to the original intention of the minuet. This honour belongs exclusively to the free negroes. I cannot express the astonishment I felt on seeing these blacks, of graceful figure, going up to their partners, holding their dress-hats in their hands, and then covering themselves with a dignity that begins to be rare even in ancient Europe. The negro-women are not surpassed by the men; all their motions are graceful and noble; it is evident that they do not torture their feet to deprive them of their proper shape: they dress with taste, and they hold their robes with an elegance which even the admirers of your Opera would not fail to applaud.

I went to the negro ball with the intention of amusing myself for a moment at the expense of the company; but I was mistaken in my reckoning. What I found here was infinitely better than what I had quitted; and had any one

talked to me at this moment of the superiority of the whites to the blacks, I should have replied: "Only open your eyes and judge." The dearest gaiety of these negroes of both sexes, the softness of their features, and the cordiality that prevails among them, cannot but excite the most favourable prepossessions. They are by nature improvisators and musicians, and I will venture to predict, that if the colony should ever have a literature to boast of, it will be indebted for it to the blacks. "What!" you may ask, "are the whites then inferior to them?" I have no hesitation to admit, that this is the case between the tropics. The black here retains the whole physical and moral energy which he received from the Creator. The most scorching sun leaves him in full possession of his powers—ray, his heat, however intense, scarcely suffices the negro, who not only in the evening, but also during the day, seeks an increase of warmth from his fire, which is constantly kept burning. The white, on the other hand, transported from a temperate to a tropical climate, manifestly degenerates; for ten hours of the day he is, as it were, annihilated, and utterly incapable of any exertion either of body or mind: to read for a quarter of an hour is here a martyrdom. If an adversary to the doctrine of the unlimited perfectibility of man were placed between the tropics, he would be obliged to seek proofs in support of his system among the whites, not among the blacks.

The elegance of the dress of the free negroes of the island of Cuba, nay their demeanour alone, indicates that they are in easy circumstances. This is actually the case, and their highly-laudable industry is the source of their wealth. The indolence of the Spaniards has given the monopoly of the mechanical arts to the free negroes, who work without intermission; and as they are much more temperate than Europeans, and handicraft labour obtains very high wages in Cuba, their savings increase fast, especially as the lowest rate of interest in this country is 20 per cent. The free negroes in general reside in the towns; they have an unconquerable aversion to a country life and rural occupations. It is but natural that they should dislike places and objects which remind them of their servitude and sufferings. The preference which they manifest for the towns has long excited apprehensions in the government and

the more discerning inhabitants of the colony; but the evil was perceived too late, and now it admits not of remedy. The number of free negroes has increased to such a degree, that it would be impossible for the government to compel them to live dispersed in the country, where, scattered over an extensive space, they would have had fewer opportunities of associating together, and acquiring a knowledge of their strength. This they now know—they know their numbers, and they will not much longer endure a condition, in which, notwithstanding their manumission, they are exposed to daily insult.

At Rome the manumission of slaves was not attended with any bad consequences: the slaves were of the same colour as their masters, and as soon as they were declared free, they formed a part of the state; every freedman was a citizen added to the republic. As the taint of their origin was not obvious to the eye, it was soon erased from the memory. In our modern colonies the case is different; the black cannot change his colour, which is an insuperable obstacle to the attainment of civil honours; so that he cannot fill the meanest post that in other countries is relinquished to the dregs of the people. The white will never allow of a political equality between himself and the negro. This is a prejudice, I shall be told—so it is; but never was prejudice so deeply rooted. Put M. Destutt de Tracy, than whom no man has a stronger abhorrence of social distinctions, to the test—place a negro over him as colonel, and see whether he will pay the most cheerful obedience to his commands.

These free negroes, whose circumstances are daily improving, begin also to pay more attention to the education of their children. They have their parasites; for the indigent white, who is not above accepting an invitation to their table, pays for his entertainment by declaiming against the prejudice

which attaches a different degree of consequence to a difference of colour. He is sure to remark that the black soldier has as military an appearance as the white: that Christophe's crown becomes him as well as if he had been born to a throne; and that a negro makes as good a count, marquis, and duke, as any other man. These flatteries do not fail to produce their effect: the negro already lays claim to civil rights; he desires places and even honorary distinctions; he begins to be listened to, because he begins to be feared; and as much with a view to satisfy him as to raise money, Spain has now permitted the mulattoes to purchase the privilege of wearing epaulettes—a measure equally impolitic and injudicious. It humbles the Spanish officer, embitters the whites, and betrays to the blacks the secret that they are feared.

In 1811, according to public documents, there were here 114,000 free persons of colour and 212,000 slaves, forming together a mass of 326,000 blacks. The white population amounted to 274,000 souls; consequently there were 55 blacks to 45 whites. The number of free negroes to slaves is as 1 to 2: in the French colonies, before the Revolution, it was as 1 to 32; in the English it is as 1 to 65. The English colonial system is undoubtedly the best. Whoever has any particular object in view, must employ adequate means for its attainment: if the thirst of gain tempts you to keep slaves, your own safety requires you to make them feel that they are such, to obstruct as much as possible the recovery of their liberty, and not suffer another negro population to spring up beside that which is doomed to labour in servitude, enjoying with freedom opportunities of acquiring wealth by industry, and nevertheless not only kept at a distance by invincible prejudice, but daily exasperated by insult and contumely.

REMAINS OF PETER CORCORAN.*

A STRANGE reaction seems about to take place in the world of letters. At the time when all things seem fast tending to mere criticism—when no prospect is left unsketched, no shade of feeling unsung, and no image or senti-

ment of poetry unscrutinized—when the personal seems declining into the literary character—a spirit has arisen among the poets and the critics themselves, which bids fair to revive the stoutest realities among us. In the very

* The *Fancy*; a selection from the Poetical Remains of the late Peter Corcoran, of Gray's Inn, Student at Law, with a brief Memoir of his life. 2vo.

midst of the *age of paper* we have hints of the age of iron. The wits are beginning, not merely to praise, but to exercise the heroic art of boxing—perhaps from an instinctive dread of the encroachments of the literary spirit, and a natural repugnance to the shadowy existence which they possess in their writings. On the same principle some of them give themselves to racket-playing, as though “they were entirely devoted to the art—married to that immortal bride.” Some cherish an enthusiasm for the sports of the field—some for robust angling—and some, less venturesome, for mere good cheer—and all are anxious to proclaim their skill in racket-playing, shooting, fishing, and eating, as though they were jealous of their personal identity, and feared that the world would imagine them fit for nothing but criticism. Time was when the facetious reviewer was jocose on his wig, his dressing-gown, and his spectacles; but now he lays aside these old symbols of authority, emblematically beats the covers for game, baits his hook for a believing public, and threatens to enforce his decisions by personal strength, like a true American judge! Our brethren of the north pitch their tent in the hills through a whole number, and play all kinds of mad pranks beneath its shadow. In another of our periodicals we find one with whom few can dispute the critical laurel (if such a laurel there be) choosing rather to be thought the best racket-player than the best prose-writer in England. In the same work, we see the productions of correspondents the most opposite—a dainty effusion of Barry Cornwall, protected by an article on “Fighting, by a young Gentleman of the Fancy.” If things proceed in this way, the Fives Court will soon be the only fair avenue to Parnassus, and a man must literally fight his way to fame. Reviews and Magazines will become worthy of their names—the first will glitter with the regular rank and file, in martial array, and the latter will be so filled with combustible materials, that, like Acres with the challenge, we shall be afraid to open them lest they should go off. Then we shall only desire to see the bars of gold issuing from the Bank at Mr. Ricardo’s bidding, and we may welcome again the æra of substantial!*

The work before us is the pleasantest indication which we have yet seen of

this pugnacious spirit. It purports to comprise the remains of a young man, who lost his mistress and his life by his attachment to “the Fancy,” with a memoir by the editor; but we need scarcely say that this is merely one of those tricks which neither deceive nor are intended to deceive any one, and that Peter Corcoran, like Jedediah Cleishbotham, has never had existence, except that which his editor has conferred on him. The circumstances in which the hero is placed during his brief career are well adapted for the editor’s purpose;—there is, of course, abundant room for sketches of the noble art, to which the life of Corcoran was devoted—his divided love for fighting and for his mistress affords fair scope for a variety of pleasant antithesis and lively punning—and the contrast between his original hopes and his sad destiny gives occasion to starts of real tenderness and pathos, which, after all, are to our tastes the most pleasing part of the volume. Among the “Remains” is an American Tragedy, the scene of which is laid in the back settlements, but which we suspect is much more agreeable than any thing which really passes among the infatuated colonists. It is in the style of “Tom Thumb” and “Bonibastes Furioso,” but has considerably more of intellect and meaning in its wit than either of these fantastical vagaries. This is followed by a fragment, called “The Fields of Tothill,” a light and pleasant medley in the measure of Don Juan, which abounds in good-natured satire, and is not without its traces of genuine beauty. The following stanzas are a specimen of the first:

“The tale I now begin is as romantic
As any thing in Tom Moore’s *Lalla Rookh*;
The lovers are as mystic and as frantic,
But they’re not Turkish—that’s against the book.
I wish they had play’d off some Eastern antic,
Or liv’d in any Harem’s palmy nook,
But they have not—and I would sooner die
Than make them oriental, with a lie.

* * * * *

“Southey would put them into India quickly,
Make them amenable to wooden gods;
But I, who do not wish to act so strictly,
Would not expose them to such solemn rods;
They can’t be foreign, but they might be sickly,
Though snug at home as peas are in their pods;
There’s something grand, tho’, in Hindoo mythology,
Yet what to them or me is dusk Theology.

“They were not Catholics, nor Calvinists,
Nor Swedenborgians, nor yet Amalians;
They were not smug nor with the Methodists,
Nor *fratern* heart and hand to the Socinians;

* See the Reading School Epilogue.

They were not even, what the state-hunters,
Church people in his Majesty's dominions;
They were, in short, or else their tales tell us,
Exceeding fond, but very far from proud.
"I wish to heaven they had been born in Turkey,
For booksellers despise an English book;
And though I held my head a little perky,
And cultivated an immortal look,
Unless the hero's mind and face were murky,
They'd see me in the Counter ere they took
A page to sell, although the whole was made for it,
And deuce a penny should I e'er get paid for it."

The passage which we are about to quote, affords us a glimpse of what the author might do if he would condescend to be serious:

"My heroine's name is at the best call'd Betsy,
A very laughing, rosy sort of creature;
The more romantic name of Rose or Jessy
Was due, beyond a doubt, to her sweet nature.
Her hair is what the Cockney School call *treasy*;
And loveliness, like oil, glosses each feature
Of her round dimpling countenance, and lends
A quakerish look—but warmer than a friend's."

"While you gaze silly at her eyes, you're brewing
A cup of dangerous mischief for your drinking;
They look all full of sweet and maddening ruin,
And do a deal of havoc with their winking;
They're like the darkest flowrets with the dew in;
And if you meet them fully there's no slinking;
They snare one like the serpent's, till one feels
Very confus'd between the head and heels."

"Around her lips there is a smiling sweetness,
Which much loveth other lips to kissing;
I wish I ne'er had witness'd such completeness
Of face—there's not a charm of value missing.
Her words trip from her tongue with all the neat-
ness"

Of morning dairy-maids, when winds are hissing
In the early leaves. I would that I were wittier,
To liken her to something that is prettier."

"There is no picture in the magazines
Sufficiently divine for such a face;
I've seen *fac-similes* of cheeks and chins,
But none with all her warmth, or half her grace,

Some of the scarcest portraits of choice queens,
Such as the Scottish Mary, give a trace;
But her sweet visage always looks the cosier—
She's something like Miss Stevens (Stephens)—
only rosier."

The following "Lines to Philip
Samson, the Brummagem Youth,"
evinced a power of handling an unpromising subject (as we still presume to think it) gracefully:

"Go back to Brummagem! go back to Brummagem!
—magem!

— Youth of that ancient and halfpenny town!
Maul manufacturers; rattle, and rattle 'em;—
Country swell'd heads may afford you renown:
Here in Town-rings, we find Fame very fast go,
The exquisite light weights are heavy to bruise;
For the graceful and punishing hand of Belasco
Foils,—and will foil all attempts on the Jews."

"Go back to Brummagem, while you have a head
on!

For bread from the Fancy is light weight enough;
Moulsley, whose turf is the sweetest to tread on,
Candidly owns you're a good bit of stuff:

But the Chander and other hands are ready to
When Israelite science and caution argue;
So pry the gods out, Youthful and potent the Jews
less,
And work for a right and get the best of the Jews!

"Turn up the rump at a fair or a holiday
Make your fist free with each Brummagem fellow;
But never again, Lad, commit such a folly, pray!
As sigh to be one of the messmates of Crib.
Leave the P. C. purse, for others to handle;
Throw up no hat in a Moulsley Horse-ken;
Bid adieu, by the two-penny post, to Jack Randall,
And take the outside of the coach,—one pound
one!"

Samson! forget there are such men as Higgins,
And Shelton, and Carter, and Bob Barnard
Spring:

Forget *loss for sides*, and forget all the fuggings,—
While shirts are pull'd off,—to make perfect the
ring.

Your heart is a real one, but skill, Pluff, is wanted;
Without it, all uselessly bravely begot;
Be content that you've beat Dolly Smith, and
been chaunted,—
And train'd,—stripp'd,—and pitted,—and hit off
your legs!"

As Randall was manifestly poor Corcoran's hero, we feel that we must, in justice to both, insert the following:

SONNET ON THE NONPAREIL

"None but himself can be his parallel!"

"With marble-coloured shoulders—and black eyes,
Protected by a forehead broad and white,—
And hair cut close lest it impede the sight,
And clenched hands, firm, and of punishing
size."

Steadily held, or motion'd wary-wise,
To hit or *stop*—and kerchief too—dark night
Over the unyielding loins, to keep from fight
The Incontinent wind, that all too often flies—
The Nonpareil stands!—Fame, whose bright eyes
run over

With joy to see a Chicken *odder* own,
Dips her pick pen in *claret*, and writes down
Under the letter R, first on the score,

"Randall,—Joan,—Irish, Parrot,—not
known,"

"Good with both hands, and *only* red-hot
four!"

The stanzas, on revisiting Shrewsbury, have a deep and genuine feeling, and a solemn quaintness of expression which befits it:

"I remember well the time,—the sweet school-day
time,—

When all was careless thought, with me, and
summer was my sleep.

I wish I could recall that school-day of prime,
For manhood is a sorry thing,—and mine
plunged deep,—

In faults that bid me weep.

"I remember well the Severn's fair perilous flight,
How can I e'er forget her silent glory and her
speed!

The wild-creed of all rivers was she then unto my
sight,

But now in common lustre death she herry
through the mead,—

Her flow I do not heed,

"A *repose* there was of *hush*,—a *cloud* of radiant
green;
"A *hollow* *vell* of *deaf*ful *hush* to *hide* the
world from me;
It seem'd what I was *hush*ing there to be a *fair*
scene.

Ah! never more thereafter a *fair* scene to be—
Save in sad memory.

"For my school-boy limbs, the river ran *rise*
through the night,
The fields were full of star-like flowers, and over-
grown with joy;
The trees around my play-ground were a very
stately sight,
But some spirit bath gone over them, to wither
and destroy—

"Who would not be a boy!"

"The Towers of that Old House, in which I did
abide
When early days were friends with me,—seem
alter'd to my eyes;
They do not stand so solemnly at night in moon-
light pride,
As when upon the silver hours by stealth I did
arise,

Forgiveness reviveth.

"And in the river's place, and the nut-trees, and
the night,
And the poetry that is upon the moonlit earth—
I have lone rooms, and sad musings, and a fast
unwilling flight

Of friends,—of self-esteem:—Oh, my heart
aches with the dearth
Of honour and of worth.

"The vain to visit olden scenes,—they change like
other friends,
Their faces are not now the same, the youth of
things is gone.

To others they may yet be bright,—and that must
make amends:

The Towers to them may yet arise and frown in
awful stone—

The Stream, in light, flow on."

The poet who can touch the heart
thus, should not be contented with
shaking the sides. We may be thought
extravagant; but we must confess that,
to our taste, the pure and serious joy
which such a reminiscence of happy
school-days awakens, is worth all the
laughter which can be excited by all
the satire, and parody, and burlesque
in the world. The stanzas also attrib-
uted to Corcoran, in one of those fits
of unavailing regret and despondence
which chequered his latter days, are
beautiful and affecting.

"The vain to grieve for what is past,
The golden hours are gone;
My own mad hand the die hath cast,
And I am left alone:
The vain to grieve—I now can leave
No other bliss—yet still I grieve!

The dreadful silence of this night
Seems breathing in my ear;
I scarce can bear the lonely light
That burns oppress'd and near;
I stare at it while half reclin'd,
And feel its thick light on my mind.

The sweetest fate have I laid waste
With a remorseless heart;
All that was beautiful and chaste,
For me seem'd set apart:
But I was fashion'd to defy
Such treasure, so set richly by.

How could I give up her, whose eyes
Were fill'd with quiet tears,
For many a day—when thoughts would rise,
Thoughts darken'd with just fears,
Of all my vices!—Memory sees
Her eyes' divine remonstrances.

A wild and wretched choice was mine,
A life of low delight;
The midnight rounds of noise and wine,
That vex the wasted night;
The bitter jest, the wearied glee,
The strife of dark society.

To those who plung'd me in the throng
Of such dissipated joys,
Who led me by low craft along,
And stunn'd my mind with noise,—
I only wish they now could look
Upon my Life's despoiled book.

When midnight finds me torn apart
From vulgar revelry,
The cold, still madness of the heart
Comes forth, and talks with me;
Talks with me, till the sky is grey
With the chill light of breaking day.

My love is lost—my studies marr'd,
My friends disgrac'd and chang'd;
My thoughts all scatter'd and impair'd,
My relatives estrang'd:
Yet can I not by day recall
My ruined spirit from its thrall."

We take leave of this work with a
high sense of the author's powers for
serious and mirthful poetry, and with an
anxious hope that, while he occasionally
indulges his taste for the latter, he will
not deprive the world of the pure grati-
fication which it would receive from his
deeper and gentler effusions.

A TALE OF VAVAOO.

A FEW years since, an English vessel touched at Vavaoo, one of the Friendly Islands. The crew were very hospitably received by the king, and being detained several weeks on account of some necessary repairs, became intimate with the most distinguished natives. The Europeans found these people extremely amiable as friends, although they could easily perceive, that when influenced by hostile feelings, their character was irritable, ferocious, and vindictive. The queen having sustained a slight injury from a fall, Mr. Piers, the surgeon of the ship was requested to attend her, and for that purpose resided chiefly in the king's house. His acquaintance with his hosts soon improved into friendship; for their characters were eminently calculated to please each other. Piers was an ardent enthusiastic spirit, overflowing with kindness, and acutely sensitive; he had long pined for more cordial intercourse than the superficial civility of polished society, and he was delighted to find himself actually beloved and cherished by beings in whose susceptibility, unaffected manners, and uncontrolled passions, he found something congenial with his own feelings, and whose simplicity and ignorance of European arts did not, in his opinion, degrade them in the scale of humanity, or render them less interesting. Nor were they less pleased with an European, who united more of European intelligence with more of native affability and kindness than any other white man they had seen. This connection became so intimate on both sides, that Piers began seriously to think of ending his days among his new friends, alledging, as an excuse, to the English, the delicate state of his health, and the congeniality of the climate with his constitution. But the crew were by no means willing to relinquish the valuable services of their surgeon upon the eve of their long and perilous homeward voyage. The officers remonstrated with him, and the men proceeded to menaces. It is not likely that he was intimidated, since the natives, a warlike and well-armed people, were able and willing to protect him. But he probably reflected that his engagements ought to be kept sacred, and that his obstinacy might involve many of his countrymen in destruction. He therefore sailed with the rest. Soon after his arrival in England he fell a

victim to a pulmonary complaint, which had attacked him on the voyage, and he died in obscurity at London. Some papers which he left, remained untouched for several years, until an inquisitive relative was lately induced to open them, when his curiosity was rewarded with the following tale, which he supposes to be founded on facts relating to the royal pair who had been so much esteemed by his kinsman; but he has hitherto had no opportunity of ascertaining the truth of this conjecture.

The lovely Mamana, reclining on soft mats, in the shades of her cocoa-grove, directed the labours of her women, who were busily staining with various devices and colours the fine cloths of gnattoo, with which their mistress was soon to be adorned as the bride of the valiant Malohi. Amidst the thousand charms of the female band, Mamana, the descendant and representative of the great and ancient, shone conspicuous by the beauty and majesty of her person, the dignity and sweetness of her countenance, and the easy grace of her attitude and gestures. But at intervals her abstracted air and deep sighs, betrayed the feverish anxiety of the destined bride. Her faithful Imahie observed the restless thoughts of her mistress; she thought of the tranquillizing power of song, and made a sign to two of the maidens; one of whom instantly began the following old national melody, which the other accompanied on the fangofango, or flute, into which she skilfully breathed through her nostril.

Fresh from ocean blows the breeze,
And the sun sinks in the seas
In crimson clouds of fire;
Let us seek the rocky shore,
Where the rolling surges roar
With loud and furious ire.
From lofty cliffs, with fearful joy we'll bend,
And see the dashing waves beneath contend.
Thence to that sweet shelter'd bay,
Where the crystal waters play
O'er smooth and solid sands.
There our polish'd limbs we'll lave,
And wanton freely o'er the wave,
A gay and mirthful band.
For sportive maids the gods that shelter keep
Safe from the greedy monsters of the deep.
How joyful once we pass'd the hours,
We danc'd, we sang, we twind our flow'rs
Or sported in the tide,
Ere yet the youth of Vavaoo
The savage strangers war-canoe
To battle had defy'd.
Ye powers divine, the woes of war remove,
Restore the happy days of peace and love!

The sweet and simple air breathed a placid calm into the heart of Mamana, which music ruled with absolute power. But the concluding words filled her dark eyes with tears, for she feared that her young warrior might soon be compelled to exchange her fond embraces for the deadly grapple of the men of Hamoa.

Whilst she was absorbed in these thoughts, Taiofa, a renowned warrior, who long had sought her hand, stood suddenly before her. Scarcely could she endure his fierce and eager gaze, and the terrible lowering of his dark brow; and she saw, with a momentary terror, that he wore his war-dress, and carried the ponderous club so dreaded by the foe. The women shrieked at his appearance, and starting up, awaited the event in trembling expectation. He regarded them not, but suppressing with difficulty the stormy passions which convulsed his soul, thus addressed Mamana in a low and constrained voice, terrific from its forced moderation. "Mamana, there is yet a moment between thee and ruin. Malohi never shall possess thee. The gods who gave me superior valour, decreed that I should choose before him. Why will the wretch rush into the fatal jaws of the shark. Who now lives that hath injured Taiofa?"

"Have I injured thee?" replied the maiden, "have I no right to give my hand to whom I please? Was I born thy slave, or hast thou bought me from a captor? It well becomes thee to vaunt thy ferocity to a defenceless woman. My father was as much the terror of the foe as thou art, but who ever heard him boast? When did Malohi talk of his deeds?"

"When did he perform them?" retorted Taiofa; "two or three warriors may have sunk beneath his club—weak men of little fame. Who in Vavaoo compares him with Taiofa? When I banqueted in Fiji on the flesh of the bravest warriors of the land slain by this arm, thy puny minion sickened at the sight of my warlike feast. But it is plain that the gods have devoted the wretch to destruction."

As he said this he whirled round his heavy club, and then struck furiously on the ground. His eyes sparkled with rage. Mamana was terrified, yet with true female address she sought to calm the maddening chief. She approached him in tears and took his hand. "Taiofa," she said, "thou wert

the friend of my father, and often hast thou promised that venerable chief to protect his daughter. Wilt thou then destroy her? Thou hast four wives younger and fairer than Mamana, why dost thou seek to increase the disquietude of thy home? Thou art the most formidable of the warriors of our island, but Malohi is loved by many chiefs of renown. His death would not pass unrevenge. Cease then, these cruel thoughts, and live in friendship and peace with Mamana and the beloved of her heart."

At these words Taiofa writhed with impatience; once he half raised his club to crush the fair pleader; but he thought of his fame. "Live, foolish girl," he cried, "live, and marry my hated rival; but remember that Taiofa hath vowed his death."

He strode angrily away, leaving Mamana oppressed with grief and fear. As custom would not allow her to visit her intended husband before their marriage, she instantly dispatched a messenger in search of him. Malohi was quickly at her feet, and heard the tender warnings of her fears. Indignation and fury blazed in his eyes when he heard of the insults she had suffered; but he uttered no threats. Mamana, however, saw the fierce resolution he had formed. "No, Malohi," she said, "leave him to the torments of his own furious passions; risk not thy virtuous life against this monster, who is, alas! too formidable. Inform the chiefs, thy friends, of his designs. Keep thy followers about thee; neglect no means of securing thy own safety, but provoke not the contest. Subdue that horrid useless passion for revenge—leave this violent man to himself, and let us hope that time and reflection will soften his ferocious heart, and make him seek our friendship and forgiveness."

The youth kissed his beautiful counsellor, and promised to avoid his enemy. He then conversed with her on their future prospects, and laid down many a visionary scheme of bliss. In this delightful converse they remained till late in the evening; the full moon beamed brightly over the scene—the nightingales sweet and plaintive song thrilled through the woods—the lovers seemed alone in the world, and all the world to each other. They parted reluctantly at Mamana's house, where her female attendants received her.

In the morning they heard that Taiofa had left the island, and rejoiced in his

departure, which they attributed to shame and remorse for his outrageous behaviour. No further obstacle impeding the wishes of the lovers, their nuptials were celebrated a few days afterwards with due solemnities and rejoicings. The king and all the principal chiefs, to whom Malohi was deservedly dear, attended the festivity.

The early, an extensive lawn before the royal mansion, was the scene of the nuptial rejoicings. At one end of it the king, the principal chiefs, the bride and bridegroom, were seated to witness the performance of the day. At a little distance from them, the most plentiful supply of provisions was arranged for distribution after the games. Baked pork, the flesh of a particular species of dogs fattened for the purpose, bananas, yams, and coconas formed the chief articles of the feast. Near these, fifty singers and musicians sat in order on the grass. Some of them beat a drum, consisting of a cylindrical piece of hollowed wood, covered with skin; others played on a sort of stickado, or instrument composed of pieces of hard wood of different sizes; by striking which they produced the various notes; others again performed on different sorts of flutes, all of which were played by the breath of the nostrils. The singers raised their voices in harmony with the instruments, and chaunted the delights of love and the reward of valour.

At the king's command, a hundred shells sounded for the gymnastic entertainments to commence. Instantly from each side of the arena twenty warriors advanced. They wore their wardresses, consisting of lofty helmets of thick basket-work, covered with the fine downy scarlet plumage of a small bird, coats of mail, composed of teeth strung in rows, and breastplates of mother of pearl obtained from enormous shells. An immense fanlike plume of long scarlet tail feathers overspread their helmets, the fronts of which were made to resemble the hideous faces of evil spirits. They were armed with clubs lighter than those used in war, and with pointless spears. Moving to slow and solemn music, they danced for a while in two divisions; frequently flourishing their weapons, and at regular pauses in the music, advancing near to each other in attitudes of defiance. By degrees the music, rising louder and quicker, excited a martial sensation in every bosom. The two divisions of warriors separated to a great distance, and threw their spears

with prodigious force and towering skill, but with similar despatch and avoided the blows. Then, raising their war-cries, they rushed together with their clubs, and fought as if life or liberty were at stake. But in these games regulations were adopted for preventing the useless waste of life, and preventing the fatal effects of irritation. At a single blast of the conch, the combatants threw down their arms, and each taking the hand of his adversary they marched off to the places prepared for them.

To a voluptuous yet melancholy air, a band of beautiful females now slowly advanced with graceful movement. The beauty and regularity of their steps, the easy grace with which they moved their heads and arms, called forth a cry of pleasure and surprise from all the spectators. The whole assembly gazed with rapture, inspired by the charms of beauty, music, and the graceful postures of the lovely dancers, who seemed animated by one soul.

Suddenly the fire of twenty muskets from the adjacent shrubberies stretched the king and nineteen brave chiefs dead or wounded on the grass. Before the pause of horror had been broken by a single scream, another volley scattered death among the multitude. The flash and report of arms, the cries of the wounded, and the screams of the terrified females,—the simultaneous rush to the outlets, for escape, instantly converted the scene of peaceful pleasure to the most appalling spectacle. Hundreds of warriors, armed and painted in the manner of the Hamoa islanders, rushing in all directions from their ambuscade, with terrible shouts, soon shewed the devoted and unarmed assembly the dreadful fate which awaited them. On every side the ruthless enemy dealt destructive blows; and ere the terrified gazers could collect their scared thoughts, they were added to the number of the slain.

The warriors of Vavoo met death without fear or complaint. A few grasping desperately with their armed fists, wrenched from them their weapons, and had the consolation of selling their lives dearly; others even without weapons made a terrible resistance, and by their natural strength and the fierceness of hopeless despair, contrived not to fall unrevenged. A few of the elder chiefs, perceiving from the first, that death was inevitable, awaited the fatal blow with folded arms and unmoved countenances. In a few minutes, of

all the company so lately rejoicing and thoughtless of danger, two only remained alive on this spot. A few had escaped; but the greater part had perished by the clubs and spears of the warriors of Hama.

The survivors were Malohi and Mamana. At the first appearance of the enemy, Mamana had flown to the arms of her lover for protection; and in the next moment they were seized by four of the Hama warriors who guarded them until the work of destruction was completed. Mamana swooned, and was spared the consciousness of the horrors by which she was surrounded; but the unhappy Malohi beheld the whole of the dreadful scene. When he found that he and his bride were alone to be preserved, a horrible suspicion instantly occurred to him, and he perceived impending dangers far more terrible than the death-blows which fell around him.

The conquerors, with boisterous mirth, now shared amongst themselves the feast which had been provided for the solemnity; and when they had appeased their hunger, the prisoners were carried before the leader of the victorious warriors. The terrified Mamana dared not to lift her eyes, until roused by an exclamation of horror and rage from her lover, she looked up, and saw, hideous with malicious delight, the ferocious countenances of Taiofa. The last spark of hope was extinguished in her bosom. She uttered a piercing shriek, and fell senseless on the ground. Taiofa commanded two of his men to carry her off. Malohi felt that he should never see her more; he struggled to break from his guards to enjoy a last embrace, but was unable to shake off their powerful grasp. Taiofa beheld his agony with a smile. "Son of the weak and foolish," said he, "cease to exhaust thy puny strength in contending with men; a foe expects thee, whose attacks will require thy utmost force. Canst thou beat off the waves of ocean? Canst thou wrestle with the rising waters? Soon, in the agonies of drowning, thy choking spirit shall vainly curse its presumption in aspiring to the chosen bride of Taiofa."

Malohi attempted to reply, but instantly received a blow on the mouth from one of the guards, while others forced a piece of wood into his mouth, which they fastened so as to prevent his speaking; they then tied his hands and feet together. At the command of Taiofa, they hurried the unfortunate

youth down to the beach, and threw him into a canoe, into which two of them followed him. They instantly began to paddle out to sea, rowing with their own old-leaky boat, in which their prisoner was to be left bound, gradually to sink. Already it was half filled with water, and continued to fill rapidly. Malohi beheld with horror the miserable fate to which he was devoted; but when he thought of that which awaited Mamana, his agony became insupportable. The insulting conqueror stood on the beach eagerly watching the progress of the vessel, which had now reached the intended point. The rowers with refined cruelty, gave the gag from their prisoner's mouth, that their chief might enjoy the fiendish pleasure of hearing his despairing cries and execrations. The dreadful moment was now arrived.

One of the men began to haul the leaky canoe alongside of that in which they were. As he stooped, his companion, raising his paddle, struck him a dreadful blow on the head, which stunned him; he fell dead into the sea. The man who had performed this extraordinary action, quickly cut the cords by which Malohi was bound, and pointing to the shore, where the chiefs and warriors were fast launching their canoes, with terrible outcries, to pursue them, bade Malohi to pull with all his might. He obeyed in silence. They made for a rocky and uninhabited part of the coast, with the desperate energy of men struggling for life. But they soon saw the vindictive Taiofa, with many others, strenuously labouring to overtake them. The canoes of the pursuers were each rowed by several men; and they soon gained upon the fugitives, whose strength began to fail. In vain the latter redoubled their efforts; their powers were exhausted; and Taiofa's canoe came swiftly on. The triumphant menaces of that terrible chief resounded in their ears as they doubled the angle of a jutting rock, and entered a pool formed in a recess of its lofty perpendicular side. Malohi, seeing no outlet for escape, uttered a deep groan: "Now follow me," said his companion, and dived into the sea. Without hesitation Malohi followed him. The pursuers in a few moments came up with the empty canoe; and when they found that their destined victims had precipitated themselves into the ocean to escape their cruelty, their

disappointment broke out in dreadful execrations.

Meantime the unfortunate Mamana, on recovering from her swoon, found herself in an apartment of the house which had lately been the king's, attended by two of her own women. They informed her that several of their companions had been killed in the late dreadful affray, and the rest enslaved by the Hamoa people; and that the house in which they were was strongly guarded. From this she also learned the fate to which her lover had been condemned, and which they imagined he had suffered. This dreadful intelligence was unbounded; she seized a dagger, and wounded her face and hand in several places; tore her beautiful hair, and throwing herself on the ground, abandoned herself entirely to her grief, uttering the most piteous cries. In this state she was found by Taiofa on his return. Her swollen and bleeding face, her torn and soiled garments, her scattered tresses, and the extravagance of her sorrow, protected her for the time from the wild passions of the chief. He gave orders for every attention to her accommodation, and retired to meditate and ripen a new and important scheme. In returning from their fruitless pursuit, the Hamoa warriors had perceived a small European vessel in the offing, which was evidently endeavouring to make Varavoo. Taiofa was desirous of taking this vessel; and as that could only be effected by stratagem, he had appointed a consultation of chiefs at the house of the god Tooitonga.

The priest of Tooitonga was the oracle of these islands. He kept up a daily intercourse with his divinity, and managed his replies with so much address, that they were generally sure of being confirmed by events. To maintain the dignity of the divinity he represented, he often judged it expedient to require a human sacrifice; and such was his influence, that even when he named for that purpose the children of the most distinguished persons in the island, their parents never withheld them from his sanguinary grasp. He was maintained in the most luxurious manner by the devout natives, who carried him plenty of dainties which, he assured them, was the most agreeable service they could render to heaven.

When the chiefs had assembled in his house, each of them made an offering to

the god; and then Taiofa inquired of him, whether they should succeed in their intended attack on the white men's ship. The priest seemed to meditate for some time; then appeared in a sort of trance; then foamed at the mouth, uttered several strange cries; and soon afterwards became calm. He then told them Tooitonga had been with him, and assured him that if they did not conquer, it would be their own fault; and that as he intended to protect them, he required them to offer to him, through his priest, all the drink they might find in the white men's ship, together with some shirts and trowers, for the more magnificent apparel of his priest. These conditions they promised to fulfil, and departed full of confidence in their undertaking.

It was determined that Taiofa, and eleven Hamoa chiefs, should each go on board the vessel, with a canoe laden with hogs, coconos, and other provisions, as presents and for traffic, and attended by eight or ten resolute warriors. They were to affect the most friendly disposition and peaceable intentions, until they should be so dispersed over the ship that every one of the crew might be singly and suddenly attacked, and stabbed with their iron-wood daggers, which were to be concealed under their cloaks.

Early the next morning the ship had anchored in the bay, and a few canoes were sent to open a friendly communication, which was very adroitly performed. The confederate chiefs then began to go off to the ship by degrees, and were received on board in the most amicable manner. Presents were interchanged, and purchases made. The number of the islanders on board somewhat exceeded that of the crew. Taiofa, as the principal chief, met with particular attentions from the captain. His people were now dispersing themselves in the manner agreed on, and Taiofa perceived they would presently expect the signal he was to give by stabbing the captain. A loud cry suddenly pierced his ear; and turning round, he saw one of his confederates fall mortally wounded by the dirk of an officer. Instantly the whole crew drawing pistols from their bosoms, fired upon the treacherous natives, whose lifeless bodies soon strewed the deck. A few only escaped by jumping overboard. Taiofa, detected, terrified, and thunder-struck, conceiving that the gods had revealed the plot to the white men, fell prostrate at the captain's feet. He was raised from the deck by two seamen;

but what was his horror and amazement at seeing, immediately behind the captain, the figure of Malohi. He now judged that he was in the land of spirits, where his victim's ghost would eternally torment him for his cruelty. But he was soon undeceived.

"Thou seest me alive," said Malohi, "and my preservation has led to the detection and punishment of thy perfidy. Where is Mamana?"

A faint hope of safety cheered the miserable Taiofa. He knew the generosity of his rival, and eagerly declared that Mamana was well and safe, and had suffered no insult or injury from him.

"Tis well," said Malohi, "traitor and murderer as thou art, thou hast yet forborne one crime. Say, should I obtain thy life from the white chief, shall there be peace between us?"

But the reproaches of his rival had changed the thoughts of Taiofa. He perceived that his power was destroyed—his reputation gone—his hopes blighted—and that protracted life would only be lengthened infamy; nor could he hope that the people of Vavaoo, his injured countrymen, would forgive his treacherous introduction of their Hamoa enemies. He therefore resolved to die. "Know," said he, "that Taiofa disdains thy intercession. He can suffer death as unmoved as he can inflict it."

As he said these words, he was seized by the French seamen, who dragged him into the hold, and loaded him with irons.

Hundreds of canoes surrounded the vessel, chiefly filled with natives of Vavaoo. When they saw the fall of so many of the Hamoa warriors, they rejoiced in the prospect of their speedy deliverance from those invaders. They, therefore, shewed no disposition to interfere. The French captain, however, regarded them all as enemies, and maintained all due precautions; he was therefore much relieved when Malohi explained to him the real state of affairs. After relating the jealous rivalry between himself and Taiofa, and the treacherous manner in which that warrior had betrayed his countrymen to the people of Hamoa, he proceeded to narrate his own escape.

"When I precipitated myself into the waves, in imitation of my companion, I thought merely of disappointing the vengeance of my rival, by rushing into the arms of death. But when I rose again to the surface, the instinct of nature compelled me to strive for ex-

istence. I breathed the air, but seemed in utter darkness. With what rapture did I hear my companion whisper, 'Courage—be still—you are safe!'—At the same instant he assisted me to a crag, by which I held for some time.

"My eyes soon began to accustom themselves to the dim light of the place in which we were, and which at first I thought quite dark. I then perceived it to be a spacious cavern, into which the entrance from the sea lay beneath the surface. The light was partly reflected from the bottom of the sea, through the aperture into the cave. We now emerged from the water, and stood on the crags in silence, dreading our pursuers should remain so near the spot. But when the glare of the light warned us of the approach of evening we ventured to quit the cave. We dived out of it in the same manner as we had entered it, swam for a considerable distance round the projecting rock, and at length safely landed. We remained concealed among the cliffs till the evening, during which time my preserver informed me of the motives by which he had been induced to undertake my deliverance, and explained the means by which he had effected it. He was a young native of Hamoa, named Fanaw; and although I did not remember him, yet he fortunately recollected that in an invasion of his country by the people of Vavaoo, while he was yet a boy, I had dissuaded our chiefs from putting to death a number of prisoners, among whom were himself, his mother, and sister. He had accidentally discovered this cave when fishing, and happily for me had never disclosed the secret of its existence. At night we issued from our concealment, and I found that we had landed near the dwelling of the priest of Tootonga. I had no doubt that Taiofa and his Hamoa warriors had spared the old man from veneration for the god he serves, and I thought that I might depend on his aid for food, shelter, and the means of escaping to one of the Tonga islands. We therefore advanced towards his dwelling; but as we approached, we perceived an unusual number of lights, and heard the sound of many voices. Fanaw proposed to retreat instantly, but I felt an irresistible impulse to ascertain who were with the priest, and on what occasion. I therefore crept through the shrubs close up to his house, near the apertures where only a mat separated me from those within. There I overheard the

account of your arrival, O brave white chief! and the treacherous plot laid for your assassination, and the capture of your ship. Fanaw and I determined to apprise you of the intended attack, in hopes that timely notice might enable you to turn the attempts of your enemies to their own destruction, and thus relieve the island of Vavao from its sanguinary tyrants. For this purpose we traversed the country till we arrived on the coast opposite your vessel, seized a canoe, and came off to you before dawn. The event has fulfilled our expectations."

The sorrowful Mamana, exhausted by her frantic grief, had sunk into a deep but unquiet sleep, in which she passed the night. The visions of slumber presented to her the most fearful images: sometimes she beheld her lover bound and sinking in his canoe—she saw his face sink beneath the waves, and heard his last gurgling cries as the waters suffocated him. Again he appeared as if revived, struggling with his terrible rival, and at last slain by his spear; when the victor commanded his flesh to be prepared for his horrid feast. In the morning she awoke to the consciousness of her dreadful fate. On a pile of mats she sat motionless; her arms embracing her knees; her tearless eyes fixed on vacancy. Her sagacious attendant soon perceived the symptoms of impending insanity: and in hopes to relieve her by exciting her tears, she sang in a low tone, and mournful measure, an old and pathetic elegy, of which the following may give some idea:

"What sounds, in the forest, so mournfully swelling,

Thrill, plaintive, and sweet, through the silence of night?

'Tis the heart-broken maid, in her desolate dwelling,

Bewailing the youth who has perish'd in fight.

Fled is the beauty her eyes that enchanted,

Mute is the voice that pour'd love and delight,

Cold is the breast on her bosom that panted,

Fall'n is the youth in the terrible fight.

Far o'er the waves is an island of pleasure,

Heroes departed there reign in delight;

There, hapless maid, seek thy dearly-lov'd treasure,

There dwells thy lover, who fell in the fight.

Mamana at first seemed unconscious of the song; but at length some particular note seemed to rivet her attention. She listened—changed her attitude—and towards the conclusion wept abundantly.

A loud and continued noise was now

heard without; and in a few minutes the two Hamoa warriors, who had been left to guard them, entered the house, pursued by a number of the Vavao people, who soon dispatched them with their clubs. They then explained to Mamana the revolution of her fortune, and that of her country, occasioned by the failure of Taiofa's enterprise, in which the principal Hamoa warriors having fallen, the people had risen against those who were left behind, and put them to death. They also acquainted her with the supposed fate of her lover. As she was already persuaded of his death, the information that he had escaped by a voluntary act from the cruelty of his rival, gave her a mournful satisfaction. As a chieftainess of rank they carried her directly to the marly, where all the remaining nobles, who had survived the treacherous attack of Taiofa, were immediately to assemble to regulate the government of the island.

As she approached the spot where several chiefs had already met, she perceived another party advancing to the place in another direction. This was the French captain and his crew, with two other persons, one of whom instantly attracted the eyes of the astonished Mamana. At the same moment he flew to meet her, and in the next was in her arms. She clasped the living Malohi; she could not mistrust her senses, but her excessive joy was too powerful for the weak state to which she was reduced, and she would have fallen senseless to the ground but for the support of her lover. He, who thought her dying, uttered frantic cries, which happily reaching the ears of the French seamen, they ran to the spot, when a surgeon among them instantly comprehending the affair, promptly bled the fair Mamana, who soon recovered to life, and love, and happiness.

The assembled chiefs, after lamenting the destruction of most of their order through the treason of Taiofa, found that the rank of Mamana was such as to entitle her to the sovereignty. They therefore declared her queen, and appointed an early day for her marriage with Malohi, which took place accordingly, and conferred on him the royal dignity. The wretched Taiofa was executed by the French, as an example to the contrivers of similar treachery. May the reign of Malohi and Mamana be long and prosperous—their lives virtuous and happy.



SIR JOSEPH BANKS BART

P. R. S.

MEMOIR OF SIR JOSEPH BANKS, BART. G.C.B. P.C. AND PRESIDENT
OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.
(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

It is to unite a love of science, personal activity, energy of mind, and a fortune commensurate with the pursuits of its possessor, be the best qualifications for a modern philosopher, we may safely say that no individual of the present day possessed these requisites, in the aggregate, to a greater extent than the subject of our biography, whose recent loss will be felt by all the scientific world, but most especially by that learned and patriotic body over which he has presided for upwards of forty years, with a reputation throughout Europe, nay the universe, fully equal to that which he has maintained at home, in spite of the opposition of some of his coadjutors, the malevolence of others, and the poetical sauries of one who, with a refined taste for literature, and a genuine love of art, was unfortunately rather the *Thersites* than the *Juvenal* of his day.

Not even excepting the great Swedish Naturalist, it may with justice be asserted, that Sir Joseph Banks was the most active philosopher of modern times. For this he was peculiarly fitted by nature, not only in mental abilities, but in bodily powers. Tall and well formed in person, he bade defiance to fatigue; manly and expressive in countenance, he spoke confidence to his companions in enterprize; whilst his dignity and intelligence were ready passports to conciliation and friendship. Of later years, indeed, old age and the gout, in some measure, checked his personal exertions; but his mind was ever active, as his purse was always open, for the cause of science.

His family is said to have been of noble Swedish extraction; and the first, of whom we find any account, was Simon Banke, who, in the reign of Edward III., married the daughter and heiress of — Caterton, of Newton, in Yorkshire. From him descended Robert Bankes, who, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., was an eminent attorney at Giggleswick; and whose sons distinguished themselves on the English side in the civil wars. Since that period, Sir Joseph's ancestors have been connected with the families of Frankland and Hancock, of which latter the fortune was possessed and the name borne by his father, an estimable country gentleman,

residing principally at his seat in Lincolnshire, Revesby Abbey, about 2½ miles E. S. E. of Lincoln, and seated on high grounds amongst the fens, over which it has a most extensive prospect. This house is nearly on the site of a Cistercian monastery, which, at the dissolution, was granted to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, from whom it passed to the Burleighs, afterwards to the Howards of Berkshire, and from them it was purchased by an ancestor of the late possessor. There Sir Joseph, an only son, with one sister, was born on the 13th December, 1743.

His school education passed rapidly over, and he was sent to Oxford at a very early age, where he soon formed a strong attachment for natural history, a love for which was then spreading over Europe in consequence of the writings of Linnæus; and in that science he speedily displayed a great proficiency, in addition to the general pursuits of liberal knowledge. His ardent ambition, to distinguish himself as an active promoter of his favourite pursuit, soon began to manifest itself; and his collegiate course being completed at the early age of twenty, he nobly resolved to forego the parade of courts, the glitter of fashion, and the pleasures of a town life, for the investigation of Nature in her wildest haunts, and in her most inclement regions.

This was in 1763, when he left England on a transatlantic voyage to investigate, during a summer trip, the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador; both of which, though frequented by fishermen, were then unknown, it may be said, to the philosophic world. In this pursuit he acquitted, or improved, those habits of investigation excited by the contemplation of rare and novel objects; and he found his difficulties and dangers fully compensated by numerous additions to his cabinet of natural history: whilst those very difficulties, dangers, and deprivations, served to fit him for further exertions in the cause of science.

It were much to be wished that some literary friend of the venerable President may yet furnish to the world some account of this first expedition from his papers. Even at the present moment Labrador is very little known, except

from some slight observations of the late Sir Roger Curtis, when a lieutenant in the navy; and more recently from the pen of the late Captain Cartwright, but who seems to have dedicated his time solely to hunting, or to the commercial details of a fishing establishment.

After his return, he became acquainted with the much-esteemed Dr. Solander, a Swedish gentleman, the pupil of Linnæus, who had recently visited London with strong letters of recommendation, which, in addition to his philosophical merit, soon procured him an appointment in the British Museum, then first established.

Thus occupied in various scientific pursuits until the year 1767, having previously become a member of the Royal Society, his desire for further investigation of new worlds was again excited by the plan proposed by that learned body, for observing the expected transit of Venus on some island of the South Sea group; then lately introduced to public notice by the recent voyages of Byron, Wallis, and Carteret: part of a system of discovery and nautical research, instituted upon the most liberal and public-spirited principles by our late revered Sovereign, who was scarcely seated on his throne, when he determined to avail himself of the courage and abilities of British seamen, to set at rest for ever all the geographical doubts and theories of the learned world.

No sooner did Mr. Banks understand that the *Endeavour*, commanded by Captain (then Lieutenant) Cook, was equipping for her voyage, and intended to prosecute further discovery after the observation of the transit, than he determined to embark in the expedition, not only to satisfy a laudable curiosity, but also in the hope of enriching his native land with a tribute of knowledge from countries yet unknown, and on whose rude and uncultivated inhabitants he might bestow something that would render life of more value, by an acquaintance, though at first a limited one, with the arts and productions of Europe.

Speaking of Sir Joseph and his philosophical friend, Captain Cook himself says, "In this voyage I was accompanied by Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander; the first, a gentleman of ample fortune; the other, an accomplished disciple of Linnæus: both of them distinguished in the learned world, for their extensive and accurate knowledge of natural history. These gentlemen, animated by

the love of science, and by a desire to pursue their enquiries in the remote regions I was preparing to visit, desired permission to make the voyage with me. The Admiralty readily complied with a request that promised such advantage to the world of letters. They accordingly embarked with me, and participated in all the dangers and sufferings of our tedious and fatiguing navigation."

Mr. Banks, indeed, entered upon his preparations with a most generous spirit; providing himself with two draughtsmen for landscape and figures, and for natural history, Messrs. Buchan and Parkinson, a secretary, and four servants, together with all the necessary books, instruments, &c.; whilst at the same time every convenience, and accommodation were readily and liberally afforded by government. The *Endeavour* sailed from Plymouth Sound on the 26th of August, 1768; and even between the Lizard and Cape Finisterre, our philosophers commenced their additions to natural history, not only investigating many marine animals, previously unknown to naturalists, but also discovering a bird, undescribed even by the accurate Linnæus, and evidently blown from the land, as it expired in Mr. Banks's hand, from apparent exhaustion. This new species of wag-tail Mr. Banks very appropriately called by the name of *motacilla velificans*, saying that none but sailors would venture on board a ship that was going round the world.

On their arrival at Madeira, Mr. Banks had the satisfaction of receiving permission for himself and Dr. Solander to search the island for natural curiosities, and to employ persons to take fish and gather shells, which time would not permit them to collect for themselves; a permission which the ignorant jealousy of the Portuguese only granted through the urgent solicitations of Mr. Cheap, the British consul.

Our limits forbid us to trace all Mr. Banks's observations on this interesting island, but we cannot omit the whimsical ignorance of the nuns of Santa Clara, who appear to have supposed that philosophers must be conjurers, inquiring of them, when on a visit to their grate, when it would thunder, whether a spring of fresh water were to be found within the walls of their convent, and several other questions equally absurd and extravagant; the philosophical silence upon which, did not tend to raise

our men of science high in their estimation.

Passing by Teneriffe, they proceeded towards the Cape de Verd Islands. Mr. Banks taking every opportunity of adding to his stores of natural history, both aquatic and aerial; and thence, crossing the Atlantic towards the coast of Brazil, they arrived at Rio Janeiro in November.

Here Mr. Banks's hopes and expectations were completely frustrated by the ignorant stupidity, and obstinate political jealousy of the Portuguese governor, who, understanding that there were men of science on board, not only refused them permission to reside on shore, but even to land from the ship. Even when they attempted to go on shore to pay a formal visit to the viceroy, they were prevented by the guard boats; nor was Mr. Banks's own memorial on the subject attended with any better success.

In this dilemma, with a world of new creation before his eyes, and the very Tantalus of philosophy, his first resource was to send some of his servants on shore at break of day, who came off after dark in the evening with so many plants and insects, that he and Dr. Solander were induced to evade the vigilance of the guard-boats, and go on shore themselves the ensuing day; Dr. Solander getting admittance into the town in the character of surgeon of the ship, at the request of a sick friar, where he received many marks of civility; whilst Mr. Banks got on shore in the country, but did not venture towards the city, as his objects of pursuit were in the fields and hedges, where he made considerable acquisitions.

It was understood, however, the next day, that the officers of government were making a strict search after some persons who had been on shore without permission, and accordingly our philosophers determined to remain on board, in preference to a Brazilian prison.

They sailed on the 7th of December; and no sooner had the guard-boat left them, than Mr. Banks most impatiently availed himself of the opportunity of examining the islands at the entrance of the bay, where he collected many species of rare plants, and a most brilliant variety of insects.

Proceeding towards the south, nature opened upon them in her most grand attire. Beds of sea-weed were met with, to which they gave the name of *Pous Gigantes*, upwards of

one hundred feet in length of stalk; and immense numbers of insects were caught blown off from the coast of Patagonia. Approaching Terra del Fuego they passed through Straits Le Maire, where Lient. Cook afforded Mr. Banks every possible opportunity of making observations, sending him and his attendants on shore, and standing off and on with the ship when he could not anchor.

The Endeavour now put into Good Success bay to wood and water, when many curious observations were made on the rude inhabitants of that wild district. Whilst lying there, Mr. Banks and his companions had nearly perished, in an excursion to the mountains in search of plants. Mistaking their route on their return, in a snow-storm, though then the middle of summer in that hemisphere, they were first checked in their progress by Mr. Buchan falling into a fit, which forced them into a chain of circumstances that led to their passing the night upon a woody mountain, exposed to cold, hunger, and fatigue, under which a seaman and a black servant of Mr. Banks expired; and it was with the greatest difficulty that Dr. Solander was saved. During the whole of this trying scene, the activity, spirit, and presence of mind of Mr. Banks were most admirable; owing to which alone did the whole party escape from perishing.

Whilst passing round Cape Horn, and in their route to the north-west, Mr. Banks made great additions to the science of ornithology, he having himself killed no less than sixty-two birds in one day; and as they approached the immense, and then new, Archipelago of the South Sea Islands, the first land seen was discovered by his own servant, Peter Briscoe, to which, from its shape and appearance, was given the name of Lagoon Island. Running through a number of new islands, the recently-discovered land of Otaheite was seen on the 10th of April, 1769, the island to which they were directed to proceed for the observation of the transit which was to take place on the 2d of the ensuing June.

During his long residence amongst a newly-discovered people, lively, bold, and not half-civilized, Mr. Banks distinguished himself much by his activity, good temper, and conciliatory manners, which tended much to the comfort and success of the expedition. He soon became a great favourite with the chiefs, and indeed with all ranks, as his

leisure gave him more opportunities of cultivating their acquaintance and friendship than Cook could possibly spare from his professional avocations. He became, of course, the friend, the mediator, and the umpire upon all occasions of doubt and difficulty which could not fail to occur in a situation so novel. With the ladies, too, he was a great favourite; and a whimsical scene once occurred upon a visit to one of the chiefs whose wife, *Tomis*, the moment they sat down, did our philosopher the honour to place herself close by him, indeed on the same mat. Unfortunately the high-bred dame, like some of her sisters in our world of fashion, was not in the first bloom of her youth, nor did she exhibit any traits of ever having been a beauty: he therefore manifested no extraordinary gratitude for those public marks of distinction; but seeing a very pretty girl in the crowd, and not adverting to the dignity of his noble companion, beckoned to her to come and sit by him. After a little coquetry the girl complied, when, seated between his rival queens, he unfortunately paid all his attentions to the latter, loading her with beads and with every showy trifle that he thought would gratify her. This soon produced evident marks of disappointment in the countenance of his more elderly *chère amie*; yet she persevered in her civilities, assiduously supplying him with the milk of the coconut, and such other dainties as were within her reach, evidently with the design of taking his heart or his trinkets, if not by storm at least by sap, when this most ludicrous scene was hastily broken up by the ingenuity of the Baringtons and Soameses of the island, who had emptied the pockets of some of the gentlemen as dexterously as if they had been coming out from the Opera.

This produced considerable confusion, but was, however, at length got over by the judicious conduct of Mr. Banks, which led to the immediate recovery of the stolen goods. So strong indeed was his desire to avoid giving any offence to the natives, with whose customs they were then unacquainted, that when one of his draughtsmen, Mr. Buchan, died, he declined bringing him on shore, and consented to his body being sunk in the offing, which was done with as much decency and solemnity as circumstances and situation would admit of.

The natives soon began to put such

confidence in Mr. Banks, that, as his tent was set up in the little fortification constructed on Point Verre, one of the most powerful chiefs paid him a visit, bringing with him not only his wife and family, but the roof of a house, and materials for fitting it up, with furniture and amplements of various kinds, declaring his resolution to take up a residence there; an instance of good-will and confidence highly pleasing, which Mr. Banks used every means in his power to strengthen and improve.

Our philosophers were now busily employed in collecting and preserving such specimens of natural history, in various branches, as they could procure; but in this pursuit they were much annoyed by flies and other insects, which not only covered the paper on which Mr. Parkinson, the natural history painter, was at work, but actually eat off the colour as fast as he could lay it on.

The voyagers were soon gratified by a visit from the well-known Queen Obaena, who then lived separate from her husband, and seemed determined to pay every personal attention to Mr. Banks, who, on one occasion, happened to catch her majesty in a little faux-pas; for, proceeding not very early in the forenoon, to attend her drawing-room in her canoe, he popped unexpectedly into her bed-chamber under the awning; and stepping in to call her up, a liberty which he thought he might take without any danger of giving offence, he discovered there, to his great astonishment, a handsome young fellow of five-and-twenty. Propriety, of course, induced him to retreat with some degree of haste and confusion, but the lords of the bed-chamber and *dames d'honneur* immediately informed him, that such occurrences never excited the animadversions of tea-tables, or gave offence to the prudes, nor brought guests to Doctor's Commons, but were as universally known as the most secret arrangements of the same kind in European cathedrales. Indeed the lady herself was so little affected by the *mal-adroit* discovery, that she rose and dressed with all expedition, and admitting Mr. Banks to her dressing-room, as a mark of special grace, clothed him with her own elegant hands in a suit of fine cloth, which preceded with him to the temple, where she was received with all due respectful ceremony.

Mr. Banks became now the universal friend of all the natives of every rank

To him they applied in every emergency of distress; and on his assurances, on all occasions, they placed the most implicit confidence. This was of the highest consequence to the expedition, when, a short time before the expected transit, the astronomical quadrant, which was then carried on shore for the first time, was stolen from the tents during the night. The loss of this instrument would have amounted nearly to the total failure of the object in view, and Mr. Banks, who "upon such occasions declined neither labour nor risk, and who had more influence over the Indians than any" of the officers, determined to go into the woods in search of it, accompanied only by a midshipman and Mr. Green, the astronomer. After great fatigue and exertion, and with considerable presence of mind, as detailed in Hawkesworth's account of the voyage, the quadrant was happily recovered, and Mr. Banks had the satisfaction of displaying his zeal in favour, not only of science in general, but of a branch, to which he was not attached by any personal predilection.

We might fill our pages with many whimsical anecdotes of the subject of our biography, during his visit to Otaheite, where he was prominent upon all occasions, but for these must refer the curious reader to Hawkesworth, particularly in regard to some adventures with *Oberoa*, which, after his return, prompted some wicked wit to write to him, or rather to print to him, a poetical epistle from that princess; an epistle attributed to the late Professor Porson, though not correctly, as we have noticed in our biography of that gentleman.

When the day of observation arrived, Cook, in order to guard against disappointment from cloudy weather, dispatched a party in the long-boat to Eimeo, an island in the vicinity; Mr. Banks, in his indefatigable zeal for science, determined to accompany them, though it certainly was at that time a service of some risk to go with so small a force amongst strangers. Such, however, was the confidence with which he himself had inspired the natives, that Tahiourai Taimaite, one of the principal chiefs, together with his wife, readily accompanied the little party without fear or apprehension.

So ancient was Mr. Banks in the investigation of every thing novel or curious, that he actually consented to sit a part in one of their funeral processions,

since upon no other terms could he be permitted to witness it; he therefore officiated in this ceremony in the capacity of *Nurech*: for which purpose he was stripped of his European dress, and a small piece of cloth being tied round his middle, his body was smeared with charcoal and water as low as the shoulders, until it was as black as that of a negro. The same operation was performed upon several others, amongst whom were some ladies, who were reduced to a state as near to nakedness as himself; and thus they set forward, not as an European procession, with a crowd at their heels, but driving every body before them with terror and affright; when, after half an hour's marching in silence and solitude, the mourners were dismissed to wash themselves in the river, and to put on their customary apparel.

Preparing for their departure, Mr. Banks most sedulously employed himself in rendering to those gentle islanders all the services in his power; for which purpose he planted a great quantity of water-melons, oranges, lemons, limes, and other plants and trees, which he had collected at Rio Janeiro, even at the risk of his personal liberty. Nor was his generous care unappreciated by the natives; for having planted some of the melon seeds soon after arrival, these had thriven so well that the islanders pointed them out to him with great satisfaction, importuning him for more seeds; which request, of course, he readily granted.

All ranks were justly partial to him; but one individual became particularly attached, so much so indeed, that he determined to proceed to England in the ship. This was *Tapia*, who had been prime-minister to *Oberoa*, in her days of active sovereignty when Captain Wallis was there, and who was also the chief *Tahowa*, or archbishop of the island, and consequently a most interesting individual to bring to England, either for obtaining information respecting Otaheite, or for carrying back again the arts and knowledge of Europe.

For various scenes and anecdotes during their range through new-discovered lands, in their voyage from Otaheite to New Zealand, we must refer to the printed account of the voyage itself, merely noting that the name of Banks was given to an island on that coast by Cook, in lat. 43. 22. S., and lon. 196. 30. W., not very far distant from that point which is the antipodes of London.

After coasting the two islands which form New Zealand, the voyagers proceeded towards the coast of New Holland, to which part Cook gave the name of New South Wales, where Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander made so many botanical acquisitions in one bay, that the name of Botany Bay was given to it; but Port Jackson they merely passed so as to see that it was a harbour deserving of a name. Whilst running along the coast of New Holland, they met with an accident which had nearly deprived Mr. Banks, and the world at large, of the fruits of all his labours; for the ship having struck upon a coral reef, to the manifest risk of all their lives, of which there is a most interesting account in *Hawkesworth*, they afterwards got her into Endeavour River, where, on bringing her by the stern to get at the leak under the bows, the water in the limbers rushed aft into the bread-room, where all his botanical collections were stowed, together with his other acquisitions in natural history, which were so completely wetted through, that it was with the utmost difficulty they could be restored.

From New Holland they visited New Guinea, proceeding thence through the Indian Archipelago to Batavia, where both Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander had nearly lost their lives from that unhealthy climate. There too, to his inexpressible regret, he lost his Otaheitean friend, Tupia, whose superior intelligence and goodness of heart had endeared him to his patron. After visiting the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, the *Endeavour* anchored in the Downs on the 12th of June, 1771; and Mr. Banks had the pleasure of landing on his native shore, after an absence of three years all but two months.

Our enterprising philosopher was received on his return, by all ranks, with the most eager admiration and the utmost kindness; and on the 10th of August, by his Majesty's express desire, Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander, accompanied by Sir John Pringle, then President of the Royal Society, attended at Richmond, where they had the honour of a private royal interview, which lasted some hours. Indeed neither of these distinguished naturalists had been unmindful of the predilection which he, whom we may now call the great father and patron of British science, had for botanical novelty; and accordingly they had taken care to bring home a great

many specimens for the royal gardens at Kew, which were most graciously received.

Amidst the display of philosophic admiration of the voyagers, there were still some envious individuals who affected to despise their exertions and acquisitions. The younger Forster, who, with his father, accompanied Captain Cook in his second voyage, seems to allude to this when he says,—"The British legislature did not send out and liberally support my father as a naturalist, who was merely to bring home a collection of butterflies and dried plants." But this is the less deserving notice, as Forster was a professed grumbler, became afterwards an admirer of the rights of man, and through the exercise of those rights, lost his head somewhere in Germany.

Soon after the arrival of Mr. Banks in London, he became entangled in a dispute with the relations of one of his draughtsmen, Sydney Parkinson, who had died in the course of the voyage, having been engaged at a salary of 80*l.* per annum, as natural history painter, for which he had shewn considerable genius. Parkinson's friends seemed to have formed the most extravagant ideas respecting the property left by their young friend in general effects, curiosities, and drawings; and consequently they felt much disappointed, accusing Mr. Banks, by implication, of having unfairly taken possession of various articles, independently of drawings, which he claimed as the work of his own draughtsman. But these charges, with the whole affair of the publication of Parkinson's account of the voyage, may be found in the preface to that book; but as much of it seems the result of passion and prejudice, no farther notice of it is necessary here; and indeed Mr. Banks appears not to have considered himself as at all called on to offer any vindication in the affair.

Early in 1772 an expedition was prepared under the command of Captain Cook, to proceed in search of the so much talked of Southern Continent; in which Mr. Banks most anxiously took a part, intending to perform the voyage; he prepared his establishment upon the most extensive scale, and was to be accompanied by Zoffany the painter, under his Majesty's express patronage. On this account orders were given by the Admiralty for fitting the ships out with every possible accommodation that Mr.

Banks could desire; but the Resolution having sailed from Long Reach for Plymouth on the 10th of May, she was found so very crank, from the additional upper works, even in the smooth water of the river, as to be obliged to be carried into Sheerness to have the additional cabins cut away, with such other alterations as were necessary to make her sea-worthy. This of course struck at the very root of Mr. Banks's project, in curtailing him of the space and accommodation absolutely necessary for the establishment which he had formed; but so anxious were the Admiralty to do every thing possible for him, that the first Lord, the Earl of Sandwich, and Sir Hugh Palliser, actually went down to Sheerness to superintend the alterations, and to preserve things in such a state as to accommodate the man who was nobly resigning all the delights of polished society in the cause of science. It was impracticable, however, with any regard to the safety of the ship, and the success of the geographical objects of the expedition, to preserve the necessary accommodations; and Mr. Banks gave up his plans, though with great regret, and not before the early part of June, on the 11th of which month the Messrs. Forster were engaged to perform the voyage upon a smaller scale of preparation; during all which Mr. Banks most sedulously gave his best advice and assistance.

Disappointed in this expedition, Mr. Banks was prompted to engage in some other active research, and accordingly determined on a voyage to Iceland and the western islands of Scotland; partly for the purpose of scientific observation, and, as Van Troil states, who accompanied him, in order to keep together and employ the draughtsmen, and other persons, whom he and Dr. Solander had engaged for the South Sea expedition.

The vessel which he hired for this voyage was engaged at 100*l.* per month; and the party was agreeably increased by Dr. James Lind of Edinburgh as astronomer, and the late Captain Gore, who accompanied Cook in his third voyage, then a Lieutenant; to which we may add another Lieutenant of the navy, three draughtsmen, two writers, and seamen, and servants, to the number of forty in all.

They sailed from the river in July, and called at Portsmouth, thence to Plymouth, and proceeded up St. George's Channel, meaning to call at the Isle of

Man for the purpose of examining some Runic inscriptions; but the weather being unfavourable, they gave up the design, and pushed on for the Western Islands, visiting Oransay, Columbkil, Scarba, and Staffa, so remarkable for its basaltic columns, but till then, we may say, comparatively unknown. In fact, previous to this, Staffa had only been slightly mentioned by Buchanan; so that Mr. Banks had no idea or intention of stopping there, nor would he, had it not been that the strength of the tides obliged them to anchor, during the night, in the sound between the Isle of Mull and Morven, opposite to Drumen, the seat of Maclean, a Highland chieftain, who invited the travellers on shore to breakfast the next morning, when they received information of the pillars from Mr. Leach, who had visited them a few days before. Mr. Banks' desire for information could not resist the offer of that gentleman to accompany the party to Staffa, and accordingly they set off in the boats the same day, arriving at the spot late in the evening, the distance being about nine leagues from their anchorage. For probable inconveniences they had well provided, having taken two days' provisions, and a small tent, in which they cooked their suppers and slept, in preference to taking up their abode in the only house on the island.

Having ordered their vessel to wait for them at Tobirmore, a very fine harbour on the Mull side, they joined her, after gratifying their curiosity by an accurate investigation, and proceeded on their voyage, which was now directed through seas hitherto unexplored by the eye of philosophic science.

They passed the Orkneys and Shetland islands without any particular investigation; being anxious to have the whole summer before them for the examination of Iceland, whose rocky coasts promised them great acquisitions in ichthyology, whilst its extensive plains, under the rapid and exuberant fertility of the northern hemisphere, would present a new scene in the botanical world.

On the 28th of August, 1772, they arrived off the coast of Iceland, and anchored near to Bassestedr; from whence they proceeded to investigate the natural curiosities of that extraordinary, and then little known, island. Their journey to Mount Hecla occupied twelve days, the distance being

considerable, and between three and four hundred miles of it being over an uninterrupted track of lava. Mr. Banks and his party, on the 24th of September, were the first that ever had reached the summit of that celebrated volcano; the attempt having until then been prevented, partly through superstition, and partly from the extreme difficulty of ascent, previous to an eruption which had taken place some time before.

Those who have a curiosity on this subject, may consult Van Troil's Letters, from which we shall select only one extraordinary fact, that when at the summit, which was a space of ground about eight yards in breadth, and twenty in length, entirely free from snow, but the sand quite wet from the snow having recently melted away, they experienced at one and the same time a high degree of heat and cold; for in the air Fahrenheit's thermometer was constantly at 24°, yet when set on the ground it rose to 153°.

After completely investigating every thing curious, they left Iceland, and arrived at Edinburgh in November, from whence they set off by land for London.

It is gratifying to reflect that the enquiries of our scientific and benevolent fellow-countryman were not confined to objects of natural history alone, in his hyperborean excursion. We understand that Iceland was considerably indebted to him, even after his return, for various benefits derived from his communications with, and representations to, the Danish government, in aid of extensive plans for the amelioration of many circumstances connected with the political and social state of its population.

The objects which Mr. Banks had in visiting foreign countries, seem not to have led him to the Continent; to him France and Italy had no peculiar charms: but content with his native home, yet anxious to embellish and improve it, he now passed his time principally in London, or at his paternal seat in Lincolnshire, surrounded by men of letters, and by persons of the first rank and fortune, corresponding with the most eminent foreign naturalists, attending sedulously to the meetings of the Royal Society, forming a splendid collection of natural curiosities; and, above all, dedicating his time and fortune to scientific benevolence, and judiciously applying the discoveries of philosophy to the important uses of human life.

Sir John Pringle having retired from the office of President of the Royal Society in 1777, Mr. Banks was called to fill the vacant chair, upon the duties of which, however, he did not enter until the ensuing year, when his ample fortune enabled him, in his generous spirit prompted, to commend a system, by which his house became, through a long series of years, a scene of hospitality, and of more than benevolent kindness to genius of every country, and of every rank in society. His house was, in fact, the common resort of men of science from all parts of the world; and, upon Sunday evenings, in general, during the sitting of Parliaments, and of the Royal Society, his apartments were open to his friends, and to all strangers of fair character; a decent appearance, and quiet, though not polished manners, being all that was required in addition to genius, to procure for it a liberal reception.

Indeed the humblest votary of science found encouragement to resort there to enjoy a participation in the conversations, in a view of models, inventions, specimens, &c.; in ready access to his magnificent and extensive library, and multitudinous, yet select, collection of the curiosities of nature and of art. The value of such a boon may be judged of by the fact, that the catalogue alone amounted to four octavo volumes.

Yet his liberality at home; and his indefatigable attention to the public duties of the President's chair, could not secure him from the attacks of envy or of party-spirit. But the assailants and the assailed are now in the dust; and neither our space nor our feelings will permit us to enter further upon the subject. Those who are fond of controversy may consult something that purports to be a memoir of him in the "Public Characters," but we have too high a respect both for him; and the leaders of his assailants, to render our pages the record of what we wish to be forgotten. As for the President himself, it has been well said, that he maintained his position firmly; and that he lived to behold that intimate union which ought ever to exist between the patrons and the votaries of learning, producing all the grace and all the power of such a combination, giving science a home in the courts of greatness, and alluring the honourable to with additional honours in the retirements of philosophy. The close attention which the Presi-

dent now paid to the duties of his station, induced him to select a rural retirement nearer to London than his seat in Lincolnshire, meaning also there to conduct various horticultural experiments with more convenience to himself, and to public advantage. For these purposes, he, in the year 1779, took a lease of the premises at Spring Grove, on Smalberry Green, from Elisha Biscoe, esq. who built it; and on the 29th of March in the same year, he married Dorothea, daughter and co-heiress of William Weston Huggeson, esq., of Provender, in the parish of Norton, county of Kent: her sister being the wife of Sir Edward Knatchbull, bart.

On the 24th of March, Mr., then Sir Joseph Banks, was elevated to the same honours; soon after which he was attacked by the well-known Peter Pindar, whose slipshod muse was as capable of adorning and of giving dignity to any subject, as of revelling in those which had already disgraced a Swift and a Pasquin. Like his gracious monarch, however, Sir Joseph laughed at the witty, though virulent, poet, and never caught a butterfly less, notwithstanding the attack on the *Emperor of Morocco*!

Sir Joseph Banks now became a distinguished leader in, and an assiduous patron of, all the public and patriotic societies of the day. His ready encouragement was given to Sir John Sinclair, in preparing and collecting the statistical account of Scotland. He was a member of the Board of Agriculture; patronized the breed of sheep; the drainage of the Fens; and was on all occasions the steady encourager both of gardening and husbandry: so that his various avocations all permitted him to reside on his paternal estate in Lincolnshire, in the autumn of each year.

The proceedings of the African Association have now acquired so much interest, that it cannot be irrelevant to notice the active part which Sir Joseph took in their earliest institution. He was at that period member of a "Saturday's Club," which met at the St. Alban's Tavern, consisting, besides himself, of the late Earl of Galloway, the present Marquis of Hastings, General Conway, Sir Adam Ferguson, Sir William Fordyce, Mr. Pulteney, Mr. Beaufoy, Mr. Stuart, the Bishop of Landaff, Lord Craysfort, and Sir John Sinclair. The different members had long been impressed with a desire to promote the investigation of African geography, and the civilization of African society; and

on the 9th of June, 1788, being all present but the three last named members, they entered into various resolutions, preparatory to more active exertions: forming themselves into a society for that purpose, for three years, with a subscription of five guineas annually. From such a small beginning sprung up one of the most important associations of the present day.

Of the first committee of four, Sir Joseph was elected a member, on the same day, and their proceedings were soon in a state of activity; for which purpose Sir Joseph introduced to them the well-known enterprising adventurer Ledyard, who had just then returned from an attempt to cross the Russian dominions to Kamschatka and Northwest America on foot; for which purpose he had been liberally supplied with the pecuniary means by Sir Joseph himself.

With a heart beating with grateful loyalty, and warm with national patriotism, Sir Joseph still considered himself a citizen of the world in the cause of science, as he evinced in 1796, by most generous conduct, and which deserves particular mention.

The uncertainty of the fate of Peyrouse, the French navigator, had for some time interested the whole philosophical world, and the old French government and national assembly had sent out an expedition in search of him, under the command of D'Entrecasteaux, on board of which was embarked an ingenious naturalist, Labillardiere. During their absence, the revolution took place; D'Entrecasteaux also died, and was succeeded in the command by M. Dauribeau, who, hearing of the change of politics on their arrival at Java, determined to hoist the white flag, a circumstance disagreeable to Labillardiere, and some others of the officers.

The Dutch were then at war with revolutionary France, and Labillardiere was given up to them as a prisoner, and his journals and collections taken possession of. He was afterwards permitted to go to the Isle of France, from whence he sailed for Europe, and arrived, in 1796; soon after which he received information that his collections of natural history had been sent to England. The French government immediately put in their claim for them, which was most generously seconded by Sir Joseph, with all the exertions, as Labillardiere acknowledges, "that were to have been expected from his known

love for the sciences." In this he was successful, the British government feeling the same liberal principles, and acting as they did afterwards on several similar occasions.

A life of such general advantage to the country, could not fail to merit the attention of his venerable and patriotic sovereign, who speedily selected him as an effective member of the Privy Council, and conferred upon him, in 1795, the red ribband of the Bath. Sir Joseph, however, took no part in politics, at least as a partizan; he had not even a seat in Parliament, notwithstanding his parliamentary connexion with Boston, as Recorder of that borough.

In 1804, he became active in forming the Horticultural Society, to which he was a contributor of several papers, explanatory of his mode of cultivating several scarce, yet useful productions, in his garden at Spring Grove, and also at Revesby Abbey; particularly his plan with respect to the American cranberry, the paper on which, in the Society's first volume, gives an interesting description of the garden and orchard at his suburban villa, where he expended large sums, though only a tenant until 1808, when he purchased it in fee.

In 1817, Sir Joseph Banks had the misfortune to lose his sister, Sarah Sophia, a loss which he severely felt, as her amiable qualities, together with those of Lady Banks, had often rendered Spring Grove the favourite and familiar resort of royalty, not only before his

late Majesty's unhappy illness, but afterwards.

During the latter years of a well-spent life, Sir Joseph laboured under an afflicting complaint, which in a great measure had so deprived him of the use of his lower extremities, that he was unable to take his accustomed exercise; but his spirits still supported him, and to the last he was the active patron of science and literature. In the month of April of the present year, however, he found himself so totally unable to sustain the duties of his office at Somerset House, that he expressed a wish to resign: but this resignation the society were unwilling to accept of, and he continued to hold the office until his demise, which took place soon after, on the morning of the 19th of May, 1820, at his house in Soho-square.

We have not space to record the numerous instances which we could adduce of his liberal encouragement of science, of his benevolent attention to public and private charities, or of his generous hospitality. His last will displays his feelings towards his country, by the bequest of his library and collection to the British Museum. Dying without issue his title is extinct; and his estates go to collateral connexions, after the death of his dowager.

We trust that public gratitude will do honour to him and to the country, by all that can now be done—an appropriate monument.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

*Extract from the Epilogue spoken at Reading School, after the Representation of the Raging Hercules of Euripides, and before the Afterpiece of the Critic.**

'Tis done—our toils are past—the prompter's bell

Bids to the grand heroic style, farewell—

Of high emprise and tragic rage enough,

'Tis time for Hercules to yield to Puff.

O change significant! in thee appears

The stranger change of earth from eldest years,

Since men, once terrible in nature's might,

Glow but to speak and only burn to write;

From demigods to heartless critics sink,

And deluge kingdoms, not with blood, but ink;

* We give part of this epilogue, though its occasion is not very recent, because it is not merely of temporary interest, and will be found to illustrate that state of literature to which we have alluded in our observations on the Remains of Peter Corcoran. The representations of Greek plays at Reading school have a perfection and beauty which can only be believed by those who have witnessed them.

Since past are mantling joys and tragic pains,
And nothing, save the Farce of Life, remains;
The pile of earthly grandeur rises taper,
And what began in gold has end in paper!

Blest age of authors! chiefs of ancient time
Have fought and died to furnish thee with
rhyme;

Thy tender bosoms learn in song to melt,
And send their griefs to press as soon as felt;
No thought in sad obscurity decays,
But dies away in sentimental lays;
No tender hope can bloom and fade unseen,
It leaves its fragrance in a magazine;
Each bashful soul, which deep emotions bless,
Hides its soft secrets in the daily press;
In high contempt of fame, huge quartos pile,
And nobly scorns mankind, to win its smiles!

Haste, Science, onward! speed the glorious hour
When genius' self shall own mechanic power,
When new machines the author's toll remove,
And spinning jennies weave out notes of love;
Teach wit's bright sparks, by chemic skill to gleam,
And build an epic by the aid of steam!

Behold the wonders of our glorious age,
Abstracted in its chronicle the stage,
Which asks no more imagination's aid,
But pours forth pathos in a grand cascade,
No poet needs Parnassian lights to dare,
But bids a dancer vibrate in the air,
Builds in a small saloon Arcadia's grove,
And ripens genius at a German stove!

T. N. T.

SONNET.

TO THE RIVER THAMES.

With no cold admiration do I gaze
Upon thy pomp of waters, matchless river !
But my fond heart seems tenderly to quiver
With every sparkle of the moon's soft rays,
And through thy winding paths of coolness strays
To that sweet region, where a serious boy
I ponder'd with a melancholy joy
On thy full gliding mirror; when thy ways
Of wealth and majesty, to sight denied,
Rose on delighted fancy, and for hours
In richest dreams I saw thy lucid tide
Pass swelling on beneath a thousand bowers,
And visionary fleets that seem'd to ride
Beneath old London's glory-tinted towers.

T. N. T.

SONNET.

Fame the Symbol and the Evidence of Immortality.

The names that wasting ages have defied
And wild commotion's earth-appalling shocks,
Stand in lone grandeur, like eternal rocks
Casting broad shadows o'er the silent tide
Of time's unebbing flood, whose waters glide
To a dark ocean from mysterious spring,
And bearing on each transitory thing
Leave these pure monuments in holier pride.

There stand they—fortresses upre'd by man
Whose earthly frame is mortal—symbols high
Of life unchanging, power that cannot die;
Proofs that our nature is not of a span,
But, in essential majesty, allied
To life, and love, and joy unperishing.

T. N. T.

WISDOM.

(From the Russian of Davidoff.)

While hon'ring the grape's ruby nectar
All sportingly, laughingly gay;
We determined—I, Sylvia, and Hector,
To drive old dame Wisdom away.

"O my children, take care!" said the beldame,
"Attend to these counsels of mine;
"Get not tipsy! for danger is seldom
"Remote from the goblet of wine."

"With thee in his company, no man
"Can err," said our wag with a wink,
"But come thou good-humour'd old woman,
"(There's a drop in the goblet)—and drink."

She frown'd, but her scruples soon twisting
Complyingly, smilingly said:

"So polite—there's indeed no resisting,
"For Wisdom was never ill-bred."

She drank—but continued her teaching,
"Let the wise from indulgence refrain."
And never gave over her preaching
But to say, "Fill the goblet again!"

And she drank, and she totter'd, but still she
Was talking and shaking her head:
Mutter'd "temperance"—"prudence," until she
Was carried by Folly to bed.

J. B.

SONNET.

MOUNT ÆTNA.

Hail to thy world of desolation! here
Hath thy rude arm, O ruin, laid sublime
Thy empire in the wreck of chance and time,
And storm and earthquake mark'd thy path's
career.

Kings' earth-borne sceptres fall—but in thy drear
And fiery rule—this wild enduring clime—
There is no change: rejoicing in thy prime
Thou monarch sit'st on Nature's funeral bier.
Like his of Greece thy conquests are achieved:
Needs not thy burning spirit weep for more,
From age to age, on every distant shore
Thy voice resounds—and here thou long hast
lived

In dread communion with the weeping shade
Of desolated Nature thou hast made.

SONNET.

Departed hours! as Memory fondly pores
Along your page with retrospective ken;
And wanders back, 'midst childhood's happy hours,
Far from the more observant eye of men—
It seems to woo you from a death-like sleep,
Where, shrouded in the sepulchre of years,
Oblivion pillows you—Oh! I would steep
In Lethean draught, methinks, an age of tears,
And be the happy being that I was,
As careless and as innocent—bat oh!
It wisely is forbidden man to pause
Amidst this earthly pilgrimage of woe—
He journeys on;—yet 'mid Hope's withering blight
Life's earlier pleasures steal more fair and bright.

J. A. B.

HOPE.

When smiling in the pride of May,
The meads are green, the blossoms gay,
When fleecy clouds the sky adorn,
Across the dew-bespangled lawn,
The Angler lies with nimble pace,
Eager to snare the finny race.
The glowing landscape charms his eyes,
Within his ardent bosom rise
Fond hopes, that numerous watery spoils,
Ere night, will crown his pleasing toils.
But ah! ere he his art can try,
And throw the well-dissembled fly,
Where in the swift meandering brook
The trout may seize his fraudulent hook;
Soon is his mind with fear dismay'd,
The landscape darkens into shade,
Black gathering clouds obscure the skies,
The winds in hollow murmurs rise,
The rains in copious streams descend,
And all his fairy visions end.
The Angler now, with rapid feet,
Hastens to find a dry retreat,
And homeward takes his dripping way,
Sad disappointment's pensive prey.
Still he resolves, the following morn,
Again to trace the verdant lawn,

Again to try his angle's wiles,
And trust the weather's tempting smiles.
HOPE, like the limpid stream he loves,
With various course, still onward moves;
Though rising high, or sinking low,
Yet never ceases it to flow.

THE POET'S WISH.

Quo desiderio veteres revocamus Amores.
Catullus.

Recall but life's first loving year!

Which varied joys were wont to greet,
When faith deem'd partial fortune dear,
And love made bashful beauty sweet;—

When silly boyhood, sanguine, gay,
Sought all within the passing minute;
And if he look'd beyond to-day,
The morrow brought his wishes in it.

I mean not that from pleasure's gleam
The poet warm'd by fancy guesses;
Or lover feigns in morning's dream,
When beauty, love, and truth carresses;—

I mean not that the cradled boy
Can picture, rocking life away;
Or blushing maid's ideal joy
May image in the close of day;—

I mean not that the madman's brain
May conjure up in wild delight;
Whilst laughing, ev'n in spite of pain,
He charms his visionary night;—

I mean not that which hope hath cherish'd
From futile promises of bliss;—
But what in one day grew and perish'd,
Ere scarce it felt the sunbeam's kiss.—

When Woman's smile and Friendship's tongue
Impress'd the heart with pleasure's truth;
When Feeling sigh'd and Beauty sung,
To charm the loving morn of youth;—

When all seem'd loving, frank, and fair,
Free from ambition hope carress'd;
When life own'd not a moment's care,
But how to make the present blest;—

When transport hush'd the virgin's fear,
And stole from love its foolish grief;
When blushes smiled away the tear
To speak the bosom's fond belief.

Recall me love's first year so gay!
When such was life's delicious bane;
And I'll resign my rest of day
To live those moments o'er again.

July 8, 1820.

OSCAR.

CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

People of the living God!
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort now here found;
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns,—a fugitive unblest;
Brethren! where your altar burns,
O receive me to your rest.

Lonely I no longer roam
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more;
Every idol I resign.

Tell me not of gain and loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power;
Welcome poverty, and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour!
—"Follow me!"—I know thy voice,
Jesus, Lord! thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light thy burthen now to me.

Sheffield, April 1820.

J. MONTGOMERY.

TO NATHAN DRAKE, M. D.

On reading the First Paper in his "Winter Nights."

With witching eloquence and truth
Hast thou described the dear delights,
Accessible to Age and Youth,
In frowning Winter's stormiest nights.

While turning o'er thy first essay,
My heart so warmly feels thy spell,
It cannot for an hour delay
The thanks which thou hast won so well.

Such pictures—whether they describe,
In Truth's own simple eloquence,
The frolics of a youthful tribe,
Happy in early innocence;—

In whose bright eyes the vivid gleam
Of Home's loved fire-side gaily glances;
While the more mild and chasteen'd beam
From older ones, their mirth enhances;

Or whether they portray the charm
Which erst o'er Cowper's spirit stole;
When evening's pensive soothing calm
Sheds its own stillness o'er the soul;—

Such pictures do not merely pass
Before the eye—and fade in air;
Like summer-showers on new-mown grass,
They call back living freshness there.

Aye! e'en to lonely hearts, which feel
That such things were, and now are not,
Not poignant, only, their appeal,
But fraught with bliss, yet unforget.

Yes, bliss!—for joys so calm and pure
Leave blessings with the heart they bless'd;
And still unchangeably endure,
E'en when not actually possess'd.

For thee, my friend! if wish of mine
A bard obscure, could call down bliss,
Could I implore for thee or thine,
A more delightful boon than this!—

Than—that thy Mother's green old age
May be her Child's, or Children's, too;
And that each charm that decks thy page,
Thy own fire-side may prove its true.

BERNARD BARTON.

Woodbridge, 5th Mo. 25th, 1820.

FINE ARTS.

Exhibition of the Royal Academy.—Mr. Hilton's large picture of "Venus, in search of Cupid, intruding on the bath of Diana," is entitled to particular observation. The rich and harmonious colouring of this picture affords a *coup d'œil* highly pleasing, but on examination the favourable impression is soon effaced. The subject suggests the only source from which the picture might have derived excellence, which is female beauty; and the painter has by no means succeeded in its representation. His Venus is a slight sketch from the antique, in proportions, which, however beautiful in marble deities, lose all their attractions when imbued with colour. Diana's attitude has nothing of grace or dignity; the surrounding nymphs are negligently drawn. The landscape is in a very rich, grand style. If Mr. Hilton has failed through his adherence to the forms of the antique, Mr. Hayter has been equally unlucky in the indiscriminate imitation of nature. The figure, supported by Iris, complaining to Mars, and shewing him the wound received from Diomed, is certainly not Venus. We do not mean to call it an ugly figure. Many tight-laced, made-up, shewy dames, would suffer greatly in comparison with this figure; but as there certainly are many individual forms far superior, we cannot agree to let it pass for a Venus.

Mythological subjects require, above all things, beauty of form; they are only valuable as illustrations of classical poetry, from which we have already derived impressions of perfect beauty. We naturally expect to find, in a picture of this class, the perfect images of the poet rendered visible: and we feel every fault as a disappointment.

British Institution.—The Directors of this national establishment are now exhibiting a collection of portraits of characters distinguished in the history and literature of the United Kingdom. The intention of this exhibition is thus explained in the preface to their Catalogue.

"Our object in forming the Collection has been to interest, rather than to instruct. We attempt to guide the Artist no farther than to offer for his observation, from time to time, specimens, from which we think he may derive improvement—the rest depends upon himself. As little do we enter into

the examination of questions connected with the cultivation of the Arts, which have been often discussed, and perhaps never satisfactorily decided:—whether a School of Painting is more likely to create imitators, than to assist extraordinary talents; whether the facilities which it affords, are of material advantage to the Artist; whether real genius will not more probably lead to excellence by following its own course; and whether it will not surmount all difficulties, and shew itself still more transcendent, because it has had to contend with them—are questions we do not attempt to solve. Our purpose is to extend to a wider circle the love and admiration, and patronage of the Arts: if we succeed in this attempt, we advance the cause we have undertaken."

This exhibition affords fine specimens of the works of Holbein, Sir Antonio More, Rubens, Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, Reynolds, Copley, Gainsborough, &c. It is an assemblage of persons who at various periods, and in every walk of life, have distinguished themselves, and influenced the fate of England. In these almost breathing images, we behold the great, the noble, and the wise, from Henry IV. to George III. We seem to be introduced into their presence, and, in spite of the anachronism, to behold at once the Plantagenets, the Tudors, the Stuarts, and the Guelphs. When we contemplate these vivid lineaments, glancing around us on every side, looks animated by sentiment, by passion, and by pride—when we discern their very characters, their virtues, and their failings, legibly written in their faces—when we resign ourselves to the illusion of the art, and unconsciously regard them as living and moving—how awfully does the stern voice of truth remind us—**THEY ARE ALL DEAD.** We confess that although we went to *criticize*, we could not resist a propensity to *moralize*: but as we wish our readers to do that for themselves, we shall conclude by particularly recommending them not to omit this opportunity of seeing, among other admirable portraits, the equestrian portrait of Charles I. by Vandyke; portraits of the same monarch with Queen Henrietta Maria, and two of the royal children, by the same artist; Copley's grand historical works of King Charles I. demanding the five members; and the Death of Lord Chatham; Van-

dyke's Earl of Strafford, Countess of Bedford, portrait of himself, and two sons of the Duke of Buckingham; Rubens' portraits of himself, Helena Forman, and the family of Sir Balthazar Gerbier; Sir Thomas Gresham, by Sir Antonio More; Reynolds' portraits of himself and Dr. Johnson, and the extraordinary fine picture by the same artist, of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Ashburton, and Colonel Barré. Every stage of the art of portrait painting, from the hard, dry, meagre manner of the predecessors of Holbein in this country, and of many of his own works, to the magic effects of Rubens, Vandyke, and Reynolds, which art will never surpass, is displayed in this rich and interesting collection.

The Exhibition of the *Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours*, at the Great Room, Spring Gardens, evinced this year some improvement in Art, though perhaps not more attractive pictures than have appeared in former exhibitions. From many of the artists whose works are annually exhibited at this room, we cannot now look for the rapid progressive advancement which marked their early career: while their masterly performances will nevertheless prevent our taking that interest in the efforts of the present race of rising artists, which we felt in their earlier endeavours. Landscape is, from several concurrent causes, the predominant branch of art in this society; and several pictures of this class in the present collection are truly excellent. A great variety of pieces from the fertile pencil of Robson are distinguished by their fidelity to nature, and the profound knowledge of natural appearances, and the means of imitation, which generally characterize this artist's works. His distant view of "Penrhyn Castle" is a bright clear picture, in which an extensive landscape is seen through the medium of a dry and subtle atmosphere, stretching beneath an almost unclouded sky to an immense distance in the truest aerial perspective. In his beautiful moonlight of "Stratford Church," the "pale beams of the wat'ry moon" glancing through the ancient windows on the spot where "sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child" rests silent in the tomb, is an elegant tribute to the memory of the poet, and honourable to the feeling by which it was suggested.

In one of Robson's larger pictures we are presented with the most effective

image of the awful majesty of mighty Snowdon, which has ever been created by the pencil. The light which brightens the vale in the foreground, is intercepted by clouds, whose shadows wrap the mountains in gloomy grandeur. "Morning Twilight," by this artist, is a very fine composition. Barret's large picture of "Evening," is a grand and solitary scene, illumined by the rays of the declining sun. A sublime, serene, and elevated feeling is produced by the contemplation of these majestic woods and waters. Perhaps the warm brown colour is too general in this picture. The "Harvest Moon," by the same artist, is a very fine picture. It represents an extensive harvest scene, over which the moon is rising in full splendour, while the foreground is still faintly illumined by the yet bright western sky supposed to be behind the spectator. Richter's "Tight Shoe" is admirably conceived and executed. The glow of the rich colouring, the high finish which realizes every object, entitle it to the highest praise as a picture for the eye. But the humour which pervades it, is as rich as the colour. A country fellow having with great effort forced his foot into a shoe which bids fair to cripple him, the pert shoemaker insists that it is "an excellent fit," though he can scarcely suppress a laugh, and maintains his point with such pertinacious impudence, that he seems likely, if not to convince his customer, at least to sell his shoes. A veteran, whose stumps are accommodated with two wooden legs, stands behind the countryman heartily enjoying a practical joke, from which he is effectually exempted. A corn-cutter has run over from his shop to participate in the jest, but is recalled by his angry spouse; whose interference, as well as a matrimonial squabble seen in the background, seems to imply that no one knows where the shoe pinches so well as the wearer. John Varley, in his "Evening," has very successfully embodied Milton's idea. We were much pleased with the glowing sunsets in the fine sea views of Copley Fielding; as well as with his "Turf Cutters." D. Cox's "Hayfield and Ploughing scene," and Prout's "Dismasted Indiaman," and several views in France, are very masterly performances. Mr. Cristall's fine classical taste is displayed in a noble composition, representing Jupiter nursed in the island of Crete by the Nymphs and

Corybantes. We regret that our limits preclude us from describing this subject, and from expressing more particularly the high satisfaction we have derived from many excellent pictures in this exhibition.

We learn that this Society will in future exhibit only Paintings in Water Colours, and that their exhibitions will take place at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

THE close of the season at Drury-lane Theatre was brightened by the re-appearance of Mr. Kean for a few evenings, during which he played Shylock and Othello, the first of which has fewer faults, and the last deeper beauties, than any of his performances. His Shylock, though his expression of mere fiendish malignity is less striking and prominent than that which we remember in Cooke, is almost perfect. The total absence of all tragic pomp, which would so ill besit the old usurer, is admirably supplied by the human intensity and Jewish fervour of his spirit, crushed, mangled, and stung into agony by Christian injuries. His scene with Tubal, where the Jew hears of his daughter's extravagance and of his foe's losses, is the finest in the play—the quickness of his transitions here astonishes like lightning—and his joy in the prospect of revenge, which seems thrilling through every nerve, and trembling in every tone, and dilating his weary and wasted heart, agitates the spectator with a strange and fearful sympathy. His acting in the trial scene is admirable—blending, with wonderful art, or rather intuition, the spirit of the aged and avaricious merchant, with that of the Hebrew burning to avenge his national and individual wrongs—and arouses all our indignation against the base injustice of Shylock's enemies. We may excuse a quibble to frustrate his bloody inventions—but when he is stripped of his property and compelled to abandon the faith of his fathers, our Christian hearts rise up within us to take his part, and to resent the insult which such a representation of persecuting injustice offers to the mildest and purest of religious systems.

Mr. Kean's Othello was, to the full, as grand as ever. "The force of acting can no further go." The marble stillness of his surprise—the terrific flow of his rage—the sighs which faintly relieve the labouring soul—the beautiful returns of his love which suffuse his eyes with childlike tears—and the quiet fixedness

of his final despair—with a thousand delicate touches of pathos which excite thoughts too deep even for tears—are beyond description or praise. But we must not "let go by the divine Desdemona," who on this occasion was represented by a Lady, new to the London theatres, who also performed Portia in the Merchant of Venice. Her figure and person are well suited to the first line of parts, in comedy or in tragedy—her genius, we think, inclines most to the former. A certain mixture of gaiety and feeling, like that required in the scene where Bassanio examines the caskets, seems to be her best property, and might be displayed to great advantage in the sentimental drama, as well as in some of the finest of the old comedies. The best part of her Desdemona, was her intercession for Cassio, where her manner was as irresistible as her reasonings. For tragic declamation, or passion, her voice seems as yet to have scarcely sufficient power; but this is a defect which practice, and a careful enunciation, will probably remove.

The season has, we fear, scarcely fulfilled its early promises to the spirited and enthusiastic manager. There appears to have been no judicious inspection of the pieces offered for representation—for, with the exception of *The Lady and the Devil*, none of the new pieces have met with any thing like genuine success. The fate of some of them—as the comedy and tragedy—might have been foreseen, we should think, by any one gifted with an acquaintance with stage-effect, though destitute of any higher power of criticism. The revivals have been more fortunate. If we were to point out the chief remediable causes of the comparative want of success, exclusive of the defect in the taste which has selected the new pieces, we should refer it to the protracted repetition of *Lear*—the want of an actress in elegant comedy—and the too frequent reliance placed on the attraction of the first piece, instead of bringing forward the comic strength of the house in farces,

during the many nights of opera and tragedy. The first was necessarily grievous to the habitual frequenters of the theatre, whose tastes the manager should as far as possible consult, because it is on their enthusiasm that he must rely for keeping up the theatrical spirit, and on their judgment that he must depend for his fame. The want of a high comic actress has almost precluded true comedy from being represented by a comic company, with this exception, scarcely exceeded within our memory. And if, in farce, we had oftener enjoyed the delightful whim of the manager himself—the sturdy humour of Dowton—the ever fresh simplicity of Knight—the sublime grotesque of Munden—and the unceasing variety of Miss Kelly—we think the results would have been not only very delightful to the audiences, but beneficial to the treasury. We have heard numerous stories of the alleged misconduct of the manager towards the performers—but we are willing to believe many of these untrue, and to refer the rest to the harassing situation which he fills. We earnestly hope that his high and hearty spirit may be rewarded with more complete success in the ensuing season.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

THE closing evenings of the last season presented nothing worthy of particular remark, except the retirement of Mr. Johnstone, commonly known by the name of "Irish Johnstone," for his rich and true delineations of Irish character. He first appeared on the London stage in the part of Lionel, and played and sung in young operatical characters with great success. In his latter years—during which only we have known him—he has confined himself within the small but choice circle of Irish parts, and in those has been entirely at home and without a rival. His humour was as quiet and unobtrusive as it was rich and genuine—with scarcely a distortion of feature, or the motion of a limb, he embodied in expressive looks and in rich tones, all the pleasantest peculiarities, and the true and generous heart of the nation to whose honour his talents were devoted. His farewell benefit, which took place on the 28th of June, was well attended, and its profits increased by many well deserved tributes to his worth, among which was a present of £100 from His Majesty. At the end of John Bull, in which he performed Dennis Blumduggery with unabated spirit, he delivered the following

lines, written by the author of the comedy:—

Since in Lionel first your protection I courted,
The hour-glass of Time mightily often has ticked;
And in counting the gains that have dropt, it appears,
The sum total of sand comes to thirty long years.
Were it not for my having two strings to my bow,
I'd have certainly taken my leave long ago;
But the young Lover's strains ere I thought to resign,
By the powers I was snug in the Paddy which I courted.
But, alas! man must finish, whatever be his cast,
And even the Pats can't eternally last;
If the Thistle, though tough, like the Rose with decay,
Sure the Shamrock of Erin can live but its day.
I have blundered through many an Irishman's part,
But no blunder, I trust, will be found in this heart;
For 'tis throbbing with thanks, as I utter Adieu!
And, oh! how it aches, now I am going from you.
Then, farewell, honoured patrons, and kindest of friends:
Though as Dennis, or Teague, here my mockery ends,
Recollection shall gladden your Actor's retreat,
Till the pulse of his heart discontinues to beat.

During this affecting farewell Mr. Johnstone evidently struggled with great emotion, and, at its close, retired with slow and trembling steps from the scene which he has gladdened so often, amidst the loud, deep, and long-protracted cheers of the audience. May he, in the evening of his days, enjoy no small portion of that pleasure which he has imparted!

This theatre closed on Monday the 17th of July, when an address of thanks—neatly worded, but not very particular in allusion—was delivered by Mr. Fawcett. There were at least two grounds on which the managers might have built a well-founded claim to praise, for their conduct during the past season—the production of a genuine tragedy, and the development of the powers of a great and genuine actor. *Virginia* is not, indeed, a revival of the dramatic style of our elder writers; but we do not, on that account, think the less highly of its beauties. It has no passages of strange power, no rapid succession of delicious fancies, like those which abound in the plays of the Elizabethan age; nor is it so rich in the materials of passion or of imagination as the works of that golden period; but it is more simple, more pure, more consistent; more capable of making a single and sweet impression on the heart; and infinitely better adapted for representation on the stage, than any

of these, excepting the works of the first of all dramatists. We shall rejoice to perceive the spirit of our old writers imbuing all our literature with its rich tinges; but we freely confess that we do not desire to see our poets attempting to produce works exactly similar to theirs, nor do we think that such works would succeed in the theatre. The exquisite grouping of all the persons—the pure, yet intelligible, beauty of the domestic scenes—and the manly and sweet cast of the sentiments in *Virginius*, appear to us far more calculated to delight, to move, and to refine a vast concourse of spectators, than the marvellous but ill-connected scenes, the wild luxuriance of language, and the strange, bewildering passion of our old dramatists. As a poem, *Virginius* has many genuine passages—such as the speeches of the father in the forum—the misgivings of the innocent girl—and the whole courtship of the lovers, which is a rare instance of the union of scenic effect with delicate loveliness of fancy. We feel assured that this piece, which does so much honour to Covent Garden theatre, will, whenever the theatrical spirit shall revive, be as fruitful a source of profit, as it now is of fame.

The past season will also be well-remembered by the lovers of the drama, as having shewn to the world the resources of Mr. Macready's genius, which before were hidden, or only guessed by a few attentive observers. No performer, within our memory, has succeeded in spite of such formidable obstacles. His appearance had not the freshness of novelty—he had been seen in a variety of inferior and often disagreeable characters—and except in a very few instances, had acted parts of mean malignity, not only beneath, but wholly unsuited to his powers. His performance of *Rob Roy* first shewed the cordiality and nobleness of his spirit, and that of *Mordaunt* in the *Steward*, the intensity of his passion. But these were prose parts at the best; and success in them was no proof of capability to succeed in Shakspeare's principal characters. His attempt to play *Richard* was adventurous almost without parallel—from the great excellence of Mr. Kean in the part, and from the violent feeling of exclusive attachment which so many cherished towards that admirable performer. Yet he triumphed over prejudice and party; gave to this often-repeated character the air of novelty; and necessarily without aid

from any other actor, rendered the play attractive for nine or ten nights, at a period when theatrical enthusiasm was comparatively feeble. In *Coriolanus*, the fresh recollection of past greatness presented almost as severe an obstacle, as the admiration of present excellence in *Richard*; for an attempt so soon after Mr. Kemble's retirement, to embody the part which the imagination identified with him, was regarded as little less than sacrilege: Mr. Macready, however, so skilfully brought out the more human traits of the character—the young patrician enthusiasm—the filial love—the swelling and noble contempt of base disguise—and the terrible struggle of affection with pride—that he gave a new and striking idea of the part, without disturbing that which his great predecessor had bodied forth with equal vividness and majesty. His *Macbeth* also was an attempt of great peril; because he had not only the long shadows cast by Mr. Kemble's fame, to cross his path, but was unaided by any support in *Lady Macbeth* which could heighten the attraction; and the play, with all its unearthly grandeur, is a fearful weight for one individual to sustain. Yet here his bewildered air—his looks of a haunted wildness—and his gallant bearing—presented a picture of the character before but dimly seen even by the mental eye. His success in *Virginius* is less extraordinary, because he had less to overcome than in either of his other principal efforts; and assuredly never has there been exhibited on the stage a performance of more variety, yet more entirely harmonious. We think, therefore, that this season will be fondly remembered hereafter in theatrical annals, as that which developed the genius of an artist, who has made the oldest grandeurs of romance familiar to us, and given to young affections an antique grace—who has set characters which seemed exhausted, in a fresh and harmonizing light—and has shed a new breath of sweetness over our acted tragedy.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

We hail the opening of our two summer theatres—for they are happily alike in the facility which they afford of seeing and of hearing—while in other respects they as happily differ. The Haymarket is the place for winter comfort, the snug retreat to which the joys of cold weather obstinately retire, and hold out against sunshine—and where they nestle in gay defiance of the elements.

The English Opera House, on the other hand, is the tall bower of the summer muses, light, cool, and airy, with a wide and glittering walk, and flowering shrubs, and pleasant noise of waters. The saloon is, this year, fitted up more tastefully than ever; for it does not pretend to the impossibility of a serpentine path amidst a wood, nor confine us to the formality of a strait promenade; and yet gives all the pleasure of the illuminated greenery. The corners of this noble room are cut off by an elegant wainscoting, so as to form it into a heptagon; and the triangular spaces are filled with evergreens, gracefully spiring towards the roof, while the centre is occupied by a light temple, in the midst of which a fountain plays among the pure lustre of waving gas. The sides are covered, as last year, with bold and free sketches of Egyptian scenery; and the effect of the whole is very cool and enchanting. The company of actors engaged this season, is, on the whole, gracefully vivacious and tuneful. Among the men are, Pearman, a sweet and tasteful singer—Broadhurst, who gives the truest expression to the Scottish tunes, which are the most expressive in the world—Wrench, unequalled in delightful ease—T. P. Cooke, "the best of cut-throats"—Harley, the liveliest, drollest, and most conscious of comedians—Wilkinson, with quaint and irresistible gravity—Chatterly, delectable alike as a faithful servant or a superannuated beau—and though last, not least, Bartley, the honest-looking and plain-spoken, with a fund of good feeling and good-humour which make him an agreeable actor, and, we should surmise, a very pleasant manager. Among the ladies, are Miss Crew, whose silvery voice is heard to better advantage here than in Drury Lane theatre—Miss Love, with her soft features and softer demeanour—Miss Stevenson, that clever, lively, bright-eyed romp—Mrs. Chatterly, who understands so well to keep the proper pride of her sex—and Miss Kelly, the truest and most English of actresses, who is here always at home, and enjoys the high supremacy to which she is entitled. How choice an epitome of human life is her acting—a tissue of tears and smiles, like a sweet April-day—all hearty and genuine in mirth or in sorrow! She has this season been playing some of the most opposite in the wide range of her characters, and all in her happiest style. There has been her sprightly Gertrude,

in *Free and Easy*, that piece in which the wise enthusiasm of a whole family for Thomson's Seasons, sends a summer feeling into the soul—her wild, fervid, deep-hearted Yaxico—her Edmund, in which her exquisite sensibility more than supplies the expression of eye which the character denies—and her Rose, in *Silent, not Dumb*, where she compensates for the want of her crisp voice with all-eloquent action. "From grave to gay, from lively to severe"—from noble sullenness to sparkling vivacity—from the full-heartedness of swelling emotion to the pleasantest indifference—she is almost every evening passing, with no connecting link except that they are all parts of healthful humanity, and, therefore, cannot be foreign to her genius.

The Theatre opened with an operetta called *The Promissory Note*, which is very pleasant notwithstanding its title. It was duly honoured at sight; and, therefore, does not require our indorsement to give it currency. It is taken from the French; but the translator has put a good deal of English heart into it, which we like to see giving a momentum to the gossamer. Its plot is lively and simple. A young gentleman pursued by bailiffs on account of a promissory note which he has given to accommodate a friend, runs for refuge into the garden of a villa at Hampstead, which is occupied by a lady who is daily expecting her husband after a long absence. While he is entreating her to conceal him, his persecutors enter, he flies into an arbour, and as they are about to enter it, appears attired in the dressing-gown and slippers which he has found there, coolly requires of his "dear wife" the reason of the disturbance, and sends off the bailiffs, with great candour, in search of him. He is now discovered to be no other than the destined lover of the lady's ward; and, that he may engage her affections unknown, it is agreed that he shall pass for the expected husband. After a charming breakfast, under the trees, enlivened by music, the husband himself arrives, and is in no small degree astonished to find his place filled by a stranger. His distress, however, is soon relieved by a rough remedy—an arrest as his runaway substitute—which, of course, discloses the trick, and makes all parties happy. The piece is very pleasantly acted by Wrench as the husband, Mrs. Chatterly as the matron, Miss Kelly as the notable servant who orders her master from his

own house, Pearman, as the lover, and Miss Carew as the gentle, sweet-voiced girl, who rewards his songs, his scamperings, and his disguises.

The burlesque of *Don Giovanni*, or a *Spectre on horseback*, once popular at the Surrey Theatre, has been produced here by Mr. Dibdin's permission, and goes off very lightly and agreeably to the general gratification of the spectators. We are, however, beginning to be tired of the Spanish Libertine in his various shapes, from the heartless swaggerer of the King's Theatre, to the Pantomimical hero of Sadler's Wells. We find him in all things and every where, in opera, pantomime, and parody; in Seville, in London, in the Shades; "up stairs and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber," as the old song has it. It is not uninteresting to observe, how the tale of *Don John* has been applied, till scarce any thing but the name remains. The stony horror of the original is almost lost in the gaiety of Mozart's opera, where the terrific fate of the hero is subservient to the life and spirit of his vagaries, and the music which accompanies his exploits of cold knavery. The popularity of this piece has occasioned numerous burlesques, parodies, and continuations, in which there is scarcely a shadow of the Spanish story, and which have nearly worn out all interest attached to its name. There are some good practical jests in Mr. Dibdin's piece, but its popularity arises chiefly from its songs, adapted to well-remembered airs, which always stir the blood like the voice of the cuckoo in early spring. It is well performed at the English Opera—by Pearman and Broadhurst, who sing in excellent taste; Miss Stevenson, who is a charming Donna Anna; Harley, in Leporello, who "is the very thing itself;" and Mr. T. P. Cooke, who dies with a decorum worthy of Cæsar. Mozart's wonderful overture is performed by the orchestra with great spirit, and is alone worth going to hear.

The new opera, in three acts, under the puzzling title of *Woman's Will—a Riddle*, has met with well-merited success. It is, in some degree, taken from the Wife of Bath's tale of Chaucer; and exhibits the adventures of a young soldier, who, on aspiring to the hand of the Duchess of Mantua's daughter, is condemned to die if he gives a wrong solution at a given period to an enigma, but entitled to claim the hand of his mistress if he succeeds. This terrible enigma is as follows:

Richer, poorer, humbler, higher,
What doth woman most desire?
Be it good, or be it ill,
What is always woman's will?

The lover sets out to ask every woman whom he meets, and the lady follows him without any regard to the Duke of Milan, who has come to receive her hand, and, in several disguises, gives him different answers. While this is going on, the duke warmly resents the absence of the princess, and makes war on Mantua, a measure which, considering that he loves another lady of the court, is not very just or wise, but which gives the proscribed hero an opportunity of exerting his valour in the cause of his oppressor. The princess again meets him disguised as a witch, gives him a scroll containing the answer, which is, that Woman's Will is to have her will, and claims a promise, that, on his success, he will grant whatever she shall ask. He consents—solves the enigma—and is appalled with the demand of his hand in marriage, by his preserver. He is forced to yield—and after the ceremony the hag throws off her cloak, and discovers the brilliant Clementine! The piece, though of no very deep interest, is well diversified, and judiciously interspersed with excellent music. One trio, sung by Mr. Pearman, Miss Carew, and Miss Kelly, beginning "*Bright Star of Love*," is delightfully harmonized, and will become a lasting favourite. Miss Kelly displays her charming versatility of talent in her various disguises. Her best, we think, is the first, when she appears as a servant of all work, in which her tired, lazy, and querulous air is both natural and new. Harley, as a humourous glutton, is as amusing as usual, but, at last, his "eating cares" become almost too numerous. Enough is as good as a feast; and the audience, on the first night, once or twice seemed nearly surfeited. All the vocalists have good opportunities, and make good use of them. The scenery and dresses are the most superb we have ever seen in a summer theatre. Mrs. Chatterly's beautiful dress befits a duchess of Mantua, who, of all duchesses, has a right to splendid attire. The sprightly Epilogue was charmingly spoken by Miss Kelly, and might have decided a more dubious fortune.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The Haymarket Theatre has opened with even a richer company than usual. Among them is Terry, with his sturdy and commanding satire—Jones, the prince of flutterers—Liston, the indescri-

habla Liston—the bustling and lively J. Russell—Williams, a clever and natural representative of testy old gentlemen—and Charles Kemble, the very image of all that is high-soaled, gallant, and spirited in manhood and in chivalry. Among the female performers are Mrs. Gibbs, who is as full of good-humour and good spirits as ever—Mrs. Baker, a lively romp—Miss Leigh, a very gentle and pleasing actress in sentimental parts—and Mrs. Charles Kemble, whom it is quite delightful to see again in a sphere where her fine vivacity will have the scope which it deserves. To these have been added the great vocal attractions of Madame Vestris and Miss Rosa Corri—both excellent songstresses, with very different voices, which yet often blend in complete harmony.

The new farce of *Oil and Vinegar*, with which the theatre opened, did not meet with great success, as, though it contained many ingenious puns and allusions, its plot was not sufficiently interesting or well compacted. The performance of a comedy entitled *Wine does Wonders*, abridged from the *Inconstant* of Farquhar, met with even a more unfavourable reception. The original piece was “curtailed of fair proportion,” the explanatory scenes cut away, and thus the incidents, many of which stand on the verge of the revolting, were left without support or softening. We regret this the more, because the play afforded room for as excellent acting by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kemble as we have seen in comedy. We never witnessed a better specimen of light and gentlemanly humour, than the earlier part of Mr. Kemble’s performance, or a more vivid picture of unconcern affected to cover agonizing suspense, than his acting in the scene with the bravos, or a more complete representation of the relief given suddenly to an overcharged heart, than in his hysteric laughter when the soldiers appear and deliver him from his peril. Mrs. C. Kemble, as Bizarre, went through all the changes of whim, tyranny, submission, and gay defiance, with the most charming fidelity and spirit. We hope she will often enliven this theatre during the season.

On Saturday the 22d July, *The Beggar’s Opera* was performed to one of the most crowded houses we have ever seen, with Madame Vestris as Macheath, Miss Rosa Corri as Polly, and Mrs. C. Kemble as Lucy. The performance of the first of these ladies as the gallant gentleman of the road, was the prettiest

note-believe in the world.—It was not, of course, the part, which would have been intolerable, but a free sketch of it in water-colouring. She sung the most beautiful of the airs in the purest and chastest style; especially “When the heart of a man is oppress’d with care,” and “How happy could I be with either,” though she rather sunk under the burthen of “The charge is prepared,” and some other of the more robust songs towards the conclusion. Miss R. Corri’s face and form are very interesting, and her voice extremely like her sister’s, though as yet inferior to it in clearness and in power. Her taste has evidently been formed in the Italian school, and therefore, perhaps, the *Beggar’s Opera* was the most unfavourable piece which could have been chosen for her introduction to the English stage. She, however, displayed a fine soprano voice and considerable science, especially in “Cease your fuming,” which was greeted with a rapturous encore. Mrs. C. Kemble’s Lucy was an admirable piece of sullenness—Mr. Terry’s Peachum hard, inflexible, and caustic—and Mr. J. Russell’s Fitch, in the highest style of Newgate accomplishment and cool dexterity.

SURREY THEATRE.

The manager of this delightful place of amusement has proceeded during the last month, with his usual taste, vigour, and success. A new oriental piece, called, “*Give a Man Luck and throw him into the Sea*,” has been the most remarkable of his novelties. It is founded on one of the richest of Arabian fictions—and though these can never be completely transferred to the stage in all their gorgeous variety of miracle, it is yet pleasing to be thus enabled to catch a glimpse of the “outer skirts” of their glory. The story of this piece is that of the merchant cast by the waves, into which his sailors have thrown him, on a strange land, where by an old law he is entituled to the hand of the first unmarried lady whom he meets, and is forced to receive it, on pain of death. Its incidents are in the most luxurious style of romance—wonder within wonder—strange fortune as strangely overcast, and the fulness of bliss springing out of the depths of despair. The mysterious introduction of the palanquin which the astonished stranger is compelled to mount—his introduction to a splendid palace, where he is greeted by a beautiful lady as the master of her affections and

her fortune—the sudden dissolution of the idyllic enchantment by the news that her husband is living—his condemnation to die in the midst of revelry and feasting—the luxurious banquet of death which is spread for him—and the final catastrophe in which, after he believes that he has drunk the poison, he is awakened to life, and love, and boundless wealth and sovereignty—form a succession of as marvellous surprises, as any which have half tempted us to childhood within the golden circle of the theatre. The scenery, dresses, and acting, are worthy of the piece. Mr. Watkins, who performs the hero, is a very ingenious actor, who in comic parts displays considerable whim, and in serious characters a graceful energy.

Miss Norton, an actress once in high esteem at Covent-garden theatre, has repeatedly appeared at this house as Matilda, in a tragic melo-drame entitled *The Prophecy*. She has much tragic power; and a style of acting at once chaste and impressive. The drama itself, which has been chosen for her début, is not among the most interesting productions of this theatre. It is founded on that piece of chill and dreary extravagance—the *Castle of Otranto*, the prodigies of which have no ideal truth, no imaginative coherence, no root in the affections or fears of the soul. The story, however, is better told, and has more of human interest on this stage, than in the original of Horace Walpole.

A melo-drame called *The Murdered Guest*, curtailed from Lillo's *Fatal Curiosity*, has been frequently acted here of late. The original play of this amateur in the shocking, is built on “an over true tale,” of the murder of a shipwrecked merchant on the coast of Cornwall by his own parents, who, ignorant of his connexion with them, sought to relieve themselves from want by retaining his jewels. There is nothing to relieve the horror of the incident except the forced and unnatural language put into the mouths of the wretched murderers, which, as it manifestly never was uttered, gives an unhealthiness to the terrors of the scene. The mother, from a respectable and suffering lady is converted

into a fiend in an instant by the mere sight of the casket, and without the least compunction, urges her husband to the murder of his sleeping guest, as if the greatest of human crimes were “familiar in her mouth as household words.” There is neither passion, nor poetry, nor morality in this. There have been, doubtless, strange instances of persons apparently virtuous suddenly moved to awful transgressions—but unless we could trace all the wild movements of the heart, and define the nice boundary between insanity and guilt, the exhibition of the external result on the stage, tends to confound all moral perceptions, to make dissension familiar to the thoughts, and to take its distinct horror from extremest guilt. The acting of Miss Taylor and Mr. Hamley, who represent the guilty pair, is so good that it would be quite intolerable if the effect were not counteracted by the dreary trash which they are forced to utter.

We rejoice to see that *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* continues, notwithstanding all its repetitions, as attractive as ever. On the night when we saw it last, the house was completely crowded—the boxes with genteel and even splendid company—and the ample spaces of pit and gallery, filled to the very verge with hearty, and tearful spectators. It is really delightful to think on the good which this piece has done to the many thousands who have seen it—to the vast crowds of labouring classes pent in a demoralizing city, or its more demoralizing suburbs, into whose hearts it has sent an unwonted sweetness, which will not pass away. We have seldom felt so deep and pure a gratification; as on looking at the full gallery the last time we saw this piece, and seeing or rather feeling the breathless interest and deep sympathy with which hundreds there were hanging on the words of Jenny Deans, wishing the plain-hearted girl God speed, and joyously bursting into audible rapture on her triumph. We thought at that moment Sir Walter Scott, and the lady who more than embodied his sweetest creation, as among the most genuine benefactors of their species!

VARIETIES.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Oxford.—On Tuesday evening, July 11, the Warden and Fellows of New College held their annual visitation of Winchester College. The following morning a numerous and highly respectable party assembled in the school-room to hear the recitation of the prize compositions, and select speeches; the gold medals having been previously awarded to Mr. Gable, for his English essay, "*Similar causes lead to similar effects*," and to Mr. Fearon for a Latin poem, "*Georgius Quartus, solium paternum ascendit*." The silver medals were adjudged to Mr. Bramston, for his delivery of the speech of *Galgacus*, the General of the Caledonii, to his army, (Tacitus,) and to Mr. Pears, for the oration of M. P. Cato, *de conjurationis Catilinæ sociis*; (Salust.)

Cambridge, June 16.—Sir Wm. Browne's three gold medals for the present year were on Saturday last adjudged as follows:—For the Greek Ode and Latin Ode, to Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge, Scholar of King's College; and for the Epigrams, to Mr. Richard Okes, Scholar of the same society.—Subjects,

For the Greek Ode:—*Μνημοσύνη*.

For the Latin Ode:—*Ad Georgium Quartum, Augustissimum Principem, Sceptra Paterna accipientem*.

For the Greek Epigram:—*Inscriptio, In Penam Aquæ ex imis visceribus Terræ Arte eductam*.

For the Latin Epigram:—*Impransi disquirite*.

June 30.—The annual prizes of fifteen guineas each, given by the Representatives in Parliament of this University, for the best dissertations in Latin prose, were on Monday last adjudged to Thomas Thorp, of Trinity College, and Edward Boteler, of Sidney College, Middle Bachelors.—Subject,—

In Georgium Tertium, roy μακαριστη, Oratio Funeris.

No prize adjudged to the Senior Bachelors.

The Porson prize, for the best translation of a passage from Shakspeare into Greek verse, was on Monday last adjudged to William Henry Fox Talbot, Scholar of Trinity College. The subject is from *Macbeth*, Act I. Scene the last. The dialogue between *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth*, beginning with "*We will proceed no further*," and ending with "*What the false heart doth know*."

Royal Society.—In consequence of the death of the late president, Sir Joseph Banks, much speculation has been excited with respect to the choice of a successor to that lamented philosopher in the chair of the Royal Society. On Thursday, June 29, Dr. William Hyde Wollaston was unanimously elected president, *pro tempore*; but the permanent presidency will be conferred in November. The Duke of Sussex and Prince Leopold have been mentioned as candidates for this important situation, but, we believe,

without their authority. It is now said that Sir Humphrey Davy will be chosen. We earnestly hope that the interests of science will be exclusively consulted by the liberal and independent body whose suffrages are to confer this honour.

Recession of the Magnetic Needle.—Colonel Beaufoy is induced to believe, from his magnetical observations, which are published in Thomson's "*Annals*," that the greatest variation of the compass has been attained, and that the needle is now slowly retrograding, and returning towards the North Pole. In 1580, it pointed $11^{\circ} 15'$ East; in 1658, due North; since which time, until lately, its Western declination has been increasing. During the last nine months of 1818, the variation gradually increased, and was, in the morning, $24^{\circ} 37' 4''$, and at noon, $24^{\circ} 41' 20''$. It fluctuated during January, 1819, decreased in February, and again fluctuated in March. Since that time, the mean monthly variation has decreased continually; and Colonel Beaufoy, therefore, places the maximum of Western declination about the month of March, 1819.

Proposed Expedition into Africa.—Mr. Bowdich has issued a prospectus, inviting the institutions and individuals of Europe, by subscribing for shares of £3 each, to raise the means of sending another mission into Africa under his direction, for the purpose of advancing our knowledge of that continent. He says, that £700 would be sufficient to ensure success. In a correspondence with the late Mr. Park, published in the fifth number of the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, it is remarked, as a subject of regret, that no attempt has been made to carry on these researches by means of the natives. A sufficient number of African youth might be educated in the various branches of learning suited to their intended duties, whether as schoolmasters, missionaries, traders, or naturalists; and, from their colour, constitution, and language, would be exempted from most of the difficulties that baffle the exertions of European adventurers.

Growth of the Uredo Nivalis.—Mr. F. Bauer has found that the red globules of this fungus, the colouring matter of red snow, vegetate and produce new fungi, when placed in fresh snow. He also ascertained that they vegetate in water alone, but in this case produce green in place of red globules.

Action of Sulphuric Acid on Animal Substances.—M. Braconnot's experiments on animal substances tend to prove, 1. That animal substances can be converted into other substances, containing much less azote, by sulphuric acid.—2. That this change is effected by the abstraction of hydrogen and nitrogen, in the proportion fit to form ammonia, and probably the absorption of oxygen by the sulphuric acid.—3. That gelatine may thus be changed into a very crystallizable sugar,

which does not appear to exist naturally.—4. That this sugar combines with nitric acid, without decomposition, and forms a peculiar crystallized acid.—5. That wool, and especially fibrine, with sulphuric acid, form a peculiar white matter, which may be called leucine.—6. That this substance combines with nitric acid, without decomposition, and produces a crystallizable nitro-leucic acid.—7. That other incrustallizable and sapid compounds, analogous to certain vegetable principles, are produced by the action of sulphuric acid on animal substances.

A New Island.—off Cape Horn, in latitude 61°, longitude 55°, has been discovered by the ship *William*, on a voyage to Valparaiso. This vessel explored the coast for 200 miles. The captain went on shore, and found the island covered with snow and uninhabited. Seals and whales abounded on the coast: it has been christened *New Shetland*.

Ficus Australis.—This species of fig-tree, a native of New South Wales, has flourished for some time in the Botanic Garden at Edinburgh, and even produced fruit in abundance, in a state of suspension, and wholly without earth, but freely supplied with water.

The Diamond.—Dr. Brewster has discovered a curious phenomenon, which appears to elucidate the nature of this substance. Sir Isaac Newton observed, from a comparison of the refractive powers of various bodies, that amber and the diamond had a refractive power three times greater, in respect of their densities, than several other substances, and he conjectured that the diamond was “probably an unctuous substance coagulated.” Subsequent discoveries of the properties of sulphur and phosphorus have corroborated this opinion. Dr. Brewster has observed, both in flat diamonds and those of a perfect crystalline form (as well as in amber), the existence of globules, or small portions of air, the expansive force of which has communicated a polarizing structure to the parts in immediate contact with it. This structure is displayed by four sectors of polarized light encircling the globule of air, and can be produced artificially in glass and gelatinous masses. It must have been produced by the expansive force of the included air, when the substance was so soft as to be susceptible of compression from so small a force. Hence we are led to the conclusion that the diamond originates, like amber, from the consolidation of perhaps vegetable matter, gradually acquiring a crystalline form, by the influence of time, and the slow action of corpuscular forces.

Progress of Civilization in New South Wales.—A French vessel, called *L'Uranie*, Captain Freycinet, on a voyage of discovery, touched at Sydney early in December, and during its stay a mutual interchange of civilities took place between the officers and principal inhabitants. A Russian frigate,

also on a voyage of discovery, arrived at Sydney soon after the *Uranie*. At one of the balls given by the officers of the *Uranie*, some young female natives from Paramatta, educated at the schools established at Sydney, partook of the habits of civilized life, and were admired for the grace and ease of their movements. The reputation of those seminaries, and a desire which is gradually spreading among the rude people of the Southern Ocean to share the benefits of instruction, had attracted to Sydney a party of young persons from the Bay of Islands, among whom was the son of Shungee, their principal chief; but the plan of the schools limiting them to the natives of New South Wales, they could not be received, the managers fearing, in that case, to be overwhelmed with claimants for instruction. The annual assemblage of the native tribes took place at Paramatta on the 28th of December, but was less numerously attended than usual, the extreme heat of the weather preventing them from proceeding from the interior. About 250 persons of both sexes were present, and were regaled by the Governor with provisions and liquor. The examination of the native children of the institution then took place, and some very creditable specimens of their progress in writing and drawing were produced. The recognition of the children by their parents and friends was described as extremely affecting. The facilities of internal communication had been increased, by putting the roads from Sydney to Paramatta and Nassau, before impassable in wet seasons, under complete repair. At Sydney there are at present three public journals, and five other periodical publications. A second printing-office has also been established lately at Port Jackson. They now export cattle to the Isle of France, and the market at Sydney is considered as plentiful in the different commodities of Europe, as well as of India and China.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Turnip Fly.—We observe, in an Agricultural Journal, the recommendation of a new preventive of the ravages of this destructive insect. It is to mix sulphur with the seed previously to sowing: 1lb. of sulphur to 20lbs. of seed. In order to ascertain its efficacy, some seed should be sown *unprepared*, as well as prepared, in every field where the experiment is tried; if, where the prepared escapes, the other is eaten, (as flies may attack one field, and not another, or not very injuriously) we shall be presently convinced of the efficacy of the remedy.

Repair of Bridges.—In an action lately tried before Lord Chief Justice Abbot, to decide whether the county of Kent, or certain Commissioners of Sewers, ought to repair a bridge at Deptford, the judge laid it down, that if the brook over which the bridge passed was a natural rivulet, then, even although it should have been deepened

and widened by the Commissioners of Sewers, for the purpose of drainage, still the county was bound to maintain the bridge. That the stream was a natural stream appeared rather probable from this circumstance—it divided the counties of Kent and Surrey, forming, of course, the boundary of each.—Verdict against the county.

Agriculture and Chemistry.—An agricultural writer of considerable talent denies the truth of some of the doctrines of Sir H. Davy. He says, it is neither philosophically nor practically true, that “the heat produced in fermentation assists the germination of the seed, and the growth of the plant.” How is it possible for 15 or 20 loads of manure to impart a *continued* warmth to 3 or 400 loads of earth, exposed to the constant action of air and evaporation: a dung heap when merely spread, is known to lose nearly all its heat. Sir H. would also have done right had he told us, “what *woody fibre* of the farm yard manure contains phosphate of

lime.” The author has never seen that salt noticed as a constituent of woody fibre at all; and it has been particularly remarked as an example of extreme economy in nature, that it exists in the *grain* of wheat, but *not* in the *straw*.

Foot-rot.—In the report of the Merino flock of the Earl of Lismore, by the Rev. Thomas Radcliff, it is remarked that the flock is almost wholly free from lameness, and that this is principally owing to *frequently paring the hoofs*. The drying wash used by the shepherd when needful, is thus composed:—“Take blue vitriol, white vitriol, rock alum, and verdigrease, of each three ounces; rub them together in a mortar, and add one quart of scalding vinegar; stir it well, and cover it down till cool; then add half a pint of spirits of turpentine, and half a pint of spirits of wine, and cork it up in a clean stone bottle. It is a good wash for *pinches* and recent bruises, and all incipient inflammations.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

FRANCE.

Protestant Museum of celebrated Reformers.—The Protestants of France have not only ventured, within a few years past, to institute new works explaining and vindicating their sentiments, but they have very recently taken a step that formerly would have been deemed the height of presumption. They propose to publish a collection, entitled *Musée des Protestans célèbres*, &c.—Museum of celebrated Protestants who have appeared from the commencement of the Reformation to the present day. The work will consist of lithographic portraits of the earliest reformers, and others of the same faith, distinguished by their rank, their talents, or their sufferings, with short memoirs of their lives. It is proposed to extend this collection to about one hundred and fifty portraits. It will be published at the Protestant Library in the Place du Louvre. The nature of the subjects, and of the histories to be introduced, can hardly fail of putting to the test the Christian charity and pious forbearance of the *ultras* among the Catholics; who may, if they please, present to the world a collection of those heroes of their church who most exerted themselves to suppress the progress of the *soi-disant* Reformation.

Institution for Commercial Instruction.—A short time ago we informed our readers of a Commercial Institution recently established in the city of Vienna. The hint has been taken by the French, and a similar establishment has been opened at Paris. Though at present a private undertaking only, it has been sanctioned by the approbation of the most eminent bankers and merchants of that capital, and is expected to produce important consequences. Nine professors are engaged to instruct the pupils in whatever

appertains to commerce. Courses of lectures are given on legislation, geography, and statistics, on responsibility, the productions of different countries, on the languages, native and foreign, &c. The productions of foreign parts and of home manufactures are formed into a museum that comprises specimens of whatever is the object of research, or the subject of barter, in all parts of the globe. The course of instruction is divided into three parts, or computing-houses, and occupies two years. We make no further remark on this subject than to say, that the opportunity of inspecting specimens affords means of improvement of which all Dictionaries of merchandize, and other works consisting of description only, must be destitute from their very nature, however carefully and accurately executed in other respects.

The Arabian Romance.—Antar has been translated into French from Mr. Hamilton's translation of the Arabian.

New Epic Poem.—The Princess (Alexandrine) of Canino, has, we observe, added herself to the list of literati, in the Buonaparte family. An Epic Poem, entitled “*Batilde, Reine des Francs*,” and dedicated to Cardinal Sommaglia, has been published at Rome by this lady.

Musical Invention.—M. Galin, a musical professor, has lately introduced in Paris a new instrument for teaching music, called the *Meloplaste*. M. Galin's ingenious method consists in making his pupils sing from a stave, without either clefs or notes, according to the movements of a portable rod. The *Meloplaste* is now almost universally substituted for books of solfeggi, which were formerly considered indispensable.

Modern Latin Town.—M. Olmo, a curate of the Upper Garonne, has formed the plan

of founding a town, in which no one is to be permitted to speak any language except that of Cicero, Virgil, and Horace. This ecclesiastical Romulus invites all the friends of classic literature to assist him in carrying his plan into execution; but he has apparently forgotten that the rigorous condition he imposes on his learned colonists may give rise to some difficulty with respect to the admission of ladies, and that,

Pour être savant on n'en est pas moins homme.

He should have recollected, that the philosophers of the present day have, in general, a tolerable relish for gastronomy, and that their cooks must be excellent Latin scholars to understand the minute directions they may receive for preparing a dinner.

The Medical Society at Paris proposes the following question:—"To determine the nature, the causes, and the treatment of the convulsions which occur during pregnancy, in the course of parturition, and after delivery." The Memoirs written in Latin or French, bearing an epigraph, repeated in a sealed billet, which shall contain the name, quality, and residence of the author, should be sent, free of expense for carriage, to the Secrétaire Générale, before the 31st of Oct. 1820.—The prize is 300 francs.

A Tragedy without Female Characters.—Certainly the French stage must be strangely metamorphosed, at this time, from what it once was, when a dramatic writer could allow himself to think of composing a Tragedy without emotions of love, without a heroine, in fact, *without one female character in it!* Addison did not dare to venture such a theatrical solecism even for his Cato; and, because his stern Roman was, of necessity, past that time of life when the calms or the calamities, the uncertainties or the exigencies of the tender passion command the sympathies of spectators, his machinery of love was managed by a daughter. Marivaux chose Hannibal for his hero, a hero not less advanced in life than Cato, not less stern, and certainly not less intrepid though a fugitive and an outlaw; but Marivaux deemed the laws of the stage indispensable, and his Hannibal was a lover; very lately, however, the famous Carthaginian chief has met, in M. F. Didot, with a writer who has boldly trusted the success of his drama to the effect of political intrigue, to the workings of the more stormy passions, pride, revenge, ambition, emulation, treason, national hatred, and personal enmity. It is not without difficulty, or without the assistance of striking and powerful accessories, that Shakspeare himself succeeds, when his characters are of a class from which the all-powerful passion is excluded: but, whatever may be thought of Shakspeare, we should never have expected such an attempt in a French writer, in a Parisian, and in a piece dated 1820. That, which on the stage is too frigid, too simple for action, say the critics, may, nevertheless, be tol-

erated in perusal in the closet; and such is the character they assign to M. F. Didot's *Hannibal*, a Tragedy in three acts, without female characters.

A Mr. Durand, of Paris, has invented a mode of printing by which the pressure is conveyed by an iron roller over the tympan. A boy, we are told, may manage the press.

ITALY.

The Jesuits have purchased at Sabina, in Italy, in the neighbourhood of Monte Leone, a considerable estate for the sum of 35,000 piastres. It is to serve as a receptacle for those members of the order who have been banished from Russia, or who arrive from Spain, and who intend to settle in the Roman States.

M. Ré, Professor of the *Materia Medica* at the Veterinary School of Turin, has discovered in a common plant a real succedaneum for Peruvian bark. This plant is found in Piedmont, and principally in marshy places, as if Providence had intended to place the remedy by the side of the evil. It is the *Lycopus Europæus* of Linneus, and called by the peasants of Piedmont the *Herb of China*. The trials and experience of M. Ré give every confidence in its efficacy.

Excavations at Pompeii.—In the prosecution of the excavations at Pompeii, several buildings have lately been laid open in the fine street leading to the temples of Isis and Hercules, and to the theatre. In one house, which is supposed to have belonged to a man of letters, some surgical instruments of excellent workmanship were found, and several paintings of fruit and animals, very well executed.

Ancient Latin MSS.—Baron Niebuhr, Prussian Ambassador to the Holy See, has again discovered and published several ancient MSS. hitherto unknown. They are chiefly fragments of Cicero's Orations pro M. Fonteio, and pro C. Rabirio; a fragment of the 91st book of Livy; two works of Seneca, &c. Baron Niebuhr has dedicated this edition to the Pope, by whose favour he was enabled to discover these literary treasures in the library of the Vatican.

Excavations at Rome.—Count Blacas, French Ambassador at Rome, has caused excavations to be made for several months past, in the Temple of Venus at Rome, built by Adrian, situated between the Coliseum and the Temple of Peace. They are superintended by M. Fea, one of the Antiquarians of Italy, and by M. Landon, an architect, and a pensioner of the King of France. The excavations which have been made near the Arch of Titus, have been attended with results which were not expected. They found there six white Grecian marble steps, which conducted them to the portico of the buried temple, and a large pedestal which supports the steps, a part of the an-

cient way, five feet and a half in breadth and thirty in length, on which a balustrade of white marble was supported, the fragments of which have been found. Opposite to the Temple of Peace they have discovered two pillars of Phrygian marble, two feet in diameter, with a Corinthian capital of beautiful workmanship, an entire entablature covered with ornaments, in a very good style, and several Corinthian bases. All these fine fragments are of the same order. In the same place have been found the remains of several private habitations, which had been taken down by Adrian, in order to make room for his Temple. Two rooms still exist, which are decorated with paintings: they have evidently suffered from some local fire, for a great quantity of calcined materials and broken marbles have been found. They have also found two human skeletons, some pieces of terra cotta, a little bust of Bacchus, and several ornaments in bronze and marble.

Etna and Vesuvius.—A letter from Palermo says, "that the academy of that city had sent some persons to Mount Etna, who affirm that, while they stood on the crater of that volcano, they heard from it the thundering of the late eruption of Mount Vesuvius; which gives room to conjecture that these two volcanoes have some subterraneous communication with each other.

Temple of Jupiter Ammon.—M. Frediani, an Italian traveller, writes from Egypt that he has succeeded, after sixteen days of excessive fatigue across the deserts of Lybia and Marmorique, in reaching the famous temple of Jupiter Ammon, called the Great Temple, which no person appears to have visited since the time of Alexander the Great. M. Frediani had with him an escort of 2,000 men, and had to fight his way to this celebrated monument.

GERMANY.

Anecdote of Goethe.—A minor poet had addressed some verses to one of the reigning family, which contained some most exaggerated compliments. In criticising the production, the old poet remarked, that "there was too much sugar in the composition; that princes were pleased at sugar-plums being given to them, but did not like being pelted with sugar-loaves."

Measurement of the Meridian.—The operations now carrying on, by order of the king of Denmark, for measuring an arc of the meridian, in Denmark and Holstein, are to be continued through the kingdom of Hanover. For the purpose of accurately examining and describing the vegetable productions of the kingdom of Hanover, his Majesty has been pleased to approve of the appointment of a physiographer for that purpose, and of the nomination of Dr. G. F. W. Meyer to the office, with the title of Counsellor of Economy (*Oekonomie-Rath*).

Abolition of personal Servitude.—Perhaps it is scarcely possible to comprise in a few

words an edict which every liberal mind will peruse with equal satisfaction as the following; which therefore we leave, without note or comment, to the consideration of our readers: it is an ordinance of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh Schwerin, and was published in February last.—"We make known, that after a mature deliberation with our most faithful knights and Provincial States, and in concert with the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, we have abolished personal servitude throughout the whole of our dominions."

Under the title of the *Ethnographic Museum*, in a foreign journal, we learn that a collection is formed at Gottingen, which is now very complete, of the dresses, fashions, ornaments, utensils, arms, and idols of all the nations which inhabit the islands and the shores of the Great Ocean. Beginning at the north, these people are the Samoiedes, the Tchoukehis, the Kamitchadales, the Curiles, the Eleuths, the natives of Ounalaska, of Kadiak,—then the inhabitants of China, of Japan, of Thibet;—those of the Sandwich Islands, of Otaheite, &c. Even the miserable Patagonians of Terra del Fuego, the most southern point of the globe, have furnished their necklaces of shells to this Museum. Among the most curious articles contained, are complete suits of clothing made of New Zealand hemp; overalls against rain made of fish-skin, and the clothing made of furs of Kadiak and the north-west coast of America; also the implements for tattooing, and the mourning-dress of Otaheite; the needles made of fish-bones; the thread made of the tendons of animals, and the beautiful patterns wrought by the natives of the north-west coast of America, with instruments apparently the most uncouth and clumsy. Besides the curiosity of this collection, it may furnish materials for thinking to the philosopher and the philanthropist. The first may reflect on the infinite diversity of tastes, and the pains taken by man, the lord of the creation, to obtain additional beauty of person beyond what Nature has appointed—the final purpose of such pains and labour; in many cases, also, such sufferings and inconveniences—the exertion and diligence used to convert the bounties of Nature to his own use—whether bestowed on the vegetable or the animal creation—the dexterity and skill, the patience, also, consumed in this pursuit. The philanthropist will rejoice in the reflection, that in every part of the world Nature has provided for the welfare of man, and something more: it rests with him to turn to account, and to apply according to his inclination and purposes, whatever of non-necessaries strike his eye, or captivate his fancy. This employs his leisure; and though often frivolous, is unquestionably better than that idleness which consumes time and life in total unproductiveness. To render this Museum com-

pletely what its name imports, "a representation of people," the variations of fashion should be obtained, from time to time, where practicable, or at least delineations of them; by which means past ages might be brought under the inspection of the observer, no less than the most distant parts of the world; and nations calling themselves *civilized*, no less than others to which we kindly apply the appellation *savage* or *barbarous*.

Humboldt, on the Increase of Sound during the Night.—It has been remarked, even by the ancients, that the intensity of sound is greatly increased during the night. Humboldt was particularly struck with this fact, when he heard the noise of the great cataracts of the Orinoco in the plain which surrounds the Mission of the Apures. This noise is three times greater in the night than in the day. Some writers have ascribed this to the cessation of the humming of insects, the singing of birds, and the action of the wind upon the leaves of trees; but this cannot be the cause of it at the Orinoco, where the humming of the insects is much greater in the night than in the day, and where the breeze is never felt till after sunset. Humboldt therefore ascribes it to the presence of the sun, which acts on the propagation and intensity of sound, by opposing them with currents of air of different density, and partial undulations of the atmosphere, caused by the unequal heating of different parts of the ground.

AUSTRIA.

Regulations for the Jews.—The Emperor of Austria has published the following ordinance concerning the Israelites which reside in his dominions. "Before they are allowed to exercise any religious function, the Rabbins shall undergo an examination in respect to their acquaintance with the principles of the Jewish religion, and their progress in the philosophical sciences: the appointments allotted to them will be in proportion to their acquired knowledge, and their talents. The prayer-books of the Israelites shall be translated into the language of the country, which shall be exclusively employed in religious offices and discourses addressed to the people. The Israelite youth shall participate among others in the benefits of the established public instruction.

New Code of Regulations for Mechanics.—The Aulic Commission of Commerce established at Vienna, has received orders to employ itself on the preparation of a new code in behalf of industry, the provisions of which shall extend throughout the monarchy. The regulations which already exist on this subject in the different provinces, are to be forwarded to this commission, within a month, at the latest; and it is most likely that from these local rules a selection of a more general nature will be abstracted, with suitable improvements.

PRUSSIA.

Animal Magnetism.—The Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin have proposed animal

magnetism as a prize subject, essays on which are to be rewarded in August 1820. It is desired that the phenomena known by the name of animal magnetism, be described so as to admit of a positive judgment respecting their nature; and it is observed that, though there are many difficulties attached to the subject, still it appears that the number of facts ascertained is such as to admit the hope that, in the present state of the physical sciences, some light may be thrown on animal magnetism, when the probability of these facts has been estimated, and when their analogy with the better understood phenomena of natural sleep, dreams, somnambulism not magnetic, and many nervous affections, has been established. The academy also would be glad to receive essays on the medical properties of magnetism. The prize is 300 ducats, and no memoirs can be received after 3d August, 1820.

RUSSIA.

Philology.—M. Frederick Adelung, counsellor of state to the Emperor of Russia, has lately published, in 153 pages, "A view of all known Languages, and their Dialects." In this view we find in all 987 Asiatic, 587 European, 276 African, and 1264 American languages and dialects, enumerated and classed: a total of 3064. This very remarkable publication is only the introduction to a Bibliotheca Glottica, on which this indefatigable philosopher has been long employed.

SWEDEN.

Professor Afzelius, of Upsal, is about to publish Memoirs of the celebrated Linnæus, written by himself, the manuscript of which was some time ago found in the University of Upsal. The work will, we hear, be translated into French, German, and English. Lord Strangford has undertaken the English translation.

DENMARK.

Prize Question.—*Variation of the Compass.*—The Royal Academy of Copenhagen proposes the following prize question:—"Num inclinatio et vis acus magneticæ iisdem, quibus declinatio diurnis variationibus sunt subjectæ? Num etiam longiores, ut declinatio, habent circuitus? Num denique has variationes certis finibus circumscribere possumus?" The prize is 50 Danish ducats.

HOLLAND.

Medical Prize Question.—The following is proposed by the Society of Sciences, at Haerlem. The essays should be sent to the secretary before the 1st January, 1821.—"What advantage has medicine derived from the reformation and extension of chemistry since the time of Lavoisier, in making us better acquainted with the chemical agency of the medicines usually employed for the cure of several diseases of the human body; and what means should be taken in order to acquire a solid knowledge, useful in medicine, of the hitherto-unknown chemical agency of several medicines?"

USEFUL ARTS.

NEW INVENTIONS.

New Lamp.—A new lamp has been invented by Mr. PARKER of Argyll-street, which casts no shadow, and can increase its light on the lower or upper part of the apartment at pleasure. Its application is either for reading or general illumination.

Method of Preserving Vessels.—An American ship now at Cowes, built with spruce and white oak, sixteen years ago, has all her original timbers and planks in the most perfect state of preservation and soundness, owing to her having been, while on the stocks, filled up between the timbers with salt; and whenever she has been opened for examination, filled up again.

Dr. LAENNEC, of Paris, has invented a machine for investigating diseases in the organs of the chest. It is a cylinder about a foot long, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter, pierced lengthwise by a hole three eighths of an inch wide, and widened at one end in the form of a funnel: the whole diameter of the cylinder. It acts partly as a prolongation of the external ear, partly by magnifying the sounds within the chest; and is well calculated to improve the knowledge of several important and obscure disorders.

Ships' Cargoes.—It has often been a subject of complaint, that there was no method that could be wholly depended upon for ascertaining the amount of the cargo which a vessel is able to contain, and also to discover the exact weight of the cargo. Mr. JACOB REITMAYER, a mechanist of Mayence, has succeeded in remedying this defect, by means of a new invention, a model of which has been presented to the central committee for regulating the navigation of the Rhine now sitting here. This machine resembles in its principles the platforms used on land for weighing waggons, &c. It is built in the water, at a place where the depth is always the same, whither the ships, when empty, are brought, and you may tell with the greatest accuracy, by means of a scale (or scales) at the sides of the machine, how high and broad the vessel is, and what is its weight in the water when empty. As the scale is calculated upon hydraulic principles, from decimeter to decimeter, according to the make of the ship in its cubic contents, and according to the buoyant power of the water, nothing more is necessary than to place the vessel, when loaded, in the machine, which will immediately shew the weight of the vessel and cargo, from which the weight of the vessel when unloaded is to be deducted.

Pyrolignous Acid.—This acid, formed by the destructive distillation of wood, has the same properties of preserving animal substances from putrefaction as the smoke of burnt wood. The antiseptic effects of this acid are obtained, by simply dipping the substance intended to be preserved into it. If immersed for several hours, a partial

decomposition will commence, and a disagreeable empyreuma and acid taste will be occasioned.

MALLEABLE IRON PASSAGE BOAT.—A passage vessel was constructed last winter and spring, for the service of the Clyde and Forth Canal Company, by Mr. Wilson, ship-builder, from the design and under the direction of Mr. Henry Creighton, of Glasgow.—The hull was built of iron, in order to avoid the often recurring and expensive repairs, to which the wooden vessels had been found liable. Considerable opposition to the plan was made by the persons connected with the navigation of the boats, who said it would be found inconvenient, and unfit for the service: but experience has proved it otherwise, and the *Vulcan* has been found to be the most agreeable and manageable of the passage vessels in every variety of weather, while, though carrying more passengers than any on the old plan, it is as easily tracked as the smallest of them; and from the lowness of the centre of gravity, it admits of a large cabin and awning on deck, where the passengers are better accommodated than in the former way below. The dimensions are,

	Feet.	
Extreme length,	-	68
Beam	-	13
Depth (including 5 inches keel)	5	
Draft of water of		
the iron hull when	Abaft.	Forward.
launched	22 inches,	19 inch.
Ditto, when fitted		
up with cabins, &c.	87 inches,	25 inch.
Ditto, with 200 pas-		
sengers and their bag-	48 on an even keel.	
gage	-	under

The weight of iron employed is little more than twelve and a half tons, which is rather less than that of a wooden vessel of the same external, and smaller internal, dimensions. The iron was of the kind called Scrap, and was rolled and forged at the Monkland Steel Company's works.

An unforeseen advantage has been experienced in the use of this vessel, the cause of which is not very apparent. When any of the other boats have been laid alongside of the canal bank, to take in or discharge passengers, they continue, on being put in motion, to rub on the bank, until they acquire head-way enough to bring them under command of the rudder; but the *Vulcan* immediately springs off the bank, and takes into the middle of the canal. The form of the bottom of this boat was copied from a model sent by Admiral Shanks. It excels the others which have been tried, as it occasions little agitation in the water, and is, therefore, favourable to the preservation of the canal banks.

Pumps for clearing away leakage or bilge-water were put into her, but, it is believed, they have hardly been required to be used.

It has been under contemplation to cause the horses to track the boats through the intervention of a spring, in order to equalize their exertions, which vary, in *very minute portions of time* from 100lb. to 1000lb. while the average strain on the line is between 250lb. and 300lb. It has been found impracticable to procure springs combining sufficient power of extension and strength, and perhaps it will be necessary to resort to one consisting of air acted upon by a piston, in a barrel of adequate dimensions.

Ivory Paper for the use of Artists.—This is the invention of Mr. S. EINSLE, of Stratton Grounds, Westminster, who received from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, thirty guineas for this communication.

The properties which render ivory so desirable a substance for the miniature painter, and other artists, are, the evenness and fineness of its grain, its allowing all water-colours laid on its surface to be washed out with a soft wet brush, and the facility with which the artist may scrape off the colour from any particular part by means of the point of a knife, or other convenient instrument, and thus heighten and add brilliancy to the lights in his painting more expeditiously and efficaciously than can be done in any other way.

The objections to ivory are, its high price, the impossibility of obtaining plates exceeding very moderate dimensions, and the coarseness of grain in the larger of these; its liability, when thin, to warp by changes of the weather, and its property of turning yellow by long exposure to the light, owing to the oil which it contains.

The candidate produced before the committee several specimens of his ivory paper, about an eighth of an inch thick, and of superficial dimensions much larger than the largest ivory: the surface was hard, smooth, and perfectly even. On trial of these, by some of the artists, members of the society, it appears that colours may be washed off the ivory paper more completely than from ivory itself, and that the process may be repeated three or four times on the same surface, without rubbing up the grain of the paper. It will also, with proper care, bear to be scraped, with the edge of a knife, without becoming rough.

Traces made on the surface of this paper by a hard black-lead pencil are much easier effaced by means of India-rubber, than from common drawing-paper.

It is superior to ivory itself in the whiteness of the surface, in the facility with which it receives colour, and in the greater brilliancy of the colours when laid on, owing to the superior whiteness of the ground. Colours on ivory are apt to be injured by the transudation of the animal oil, a defect which the ivory paper is free from; it does not appear to become yellow or discoloured by keeping. The following account is the method of making it.

Take a quarter of a pound of clean parchment cuttings, and put them into a two-quart pan, with nearly as much water as it will hold; boil the mixture gently for four or five hours, adding water from time to time, to supply the place of that driven off by evaporation; then carefully strain the liquor from the dregs through a cloth, and when cold it will form a strong jelly, which may be called size. (No. 1.)

Return the dregs of the preceding process into the pan, fill it up with water, and again boil it as before, for four or five hours; then strain off the liquor, and call it size. (No. 2.)

Take three sheets of drawing-paper (outsides will answer the purpose perfectly well, and, being much cheaper, are therefore to be preferred), wet them on both sides with a soft sponge, dipped in water, and paste them together with the size (No. 2). While they are still wet, lay them on a table, and place upon them a smooth slab of writing-slate, of a size somewhat smaller than the paper. Turn up the edges of the paper, and paste them on the back of the slate, and then allow the paper to dry gradually. Wet, as before, three more sheets of the same kind of paper, and paste them on the others, one at a time; cut off with a knife what projects beyond the edges of the slate, and when the whole has become perfectly dry, wrap a small flat piece of slate in coarse sand-paper, and with this rubber make the surface of the paper quite even and smooth. Then paste on an inside sheet, which must be quite free from spots or dirt of any kind, cut off the projecting edges as before, and when dry rub it with fine glass paper, which will produce a perfectly smooth surface. Now take half a pint of the size (No. 1.) melt it by a gentle heat, and then stir into it three table spoonfuls of fine plaster of Paris; when the mixture is completed, pour it out on the paper, and with a soft wet sponge distribute it as evenly over the surface as possible. Then allow the surface to dry slowly, and rub it again with fine glass-paper. Lastly, take a few spoonfuls of the size (No. 1.), and mix it with three-fourths its quantity of water; unite the two by a gentle heat, and when the mass has cooled, so as to be in a semi-gelatinous state, pour about one-third of it on the surface of the paper, and spread it evenly with the sponge; when this has dried pour on another portion, and afterwards the remainder; when the whole has again become dry, rub it over lightly with fine glass-paper, and the process is complete; it may accordingly be cut away from the slab of slate, and is ready for use.

The quantity of ingredients above mentioned is sufficient for a piece of paper seventeen and a half inches by fifteen and a half.

Paris plaster gives a perfectly white surface: oxyd of zinc, mixed with Paris plaster, in the proportion of four parts of the former

to three of the latter, gives a tint very nearly resembling ivory: precipitated carbonate of barytes gives a tint intermediate between the two.

NEW PATENTS.

ROBERT RAINES BAINES, of Myton, Kingston-upon-Hull, *Glue Manufacturer; for a Perpetual Log, or Sea Perambulator.* Nov. 16, 1816.

The object of this invention being to ascertain the rate of a ship's way, or going, at sea, with a greater degree of accuracy, and with much less trouble than is at present performed, is effected by means of a vane, composed of sails or flyers, similar to windmill sails, fixed on the stern-post of the vessel, near the keel, so as to front the current of water made by the ship's way, which acts upon the sails or flyers as the wind does upon the windmill-sails. To this vane is connected a dial or index, by which the distance the vessel has made in a given time is shewn or ascertained, and the time may be known by any of the usual means.

And another machine of the same kind being placed below the keel, but parallel with the keel of the vessel, or by placing it in a hole through the stern-post, sufficiently large to admit the vane or fly, and at an angle of fifteen degrees (the angle on both sides being alike); it will then shew the lee-way the vessel has made in any given time, adding or deducting the tide or current, which are known, or may be known, by anchorage, and seen on the dial of the index of the machine for shewing the ship's way.

WILLIAM BUNDY, of Camden Town, Middlesex, *Mathematical Instrument Maker; for certain Machinery for Breaking and Preparing Hemp and Flax.* April 1, 1819.

This machine consists of a strong frame of wood or cast iron, supporting two conical rollers, which revolve (without touching) in proper carriages; over which rollers, another similar roller revolves in like manner. These rollers are all frustra of cones, with flutes or longitudinal teeth on their external conical surfaces; the teeth of the upper roller work into those of the lower ones; and the whole revolve together. The rollers are set in motion by the action of a treadle or lever, and the flax being introduced between them, is to be drawn several times through the machine until finished.

WILLIAM LEWIS, of Brimscomb, Gloucester, Dyer; *for a new Machine for fulling Woollen or other Cloths that require such Process.* April 5, 1816.

Among the chief imperfections of the common machine or stock may be enumerated, that it cleanses the cloth unequally; that it requires the assistance of stale urine, or a chemical substitute, in the first stage of the process; that it felts the cloth, in a degree, during the cleansing, so as to injure

its texture, and render the hurling more difficult; and that it occasions considerable damage in every part of the operation of fulling. On the other hand, in this new machine, the cloth being made to run between rollers, which are made to press it with any desirable force, it is cleansed without being felted in the least, or in any degree injured; and in this stage, Fuller's-earth and water, moderately heated, by steam or otherwise, are quite sufficient, without using seg or stale urine. The work is also performed more equally, with much less mechanical power, and more speedily, than with the stock.

With regard to the last part of the process of fulling, namely, felting, the cloth is placed in, and supported by, a kind of cask, in the new machine, open at both ends, and made to revolve round its horizontal axis with any desirable speed, for the purpose of presenting the cloth in different directions to receive, through the open ends of the cask, the blows by which it is felted. A power of increasing or diminishing the action in the cloth is obtained by an adjustment to the apparatus, which makes the cask revolve. By this means the cloth is less rubbed than in the common stock, and consequently there is less waste of its substance; and it is not liable to the damage of rents, so common with the latter machine. The cask is at rest, while the blows are made, in opposite directions, against the cloth contained in it; and moves a portion of a revolution only in the interval of time between every two, every three, or more blows. This part of the machine may be usefully applied to cleansing linens or cottons. Instead of a cask, for supporting and turning the cloth in the interval between the blows of the beaters, a machine may be constructed with a bowl, sufficiently wide, supported and turned round by a vertical axis.

JOSEPH WEATHERLY PHIPSON, of Birmingham, Warwick, *Metal Merchant; for an Improvement in manufacturing Pipes, Tubes, or Conductors, for Gas, and other Purposes.* April 24, 1819.

A tube is to be formed of rolled copper, by drawing it through a plate upon a mandrill, or without a mandrill. The edges of the copper are to be soldered together with Bath metal, or silver solder, so as to form a permanent and safe joint. The superfluous solder is dressed off, and the tube again drawn through the plate: this done, a piece of lead pipe is drawn through a plate on a mandrill, of the diameter of the tube required, and placed within the said copper pipe; and by passing through it a conical mandrill, attached to a rod, the lead pipe is forced against the inner surface of the copper tube, so as to leave them in perfect contact with each other. Or a lead pipe may be prepared upon a mandrill, of the

diameter of the tube required; draw over it a copper pipe, already soldered, and pass them both together, on the mandrill, through a draw-plate, so as to bring the interior surface of the copper and the exterior surface of the lead pipes into complete contact; the lead pipe is proof against the action of the gas, and serves to conduct it without the risk of escape;—copper is not, but it supports and defends the lead, admits of a better polish, and is more pleasant to the eye than lead: pipes or tubes thus constructed, will conduct various fluids and inflammable gases.

WILLIAM SPRATLEY, of the Strand, Middlesex, Coal-merchant; for an Improvement in the Axletree of Wheels for Carriages of different Descriptions. Dec. 20, 1814.

This invention consists in a certain combination of parts for securing the wheel upon its axle, which will admit of giving any determinate degree of end play or lateral motion to the wheel, which under some circumstances is so much desired; at the same time it affords additional security, a more perfect confinement of the oil in its various parts, less friction in motion, and a greater ease of management than the most approved axles now in use.

PATENTS LATELY GRANTED.

JOHN HAGUE, of Great Pearl-street, Spitalfields, Middlesex, Engineer; for an improvement in preparing the materials for making pottery-ware, tiles, and bricks. June 2, 1820.

WILLIAM BATE, of Peterborough, Northamptonshire, Esq.; for a combination of, and additions to, machinery calculated to increase power. June 3, 1820.

WILLIAM BATE, of Peterborough, Northamptonshire, Esq.; for certain improvements in preparing hemp, flax, or other fibrous material, for spinning. June 3, 1820.

SIMÉON TEISSIER, of Paris, but at present residing in Bucklersbury, London, Merchant; for certain improvements in propelling vessels. Communicated to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad. June 3, 1820.

JACOB PERKINS, late of Philadelphia, America, but now residing at Austin Friars, London, Engineer; for certain improvements in the construction of fixed and portable pumps, such as pumps fixed for raising water from wells and other situations, or ships' pumps; or for portable pumps, which may be employed for garden-engines, or in engines for extinguishing fires, or other purposes. June 3, 1820.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

ARCHITECTURE.

The Architectural Antiquities of Normandy. By John Sell Cotman. With historical and descriptive Notices. Part 2.

The Heraldic Origin of Gothic Architecture, in Answer to all foregoing Systems. By Rowley Lascelles, Esq. Barrister, of the Middle Temple. Royal 8vo. 7s.

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A Sketch of the Military Life of Richard Augustus Wyvill, late Major of the 3d Veteran Battalion; with Descriptions of various parts of the World in which he has been stationed. 8vo. 14s.

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The numerous opportunities of observing the domestic lives of our late lamented King and Queen, which Mrs. Delany owed to their condescension and friendship, give a powerful interest to this work, which exhibits a picture of conjugal and parental virtue and happiness, of religious and moral conduct, and propriety of manners, which in such an exalted and conspicuous station, was highly beneficial to the nation. We have no longer this bright example before our eyes, but it is cherished in our memory; and the pages which recollect it in its most amiable form, are a valuable acquisition. In our next Number, we purpose giving some interesting extracts.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

Lucian of Samosata, from the Greek. With the Comments and Illustrations of Wieland and others. By William Tooke, F.R.S. In 2 vols. 4to. 5l. 5s. with a Portrait of Mr. Tooke.

EDUCATION.

Early Education, or the Management of Children considered with a view to their Future Character. By Miss Appleton. Author of 'Private Education,' &c.

This is in every respect a very excellent production. It is evidently the result of an attentive observance of the wants and habits of infants, and of an affectionate solicitude to promote their happiness and welfare. The author seems less anxious to make out a correct and imposing theory, than to shew what is easily practicable, and sure of producing desirable results. In the most amiable manner she points out the pleasures and enjoyments which nature herself prescribes to infants, and shews how an ample indulgence in them may yet be so managed as to be productive of moral good to the little creatures, who, at their engaging and innocent period of life, ought to be as exempt from needless suffering, as they are from actual guilt. She goes always upon the kind and judicious principle that prevention is the best cure; and she earnestly exhorts parents to spare themselves the pain of detecting faults in their children by their own watchfulness in preventing occasions for them to appear. If we had room for extracts, we could easily bring numerous passages from this work, to justify any degree of praise we may bestow upon it. The beauty of the author's remarks on the infantine affections, the judiciousness of

her directions respecting the treatment of an elder child, when a rival is introduced to him, under the title of a baby, strong in its very weakness, and the beautiful feeling with which she impresses the importance of removing far from the tender sensibility and lively imagination of infants, all unhallowed scenes of anger or cruelty, and all impatient expressions, would, amidst many other admirable instances, amply bear us out in our admiration of her judgment and her principles; but, limited as we are, we must content ourselves with briefly saying, that no mother will open this volume without wishing to peruse it throughout; nor can she arrive at the conclusion without being benefitted by the author's remarks, and feeling an affectionate gratitude for that consideration for both the parent and the child, by which they have been suggested.

The chapter on early instruction is excellent, and the more so, as the Author does not fall into the error of the present day, of teaching too much at too early a period, and too long a time together.—Nature and observation are a child's best teachers for the first seven years of his life. The work is closed with a list of children's books, and comments upon them, which will be found very useful to those who wish to inculcate betimes a love of reading in their children.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Lacon: or many Things in few Words; addressed to those who Think. By the
NEW MONTHLY MAG.—No. 79.

Rev. C. C. Colton, A. M. London, 1820, 8vo. pp. 267.

The appearance of this Work is a subject of public congratulation, for it is symptomatic of the decline and extinction of the pernicious art of book-making. Here we have an Author who writes, not because he wishes to make a book of a certain size, but because he has something to impart. The unconnected manner in which his luminous views of a great variety of subjects are presented, is not well suited to the indolent majority of readers; but if they once begin the book, his originality, acuteness, and laconic terseness, will certainly induce them to go through it, independently of the glory they will thereby acquire of being classed with the thinking part of the human race. In his preface the author says, "I have addressed this volume to those who think, and some may accuse me of an ostentatious independence, in presuming to inscribe a book to so small a minority. But a volume addressed to those who think, is in fact addressed to all the world; for although the proportion of those who do think, be extremely small, yet every individual flatters himself that he is one of the number. In the present rage for all that is marvellous and interesting, when writers of undoubted talent consider only what will sell, and readers only what will please, it is perhaps a bold experiment to send a volume into the world, whose very faults (manifold as I fear they are) will cost more pains to detect, than scolders would feel inclined to bestow, even if they were sure of discovering nothing but beauties. Some also of my conclusions will no doubt be condemned by those who will not take the trouble of looking into the postulate; for the soundest argument will produce no more conviction in an empty head, than the most superficial declamation; as a feather and a guinea fall with equal velocity in a vacuum."

The Hermit in the Country. By the Author of the Hermit in London. 3 vols. 18s.

Essays, and Sketches of Life and Character. By a Gentleman who has left his Lodgings. 12mo. pp. 348.

These sketches are by a masterly hand, and comprehend an extensive view of society, while they evince a thorough knowledge of fashionable life. Among their numerous excellences, we were much pleased with the Author's views of the heartless civility and apathy of metropolitan society; as well as with his remarks on the improvement attained by travel.

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borrowing the imagination's aid, and making itself visible in clouds, and storms, and dreary apparitions, and at last in gentle and mild imagery, than from the deep yearnings of the soul after the unknown, and its intense desire to trace palpable links of connexion between its present and its future condition. The romance before us exhibits the son of a Norwegian Baron, attended by companions who are no other than *Death* and the *Devil* in visible shapes—tempted by the evil spirit, and by his own wild and impetuous disposition, to wrong and outrage—becoming truly penitent and childlike, after many starts of repentance and relapses—and, at last, in a terrible valley undergoing his great trial—choosing of his two companions *Death* rather than the Fiend, who offers him the gratification of all his appetites—and finding, on his choice, that the grim spectre drops its terrors and speaks gently to him, and only claims him as its victim after years of virtue. Upon this triumph he is permitted to see his mother, the lady Verena, who, on the impious conduct of his father, withdrew to a convent to avert the effects of his curses. A friend of the woman whom he had once madly loved, and of her husband, he afterwards passes his days “in the long sabbath of subdued desire.” Vague and cloudy as this tale is, and little as its more awful scenes have power to stir the blood, the picture of the haunted Sintram, whose rough and melancholy features are softened by a gleam of his mother's sweetness, is very touching even to our human feelings. And, in the dim image of that mother, there is something more sainted, more pure, more abstracted from the world, yet more tender and gentle, than we can elsewhere remember. The interview between this lady and her son, after his moral victory, is most beautiful and affecting—“in this world yet not of it”—where the deepest and purest of earthly loves is shaded and hallowed by something of celestial sanctity. The work is, on the whole, richly deserving of attentive perusal.

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Robin Hood: a collection of all the ancient Poems, Songs, and Ballads now extant relative to that celebrated English Outlaw; to which are prefixed Historical Anecdotes of his Life. In 1 vol. foolscap 8vo.

This publication is a reprint of Mr. Ritson's collection of the Remains of Robin Hood, which were published in the year 1795, in two small octavo volumes, but omitting such parts of that learned antiquarian's notes as are unfit for indiscriminate perusal. The volume is a very complete collection of the old ballads relating to the outlaws in Sherwood Forest, which are so characteristic of merry England. The character of Robin Hood himself will be more truly felt in the perusal of this volume, than in a view of the delineation of him in “Ivanhoe,” which is exceedingly inadequate, as it neither vividly sets forth the nobleness nor the gentleness of his nature.

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Ensaio sobre o Homem, traduzido pelo Visconde de Sao Lourenço. 3 vols. 4to.

This is a private publication, printed at the Chiswick Press, under the authority of the Portuguese government; and embellished with four highly finished engravings by C. Heath, Scott, Rhodes, and Warren, from designs by Uwins, and a full-length portrait of Alexander Pope, from a painting by Jervas, never before engraved.

The work contains translations into Portuguese verse (by the Principal Treasurer of Brazil) of The Essay on Man, and Messiah, with the Original Poems printed in opposite columns; of the 13th and 14th chapters of Isaiah, and various other pieces, ancient and modern: also, passages extracted from the writings of Camoens, Sa de Meneses, Quita, Barreto, Caminha, Garcao, Francisco Manoel de Nascimento, and other Portuguese poets; together with similar selections from the literature of Greece, Ancient Rome, Italy, France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, and England, besides much original matter in the form of notes. It is designed as a kind of compendium of Moral Philosophy and Polite Learning for the use of the Portuguese Student; the whole edition, with the exception of a very limited number of copies, which remain in England, being intended for distribution in Brazil, &c.

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A Letter from an Englishman at St. Omer's to a Member of Parliament, containing several particulars relative to the Queen's Stay at that place, and some Account of her Chamberlain, Pergami; together with Observations on several of the Arguments made use of by her Majesty's Advocates.

Journal of an Illustrious Traveller; including Memoirs and Anecdotes of her Court, Correspondence with the Earl of Liverpool, Mr. Whitbread, &c. &c. 8vo. 4s. 6d. Third Edition.

The Reviewer Reviewed; being a Critical Reply to an Article, entitled 'Restrictions on Foreign Commerce,' contained in the Edinburgh Review for May 1820. 6d.

A few plain Facts and Observations relative to the Situation of the Country at the Commencement of the year 1820, in regard to its Finances, Morals, and Religion, with a view to their gradual Improvement. 8vo. pp. 45.

SERMONS.

The Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity briefly stated and explained, and the Church of England vindicated from the charge of Uncharitableness, in retaining the Athanasian Creed. By Thomas Hartwell Horne, M. A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, Curate of the United Parishes of Christ

Church, Newgate-street, and St. Leonard, Foster-lane. 8vo. 5s.

This is a valuable summary of the doctrines of the Church with respect to the Trinity, which we sincerely recommend to the perusal of Unitarians. The author proves that the names, attributes, and works of the Deity are ascribed in the Scriptures to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. He then enters into a very learned defence of the Athanasian Creed, particularly refuting the common and popular objection, that it consigns to perdition all who do not believe it in every article; an assertion equally odious and unfounded. As explained by this divine, the Athanasian Creed is, in the words of the learned Hooker, "a treasure of inestimable price." We trust we shall not be suspected of bigotry or illiberality, and therefore hope that our recommendation of this work will operate as an inducement to others to seek in its arguments the satisfaction it has afforded us on these infinitely important subjects.

THEOLOGY.

Humble Requests to Churchmen and Dissenters, touching their temper and behaviour towards each other, relative to their different Forms of Worship. By the Rev. John Howe, A. M. 6d.

The amiable and conciliatory spirit of this little Tract cannot be too warmly commended, or too generally practised. Those in whom zeal degenerates into uncharitableness, are not universally aware how directly opposite to the precepts of the Scriptures is such a disposition; and this Work is well calculated to awaken them to the real state of their minds.

FOREIGN.

Classical Excursion from Rome to Arpine, comprising Dissertations, on the Political Conduct observed by Cicero, on his Villas, and Monuments. To which is added, Excursion from Naples to the Isle of Capri, with a Map illustrative of the Villas of Tiberius. By Chas. Kelsall. With Engravings, 8vo. 12s.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Voyage to South America, performed, by order of the American Government, in the Years 1817 and 1818, in the Frigate Congress. By H. M. Brackenridge, Esq. Secretary to the Mission. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

Journal of a short Captivity in Dahomy, in Africa, with some Account of the Manners and Customs of that Nation. By John McLeod, M. D. Author of Voyage and Shipwreck of the Alceste. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

This Narrative affords some curious information, and is written in a lively amusing style.

Sketches descriptive of Italy in the Years 1816 and 1817, with a brief Account of Travels in various Parts of France and Switzerland in the same Years. 4 vols. 11. 12s.

Popular Travels and Voyages throughout the Continent and Islands of Europe. By Mrs. Jamieson (late Miss Thurtle), Author of "A History of France," &c. 12mo. with 13 Views, 9s. boards.

Popular Voyages and Travels in Asia, Africa, and America. By the same Authoress. 12mo. with 7 Views, 9s. boards.

This judicious and industrious Writer is eminently qualified for the instruction of Youth

Her "Ashford Rectory," and Histories of France and Spain, have already ranked her with the ablest Authors in this meritorious department of Literature. The present Works have been compiled from the best and latest Authorities, with equal industry and discrimination. The style is colloquial; and originates in the Imaginary Travels of a Tutor and his Pupils. The numerous natural phenomena which are necessarily described, are scientifically explained and illustrated in a manner peculiarly clear and impressive.

The History of Greenland; including an

Account of the Mission carried on by the United Brethren in that Country. From the German of David Crantz. With a Continuation to the present Time; illustrative Notes, &c. 8vo. 2 Vols.

In this free Translation the original is judiciously abridged, and the History of Greenland subsequent to the date of Crantz's work, is concisely and perspicuously given. The deplorable superstitions to which the natives of this wretched country are attached, have, in a great degree, yielded to the efforts of the Christian Missionaries.

LITERARY REPORT.

MR. J. H. BURN, who has recently published beautiful reprints of Barker's Art of Angling, and Barker's Delight, from the rare editions of 1651 and 1657, and other elegant works connected with the diversion of Angling, has announced as preparing for the press, a Bibliographical List of all the Books written either for Improvement in, or that are Descriptive of, the Art of Angling; commencing with the Treatise attributed (though perhaps erroneously) to Juliana Barnes, or Berners, published in 1496, and continued to the last work which has appeared on the Subject, with Notices of the various Editions and Peculiarities of each; brief Biographical Sketches of Authors and Editors, and copious Extracts; comprising the most interesting portions of the rarest and most valuable Works.

The Author of 'The Widow of Nain,' intends shortly to publish a new Poem, under the title of The Outlaw of Taurus, with a few Specimens of a free translation of the 'Oedipus Colonos,' of Sophocles.

In a few days will appear the History of the Causes and Effects of the Rhenish Confederacy. By the MARQUIS LUCHESINI. From the Italian.

JAMES GREY JACKSON, Esq. is preparing for the press a New Arabic Grammar.

The Third Part of Select Biography, containing the Life of Archbishop Cranmer by Gilpin, with a Portrait, is nearly ready for publication.

COLONEL DE BOSSET has nearly ready for publication, a Second Edition of the Proceedings in Parga and the Ionian Islands, with a Series of Correspondence and other justificatory Documents. This Edition comprises many additional Papers, and an accurate Report of the Trial of an Action brought by the Author against Sir T. Maidland.

LIEUT-COL LEAKE has in the Press, the Topography of Athens, with some Remarks on its Antiquities.

The Rev. WM. ORME will soon publish, in an octavo volume, Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Religious Connections of the Rev. Dr. John Owen.

The Rev. T. JENN is preparing a work on Sacred Literature; comprising a review of the Principles laid down in the Prelections and Isaiah of Bp. Lowth, and an application

of those Principles to the Illustration of the New Testament.

The Rev. J. LEWIS, of Margate, will soon publish in octavo, the History of the Life and Sufferings of the Rev. Dr. John Wiclif.

J. BISSET, Esq. Author of the Guide to Leamington Priore, is preparing for the Press, Royal Coronation Claims; a comic Poem.

MR. J. ZWEED, of Bocking, will soon publish, Popular Observations on Regimen and Diet; with Rules and Regulations in regard to Health.

MR. E. HOWITT is printing, Selections from Letters written during a Tour through the United States, in 1811, illustrative of the Native Indians, and of the Emigrants.

Letters written for the Post and not for the Press, will soon appear in a small octavo volume.

Preparing for Publication.

Select Cabinet of Natural History, with an Account of the Silk Worm, and an elegant Method of obtaining very exact and pleasing Representations of Plants. By the late DR. SHAW, F. R. S. Principal Naturalist of the British Museum.

A Dissertation on the Treatment of Morbid Local Affections of Nerves, to which the Jacksonian Prize of the College of Surgeons was adjudged. By JOSEPH SWAN, Surgeon to the Lincoln County Hospital.

Devonia: a Poem, in Five Cantos, descriptive of the most interesting Scenery, natural and artificial, in the County of Devon; interspersed with Historical Anecdotes, and Legendary Tales. By the Rev. G. WOODLEY.

Margarita and Yackoot. An Egyptian Historical Tale. By MR. A. SALAME, &c. 2 Vols. crown 8vo.

Life of William Sanerost, Archbishop of Canterbury; compiled principally from original and scarce Documents.

Lettres à Monsieur Malthus sur différents Sujets d'Economie Politique, et notamment sur les Causes de la Stagnation du Commerce. Par J. B. SAY, Auteur du Traité d'Economie Politique. 1 vol. 8vo. price 5s.

Jack Randall's Diary of Proceedings at the House of Call for Genius; to which are added, Mr. Breakwind's minor Poems.

DIGEST OF POLITICAL EVENTS.

IN our last retrospect we brought down the proceedings of her Majesty's case to the period when she was advised to reject the proposal of the House of Commons, for an accommodation. We shall now detail the events that followed upon that refusal: they form the only topic upon which we shall have to dwell; for all the ordinary political transactions of the country and of Parliament have been suspended.

On Monday, the 26th of June, the following petition from her Majesty was presented to the House of Lords by Lord Dacre:—

To the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled.

“CAROLINE REGINA.

“The Queen having been informed that proceedings are about to be instituted against her in the House of Lords, feels it necessary to approach your Lordships as a petitioner and a fellow subject. She is advised, that, according to the forms of your Lordships' House, no other mode of communication is permitted.

“Now, as at all times, she declares her perfect readiness to meet every charge affecting her honour, and she challenges the most complete investigation of her conduct. But she protests, in the first place, against any secret inquiry; and if the House of Lords should, notwithstanding, persist in a proceeding contrary to every principle of justice and of law, she must in the next place declare, that even from such an unconstitutional course she can have nothing to apprehend, unless it be instituted before the arrival of those witnesses whom she will summon immediately to expose the whole of the machinations against her. She is anxious that there should now be no delay whatever in finishing the inquiry, and none shall be occasioned by her Majesty. But the Queen cannot suppose that the House of Lords will commit so crying an injustice as to authorize a secret examination of her conduct, in the absence of herself and her counsel, while her defence must obviously rest upon evidence which, for some weeks, cannot reach this country. The instant that it arrives, she will enter the House of Lords to proceed in any way they may think consistent with the ends of justice; but in the mean time, and before the first step is taken, her Majesty desires to be heard by her counsel at your Lordships' bar this day, upon the subject matter of the petition.”

Mr. Brougham and Mr. Denman were accordingly heard at the bar, and urged with their accustomed ability the prayer of the petition, which was for delay. After they had retired, Lord Liverpool moved the postponement of the meeting of the Committee till Wednesday, the 28th.

In the House of Commons Lord Castlereagh, on the same evening (Monday) adjourned the further consideration of the King's message to Thursday, the 6th of July, by which time it was expected the Lords would have determined what

mode of proceeding they meant to adopt, and the Commons would consequently be enabled to decide whether they should originate any and what process in their own House.

On Tuesday, the 27th, Earl Grey made a motion for discharging the order, which appointed the sitting of the Secret Committee on the papers in the green bag, and proposing, that if the House proceeded at all, it should be by open inquiry. This motion was lost by a majority of 55; the numbers being, contents, 47; non-contents, 102.

The Committee accordingly met, and on Tuesday, July 4, they made the following report to the House:—

“By the Lords' Committee, appointed a Secret Committee to examine the papers laid before the House of Lords on Tuesday, the 6th of June last, in two sealed bags, by his Majesty's command, and to report thereupon, as they shall see fit, and to whom have been since referred several additional papers, in two sealed bags, relative to the subject matter of his Majesty's most gracious message of the 6th of June last.—Ordered to report,

“That the Committee have examined, with all the attention due to so important a subject, the documents which have been laid before them, and they find that those documents contain allegations supported by the concurrent testimony of a great number of persons in various situations of life, and residing in different parts of Europe, which deeply affect the honour of the Queen, charging her Majesty with an adulterous connexion with a foreigner, originally in her service in a mental capacity; and attributing to her Majesty a continued series of conduct highly unbecoming her Majesty's rank and station, and of the most licentious character.

“The charges appear to the Committee so deeply to affect not only the honour of the Queen, but also the dignity of the Crown, and the moral feelings and honour of the country, that, in their opinion, it is indispensable that they should become the subject of a solemn inquiry; which it appears to the Committee may be best effected in the course of a legislative proceeding, the necessity of which they cannot but most deeply deplore.”

On the next day, Lord Liverpool brought in the following bill of pains and penalties, which may be considered as a necessary consequence of the above report by the Secret Committee:—

“A BILL

To deprive her Majesty, Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, of the title, prerogatives, rights, privileges, and pretensions of Queen Consort of this Realm, and to dissolve the Marriage between his Majesty and the said Queen.

“Whereas, in the year 1814, her Majesty, Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, then Princess of Wales, and now Queen Consort of this Realm, being at Milan, in Italy, engaged in her service, in a mental situation, one Bartolomeo Pergami, otherwise Bartolomeo Bergami, a foreigner of low station, who had before served in a similar capacity

“And whereas, after the said Bartolomeo Per-

gani, otherwise Bartolomo Bergami, had so entered the service of her Royal Highness, the said Princess of Wales, a most unbecoming and disgusting intimacy commenced between her Royal Highness and the said Bartolomo Pergami, otherwise Bartolomo Bergami :

"And whereas her Royal Highness not only advanced the said Bartolomo Pergami, otherwise Bartolomo Bergami, to a high situation in her Royal Highness's household, and received him into her service, and that in high and confidential situations about her Royal Highness's person, but bestowed upon him other great and extraordinary marks of favour and distinction, obtained for him orders of knighthood and titles of honour, and conferred upon him a pretended order of knighthood, which her Royal Highness had taken upon herself to institute, without any just or lawful authority :

"And whereas her said Royal Highness, whilst the said Bartolomo Pergami, otherwise Bartolomo Bergami, was in her said service, further unmindful of her exalted rank and station, and of her duty to your Majesty, and wholly regardless of her own honour and character, conducted herself towards the said Bartolomo Pergami, otherwise Bartolomo Bergami, in other respects, both in public and private, and in the various places and countries which her Royal Highness visited, with indecent and offensive familiarity and freedom, and carried on a licentious, disgraceful, and adulterous intercourse with the said Bartolomo Pergami, otherwise Bartolomo Bergami, which continued for a long period of time, during her Royal Highness's residence abroad, by which conduct of her said Royal Highness, great scandal and dishonour have been brought upon your Majesty's family and this kingdom.

"Therefore, to manifest our deep sense of such scandalous, disgraceful, and vicious conduct on the part of her said Majesty, by which she has violated the duty she owed to your Majesty, and has rendered herself unworthy of the exalted rank and station of Queen Consort of this Realm, and to evince our just regard for the dignity of the Crown and the honour of this Nation, we, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons, in Parliament assembled, do hereby entreat your Majesty that it may be enacted, and be it enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that her said Majesty, Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, from and after the passing of this act, shall be, and is hereby, deprived of the title of Queen, and of all the prerogatives, rights, privileges, and exemptions appertaining to her as Queen Consort of this realm; and that her said Majesty shall, from and after the passing of this act, for ever be disabled and rendered incapable of using, exercising, and enjoying the same, or any of them; and moreover, that the marriage between his Majesty and the said Caroline Amelia Elizabeth be, and the same is hereby from henceforth for ever wholly dissolved, annulled, and made void, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever."

After the bill was read a first time, the Earl of Liverpool moved, "that copies should be sent to her Majesty, and her Majesty's Attorney-General, and also to the King's Attorney-General;" which was agreed to.

On the next day, Thursday, the 6th,

Lord Dacre presented the following petition from her Majesty:—

"THE PETITION

Of Caroline Amelia, Queen Consort of England, as the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament assembled.

"The Queen has heard, with inexpressible astonishment, of the proceedings of the House of Lords; proceedings which have in view the dissolving of her privileges, and founded upon the Report of a Secret Committee, before whom she had no counsel to assert her rights, and who have proceeded entirely on written papers, and by whom no witnesses have been examined. She further learns, with surprise and regret, that her counsel were last night refused a hearing at the bar of the House of Lords; and further, that a list of the witnesses, on a future occasion to be produced against her, has been refused to her. Under such circumstances, her Majesty doubts whether she can do more than make her most solemn protest against the whole of such proceedings. Still, however, she relies on the justice of your Lordships, and still prays that her counsel may be heard at your bar to state her claims."

The concluding prayer of this petition was forthwith complied with, and Messrs. Brougham and Denman were called in. We cannot do better than extract the following passage from the speech of the former, which will exhibit at once the object of her Majesty's application. He said, "he was instructed to make answer generally, and to take an objection to the whole of the proceedings. Her Majesty had been last night served with a copy of the bill which had been read a first time and ordered to be printed. That bill contained charges of the grossest nature against that illustrious Personage, and her Majesty could not suffer the shortest interval to elapse without preferring at the bar, by her counsel, objections to the whole course of proceeding *funditus*. As a bill had been brought in and read a first time by their Lordships, her Majesty could not but express her regret and disappointment that she had not been heard by her counsel yesterday, before the first reading of the bill; and that, under all the circumstances of the case, their Lordships had not thought fit to comply with her request. On her part he had to state objections applicable to the peculiar circumstances in which her Majesty was placed, and to the relation in which their Lordships might possibly be placed with regard to her, in case the proceeding went forward. He was also instructed to speak to the mode of proceeding; and touching the time, whether a stated period was fixed upon, or if it was intended to delay the farther proceeding, without specifying any particular time. These matters he was to go into either entirely or partially, as

there was a possibility that circumstances might occur which would make a further delay requisite. He was also to speak to certain matters that might be well calculated to produce an immediate effect in regard to the further proceedings of their Lordships. He was authorized to state that this was the only stage of the business that now could allow her Majesty to make the statements to which he alluded, with any effect. And that she felt it a matter of serious detriment, that her petition should have been rejected yesterday, and that she was not allowed to be heard before the bill was read a first time. Last of all, her Majesty had to complain of a certain Report, which was stated to have been laid on the table of that House, but of which, as a Parliamentary document, of course, her Majesty could know nothing. However, it was not to be concealed that that Report had gone abroad, and had been made known to the public in every shape and form of announcement. Its substance had been stated in print, and spoken of, and every person, man, woman, and child, could repeat it to the letter. It had appeared in all the newspapers; it formed the subject of all conversation; it was a topic of universal interest; but it might, for aught he knew, be a fabrication—a gross and scandalous libel on their Lordships' committee. But as the charges which that Report was said to convey had been so generally and consistently circulated, and as their Lordships had not committed or visited with any marks of their displeasure, any of the persons who had dared to prostitute their pens and tongues to the publication of such charges, he could not but feel such conduct on the part of their Lordships as at least affording some foundation for believing that the Report had a *bona fide* existence; and upon this point her Majesty was most desirous of being heard. If the Report did exist, it contained statements which went even beyond the bill; and which could not be affirmed by the passing of the bill, or negatived by its being thrown out. Those statements might, however, have the effect of exciting prejudices the most injurious to her Majesty's cause, and ought to be answered without delay. He therefore submitted, with all respect to the House, that counsel were to speak generally to the whole of the proceedings, and that the subjects which he had particularized were the only ones on which he had received instructions."

An objection was made to this mode

of argument, and the counsel being ordered to withdraw, the House proceeded to deliberate. After a time, they were again called in, and the Lord Chancellor informed them that "he was commanded by the House to allow them to be heard at the bar, confining themselves to the mode of proceeding upon the bill, and the time and times of the proceeding."

Mr. Brougham then proceeded with his address. He said, "he had some difficulty to comprehend what the particular points were to which the House had limited or rather tied him down; but taking them up with all possible good faith and zeal, he begged the House, if he failed in not catching the right sense of these restrictions, and should therefore say anything which might not come exactly within their limits, to impute it to misapprehension on points which he had not had time to consider, and not to any intentional deviation from the strict meaning of their Lordships' injunction. He had been instructed by her Majesty to speak against this procedure by bill; but he now gathered from the restriction imposed upon him, as to the points to which his observations were confined, that he would be right in assuming that their Lordships had sanctioned the proceeding by bill, and had not only done that, but had come to a solemn decision to go on with it; and altho' there were grave objections against it, had so inflexibly decided as to refuse to hear one word against that determination.—This bill was, then, to be looked upon as unalterable for the present, and irrevocable God knows how long, and therefore he was now tied down to the mode and time. As to the former of the two, he did not see what he could say upon it. There could be but one mode of proceeding with respect to a particular bill that was established by the rules of the House, and it was not the part of counsel to instruct them upon it. He had no new mode to propose. He did not mean to suggest that the third reading should take place before the second—(A laugh.)—or that another Secret Committee should be appointed to back by their report the opinion of the first. Such modes he did not mean to propose, or any other equally novel and fanciful, and which he could hardly state with a grave countenance. On the mode of proceeding, therefore, he was left nothing to object, either matter of fact, or

matter of law. But as to the second point, the time, that indeed he could not understand; but this was but the one point on which he was permitted to address their Lordships, whereas he had naturally thought, in the first instance, that there were two—which mistake arose from the mode having been separated from the time, as a distinct and substantial topic; but if he were to go into an argument to prove that their Lordships should change the mode of proceeding before the second reading, he should be stopped by the rules of the House, according to which, when strictly enforced, counsel could not be heard against the bill until the second reading. He was, consequently, to speak as to time, and that only. He was not allowed to urge those weighty considerations to their Lordships which might counteract the effect of the charges suspended over his Illustrious Client, and which were, perhaps, suspended for her absolute destruction; but the very existence of charges, which were not allowed to be answered, made it the interest of her Majesty to require justice in the speediest manner. She asked for no delay—she was ready to enter at once upon her defence, and to repel the charges in the Report and preamble of the Bill—and to prove them in the whole, and every part, a tissue of unparalleled falsehood! She called upon their Lordships with an earnest, a pressing, and he might say, a clamorous voice, for open and immediate justice!—She was prepared to enter into her defence that evening, if it was their Lordships' pleasure, or to-morrow; and, in her behalf, he had to require that the second reading of the bill might be brought on as soon as possible, for the purpose of throwing it out. He spoke on this point principally from his own feelings as an individual; and he had to implore their Lordships not to interpret any thing that he might say, under the pressure of these, in his own disfavour or that of his Illustrious Client. He must deprecate their Lordships laying any stress upon anything that resulted from unfounded rumour or interested misrepresentation. He trusted nothing of that kind would operate to the prejudice of his Client in that place, from whence equal justice should emanate to the lowest as well as to the highest individual in the realm. God send she had never risen higher than to the humblest of the King's subjects! She would then, in such a

case, have those benefits which were allowed to the meanest; she would, with reference to trial, have been furnished with a copy of the indictment, a list of the witnesses, and all those other advantages which the equal laws of England extend to all under their protection. The evidence against her would be examined in a Court of Justice, and she would have the benefit of a verdict of a Jury of her country. None of those persons would have been the followers of party, or influenced by gratitude for favours received, or influenced by hope of favours in expectation; but she would be tried by twelve honest, upright, and impartial Englishmen. Such would have been the lot of his Illustrious Client, had her fortunes been among the humblest; but her present very exalted station tended to destitute her of all these fair and legal advantages."

The bill was read a first time, and the Earl of Liverpool stated, that on the following Monday he should be prepared to name the period for the second reading. Lord Grey pressed the necessity of an earlier day, and moved, that their Lordships should be summoned for to-morrow; but this was negatived upon a division, by a majority of 37.

On the same day, in the House of Commons, Sir R. Fergusson submitted the following motion with respect to the Milan Commission:—

"That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, praying him to give directions to the proper officer to lay before the House copies of all Commission or Commissions, Instruction or Instructions, which have been issued by his Majesty's command, since the departure of her Majesty the Queen from this kingdom, in the year 1814, for the purpose of taking depositions, or otherwise making inquiry, respecting her Majesty's conduct, together with the amount of all sums of money, and by whom they were issued, to the same end."

In reply to the speech with which Sir R. Fergusson introduced his motion, Lord Castlereagh gave some explanations touching that Commission, which it is of importance should be put upon record.

"The Commission, if it was to be so called," said the Noble Lord, "was instituted upon the principle of uniting legal intelligence, industry, and skill, with a view to separate truth from falsehood. Nor was the Commission confined to Milan, but extended to all Europe. He hoped he need not assure the honourable member of the indisposition of Ministers to take any step that was not perfectly consistent with the prin-

ciples of British justice; and when the opportunity should arrive, he had no doubt of being able to prove that such an indisposition was entertained and acted upon by Ministers. He would submit to the House, that it was impossible for Ministers, when facts and communications were flowing in upon them, to avoid instituting some proceeding, which was calculated to satisfy, from its character, the minds of those most concerned in the result of the inquiry. The honourable member had spoken of the Vice-Chancellor, and certainly there was nothing in the conduct of that gentleman calculated to blench his character. Certainly there was no ground of objection to his being employed in 1818, or before it, by his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales; and certainly, in any event, he (Lord Castlereagh) was yet to learn, that there was any thing in the conduct of that distinguished lawyer, connected with this transaction, inconsistent with his character. On the contrary, the interference of such an individual might well be considered as a pledge for the integrity and propriety of the proceeding in which he had engaged. The Vice-Chancellor had applied to Mr. Cook, to superintend the Commission. He (Lord Castlereagh) had not the pleasure of knowing this gentleman; he saw him but once, but certainly he never saw an individual better calculated to excite favourable impression than this gentleman, by the respectability of his appearance, and the gravity of his character!—(Loud laughter.)—Certainly the gentlemen opposite must admit, that it would be highly improper to have sent a young gentleman upon such a mission, who might indeed have been more enabled to get into secrets of that nature. He could not imagine a character more suited to the nature of the task, than that of the individual who had been employed. As to his ignorance of foreign languages, did not that fact convey an assurance that it was not intended that this gentleman should arrive at his objects by the arts of insinuation. He (Lord Castlereagh) would assure the House in the strongest manner, that no injunction, no caution, had been omitted by the Government, against receiving, or being prejudiced by hearsay statements; and he was sure that, when the information came before the House, there would not be a second opinion as to the sincerity with which Ministers had urged their injunctions; and, above all, the

impression that the individuals going out would derive any advantage from succeeding in making out matter of charge against her Majesty. He was satisfied, in short, that as soon as the whole of the case was laid before them, they would see reason to respect the principles and the mode in which the proceeding was carried on."

The previous question upon this motion was carried without a division.

On Monday, the 10th, the Earl of Liverpool, pursuant to notice, and after a short introductory speech, fixed Aug. 17 for the second reading of the bill; or, in other words, for the commencement of the trial of her Majesty. On the second reading the witnesses will be examined *de die in diem* at their Lordships' bar.

On Tuesday, the 11th, Lord Dacre presented the following petition from the Queen:—

"CAROLINE REGINA.

"To the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament assembled.

"The Queen having received information that the House of Lords have appointed the second reading of a bill for the Degradation and Divorce of her Majesty for Thursday, the 17th of August next; and as it is necessary and expedient for her defence, that she should be furnished with a list of the witnesses to be produced against her, the Queen desires such list may be forthwith communicated to her Majesty's Attorney-General."

The specific prayer of this petition was brought before the House in a distinct shape, the following Friday (July 14), by Lord Erskine, who moved:—

"1. That a list of the witnesses should be furnished forthwith to her Majesty's legal advisers.

"2. That the delivery of such list should not exclude the House from the right of examining other witnesses, if necessary, not named in the list.

"3. That copies of the depositions should also be furnished."

This motion was resisted chiefly on the ground of precedent; a Committee having been appointed to search the Journals, and they reporting that there existed no case precisely analogous. While, however, it was deemed expedient, for obvious reasons, to withhold the required list of witnesses, it was explicitly stated by Lord Liverpool, that after the evidence for the Crown had been heard, any time which her Majesty's legal advisers might consider necessary, would be granted, to enable her to enter fully and completely on her defence. The motion was rejected, upon a division, by a majority of 50.

This was the last parliamentary proceeding upon the subject, and it is not probable that any thing more will be done

now, till the 17th Aug. to which period both Houses are expected to adjourn.

Her Majesty has received Addresses from the Common Council, and Common Hall, of the City of London, from the electors of Westminster, &c. and the inhabitants of various places in different parts of the country.

The Coronation, which was to have taken place on the first of August was postponed by proclamation in the Gazette of the 15th of July. No day is named for performing the august ceremony.

In Scotland the trials for High Treason, of those who were concerned in the rebellious outrages at Glasgow, Paisley, &c. in the beginning of last April, have commenced. Two of the Bonnymuir Radicals were found guilty at Stirling, when the remainder withdrew their plea of Not guilty, and threw themselves on the mercy of the Crown. The last accounts from the North stated that the commission was sitting at Glas-

gow, from whence they will proceed to Paisley.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

Two occurrences have taken place which deserve to be noticed under this division of the Digest. On the 9th inst. the Spanish Cortes were solemnly installed, and the King proceeded in state to open their session. His Majesty's speech was moderate, wise, and apparently sincere. We may now, therefore, venture to enroll Spain upon the list of free countries, and its government among the limited monarchies of Europe.

The other occurrence to which we alluded, is a revolution at Naples. We know, as yet, too little of its origin, progress, and object, to reason upon them. What is known, indeed, or rather what is stated, would lead us to consider the transaction with no favourable eye. It appears to have been purely a military insurrection, and we are no great admirers of that liberty which owes its birth to camps and garrisons.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Lloyd's Coffee House, July 30, 1820.

THE fluctuations of the weather have had, as might be expected, considerable effect on the prices current at the CORN Market. This is always the case, in a greater or a less degree, at this season of the year, but has lately been felt with a promptness not to be passed by without observation. According to the best intelligence we have been able to obtain, assisted also by much personal inspection, the late rains and storms have been local; and some places have rather wanted rain, while others have had a superabundance. This may account for that forwardness to watch the market, to which we have alluded. In some districts the corn has been very much laid, and the prospect of its recovery is very uncertain; in others, the grain has stood extremely well, and promises an abundant supply. Hence, also, a variety of opinions are afloat, and are likely to continue, for some weeks to come; till, at length, the close of the month of August will cancel or confirm them. We expect, however, that the harvest will not be uniformly good, or bad; and that there will be this year a considerable difficulty in striking a fair average for the kingdom at large.

Somewhat of the same diversity attends the plantations of HOPS: in Kent and Sussex they have been very much incommoded by vermin, while in Worcestershire they have been comparatively free. The same may be said of that singular phenomenon the honey-dew: the late rains had refreshed the bines, and they once more looked cheerfully; but the effect has not been permanent (in the Eastern counties), and fresh honey has made its appearance. However, the calculations of the duty have risen from 90,000 to 100,000, and even to 105,000, which shews, that the planters are far from being out of heart with respect to the ultimate gathering.

If we may depend on information that has reached us, the price of our native WOOLS has been gradually improving, of late; and with this must be connected a concurrent decline in the price of foreign wool, especially the inferior kinds of German. Spanish wool maintains itself steadily. From hence we infer, that wool of the lower descriptions will not reach us from abroad in the abundance it has done; and that our farmers may contemplate the value of this part of their

property—a natural and native production, — with increasing satisfaction. The remark applies also, as we are told, to Scotland.

IRISH PROVISIONS are rather languid, at this moment, in the market; that is to say, the demand is not brisk; and of those articles which maintain their price, as butter for instance, the quantity that can be disposed of is very limited.

If we direct our attention to internal trade and home demand, it is understood that a kind of sullenness has lately shewn itself, especially since the Coronation has been postponed. To that event, as to an era of splendour, the eyes of all connected with the world of fashion were anxiously directed, and very great preparations had been made by many tradesmen to supply the brilliancies called for by the occasion. These, we are told, will not all keep: some will lose their lustre; and others will be superseded by devices still newer, and for that reason, if for no other, more elegant. This is always a part of the character of that inconstant goddess Fashion. Her votaries must obey, whatever it may cost her handmaids; her handmaids must provide, whatever be the consequences; they must invent—combine—persuade—insist: and, if they please to live, must live to please. To what other notorious circumstances combine with this postponement, we have no occasion to advert.

We are led to believe, from the report of those who *should* know, that the workmen in our chief manufacturing towns are in employ, very generally, if not universally: it is true, however, that the rate of wages is stated to be too low; on which we do not presume to offer a judgment: probably, this estimate is formed on recollection of what *has been*; they certainly were, at more than one period within memory, too high.

Daily Prices of STOCKS, from the 26th June to the 25th July, 1820, inclusive.

Days. 1820.	Bank Stock.	3 per Ct. Reduced.	3 per Ct. Consols.	4 per Ct. Consols.	5 per Ct. Navy.	Long Annunities	Imperial 3 per Ct.	India Stock.	South Sea Stock.	4 p Ct. Ind. Bnd.	Ex. Bills, adpr. Day
June 26	68½	86½	17½							16 pm.	2 dis. par.
27	68½	86½	17½							18 pm.	par 1 dis.
28	68½	85½	17½	67½						19 pm.	par 2 pm.
29											
30	219½	68½	86	17½						23 pm.	1 3 pm.
July 1	68½	86	17½							26 pm.	3 5 pm.
2	68½	86½	17½	67½						26 pm.	6 2 pm.
3	69½	86½	17½	67½						22 pm.	2 6 pm.
4	68½	86½	17½	67½						24 pm.	4 5 pm.
5	220	69½	86½	17½	68					25 pm.	7 4 pm.
6	220	69½	86½	17½	68					22 pm.	5 6 pm.
7	69½	86½	18							27 pm.	6 0 pm.
8	222½	69½	86½	18						27 pm.	9 7 pm.
9	222½	69½	86½	18						23 pm.	6 4 pm.
10	222½	69½	86½	18						23 pm.	4 5 pm.
11	222½	69½	86½	18						20 pm.	4 5 pm.
12	223	69½	86½	18						20 pm.	4 5 pm.
13	223	69½	86½	18							
14	222½	69	87½	18							
15	223	69½	87½	18							
16	69½	87½	18								
17	69½	87½	18							20 pm.	4 5 pm.
18	69½	87½	18							20 pm.	4 5 pm.
19	224	69½	87½	18						21 pm.	5 pm.
20	224½	69½	87½	18				217½	75½	21 pm.	4 6 pm.
21	224½	69½	87½	18				217½		22 pm.	5 6 pm.
22	69½	87½	18							22 pm.	5 6 pm.
23	69½	87½	18							22 pm.	4 6 pm.
24	69½	87½	18								
25	69½	87½	18								

*. * All Exchequer Bills dated prior to October, 1816, have been advertised to be paid off.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM JUNE 10 TO JULY 11, 1820, INCLUSIVE.

N. B. In Bankruptcies in and near London, the Attorneys are to be understood to reside in London; and in Country Bankruptcies at the Residence of the Bankrupt, except otherwise expressed.

The Solicitors' Names are between parentheses.

- AIKIN, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Wheeler, Castle-street, Holborn)
- Ainley, J. Blackmoor-foot, Yorkshire, clothier. (Willis, Clarke & Willis)
- Ansel, W. Cambridge, upholsterer. (Smith, Aldermanbury-postern)
- Archer, T. Hereford, butcher. (Stocker & Co.)
- Ashby, W. M. Albury, Surrey, paper-manufacturer. (Stevens & Wood)
- Askey, W. Oxford-street, tailor. (Roberts)
- Aston, R. Red Marley D'Abiot, Worcestershire, dealer in corn. (A'Beckett, Broad-street, Golden-square)
- Aspinall, Blackburn, Lancashire, brazier. (Armstrong, Staple Inn)
- Austin, R. J. Rotherhithe, merchant. (Cappage and Connors)
- Bage, T. South Shields, joiner and builder. (Smith, Hatton-garden)
- Bagnall, T. Birmingham, toy-maker. (Egerton, Gray's Inn-square)
- Bailey, J. Watling-street, merchant (Maugham)
- Baker, E. Pope's Head-alley, Cornhill, broker. (Templer)
- Ball, Albany, Surrey, paper-manufacturer. (Stevens & Wood)
- Bentley, R. jun. Liverpool, grocer. (Chester, Staple Inn)
- Betty, W. Sealecoates, Yorkshire, apothecary. (Knowles, New Inn)
- Bibby, R. Liverpool, merchant. (Chester, Staple Inn)
- Biggell, J. Phoenix-place, Knightsbridge, carpenter. (Wroughtmore)
- Blackburn, W. Blackburn, Lancashire, shopkeeper. (Wiglesworth, Gray's Inn)
- Bleasdale, T. Chorley, Lancashire, ironmonger. (Alexander & Holme, New Inn)
- Boucher, J. sen. Cheltenham, cabinet-maker. (Williams, Exchequer-office)
- Boulien, P. Norton Fagiate, hosier. (Hindman)
- Bramall, J. Saddleworth, Yorkshire, worsted-spinner. (Wiglesworth, Gray's Inn)
- Bresman, T. Broad-street, Cheap-side, warehouseman. (Bourdillon)
- Bubb, I. G. Grafton-street East, sculptor. (Hackett)
- Burlingham, T. Worcester, grocer. (Bousfield, Bouverie-street)
- Butt, T. Southampton, shoe-maker. (Slade and Jones, John-street)
- Cadogan, J. Water-street, carpenter. (Platt)
- Carr, T. Chorley, Lancashire, ironmonger. (Rotherham, Throgmorton-street)
- Cassidy, T. Liverpool, feather merchant. (Adlington, Bedford-row)
- Chalker, R. North Walsham, Norfolk, scrivener. (Warner)
- Chester, J. Doncaster, grocer. (Gray's Inn)
- Clively, C. Lamb's Conduit-street, linen-draper. (Jones)
- Cooper, Eagle-street, Red Lion-sq. coal-dealer. (Bartlett)
- Cooper, S. Tottenham-court-road, baker. (Hurd and Johnson)
- Corfi, E. Liverpool, butcher. (Chester, Staple Inn)
- Cragg, J. Empingham, corn-dealer. (Alexander, New Inn)
- Crawshaw, B. and C. Bristol, Yorkshire, carpet-manufacturers. (Evans, Hatton-garden)
- Crowson, I. Boston, linemaker. (Lodington, Temple)
- Cruden, R. P. Gravesend, slopseller. (Gregson, Angel-st.)
- Cryer, T. Siston, Gloucestershire, dealer in flour. (Adlington, Bedford-row)
- Daniel, C. W. Bath, jeweller. (Easton, Lambeth-road)
- Davis, T. Little Baldon, pig-dealer. (Richardson and Miller, New Inn)
- Davidson, T. Hincley, draper. (Sculthorpe)
- Denson, R. & W. Chester, curriers. (Philpott & Co. Southampton-street)
- Dickinson, J. Church-passage, Guildhall, warehouseman. (Lake)
- Dorington, W. Town Malting, collar-maker. (Brace, Surer-street)
- Downing, F. Huddersfield, grocer. (Jacomb, Basinghall-st.)
- Dunkin, C. Shad Thames, lighterman. (Sudlow & Co.)
- Dyer, J. Frome Selwood, cordwainer. (Williams, Red Lion-square)
- Elliott, C. Cliffe, Sussex, grocer. (Smith, Basinghall-st.)
- Everleigh, T. High Holborn, shopkeeper. (Parkin)
- Froggett, J. Leicester, brandy-merchant. (Jeyes, Chancery-lane)
- Garlick, M. Halifax, Yorkshire, bookseller. (Beckett, Earl-street)
- Garrod, A. Downham Market, Norfolk, tanner. (Tooke, Holborn-courer)
- Gilson, T. Nottingham, laceman. (Long & Austen)
- Godden, J. F. & N. Wood, Gosport, mercers. (Alexander and Holme)
- Golding, H. Oxford, cabinet-maker. (Robinson, Charterhouse-square)
- Haigh, J. Ley Moor, Yorkshire, cloth-merchant. (Walker, Lincoln's Inn-fields)
- Hale, W. Milton, Oxfordshire, carpenter. (Bridger, Angel-courer)
- Hanne, I. Bath, cabinet-maker. (Smith, Aldermanbury-postern)
- Hardwick, W. Poyninge, Sussex, farmer. (Sowton, Holborn-courer)
- Hawkins, D. Sheffield, innkeeper. (Darke & Co. Red Lion-square)
- Hellyer, E. Kensington-lane, master-mariner. (Hellyer)
- Henderson, J. Rotherham, York, grocer. (Taylor, John-st.)
- Henzell, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper. (Bell, Bedford-row)
- Hitchon, J. H. Kidderminster, factor. (Scudamore, Bow-church-yard)
- Holden, J. Blackburn, Lancashire, druggist. (Wiglesworth, Gray's Inn)
- Holmes, W. Birmingham, Chesterfield, flour-dealer. (Stevenson, Lincoln's Inn)
- Hoyle, T. Wadsworth, Halifax, Yorkshire, manufacturer. (Milne and Parry, Temple)
- Hyde, J. Hawley-bridge, Cheshire, merchant. (Brandrett, Temple)
- Isod, J. Holborn-bridge, hardwareman. (Long & Austen)
- Jackson, J. Liverpool, sail-maker. (Lowe, Southampton-buildings)
- James, G. Liverpool, merchant. (Wheeler, Castle-street, Holborn)
- James, W. jun. Bromyard, Herefordshire, auctioneer. (Williams & Co. Gray's Inn)
- Jeeves, J. St. Ives, batter. (Ellis, Chancery-lane)
- King, C. M. Upper East Smithfield, wine-merchant. (Younger)
- Langhorn, K. & W. Brailsford, Beckersbury, merchants. (Lane & Bennett)
- Lee, R. Kingscote-upon-Hull, merchant. (Rosser & Son)
- Little, W. S. Leedsfield, schoolmaster. (Chester, Staple Inn)
- Macdonald, T. Rathbone, place, printseller. (Robinson & Hine)
- McFarlane, A. Postern-row, toyman. (Rippon)
- Magor, M. jun. Truro, linen-draper. (Makinson, Middle Temple)
- Mare, J. Snow's-field, Bermondsey, leather-dresser. (Tad-hunter)
- Martin, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Adlington, Bedford-row)
- Mac, W. Market Harborough, spirit-merchant. (Nelson, Barnard's Inn)
- Middlehurst, J. Blackburn, Lancashire, grocer. (Blake-lock, Sergeant's Inn)
- Morley, J. Liverpool, hatter. (Lowe, Temple)
- Moses, L. Great Prescott-street, merchant. (Poole)
- Morris, T. Pittfield-street, Hexton, brush-manufacturer. (Slade & Jones)
- Muir, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Lowe, Southampton-buildings)
- Needham, C. jun. Liverpool, merchant. (Ellis, Chancery-lane)
- Oakey, H. Mary le bone-lane, boot-maker. (Jones, New Inn)
- Oldham, W. Hop-garden, St. Martin's-lane, warehouseman. (Windle & Co.)
- Paine, T. Banbury, hardwareman. (Egerton, Gray's Inn)
- Park, T. Durdridge, Gloucester, wool-stapler. (Adlington, Bedford-row)
- Peake, T. Roschill, Drayton-in-Hales, Shropshire, miller. (Baxter, Gray's Inn)
- Perry, T. & J. Reading, iron-founders. (Pew, Henrietta-street)
- Pettinger, W. Sealecoates, wood-turner. (Shaw, Ely-place)
- Pilling, J. Rochdale, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturer. (Longdill, Gray's Inn)
- Pittis, R. Eagle-street, Red Lion-square, oilman. (James Pocock & Co. Tiverton, Somerset, butcher. (Adlington, Bedford-row)
- Postans, M. Cheltenham, victualler. (Meredith, Lincoln's Inn)
- Pratt, J. R. New London-street, corn-factor. (Singleton)
- Pratt, J. R. & W. R. Ravenscroft, New London-street, corn-factor. (Singleton)
- Robbins, E. & R. B. Murchall, Birmingham, merchants. (Long and Austen)
- Rood, J. Portsmouth, brewer. (Minchin, Gray's Inn)
- Royde, J. Newgate-street, upholsterer. (Gatty & Co.)
- Runcorn, R. Manchester, plumber. (Taylor)
- Ruspin, I. B. Pall Mall, medicine-vender. (Harnett)
- Sandwich, W. Liverpool, provision-merchant. (Taylor, Temple)
- Savery, F. Bristol, marine-insurance broker. (Alexander, New Inn)
- Scott, J. Huddersfield, wool-stapler. (Fisher, Throby Inn)
- Searle, J. Lower Grosvenor-street, bookseller. (Parker)
- Shaw, W. Benthall, Westmoreland, cattle-dealer. (Mounsey, Staple Inn)
- Shaw, J. W. Staffordshire, victualler. (Griffiths, Southampton-buildings)
- Shelley, J. Hanley, Staffordshire, shopkeeper. (Williams, Lincoln's Inn)
- Simpeon, J. S. Elmstead, dealer in cattle. (Cooker, Nassau-street)
- Skirne, C. Bath, grocer. (Williams, Red Lion-square)
- Smith, J. Manchester, manufacturer. (Ellis, Chancery-lane)
- Smith, J. & T. Townley, Manchester, manufacturers. (Hurd, Temple)
- Spalman, W. Great Yarmouth, grocer. (Stocker, New Bevell-courer)

Stead, S. Huddersfield, corn-factor (Fisher, Thavies Inn
Sugden, R. Halifax, Yorkshire, bookseller (Beckett,
Earl-street
Sugden, J. & W. Mitchell, Dorking, carriers (West,
Southampton-buildings
Swain, G. J. Mansell-street, warehouseman. (Jones,
Sizelane
Taylor, J. Shoreditch, corn-chandler (Archer
Tennant, W. Liverpool, tailor (Chester, Staple Inn
Thompson, T. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, joiner (Marriot,
Gray's Inn
Tolson, R. jun. Dalton, Yorkshire, manufacturer (Clarke,
Chancery-lane
Triphook, T. St. James's-street, bookseller (Poole
Tupling, B. Strand, silversmith (Richardson & Miller
Vaughan, W. Pall Mall, tailor (Blede & Jones
Walker, W. Leeds, merchant (Few, Henrietta-street
Warwick, J. Rotherhithe, ship-builder (Tyrril & Son

Watson, R. Leyland, Lancashire, farmer (Milne, Temple
Welch, J. Nantwich, shopkeeper (Wigglesworth, Gray's Inn
Wilby, B. Ossett, Yorkshire, clothier. (Lake, Caton-
ton-street
Wilcock, J. Tower-street, innkeeper (Longdill, Gray's Inn
Will, C. Hatton-garden, cooper (Haining
Willie, T. Carisbrook, Isle of Wight, fell-monger (Sewall,
Newport
Withers, W. Cheltenham, coal-merchant (Williams &
White, Lincoln's Inn
Woods, S. Havant, Southampton, grocer. (Minchin,
Gray's Inn
Worth, T. Talbot-court, Gracechurch-street, haberdasher.
(Thomas
Wright, W. Bollbroughton, Worcestershire, mercer (Con-
stable & Co. Symond's Inn
Wright, C. Old Ford, Middlesex, wharfinger (Gellibrand

DIVIDENDS.

ABRAM, R. Liverpool, July 21
Adkins, J. Workworth, July 17
Allan, W. Throgmorton-street, July 29
Allen, A. Pall Mall, July 29
Anderson, A. Philpot-lane, July 29
Anderson, M. Southampton, July 29
Asbitt, N. B. Lloyd's Coffee-house,
June 27
Aves, W. Watton, July 11
Bailey, C. R. H. Swallowfield, July 11
Baker, T. Rochester, July 18
Balfy, J. Watling-street, June 13
Banford, W. Houndsditch, July 29
Barclay, J. Old Broad-street, July 18
Barrett, W. Old Broad-street, June 27
Barfoot, J. Arundel-street, July 29
Ball, J. R. Old Broad-street, July 18
Bell, R. & R. Hedley, Newcastle-upon-
Tyne, July 7
Beavan, J. Old Cavendish-str. July 25
Bennett, S. A. Worship-street, June 27
Bensly, C. Strand, June 27
Bewick, T. Manchester, July 31
Blakey, G. Bishop Monckton, July 15
Blakey, W. Leeds, July 15
Blow, W. Whiteford, July 25
Bolton, W. Bury-street, July 21
Bowring, J. & J. C. Coats, Bedford-st.
Bolingbroke, H. Great Yarmouth, July 3
Booker, T. Emsworth, Aug. 7
Bryan, J. & W. L. Grocers' Hall-court,
July 29
BROWN, J. R. & H. M. New Poultry,
July 29
Bradley, W. Jowia-street, July 29
Bradley, R. Warrington, June 27
Bray, W. A. Rotherhithe-wall, July 25
Brooke, N. Duke-street, Lincoln's Inn-
fields, July 18
Buckley, J. Lawrence-lane, July 15
Byrnes, T. Caddington, Aug. 1
Campbell, D. Harper & A. Bailie,
Old Jewry, July 11
Champure, S. Fulham, July 8
Cole, R. King-street, Holborn, July 4
Colas, W. Mincing-lane, Aug. 8
Collins, J. Gosport, July 15
Collinson, E. Crooked-lane, July 29
Cooper, H. D. Back-street, Horsley-
down, Aug. 2
Coote, C. T. Sutton, Cambridgeshire,
June 30
Corthorn, C. Isle of Ely, July 14
Couthrell, J. High Melton, July 15
Cox, W. H. Broad-street, July 8
Cox, D. High-street, Southwark, July 25
Cresbie, E. Chelmsford, June 27
Crump, T. & T. Hill, jun. Kiddermin-
ster, June 26
Cummings, J. Osborn-street, White-
chapel, June 26
Curlow, S. L. King-street, Covent-
garden, Aug. 5
Dalziel, A. Great Alie-street, June 29
David, I. Throdsneedle-street, Aug. 12
Davidson, J. East India Chambers,
June 10
Davis, W. Newbury, July 29
Davis, N. Gloucester Terrace, New-
road, Aug. 2
Daupier, E. Prince-street, July 29
Davies, J. W. Noble, R. H. Croft, &
R. Barwick, Pall Mall, July 29
Dunkin, F. & J. Oughton, Birmingham,
July 18
Delamare, P. H. Ramford, July 29
De Quince, J. M. Sine-lane, July 4
Deane, J. & W. H. Northwick, July 29
Davies, M. Great Wat-street, July 29
Dunlop, E. E. Sine-lane, July 15
Duffill, J. Bromsgrove, July 1
Dunford, W. T. Manchester, July 31
Edwards, W. Dartford, Kent, grocer
Easwood, A. Chard, July 18
Evans, W. F. E. H. July 25
Evans, H. Chelmsford, June 17
Fenner, R. Paternoster-row, July 11
Field, J. Newgate-market, July 29
Fisher, S. Winchcomb, July 21, Aug. 4
Fish, T. Bridgeport, July 31
Fittion, I. Gosport, July 27
Flaxman, I. F. Barwick-street, July 1

Foot, B. Gracechurch-street, July 25
Forbes, A. B. Bristol, July 26
Ford, G. Oxford-street, July 4
Forder, W. Basingstoke, July 29
Fouldriner, H. Cannon-street, and S.
Fouldriner, Charing-cross, June 27,
July 11
Forster, E. & R. Wylam, Newcastle-upon-
Tyne, July 17
Frears, E. Birmingham, Aug. 12
Gerratt, D. Portsea, June 26
Gibbons, T. J. & B. Wolverhampton,
July 19
Goddard, G. Cornhill, July 25
Goach, J. B. Northampton-sq. July 1
Graham, R. & S. Sharman, Leicester-sq.
Grant, G. Coleman-street, July 15
Gresham, T. & W. Outhwaite, July 29
Gregson, W. Kingston-upon-Hull,
July 29
Green, J. Braamcwell, July 8
Grimsby, J. B. Kingston-upon-Hull,
July 8
Groning, R. Broad-street-buildings,
July 8, 18
Harding, S. T., C. Oakes & T. Willing-
ton, Lamworth, July 17
Harding, C. & J. Coats, Bedford-st.
Covent-garden, July 1
Harkness, J. Adde-st. July 15, 29
Harvey, J. P. Ipswich, July 1
Haslam, T. S. J. & R. Bolton-le-Moors,
July 4
Hill, T. Ledbury, July 26
Hobson, J. Manchester, Aug. 7
Hockley, D. Brook-st. Holborn, Aug. 1
Hodgson, R. Fleet-st. June 17, July 15
Hollands, J. Romney-terrace, West-
minster, July 29
Holman, W. Totness, July 3
Horby, G. Liverpool, Aug. 10
Hornby, G. Cornhill, July 1
Hort, A. Finsbury-square, July 15
Hudson, J. Birch-lane, July 8
Humble, M. Liverpool, June 29
Humphreys, S. Charlotte-st. Portlan-
d-place, July 25
Hunt, H. J. Exning, July 17
Hunt, J. W. King-st. Aug. 11
Isle, J. & B. H. H. July 15
Johnson, R. S. Great Yarmouth, July 8
Jackson, H. Strand, July 29
Jancey, J. Liverpool, July 19
Kendle T. Great Yarmouth, Aug. 8
Kennel J. & J. P. Church-st. Westmin-
ster, July 15
Kirkman, J. Flower-street, July 29
Knight J. Fore-street, July 29
Langley E. & W. Belch, July 8
Lankster, Blackman-street, July 4
La Souff P. Great Winchester-st. July 29
Leach H. & J. Ambrose, Bristol, July 1
Leadbitter T. Newcastle-upon-Tyne,
July 26
Le Mesurier P. and H. & Co. Austen-
frize, Aug. 19
Lloyd T. Tibberton, July 18
Lubbock J. W. Potter Heigham, July 7
Lucas H. Liverpool
Macdonald R. Frant, Sussex, Aug. 1
Macdonald E., R. Quinn, & J. Unisack,
Liverpool
Masefield W. Newport, Aug. 8
Miller R. Old Fish-street
Martin G. Gloucester
Marshall J. King's Head-court
Maybaw J. Reppel-street
Mason J. Ashby, Warwick, July 29
Moody J. York News, Paddington-st.
Moore T. Paddington
Morrall C. & J. Benland, Liverpool
Morris J. Manchester
Morgan P. & A. Strother, Crescent, Mi-
nories
Murray J. Bishopsgate-street
Munkhouse E. S. G. London
Mullion M. Liverpool
Nutter J. Jeffries-square
Nash T. Chesham
Newman S. Finsbury-place
Noble M. Lancaster
Noble G. Ely-place

Norris P. Liverpool
Nuttall J. Manchester
Oakden T. Manchester
Oakley W., W. Overend, & W. S. Oak-
ley, Church-street, Southwark
Peacock R. Limehouse
Pearson G. Macclesfield, and W. Sykes,
Milk-street
Peel J., C. Harding, and W. Wilcock,
Fazely
Perris W. Bath
Perring J. Chalford
Petrie J. and J. Ward, Hounslow
Peters M. and J. Arclay-street
Phillip D. Fenchurch-street
Phillips L. and J. High Holborn
Pratt J. Banbury
Preece J. Peterborough-court
Price D. Watford
Prior J. H. London-road
Powell G. Little Trinity-lane
Pugh J. Red Lion-street
Rabbeth W. Red Lion-passag
Rains J. S. Wapping-wall
Ray J. and J. R. Clare, Saffolk
Read A. Lower Grosvenor-street
Rees R. and S. Southampton
Rees R. Chatham
Richards H. Beaconsfield
Ridge G. Reading
Roberts S. Sheffield
Robertson J. and J. Stein, Lawrence
Pountney-hill
Rowland R. Strand
Shelly G. M. Whitechapel
Silverster H. P. Newport
Slcombe J. Bristol
Smith J. S. Brightelmstone
Smith W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne
Smith J. and J. Forsyth, Princes-street
Smyth R. and S. Fish-street-hill
Spence W. Bishop Wenmouth
Stephenson L. Boverly
Stevens J. Cheltenham
Summers W. Neweastle-upon-Tyne
Swan W. New-street, Commercial-road
Taylor W. Durham-street, Strand
Walter R. Bishopsgate-street
Thompson E. Globe-stairs, Rotherhithe
Timberlake E. Great Mary-le bone-str.
Tomlinson J. Gray's Inn-lane
Tomlinson C. Hawarden
Turner W. Whitechapel
Tyler J. Petworth
Vaughan W. Pall Mall
Walker J. H. Alley
Walker R. S. E. Smithfield
Waddington H. Bridge-st. Blackfriars
Waddington G. Blackburn
Watts W. Thorley
Walcut T. Portsea
Ward R. & F. Thomas-street
Ward R. & F. Thomas-street
Wheelwright C. A. Calham-street
White H. Warrimaster
White T. jun. and J. D. Lubbar, Great
Winchester-street
White J. Windsor-street, City-road
Whithead G. jun. and G. Clarke, Ba-
dsworth-street, July 29
Wickstead J. Shrewsbury
Wilkins S. High Wycombe
Wilkinson J. Appleford
Wilson E. H. Liverpool
Willson J. and J. Dorrville, New Bridge-st.
Woodhouse J. and W. M. Mining-lane
Woodhouse W. T. Finsbury
Woodroff L. Gun-street
Woolrich S. W. Stafford
Wray A. Tokenhouse-yard
Wright W. M. and J. Aldermanbury
Wrighton G. sen. Maryport
Wrighton G. jun. Maryport
Wrighton G. jun. Maryport
Wyatt J. Hinchley
Yates J. E. Shoreditch
Younger J., J. C. Wardrop, and J.
Lamb, Crescent, Minorities
Young J. Carlisle
Young D. A. T. and W. W. Abbott,
Water-lane

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE last month being the principal season of hay-harvest throughout the greater part of England, the result necessarily becomes a prominent feature in our present report. It will be recollected that the few days immediately preceding the 30th of June were excessively hot, during which a small portion of the early grasses were cut and made in good order; subsequently, the operation of hay-making has been excessively tedious. The former part of July, as it afforded no sun (although not otherwise bad weather); was illadapted to the performance; and the greater part of the hay which was carted, will be found either mow-burnt, or moulded in the rick. Three days of fine weather intervened between the 15th and 18th, and we anticipated a happy conclusion to the hay-harvest; but our hopes have been frustrated by the heavy showers in the latter part of the month. The turnip-sowing has been no less perplexing;—the early Swedes are nearly all taken off by the fly; and many of the white varieties have shared a similar fate, even after a second and third sowing—a circumstance much to be regretted, as the hoeing will now unavoidably interfere with the harvest, and it will still be uncertain whether a crop will eventually be obtained. This extraordinary consumption of turnip-seed, together with the inconsiderable quantity grown in the present year, has had the effect of raising the price of the article very materially.

“The nodding wheat-ear,” which to the morning of the 17th “formed a graceful bow,” now lies prostrate in rude disorder on the earth; the heavy rain in the evening of that day, although unaccompanied with wind, made lamentable havock in the corn-fields, but more particularly amongst the first-sown barleys on strong and lusty soils. We fear that being lodged thus early, it is scarcely probable that it will again rise sufficiently to mature the grain, and that sound malting samples will be limited to a small portion of the whole produce. The like is not so much to be apprehended with respect to wheat, which is not only in a more advanced stage, but the stem is unusually stout, which will probably enable it to rise sufficiently to prevent material injury to the kernel.

Peas and beans are greatly improved, and promise an abundant produce. Second-crop clover also is facilitated in its growth by the late rains, and will afford plenty of feed, or a good swath if destined for the scythe.

INCIDENTS, APPOINTMENTS, BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, &c. IN LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.

With Biographical Accounts of Distinguished Persons.

On Saturday, June 24th, Robert Waithman, esq. alderman and frame-work knitter, and James Williams, esq. citizen and goldsmith, were duly elected sheriffs of London for the year ensuing.—Richard Clark, esq. was unanimously re-elected chamberlain; and Messrs. Galabin and Thodey, bridgemasters.

Custom-House Fees.—Our commercial readers are aware that officers, clerks, and others in the service of the Customs, have long been prohibited by law from taking fees. It is right that the public should know also that an act of parliament (1st Geo. IV. cap. 7) has just been passed, imposing a penalty of 500l. for offering such fee, whether it be accepted or not.

Court of Exchequer.—In pursuance of the late act for appointing an accountant-general and two masters, &c., in the court of Exchequer, the Right Hon. the Lord Chief Baron has conferred the offices of accountant-general and one of the masters of that court on Richard Richards, of the Inner Temple, esq., barrister-at-law; and the

office of joint master on Jeffries Spranger, of Lincoln's-inn, esq., barrister-at-law; and at the same time his lordship was pleased to appoint Mr. David Lewis, of New-inn, the clerk of the reports and certificates: by this legislative regulation the moneys and effects belonging to the suitors in this great Court of Record are placed upon the same basis of security as the money and effects of the suitors in the Court of Chancery.

Royal Exchange.—The new regulation of the Gresham Committee for closing the doors of the Royal Exchange at half-past four o'clock has been carried into effect.

NEW APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

The Rev. Dr. Kaye, master of Christ's college, Cambridge, has been preferred to the see of Bristol, vice Dr. Mansel; and the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, rector of Lambeth, to the mastership of Trinity college in that university, also vice Dr. Mansel.

Major-gen. Lewis Grant is appointed governor-in-chief of the Bahama islands; Lord Gwydir sworn a member of the privy-

council; the Marquis of Buckingham invested with the ensigns of the Order of the Garter; Sir G. Campbell and Sir T. Foley with those of the Bath; and the honour of knighthood has been conferred on Sir A. Leith. K.C.B.

Alleyne Lord St. Helen's, is appointed one of the lords of his Majesty's bedchamber, in the room of Lord Charles Spencer, deceased.

Charles Bagot, esq., page of honour to the king, vice the Hon. T. W. Graves, promoted.

The King has approved of James Colquhoun, esq. as agent in the United Kingdom for the city of Hamburg, and of Mr. N. M. Rothschild, as consul-general in the United Kingdom, for the Emperor of Austria. Also of Mr. Peregrino Aigen, as consul at Gibraltar, for the Emperor of Austria.

NEW MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

Borough of Truro.—William Gosset, esq.
Borough of Saltash.—John Fleeming, esq.
Borough of Oakhampton, the Hon. John Campbell, commonly called Lord Glenorchy.
City of Dublin.—Thomas Ellis, esq.
Borough of Ennis.—Richard Wellesley, esq.
Borough of Malmesbury.—William Leake, esq.
City of York.—Robert Chaloner, esq.
Borough of Petersfield.—Sir Philip Musgrave, bart.
Borough of Dundalk, Geo. Hartopp, esq.
Borough of Colchester, Henry Baring, esq.
Town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, Henry Henrage St. Paul, esq.

The King has been pleased to distinguish the Royal Academy by a new mark of his gracious favour, in giving to its President for the time being, Sir Thomas Lawrence, a gold medal and chain, to be worn by him as President of that Institution. The medal bears a portrait of his Majesty, and is inscribed "From his Majesty King George the Fourth to the President of the Royal Academy."

The House of Peers.—Of the House of Peers, discharging at present such important functions, the following view is given by a work called *The Peerage Chart*. The whole number of peers is 371, viz. 6 of the blood royal, 201 lay peers, 26 ecclesiastical peers (all English), 16 representative peers of Scotland, 28 of Ireland, and 4 bishops of the same country. Among these are 11 minors, and 6 Roman Catholics; and 3 of the Irish ~~are~~ having been created peers of the United Kingdom since their election, 20 must be deducted from 371, leaving a clear house of 351 members. There are 54 bachelors, 41 widowers, 237 married. Of the 278 of the two latter classes, 60 are childless; the remaining 218 have a progeny of 1068. The Earl of Lindsay, aged 5, is the youngest peer, and the Marquis of Drogheda, aged 90, the eldest. Lord Colchester is the most recent creation. Lord

Lansdowne, as a representative of the Barons of Kerry, ennobled in 1181, the most ancient.

Births.] The Countess of Shannon, of a daughter.—The lady of the Hon. Col. Lowther, of a son.—The lady of L. Manners, esq. of a son and heir.—The Duchess of Rutland, of a son.—At Somerset-house, the lady of Stephen Lee, esq. of a son.—Viscountess Cranley, of a son and heir.—The lady of James Campbell, esq. in Cavendish-square, of a daughter.—In Devonshire-street, Portland-place, the lady of Richard Percell, esq. of a son.—In Parliament-street, the lady of Robt. Westley Hall, esq. Wyefield, Essex, of a daughter.—In Park-street, Grosvenor-square, the lady of the Hon. Wm. Cust, M.P. of a daughter.—At the house of her father, Lord Robert Seymour, in Portland-place, the lady of J. H. Allen, esq. M. P. of a daughter.—In Hans-place, the lady of the Hon. James Stewart, of a son.—At the house of Dr. Babington, Aldermanbury, the lady of Benj. Babington, esq. of the Madras Civil Service, of twin sons.

Married.] At St. Mary's, Lambeth, Capt. H. Lorraine Baker, C. B. R. N. eldest son of Sir Robert Baker, bart. to Louisa Anna, only daughter of Wm. Williams, esq. M. P. for Weymouth.—Thomas Howard Fenwick, esq. Royal Engineers, to Mariamne, second daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Burrough.—At St. James's Church, the Hon. and Rev. George Pellew, third son of Admiral Viscount Exmouth, to the Hon. Frances Addington, second daughter of Lord Viscount Sidmouth.—At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, the Hon. Newton Fellowes, to Lady Catherine Fortescue, second daughter of Earl Fortescue.—At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Mr. J. Mathieu, to Anne, second daughter of Charles Laurence, esq.—At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Wm. M'Niece, esq. to Catherine, daughter of the late John Harrison, esq. of Berkeley-street.—At St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, Chas. Gordon, esq. of Burlington-street, to Eleanor Mary, the only daughter of Nathaniel Atcheson, esq. of Duke-street, Westminster.—Mr. Alexander Williamson, of the H. E. I. Company's Service, to Antonia, elder daughter of the late William M'Andrew, esq.—At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, John M'Cullum, esq. of Burton-crescent, to Mary, widow of the late Wm. Duncan, esq. of Brunswick-square.—At the same place. Sir C. Halkett, to Lætitia Sarah, widow of the late Major Tyler, R. A.—Colonel F. Hepburn, Third Foot Guards, to Henrietta, eldest daughter of the Rev. Sir H. Poole, bart. of the Hooke, in Sussex.—Lieut.-Col. the Hon. J. H. Stanhope, to Lady F. L. Murray.—At Mary-le-bone Church, Major-General Sir J. Lyon, to Anna, eldest daughter of the late E. Cox, esq. of Hampstead Heath.—T. Monkhouse, esq. to Jane, daughter of S. Horrocks, esq. M. P.

Died.] At Blackheath, William Stanley, eldest son of the late Geo. Hawkes, esq. both of Gateshead iron-works.—John Fenti-

man, esq. of Kennington, Surrey—In Caroline-place, Mecklenburgh-square, Laura, wife of Captain J. R. Franklin—In Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, Anna Maria, fourth daughter of the late Major-Gen. Thos. Coxe—Frederick Gore Clough and Chas. Lonsdale Taylor Clough, the infant sons of Dr. Clough, of Berners-street, Oxford-street—Dr. John Wishart of Gray's Inn Lane—At Norwood-green, Middlesex, Sophia, the wife of Thomas Bramall, daughter of Mr. John Robins, of Warwick-street, Golden-square—Mr. Edward Death, merchant, of the late firm of Todd, Henderson, and Co.—In Hatton-garden, Mr. Charles Cox—In Lombard-street, Captain John Mann, aged 84—Suddenly, Joseph Scales, esq. of Hanger's-lane, Stamford-hill—Mr. Thos. Glossop, wine and brandy merchant, High Holborn—At Kensington, Capt. Thos. Riches, late of Great Yarmouth, in the 71st year of his age—Mr. Williams, many years the respectable proprietor of the Angell-inn, St. Clement's, Strand—In the Grove, Kentish-town, Mrs. Robins, wife of Mr. Robins, sen. of the Great Piazza, Covent-garden—Mr. Dollond, of St. Paul's Church-yard, in his 90th year—At the Manor-house, Paddington, Elizabeth Waring, relict of the late Rev. Henry Waring—Camilo de la Torre, esq. of Finsbury-square, aged 81—At Pullen's-row, Islington, Rev. Lemuel Kirkman—In Hertford-street, May-fair, Mrs. Bonham, relict of F. W. Bonham, esq. and eldest daughter of the late Hon. Mrs. Herbert, of Rutland-square, Dublin—At Walthamstow, Jesse Russell, esq. in the 77th year of his age—In Manchester-square, John Lewen Smith, esq. in his 94th year—In Montague square, the infant son of J. E. Eardley Wilmot, esq. of Herkeswell Hall, Warwickshire—At her house in Poland-street, Mrs. Simmons, widow of the late Dr. Simmons—Christopher Barber, esq. of the General Post-office—Mrs. Bamber Gascoyne, of Stanhope-street—Eliza Ann Frances, wife of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, esq.—At Suffolk place, Islington, Mrs. Sarah Hutton, late of Newgate-street—In Montague-street, Russell-square, Louisa, the wife of Philip Courtenay, esq. Barrister at Law.

THE BISHOP OF BRISTOL.

Dr. William Lort Mansel, Bishop of Bristol, died at Trinity Lodge, Cambridge, on Tuesday, the 27th June. His lordship was educated at Trinity college, Cambridge: in 1788 he became public orator of that university; in 1798 he was appointed master of Trinity college; and in 1808 was nominated to the see of Bristol. He was a man of lively talents, elegant classical attainments, and of a bustling and declamatory spirit. He is supposed to have owed his elevation to the late Mr. Perceval, who was educated at his college, and is said to have had Dr. Mansel for his tutor. His lordship was author of a sermon preached before the Lords at Westminster Abbey, Jan. 30, 1810.

THE EARL OF RODEN.

Died at his seat, Hyde Hall, Hertfordshire, on Thursday, June 29, the Earl of Roden. The death of this truly accomplished and benevolent nobleman will be long and severely felt by all his relatives and friends.

LORD CHARLES SPENCER.

Died on the 15th of June, this venerable nobleman, at the seat of his son, the Hon. W. R. Spencer, at Petersham; and his remains were committed to the grave in the parish church of that place, amidst the tears of his afflicted relatives, it having been his lordship's particular request to be buried there, in preference to the family vault at Blenheim.

VISCOUNT RANELAGH.

Thomas Jones, 6th Lord Ranelagh, died July 4th, at Fulham. His lordship was formerly a major in the 60th regiment of foot, and succeeded his brother as Viscount Ranelagh on the 24th Dec. 1800. He was born Feb. 2d, 1763, and married Aug. 21st, 1804, Miss Stephens, who died in 1805 without issue. He was again married in 1811, to Caroline, sole daughter of the late Col. Lee, of Yorkshire.

REV. JOSEPH PICKERING.

Died on Sunday March 5, 1820, the Rev. Joseph Pickering, M. A. curate of the perpetual curacy of Paddington. Previous to his induction into the curacy of Paddington, which he filled for about twenty years, Mr. Pickering had been fourteen years curate to Dr. Warton, of Wickham, in Hampshire. The unprecedented regret that was expressed upon his leaving that place (for when he quitted it there was not a dry eye in the village) is the most unequivocal testimony of the affection and high estimation in which he was held. Modest, unassuming, simple in his manners, and in his taste, this truly excellent man was altogether free from ostentation or vanity. He acted uniformly upon the purest Christian principles; and no man ever possessed a more independent spirit, combined with the most unfeigned Christian meekness. He was the father, the friend, the protector of his flock. Clothed with humility, he prayed in the house of God, yet elevated with all the dignity of pure and heartfelt devotion. Every ear listened with devout attention to his precepts. His discourses from the pulpit were calculated to instruct, amend, and comfort his hearers: they were plain and simple; yet was his language such that the most fastidious could not object to it, while at the same time it was perfectly intelligible to the meanest capacity. In early life he had the prospect of enjoying all the advantages and blessings of affluence; but, alas! that prospect was too soon blasted by family misfortune! Many and severe were his trials through life—yet never did the breath of murmur escape from his lips! He bowed with meek submission, and kissed the clas-

tening hand that dealt the blow. His charity was unbounded; and only when the sight of misery met his eye, or the tale of suffering struck his ear, was he ever heard to lament his want of fortune!

ARCHDEACON THOMAS.

At an early hour on Sunday, May 28, at Walcot, the Rev. and Venerable Josiah Thomas, M. A. one of his late Majesty's chaplains, rector of Street-cum-Walton, and Backwell, Somerset, and of Kington-Deverell, Wilts, officiating minister of Christ church, Bath, and archdeacon of Bath, aged 60. This distinguished divine had attended the late crowded levee to pay his earliest respects to his New Sovereign; returning, he visited some friends in the cool vales of Berkshire, where he imbibed so severe a catarrhal affection, as baffled the first professional skill, administered with the anxiety and perseverance of a long experienced medical friend. The Church of England, in her purest form, has lost in him one of her firmest champions, and the public and charitable institutions within his sphere of duty, one of their most zealous and successful preachers; his eloquence being clear, enforcive, and pathetic—

"Truths divine came mended from his tongue."

However he may have differed on a few unessential points from highly esteemed divines, yet all agree that in sound orthodoxy, and in fervent regard, he has not left behind him, even on the episcopal bench, a more able and undaunted advocate for the established Church; and it may be truly said of the Rev. Josiah Thomas in the words of Goldsmith—

"If he was severe in aught,

"The love he bore 'her Doctrines' was his fault."

But while we pay these just tributes to the ecclesiastical functions of Mr. Thomas, let us not forget that they were fully equalled by his private, most endearing qualities—as the friend, the husband, and the father. The true Christian minister faithfully discharged all the domestic duties of the man; pious and instructive; indulgent and exemplary; properly strict, yet sportive and lenient. His family consist of four promising sons, and three accomplished daughters, most of whom are now respectably situated in India. His amiable relict is the only daughter of the late H. Harrington, M. D.—a name, of which the city of Bath will be proud, whilst Wit, Learning, Science, and Genius, are held in estimation. The archdeacon was aged 60, and his remains were deposited, in a vault, in the abbey church.

THE EARL OF STRATHMORE.

Died at his house in Conduit-street, July 3d, in his 52d year, the Right Hon. John Bowes, Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorn in Scotland, and Baron Bowes, of the united kingdom. He was married on Sunday the 2d to Miss Millner, by whom he has left a son

who claims the earldom of Strathmore. A curious question will arise as to the legitimacy of the son, as it is doubtful whether a marriage in England, subsequent to the birth of a child, would legitimate that child in Scotland. His lordship is succeeded in his English title by his brother, the Hon. Thomas Bowes, now Baron Bowes. His lordship was also Lord Glamis in Scotland. His large property in Yorkshire, &c. not being entailed, was at his own disposal, and it is understood he made a full settlement.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

At his palace, in Chelsea, July 11th, after a long illness and general decay of nature, the Hon. Brownlow North, D. C. L., lord bishop of Winchester, prelate of the Order of the Garter, provincial sub-dean of Canterbury, and visitor of Magdalene, New, Trinity, St. John's, and Corpus Colleges, Oxford, F. A. and L. S. His lordship was born in 1741, and was the younger son of the first Earl of Guilford, and younger brother of the prime minister Lord North, in whose administration he obtained a mitre in 1771 at the age of 30. He was educated first at Eton, and afterwards at Trinity college, Oxford; was elected fellow of All Souls; became A. M. in 1766 and LL. D. 1770. From a canonry of Christ church he was promoted to the deanery of Canterbury in 1770, and from thence in the following year advanced to the see of Lichfield and Coventry, on the translation of Dr John Egerton to Durham. In 1774 he was promoted to the bishopric of Worcester on the death of Dr. John Thomas. He had a large family by his wife, formerly Miss Bannister, deceased, a lady once well known in the fashionable world. He repaired Farnham Castle, the episcopal mansion, at a very great expense. He was the author of several esteemed sermons and charges, and presented to the world a handsome edition of his father's "*Miscellanea Sacra*." He lived in a retired domestic manner, and was a very mild indulgent amiable character.

The Bishop of Lincoln has been translated to the see of Winchester, and we understand that the Bishop of Landaff (the Rev. Dr. Van Mildert) is to be the new Dean of St. Paul's.

LORD GWYDIR.

At Brighton, June 29, the Right Hon. Lord Gwydir. He married the Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, sister and co-heiress of Robert, fourth Duke of Ancaster, hereditary great chamberlain of England. To the necessities of the poor in general, this nobleman was ever a ready contributor; in Bath particularly, where his lordship had latterly spent a considerable portion of his time, his public and private charities were numerous and munificent. His lordship succeeded his great uncle Sir Merrick Burrell, bart. in the title in 1787; represented Boston in several parliaments, and officiated at the trial of

Warren Hastings, as Great Chamberlain of England, in right of his wife; on which occasion he was knighted. He was advanced to the dignity of Baron Gwydir, co. Caernarvon, May 28, 1796. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, Peter Robert Drummond, now Lord Gwydir,

who married the sole heiress of the Perth estates, and assumed the name of Drummond.—The immediate cause of Lord Gwydir's death is supposed to have been an attack of gout in the stomach. His lordship's remains were deposited in the parish church of Edenham.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES,

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Apsley, Mr. Robert Wright, surgeon, to Miss Ann West.

BERKSHIRE.

Birth.] At Caversham, the lady of G. H. Marsack, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Wokingham, Asher Charles Jones, esq. to Miss Peppin—At Reading, the Rev. John Kirshaw, A. M. of Abingdon, to Miss Wayland, of Reading—Mr. William Frankum, to Miss Mary Taylor, of Baughurst—At Newbury, Mr. Charles Felder, to Miss Esther Roberts, of Linfitts, Saddleshworth, Yorkshire.

Died.] At Reading, Mrs. Elizabeth Dyson, 85—At Abingdon, Mr. Charles Pope—Mr. John Giles, 56—At Maidenhead, Mrs. Ann Higga, 55—At Clay Hall, near Windsor, Mrs. Lindsay, 23, wife of Capt. James Lindsay, Grenadier Guards.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

The Rev. Thomas Wright is preferred to the vicarage of East Claydon and the rectory of Middle Claydon, both in this county.

Birth.] At Stonedean, the lady of Capt. S. G. Pechell, R. N. of a son.

Married.] At Broughton, the Rev. Wm. Smyth, rector of that parish, to Mary, youngest daughter of S. Ray, esq. of Tannington Green, Suffolk—At Middleton Cheney, Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, of Buckingham, to Martha Wise, of the former place—At Langley, George Morgan, esq. of Biddleaden Park, to Anna Eliza Oliver, fourth daughter of the late Laver Oliver, of Brill House, in this county, esq.—At High Wycombe, Mr. Thomas Treacher, to Miss Veary, of Wycombe Marsh—At Amersham, Isaac Boles, esq. of Fulham, to Eliza, eldest daughter; and at the same time, William, eldest son of William Perry, esq. deputy secretary at war, to Anne, second daughter of the late Kender Mason, esq. of Beel House, in this county.

Died.] At Newport-Pagnell, Mr. Benjamin Atterbury, 26—At Taplow House, in her 14th year, Margaret, daughter of Pascoe Grenfell, esq. M. P.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Married.] At Cambridge, Mr. Richard Newby, bookseller, to Miss Ann Whitechurch, of Harlton—G. A. Wake, esq. of Sydney College, to Mary Maria, only daughter of John Dodd, esq. of Ipsden, Oxon—Edwin Daniel, B. A. of St. John's College, to Miss Martha Swan, of Sydney-street, Cambridge—Mr. Cook, of London, to Anna, daughter of Mr. Nicholson, bookseller—At Chesterton, Mr. R. G. Ind, to Miss Eliza Laundry.

Died.] At Cambridge, H. Hodges, esq. 52, of Emmanuel College, B. A. 1789, M. A. 1792—Mr. Richard Chevell, 26—Mr. Thomas Maynard, 71—Mr. John French, 54—Mary Ann, only daughter of Mr. Fetch, solicitor, 16.

CHESHIRE.

Birth.] At Vale Royal, the lady of Thomas Cholmondeley, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Stockport, Mr. Samuel Dodge, stationer, to Miss Sarah Ranscar, of the same place—At Davenham, Mr. S. Gibson, of Witton, to Miss Sarah Smith, of the former place—Mr. George Anderson, of Liverpool, to Miss Jane Shepherd, of Leftwich, near Northwich.

Died.] At Chester, Thomas Richards, esq. of Boughton—John Manwaring Uniack, esq.—At Ince, the Rev. A. B. Church—At Henbury Hall, Thomas Brooke, esq. 64—At Frodsham, Mr. Thos. Pickering—At Bainston, Mrs. Harrison, 82.

CORNWALL.

The Mayor of Launceston, R. Penwarden, esq. has begun some judicious improvements about the castle, with a view to the employment of the prisoners. They are clearing away the rubbish from the ancient gateways; and the green, which on one side commands an extensive prospect, will be formed, by the labour of these culprits, into a very pleasant promenade.

Married.] At Mavagissey, Mr. Joseph Allen, to Miss Dunn—At Falmouth, Mr. Barbant, to Mrs. Mary Leeke.

Died.] At Falmouth, Thomas Wilson, esq. formerly of Truro—Mrs. Ellis—At Penzance, Mrs. Berryman—At Truro, Mrs. Bray.

CUMBERLAND.

Married.] At Carlisle, Mr. William Hall, printer, to Miss Jane Boustead—Mr. George Pennington, to Miss Grace Donaldson—Mr. William Dorian, to Miss Ann Musgrave—Mr. Joseph Emley, to Miss Mary Thompson—At Burgh, the Rev. Mr. Ivy, of Brampton, to Miss Robson, of the former place—At Caldbeck, the Rev. William Raitton, rector of Cumberworth, in Yorkshire, to Mary, only daughter of Thomas Robinson, esq. of that place—At Egremont, Mr. Wilson Borrowdale, to Miss Sarah Jackson.

Died.] At Carlisle, Mr. Christopher Bulman, 62—Mrs. Mary Nixon, 26—At Carlton, near Egremont, Mr. J. Wear, 50—At Cockermouth, Mr. John Hartness, 67—At Bassenthwaite, Lieut. John Bull, R. N., 35, late of Whitehaven—At Boughtonhead, Mrs. Hindson, 88, relict of the Rev. Mr. Hindson.

DERBYSHIRE.

Married.] At Derby, Vice Admiral Sir Richard Goodwin Keats, G. C. B. of Durrant House, Devonshire, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Francis Hurt, esq. of Alderwasby, in this county—Francis Boott, esq. to Mary, daughter of Mrs. Hardcastle—At Barlborough, Mr. Hind, to Miss Ann Twybell—At Dalbury, John Sparrow Stovin, esq. to Miss Rebecca Maria Green, of Birmingham—At Burrowash, Mr. Walker, to Miss Eliz. Hextall, of Bardon Park, Leicestershire.

Died.] At Mickleover, the Rev. J. Ward, 74—At Chesterfield, Mrs. Sheldon—Mr. John Rice, proprietor of the Hady colliery, near Chesterfield—At Abna, Mr. Bagshaw—At Dalbury, Mr. Redshaw, 80.

DEVONSHIRE.

The Rev. Henry Luxmore, M. A. is preferred to the vicarage of Barnstaple, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Mitchell Wade, on the presentation of James Archibald Stuart Wortley, esq.

A light-house has been recently erected on the south end of Lundy Island—two lights, one above the other. Light-houses are likewise erecting by the corporation of the Trinity House, at the entrance of Barnstaple harbour, for the better safety of vessels approaching that bay.

Dartmoor Railway.—The legislative part of this undertaking is at length concluded, the bill for extending the road from Crabtree to Plymouth having received the royal assent, in which a clause is introduced, enabling government to lend the company the sum of 18,000*l*. Nothing whatever now remains to impede the progress of the necessary operations for constructing the road, which is begun at several points, and will be completed with every possible expedition.

Births.] At Haldon House, the lady of Sir Laurence V. Palk, bart. of a daughter—At Mount Radford, near Exeter, the lady of Albany Saville, esq. recorder of Okehampton, of a son—At Tor Abbey, the Hon. Mrs. Clifford, of a daughter—At Honiton, the lady of the Rev. H. A. Hughes, of a daughter.

Married.] At Exeter, Capt. Barton, R. N. eldest son of Admiral Barton, of Burrough House, to Miss Rebecca Lopes Franco, niece of Sir M. M. Lopez, bart.—The Rev. Thomas Cleave, of Totness, to Frances Osake, eldest daughter of the late John Edye, esq. of Pinney House.

Died.] At Dawlish, Catherine, third daughter of the Rev. J. H. Hall, of Risley Hall, Derbyshire, 21—At Sidmouth, Edward Thomas, eldest son of Robert Heskett, esq. of Rosshall, Lancashire—At Baring Place, near Exeter, Julia, youngest daughter of H. M. Teed, esq. 14—At Withygate, near Barnstaple, Mr. Humphrey Vellacott, 46—At Stokefleming, near Dartmouth, John Henry Southcote, esq. 74. He served the office of high sheriff for this county in 1786.

DORSETSHIRE.

A Catholic chapel is about to be opened at Weymouth, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Simon.

Married.] At Sherborne, Mr. William Asker, to Miss Marsh, both of that town—At Dorchester, Mr. Francis Ingram, attorney, to the youngest daughter of Mr. Oakley, brewer—At Weymouth, Mr. Robert Woodman, surgeon, to Miss Mary Oakley—At Belchalwell, the Rev. J. M. Arnold, to Fanny, second daughter of the late William Davis, esq. of Winterbourne Abbas.

Died.] At Poole, William Prendergast, esq. 75—At Blandford, the Rev. John Wharton, rector of

Chesilborne—At Weymouth, the Rev. Willoughby Bertie—William Baring, esq. of Lulworth Castle, Dorset, and the Rev. John Bain, rector of Winfrith, and only son of Dr. Bain, of Heffington, near Wareham, in that county. Having on the evening of the 9th ult. walked to the sea shore at Arish Mill, near the castle, they were induced by the calmness of the sea to row out in a small boat belonging to Mr. Baring, which unfortunately upsetting, they were both drowned. This melancholy event becomes more afflictive from the circumstance of Mrs. Baring and the two Miss Bains accompanying them to the shore, and being eye-witnesses of the painful sight. While attempting to change places in the boat, it upset within a hundred yards of the shore. The spring tides setting very strong off this rocky coast, probably prevented their being able to reach the land.

DURHAM.

Birth.] At Hartlepool, the lady of Captain Swinburne, Grenadier Guards, of a son and heir.

Married.] At Stockton, Mr. Thomas Sewell, to Miss Mary Dunn—Mr. William Skinner, banker, to Miss Walker—Capt. John Henry, to Miss Turnbull—At Easington, Yorkshire, John Wilkinson, esq. of Durham, solicitor, to Frances, daughter of Robert Wharton Myddleton, esq. of Grinkle Park, near Guisboro', and niece to R. Wharton, esq. late M. P. for Durham—At Sunderland, Mr. George Longstaff, to Miss Jane Hardcastle.

Died.] At Durham, Mr. John Dixon, 89—Lieut. John Mc. Lean, 57, late of the 6th veteran battalion—Mrs. Mary Hutchinson, 54—At Harrogate, near Darlington, Mr. Richard Maxon, 52—At Neasham, near Darlington, suddenly, Mr. John Dalton, 70—At Stockton, Mrs. Elizabeth Dobson, 70—At Monkwearmouth, Mr. William Hall, 63—Mr. Sharp Stoddart, surgeon, 64.

ESSEX.

Birth.] In London, the lady of Robert Westley Hall, of Wyfield, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Dovercourt, Mr. Baker, of Lavenham, surgeon, to Ann, second daughter of the late Capt. Saunders—Henry Warren, esq. of the Grove, Dedham, near Colchester, to Elizabeth Brace, youngest daughter of the late James Hamilton, esq. of Bangor—At Coggeshall, Mr. Eagle, surgeon, to Miss Sprague—At Romford, Mr. Stephen Collier, to Miss Mary Rowley, of Cambridge—At Coopersale, Mr. John Thurlow, to Miss Esther Youngman, of Waterbeach Lodge.

Died.] At Birchanger, 17, Fanny, second daughter of John P. Judd, esq.—At Willingall, Mrs. Baker, 66—At Castle Hedingham, 19, Anna, second daughter of G. Nottidge, esq.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

The Hon. and Rev. Dr. Rice is instituted to the rectory of Oddington, in this county, on his own presentation as precentor of York cathedral.

The Rev. James Davies, M. A. is preferred to the vicarage of Barrington Parva, on the presentation of the Lord Chancellor.

Births.] At the Mythe Villa, near Tewkesbury, the lady of Joseph Longmore, esq. of a son—At the rectory, Rodmarton, the lady of the Rev. Daniel Lyons, of a son.

Married.] At Olveston, the Rev. James Jervis Cleaver, rector of Holme Pierrepont, Nottingham, to Miss Ellen Sybilla Peach, eldest daughter of Samuel Peach Peach, esq. of Tockington House, in this county—At Fairford, the Rev. Frederick Morgan, to Miss Harriet Taylor, of Frenchay—At

Stroud, Guy Miles, esq. of Bowbridge, to Martha, eldest daughter of Charles Sweeting, esq.—The Rev. H. B. Tristram, vicar of Bramham, Yorkshire, and nephew of the Bishop of Durham, to Charlotte Jocelyn, daughter of the late Thomas Smith, esq. of the Inner Temple.—Mr. John David Kelly, solicitor, to Miss Elizabeth Buxton.

Died.] At Gloucester, Mr. R. Haviland, 87.—At Cheltenham, Mr. Walton Hilton Jessop, solicitor, 81.—At Tisbury Court, in this county, John Barnes, esq. 62.—At Clifton, J. J. Bence, esq. of Holly House, in this county.—At Colford, Rachael, relict of the late Mr. John Thomas, 71.—At Tetbury, Mr. John Overbury.—At Cold Aston, Mr. Robert Aston, 80, an opulent farmer.

HAMPSHIRE.

Basingstoke Saving Bank.—At the quarterly meeting of the trustees and managers held 26th June, the following abstract of the number of depositors, with their description, and the amount of deposits to this day, was laid before the meeting.

Number of Depositors.

Friendly Societies . . . 11	Servants 147
Minors 94	Mechanics 37
Petty Tradesmen . . . 45	Labourers 64

Depositors, total 398.—Deposits 16714*l.* 19*s.* 11*d.*

Withdrawn 3433*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.*

Birth.] At Dogmersfield Park, the lady of Paulet St. John Mildmay, esq. M. P. of a son.

Married.] At Southampton, Mr. R. H. Perkins, of Lymington, to Miss Sarah Parry, of the former place.—The Rev. T. L. Shapcott, master of the free grammar-school, to Miss Long, of Sutton Veney.—Mr. John Corbet Adams, of London, to Miss Sarah Colborne, of Southampton.—At Goodworth Clatford, Mr. James Smith, attorney, of Andover, to Miss Welch, of the former place.—At Carisbrook, Isle of Wight, the Rev. Davies Daniel, youngest son of John Daniel, esq. of Cwrtmawr, Cardiganshire, to Clementina, second daughter of the late Major Lyons.

Died.] At Southampton, John Elliott, esq. 48, of Sopley, near Christchurch.—At Winchester, after a protracted and painful illness, Lady Amelia Knollis.—At Horndean, Edward Oliver Osborn, esq. vice admiral of his majesty's fleet, being the last of three brothers, flag-officers of the royal navy, who have died within a few months.—At Wickham, Mrs. Atkins, 74, relict of the late Samuel Atkins, esq.—At Titchfield, 88, Anne, widow of Edward Ives, esq.—At Basingstoke, John Street, esq. 72, captain and adjutant of the North Hants yeomanry cavalry.—At Brooke Green, Isle of Wight, James Stephens, esq. 67. A large property was found in his house after his decease, particularly in guineas and half-guineas.—At Penton, 77, A. Bourdillon, esq.—At Romsey, Marianne, wife of George Ingram, esq.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Leominster, Mr. William Morgan, of the Sandpits, to Miss Maria Daniel.—R. Hemming, of the Hawkins, in this county, to Susan, eldest daughter of the late Henry Dangerfield, of Mathon, esq.

Died.] At Dinmore House, Mr. William Wells, 82.—At Hereford, John Greene, esq. 81.—In London, Charles Lucy, esq. 86, late of Hereford.—At Leominster, George Nuttall, esq. late of Hampton Court, to whom the public at large are much indebted for very important improvements in the roads, which have been effected in that neighbourhood under his direction, and particularly in the fine over Dinmore-hill.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Birth.] At Merry Hill, the lady of Captain Chambers White, R. N. of a son.

Died.] At his seat, Hyde Hall, in the 64th year of his age, the Right Hon. Robert Jocelyn, Earl of Roden, Viscount Jocelyn, Baron of Newport, and an English Baronet, Auditor-General of the Exchequer, Custos Rotulorum of the county of Louth, and a Privy Counsellor. The death of this truly accomplished nobleman will be long felt by his relations and friends.—At Oldbury House, Cheshunt, John Russell, esq. 82, of Thruxton Court, Hereford.—At Backway, 76, John Stallibrass, esq.—At Boxmoor House, Eliz. Gideon, only daughter of Edward Mead, esq.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Died.] At Coppington, Mr. Thomas Smith, 36.—At Wennington, Mr. Hitchcock, 67. He was twice married, and father to 84 children!—At Stoneley, near Kimbolton, in her 69th year, Mrs. Jane Welstead, sister of the late Charles Marion Welstead, esq.—At Stukeley Hall, Elizabeth Mary, eldest daughter of James Torkington, esq. 16.

KENT.

An act for widening and improving the road leading from the turnpike, in the town of Tenterden, through Woodchurch to Warehorne, and the road leading out of the turnpike-road, in the parish of Bethersden, through Woodchurch to Appledore, in this county, has received the royal assent.

Married.] At Canterbury, Mr. George Pillow, to Mrs. Crockford—Lieut. Doorne, R. N. to Mrs. Wetherell, of Castle-street, Canterbury.—At Rochester, John Benifold, esq. to Rebecca, only daughter of Ralph Bankes, esq.—At Folkestone, Mr. H. Sanders, to Miss Susanna King.—Mr. G. F. Greenland, to Miss Ann Winter.—Mr. R. I. Bowker, to Miss Martha Carver Pope.

Died.] At Bramling House, near Wingham, Captain John Wood, R. N. 54.—At Bartlett's East, Thomas Eveenden, esq.—At Eastwell Park, Elizabeth Henrietta, third daughter of George Finch Hatton, esq.—At Wrotham, very suddenly, Mrs. Elizabeth Fullgaines, 60.—At Maidstone, the Rev. Abraham Harris, 68, minister of the Unitarian chapel at Maidstone for 41 years.—At South Park, Penshurst, Frances Anne, eldest daughter of R. Allnutt, esq.—At the Moat, in Igham, Miss Selby, only daughter of the late Thomas Selby, esq.—At Ebony, in the Isle of Oxney, 72, Mr. Isaac Cloke, brewer, of Tenterden. By his testamentary directions, his remains were followed to the grave by 72 aged men, all in white frocks and white stockings, and each was to be the father of six living children.—At Hapington, near Canterbury, Eliza, eldest daughter of H. G. Faussett, esq.—At Tenterden, Mr. Jeffery Gilbert, 70.

LANCASHIRE.

A new market is about to be erected at Liverpool, which, when finished, will be the completest thing of the kind in England. It is to be covered all over, and will be in length 500 feet, and in breadth 300 feet, with a handsome elevation in front. The estimated expense of this work exceeds 30,000*l.*

A plan for the institution of a house of reform for discharged criminals, in this county, is in a state of forwardness, under the patronage of the Lord Lieutenant, and the most distinguished cha-

acters in the county. No stronger proof need be given of the pressing call for such an institution, than the following statement from a printed prospectus which has lately been circulated, and which we recommend to the careful perusal of our readers. "The following is the return of prisoners confined for trial in the Liverpool county jails in the years 1816, 1817, and 1818 respectively :

1816	Males	482
	Females	190—Total 672
1817	Males	583
	Females	135—Total 718
1818	Males	991
	Females	227—Total 1218."

Again, to prove within the same period the enormous increase of juvenile depravity. In the Manchester house of correction the boys from 8 to 18 are returned as follows :

1816	61	} In three years the number of boy delinquents has been very nearly tripled.
1817	119	
1818	181	

Married.] At Liverpool, the Rev. John B. Monk, A. M. fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Jane, daughter of Robert Ward, esq. of Liverpool—At Bolton, Edward Heelia, esq. captain in the first royal Lancashire militia, to Alice, eldest daughter of George Rice, esq. Birkett Cottage, near Wigan—At Manchester, Richard Walker Rushforth, esq. to Miss Elizabeth Gill, Crescent, Salford—At Warrington, Mr. W. C. Watmough, to Miss Jane Stubbs.

Died.] At Manchester, Mr. John Robinson, attorney, 58—At Ulverston, Sarah Fell, 84, relict of Dr. Fell, one of the society of Friends—At Liverpool, Caroline, wife of Mr. Barnett Oakes, of the Courier office, 24—Edward, son of R. M. Kynaston, esq. of Oswestry—At Fairfield, Thomas Tarleton Falkner, 27, eldest son of Edward Falkner, esq.—At Walton-le-dale, Mr. Henry Wilson.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Married.] At Leicester, John Booth Freer, M.D. to Martha, second daughter of Sir William Walker—Thomas Vowe, esq. of Hallaton, to Sarah, only daughter of the late James Howes, esq. of Stratford, Essex—At Loughborough, Mr. Hawley, of East Lake, Nottinghamshire, to Miss Rebecca Cotes, of the former place.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Birth.] At Burwell Park, the lady of M. B. Lister, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Tetford, J. Goodbarne, gent. of Boston, to Miss Soulby, of the former place—At Boston, Mr. Robert Caparn, of Newark, to Miss Caparn—At Haxey, Mr. John Gunby, to Miss Jefferson, of Burnham—At Bawtry, Mr. Broughton, attorney, to Miss Goody—At Misterton, near Guisborough, Mr. William Hopkins, to Miss Carr, of Stockwith—Mr. E. Jakes, to Miss Cousins.

Died.] At Lincoln, Henry Lee, esq. 38, late second officer of the E. I. C.'s ship Charles Grant—At Killingholme, Mrs. Tesh, 71—At Kirkby Green, Mr. Nicholas Taylor—At Belchford, Mrs. Watson—At Loughton, Mr. Stainton, 54.

NORFOLK.

The Rev. George Lucas, A. B. is preferred to the rectory of Billockley ; patron, C. Lucas, esq. of Filby.—The Rev. G. Hunt, to the rectory of Boughton ; patron, John Vernon, esq. Lincoln's Inn.—The Rev. W. Külett, A. B. to the vicarage of Kenninghall ; patron, the Lord Bishop of Ely.

Birth.] At Earsham Parsonage, Mrs. George Day, of a daughter.

Married.] At Norwich, the Rev. John Alexander, to Miss Priscilla Wraith, of Blackburn, Lancashire—At Wells, the Rev. V. Hill, rector, to Miss Dickens, of Binham—At Freethorpe, Robert Browne, esq. of Reedham, to Miss Lucy Ann Read—At North Walsham, the Rev. James Browne, to Miss Gedge, of Honing—At Yarmouth, Mr. John Cole, of Thorpe Abbots, to Miss Spanton, of the former place.

Died.] At East Dereham, the relict of Thomas Wilson, esq.—At West Dereham, Mr. Thomas Shorten—At Yarmouth, James Fisher, esq. formerly of Bombay, 85. He served the office of mayor of Yarmouth in 1774 and 1809—Captain Thomas Riches, 71—Frances, wife of Captain James Flight, 71—Mr. Francis Ives—At Holt, Mrs. Johnson, relict of Mr. Richard Johnson, surgeon—At Filby, Mrs. Mary Juby, 52—At Keswick Mills, Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. Toll, 19.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Married.] At Northampton, Mr. Peck, of Wellesborough, to Miss Caroline Clark, of Northampton—At Moulton, the Rev. Francis Wheeler, to Miss Elizabeth Rodgers—At Everdon, Mr. Wm. Warr, to Miss Sarah Goff, of Weedon Lodge—At Upper Weedon, Mr. Samuel Billing, to Miss Earl—At Heathcote, Mr. Caleb Parker, to Miss Atterbury, of Hollowell.

Died.] At Northampton, John St. Mawe, esq. A. B. 22, only son of Mr. Mawe, of the Strand, London. He died as a Christian should die, sending forth his last breath in humble prayer, and cheering with a heavenly hope the afflicted authors of his being, who sat by the bed of death, beholding his victory over the grave, and gathering from his unsubdued reliance upon the life beyond the tomb, the only solace this world could impart. His literary attainments kept pace with the development of a mind of extraordinary comprehension ; and his friends have to mourn, in his early departure, the premature close of a career which was full of promised honour and distinction—Miss Mary Billing—At Ravensthorpe, Mrs. Sarah Goodrich, wife of the Rev. W. Goodrich—At Loddington Hall, Mary, relict of Charles Morris, esq. 80—At Orlingbury, Amelia, eldest daughter of Allen Young, esq. 15—At Hardington, Mrs. Brothers—At Peterborough, by a fall from his horse, John Atkinson, gent. 42—At Great Brington, Mrs. Marston, 85—At Gayton, Alice, wife of Mr. James Payne, 64—At Kingsthorpe Lodge, Mrs. Green.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Married.] John Murray Aynley, esq. of Little Harle Tower, to Emma Sarah, youngest daughter of Samuel Peach Peach, esq. of Tockington House, Gloucestershire—At Berwick, Mr. James Peat, of Glasgow, to Miss Mary Morrison, of the former place—At Newcastle, Mr. John Binney, to Miss Eleanor Curry, of Wall's End.

Died.] At Newcastle, Mr. Edward Humble, bookseller, of that town, 66—Mr. John Middlemas, 36—At Elswick, near Newcastle, John Hodgson, esq.—At Kirkhaugh, the Rev. Thomas Kirkley, 39 years rector of that place, 76—At Moralee, near Wark, Mr. Thomas Laidler, 76.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Married.] At Beeston, Mr. James Betts, of Newark, to Miss Catherine Maria Hurt, of the for-

mer place—At Nottingham, Mr. S. Towle, to Miss Eliza Attenborough, of Bradmore—Mr. Thomas Davidson, surgeon, to Miss Sarah Cargill, of Fort Augustus, N. B.—At Newark, Mr. Daniel Bell, to Mrs. Jane Elizabeth Grigg.

Died.] At Nottingham, George Bott, dentist, one of the society of Friends, 72—Mrs. Tatham—Mrs. Catherine Ellis, 81—At Newark, Mr. Thomas Rumley, 60—At Beeston, Mrs. Bond, 73.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Birth.] At Saraden, the Rev. Charles Barter, of a son.

Married.] Mr. Thorne, of Banbury, to Ann, eldest daughter of the late Martin Haester, of Pershore, esq.—At Chippingnorton, Wm. Brown, esq., to Elizabeth, second daughter of Norman Bond, esq., of Abergwilly, Carmarthenshire.

Died.] At his rooms, in Magdalen Hall, the Rev. Wm. West Green, D. D. 60, rector of Husbands Bosworth, Leicestershire, one of the lecturers of Carfax, and for 29 years vice principal of Magdalen Hall—Mr. John Meredith, 67—At Rose Hill, near Oxford, Mr. James Tredwell, 26—At Putney, Surrey, the Right Hon. Lord Charles Spencer, 80, brother of the late Duke of Marlborough, formerly representative of this county, and for many years colonel of the Oxfordshire militia—At Marston, near Oxford, Mr. Robert Haines, 39—At Neithrop, Mr. Bolton, a respectable farmer and grazier—At Thame, Mrs. Frances Coles, 96—Mrs. Eccles, 96.

RUTLANDSHIRE.

Married.] At Oakham, Mr. William Stafford, of Teigh, to Miss Mary Buttress, of the former place—In London, the Hon. Charles Noel Noel, eldest son of Sir Gerard Noel, bart. M. P. for this county, to Arabella, second daughter of Sir James Hamlyn Williams, of Clovelly Court, Devon, and of Edwinstford, Carmarthenshire, bart.

SHROPSHIRE.

The bill for lighting the town of Shrewsbury with gas has received the royal assent.

The Rev. Charles Walcot, B. A. of Trinity coll. Oxford, has been instituted to the living of Hopton Wafers, in this county; patron, Thomas Botfield, esq. of Hopton Court.

Married.] At Shrewsbury, Major Parry, royal marines, to Catherine Mary, eldest daughter of the late Edward Loyd, esq. of Tpfuant, Montgomeryshire—At Much Wenlock, T. France, jun. esq. solicitor, of St. John's, near Worcester, to Miss S. E. Radnor, only daughter of Edward Howells, esq. of the former place, banker—At Ludlow, Mr. Wm. Passey, surgeon, of Knighton, to Mrs. Ayres, widow of Mr. Ayres, surgeon, of that place—At Ellesmere, Mr. Sandlands, to Miss Crane, of the Lodge.

Died.] At Ludlow, much esteemed by his family and friends, Mr. Benjamin Hughes, 88—At Bath, Laura, third daughter of the late Robert More, esq. of Linley Hall, in this county—At Shrewsbury, Mrs. Frances Wingfield, only surviving daughter of the late John Wingfield, M. D.—In Dogpole Court, Shrewsbury, the Rev. William Calcott, of Cainham Court, in this county, and many years rector of Great Witley, Worcestershire, 63. His unaffected piety, extensive charities, and zeal for the Established Church, of which he was an able advocate, will long be had in remembrance by all who had the advantage of his acquaintance—At Bridgenorth, Joseph Milner, gent. 73—At Bellswardine, Wm. Henry Harnage, esq.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Bristol new gaol is finished; and it is the opinion of every judicious person by whom it has been visited, that there is not a more complete structure of the kind in the kingdom.

The Rev. James Hooper is preferred to the rectory of Stowel, in this county.

Births.] At Upcott House, near Taunton, the lady of George Gardiner, esq. of a daughter—At Bath, the lady of John Carruthers, esq. late of the supreme court, Madras, of a son—At the Parsonage, Combeflowry, near Taunton, the lady of the Rev. J. H. Bradney, of a daughter—At the Deanery, Wells, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Ryder, of a son.

Married.] At Bath, Captain Grant, of the East India service, nephew of the celebrated Mrs. Grant, the Highland authoress, to Miss Griffiths Williams, daughter of Sir George G. Williams, of the Circus—Col. J. Butler, Lieut.-governor of the royal military college, Sandhurst, to Frances Cornelia, second daughter of Col. Glover, of Pulteney-street, Bath—The Rev. Charles Turner, to Mary, fifth daughter of Mr. Banks—Mr. Thomas Shell, to Miss Sarah Hester, Chatterton—At Shepton Mallett, Mr. Wm. Kelly, to Miss Elizabeth Downe, of Sandford Orcas.

Died.] At Bath, Elizabeth, wife of Rear Admiral Christie, of Baberton, co. Mid Lothian, and eldest daughter of the late Admiral Brathwaite—Miss Frances Mary Kyan—Mrs. Charles Eyre—At Taunton, Miss Shepherd—At Clifton Hot Wells, Mrs. Mytton, wife of John Mytton, esq. of Halston, Salop, only surviving daughter of Lady Jones, and sister of Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, bart.—At Bowlish House, Shepton Mallett, T. Green, esq. He had taken his accustomed walk before dinner, and returning to his parlour, sat down and instantly expired.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Wolverhampton, Mr. Jasper Civeley, to Miss Mary Milner—At Burton-upon-Trent, Mr. Wm. Cox, to Miss Mary Smith.

SUFFOLK.

The display at Ipswich at the chairing of Messrs. Lennard and Haldimand, was great beyond parallel. In the procession, which extended a mile in length, the horsemen exceeded 3000, and the carriages 100, of which the greater part had four, and some six horses.

Births.] At Grundisburgh, the lady of Mr. Serjeant Frere, of a daughter—At Worlington, the lady of the Rev. James Gibson, of a daughter.

Married.] At Bury St. Edmund's, John Harcourt Powell, esq. jun. to Mary Agnes, only daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Waddington, prebendary of Ely—The Rev. James Blomefield, to Anna, eldest daughter of John Smith, esq. of Bury—At Orford, Mr. H. Randall, to Miss Letitia Wade, of Gedgrave—At Stowmarket, Mr. Robert Ransom, solicitor, of Gray's Inn, to Miss Eliza Bayley, of the former place—At Woodbridge, Mr. James Martin, to Miss Elizabeth Salkeld—The Rev. C. F. Parker, rector of Ringshall, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Joseph Eyre, rector of St. Giles, Reading.

Died.] In London, Frances, eldest daughter of John Fitzgerald, esq. of Bredfield-house, in this county, 18—At Brandeston-hall, Mrs. Revett, relict of J. Revett, esq. of that place—At Bury, Mrs. Martin, 68—At Ipswich, Mrs. Davie, 88—At Eyc, 89, the Rev. Robert Malyn, 59 years rector of Kington, and since 1812 rector of Thornham Magna and Parva, Suffolk. He was formerly of Jesus college,

Cambridge, where he proceeded A. B. in the year 1753. He was the oldest freeman of the corporation of Eye, and was chaplain on board the Prince Frederick at the taking of Louisburgh in the year 1758, and one of the few remaining persons present at the death of General Wolfe, at the taking of Quebec, 1759—At Stoneham Parva, Mr. Joseph Alexander, 96—At Layham, Mrs. M. Kettle—At Halesworth, Isaac Avarne, clerk, A. M. 80, formerly of Queen's college, Cambridge; 34 years rector of Halesworth, with the vicarage of Chediston annexed, and 48 years rector of Bassingham, in Norfolk. He was a man of strong sense and the strictest integrity; of warm and generous feelings; and a most sincere and steady friend; and his memory will be affectionately cherished in the hearts of those, amongst whom he had so long resided, and to whom he had become endeared by a genuine benevolence of mind, and a conscientious and uniform observance of all those moral and religious duties on the performance of which the pious Christian humbly builds his hopes of a happy eternity.

SURREY.

The Rev. E. James, M. A. of Christ church, Oxford, is preferred to the perpetual curacy of Mortlake.

Married.] At Malden, the Rev. H. Williams, to Selina, youngest daughter of the late Rev. R. A. Johnson, of Wistanstow, Salop.

Died.] On Richmond Green, John Hussey, esq. 78—At Lympsfield Parsonage-house, F. R. Mayne, 16, eldest son of the Rev. R. Mayne—At Farnham, the wife of Mr. Hollest, solicitor—At Epsom, Susan, wife of John Ashley Warre, esq. 23.

SUSSEX.

Birth.] At Binderton-house, the lady of Christopher Teesdale, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Brighton, Hugh Ingram, of Steyn- ing, esq. to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Stileman Bostock, of East Grinstead—At Lewes, Mr. Weedon, of Wendover, Bucks, to Miss Ann Saxby.

Died.] At Brighton, Robert Wells, esq. of Chester-place, Kennington, 26—At Wilmington, Elizabeth Anne, wife of Richard King Sampson, esq. of Hailsham—At Arundel, Catherine, widow of the Rev. John Griffiths, of Kingston-upon-Thames, 82.

WARWICKSHIRE.

The Rev. Thomas Lea, A. M. of Trinity college, Oxford, has been collated by the Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, to the vicarage of Bishops Itchington, in this county.

Births.] At Warwick, the lady of C. Wake, M. D. of a son—At Barton Rectory, the lady of the Rev. J. Scholefield, of a son.

Married.] At Rugby, the Rev. Charles Eddy, of Guilsborough, Northamptonshire, to Miss Birch, of Rugby, and daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Birch, of South Thoresby, Lincolnshire—At Lymington, Henry S. Pearson, esq. son of the late Sir Richard Pearson, to Caroline, daughter of the late John Lyons, of St. Austin's, near Lymington, esq.—At Warwick, the Rev. A. C. H. Morrison, M. A. to Frances Mary, second daughter of the late Rev. W. Wilton, rector of South Stoke, and vicar of Kirkford, Sussex.

Died.] At his house, Islington, near Birmingham, Thomas Laughlier, esq. 61—At Handsworth, near Birmingham, Mr. Joseph Joynson, 32.

WESTMORELAND.

Married.] At Kendal, Mr. Wm. Braithwaite, of Hutton, to Miss Mary Gibson, of Kendal—Mr. E. Bradley, to Miss E. Dickenson—Mr. James Lindsay, to Miss Jane Atkinson—The Rev. Henry Wilkinson, M. A. fellow of St. John's coll. Cambridge, to Agnes, eldest daughter of the late Arthur Shepherd, esq. of Shaw End, in this county.

Died.] Ann, wife of the Rev. John Langton Leech, M. A. vicar of Askham, 56.

WILTSHIRE.

Married.] At Salisbury, Thomas Howard Fenwick, esq. royal engineers, to Marianne, second daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Burrough—At Bradford, Mr. Daniel Flemings, to Miss Eliza Taylor, of Trowbridge—At Wootton Bassett, Charles James Axford, esq. to Catherine Isles, eldest daughter of the Rev. Humphry Evans, late rector of Glanvilles-Wootton, Dorset—At Trowbridge, Mr. G. Wicks, to Miss Eliza Treasure, of Beckington.

Died.] At Salisbury, Mr. Joachim Hibberd, 59—At Devizes, in the prime of life, Mr. Powell, painter—At Bradford, Mr. William Wall, 75.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

The Rev. Thomas Davies, M. A. vicar of Mable, has been presented by the Lord Chancellor to the vicarage of Bayton, in this county, void by the death of the Rev. Robert Knight.

Married.] At Pedmore, Henry, youngest son of Wm. Smith, esq. banker, Birmingham, to Susan, second daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Smith, of the Heath Farm, near Stourbridge—At Bromsgrove, the Rev. Thomas Thomas, to Miss Dale, of Leaton.

Died.] At Droitwich, Jonathan, son of the Rev. Jonathan Jaques, 26, rector of St. Andrew's—At Bewdley, Thomas Jacob White, esq.

YORKSHIRE.

Three new churches are about to be built in Leeds, each capable of containing 1200 persons. The inhabitants of Leeds are to purchase the sites, and the king's commissioners for building new churches have agreed to be at the expense of the erections. The situations fixed on are, Meadow-lane, Quarry-hill, and Woodhouse.

The Rev. F. Wramham, M. A. P. R. S. is preferred to the archdeaconry of Cleveland, vacant by the death of the Rev. Archdeacon Baillie Hamilton.

The Rev. John Overton, B. A. is preferred to the vicarage of Elloughton; and the Rev. Ralph Spofforth, M. A. to the vicarage of Eastington, near Howden. The Rev. Joseph Mitchinson to the perpetual curacy of Thorngaby.

Birth.] At his seat at Nun-Apleton, the lady of Sir Wm. M. Milner, bart. of a son and heir.

Married.] At York, Lieut.-col. H. A. Gordon, of 5th dragoon guards, to Ann, only daughter of the late Joseph Bilton, esq. of York—E. J. Lockwood, of Richmond, esq. to Miss Sparke, late of Bury St. Edmund's—At Thornton in Lonsdale, Ralph S. Pemberton, of Llanelly, second son of Richard Pemberton, esq. high sheriff for the co. of Carmarthen, to Ann Mary, only daughter of the late Thomas Rippon, esq. of Low Mile, co. Durham—At Bradford, Mr. John Rouse, to Miss Clapham, of Keighley—At Whitkirk, the Rev. Wm. Lindley, of Hulton, to Miss Anne Graveley.

Died.] At Stainton, the Rev. Charles Baillie Hamilton, archdeacon of Cleveland, second son of

the late Hon. George Baillie, of Jerviswood, and cousin to the Earl of Haddington—At Wholsey Grange, near Market Weighton, Cornelius Bowman, esq. 45—At Hull, 83, Mr. Bailey Marley, 62 years organist of St. Mary's church, and one of the last survivors of the old school of music—At Bridlington, Mrs. Thomas Dale—At Sharrow, Mr. John Shearwood, solicitor.

WALES.

That fine relic of baronial magnificence, Chirk Castle, in Denbighshire, which had remained in an unrepai red state during the late suit in chancery respecting the Myddleton property, is now being restored to its Gothic beauty.

The handsome new public rooms at Aberystwith were opened on Saturday July 1, to the numerous and fashionable company at present at that bathing-place.

About forty stone coffins were lately discovered, in making the new road between London and Holyhead, at Dol Trebethaw. On some of the coffins there are inscriptions, but they have not yet been deciphered.

The Lord Bishop of St. David's has appointed the Rev. Evan Griffith, late senior assistant at the royal free grammar-school in Shrewsbury, to be master of the free grammar-school, Swansea.

The Rev. James Evans, B. D. is instituted by the Earl of Plymouth to the vicarage of Penarth, with Lavernock annexed, near Cardiff.

Married. At Clyro, Radnorshire, Thomas Francis Kennedy, of Dunura, Ayrshire, esq. M. P. to Sophia, only daughter of the late Sir Samuel Romilly—At Llanfyllin, the Rev. Edward Davies, to Miss Sarah Lewis—At Llandoget, Denbighshire, John Fernihough, esq. of Liverpool, to Miss Salt, of Wem.

Died. At Holyhead, Richard Griffiths, esq. 69, late agent for his majesty's post-office packets on the Holyhead and Dublin stations—At Brynglas, near Beaumaris, Mr. Owen Williams—At Emlyn Cottage, Cardiganshire, Mary, daughter of the late Captain Brigstock—At Llanidloes, Mrs. Susan Owen, 100.

SCOTLAND.

Birth. At Warriston Crescent, Edinburgh, the lady of Lieut.-col. Moodie, of a daughter.

Married. At Kilpaun's Castle, the seat of Lord Gray, John Grant, esq. of Kilgraston, to the Hon. Margaret Gray, his lordship's 2d daughter—At Glasgow, Josiah Howard, esq. late of Stockport, Cheshire, to Janet Buchanan, youngest daughter of James Provand, esq. of Glasgow—At Edinburgh, Captain James Stirling, B. N. of Glenlyan, to Mary, third daughter of the late Day Hort Macdowall, esq. of Castle Semple—At Creetown, the Rev. John Sibbald, of Kirkmabrack, to Miss Margaret Young.

Died. The Hon. Fletcher Norton, senior baron of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland, one of the oldest judges in the kingdom, having sat in that

court 44 years—At Edinburgh, Dr. John Murray, whose zeal for chemical science, and abilities as a teacher, have for many years largely contributed to the celebrity of the school of medicine in his native city—At Soroba, Argyllshire, Mary, daughter of Major Macdougall.

IRELAND.

Births. In Dublin, the lady of the Hon. A. A. Hely Hutchinson, a son—The lady of Richard B. Warren, esq. a daughter—At Annsgriff, co. Cork, the lady of John Bagwell, esq. a son and heir—At Knockdrim, co. Westmeath, the lady of Captain Miller, a son.

Married. In Dublin, Sir William Cox, of Coolcliffe, co. Wexford, to Miss Anna Hickson, of Dingle, co. Kerry—The Rev. Wright Willett, to Miss Emily Gynor—In Carlow, Robert Fleury, of Waterford, barrister, to Henrietta, eldest daughter of John Fitzmaurice, esq. of Marble Hill, Carlow—In Waterford, Anthony Lanphier, esq. of Parkstown, to Miss Thomasina Russell, of New Ross—At Lurraha, co. Tipperary, Col. Arthur Disney, of Ballysax, to Ellen, daughter of Gyles Eyre, of Eyre Court, co. Galway, esq.—At Loughborough, co. Clare, Garrett Molony, esq. to Miss Catherine O'Meara, of Limerick—At Tipperary, the Rev. Wm. S. Birch, to Anna Maria, second daughter of John P. Paul, esq. of High Grove, Gloucestershire.

Died. At Mary Vale, near Newry, Captain Wm. Crow, late of the 87th regt.—At Clonmel Glebe-House, the Rev. Wm. Richardson, D. D. 80, well known to the literary world by his refutation of the Huttonian theory of the alternate decay and reproduction of the earth, and to the agriculturist by the zeal with which he brought into notice the valuable properties of the floric grass—At Caher, at the great age of 106, the Rev. James Keating. He was parish priest of Kilgobinet, co. Waterford, 72 years ago, and afterwards at Clogheen for more than 40 years—At Ennis, George Voker, esq. 56, of Kilcolman, co. Limerick—In Black Rock, Cork, Mrs. Croker, relict of Walter Croker, esq. of Clonmel, and sister-in-law of J. W. Croker, esq. of the Admiralty—At Annakissy, the lady of Pierce Nagle, esq. and second daughter of Sir Richard Nagle, bart.—At Bandonum, John Alken, esq. of Pettigo, justice of the peace for the counties of Fermanagh and Donogal.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At St. Vincent's, of a consumption, Wm. Otley, esq. 23, second son of the late President Drewry Otley of that island, and brother to the present Sir Richard Otley—At Berne, Madame Charlotte James De Lerber, 48, wife of Major-general Du Suere De Lerber, of the Swiss artillery, and youngest daughter of Sir Walter James, bart.—In February last, of a fever, whilst on his return from the expedition in the Persian Gulf, Edmund, youngest brother of Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, bart.—At Calcutta, Major-gen. John Garstin, of the royal engineers, after a residence of 44 years in that climate—In Paris, Thomas Deasy, esq. of Pateil, co. Cork.



SIR HENRY TORRENS, K. C. B.

THE
NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

No. 80.]

SEPTEMBER 1, 1820.

[Vol. XIV.

MEMOIR OF SIR HENRY TORRENS.

SIR Henry Torrens, the present adjutant-general, is a native of Ireland, and was born in the city of Londonderry, in 1779. His father the Rev. Thomas Torrens, and his mother, a lady of considerable beauty and accomplishments, died while he was yet an infant, leaving him and his three brothers under the protection of their grandfather the Rev. Dr. Torrens. Of his affectionate care, however, they were also soon deprived; and young Henry was placed under the guardianship of his uncle, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Torrens, who was a fellow of the university of Dublin, and one of the most distinguished of his day for literary attainments and colloquial powers. Being destined for the army, Henry was sent, at an early age, to Bates' military academy in Dublin. Here he was remarkable for the warmth of his social feelings; and in consequence of his ever buoyant and joyous spirit, he was known among his youthful companions by the familiar appellation of *Happy Harry*. In November 1793, when he was about fourteen years of age, he commenced his military career, and obtained an ensigncy in the 53d regiment. In June 1794, he was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 92d regiment; and in December 1795, was removed to the 63d regiment. With this corps he joined the expedition under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, for the reduction of the enemy's Colonies in the West Indies.

During this arduous service, our young soldier was happy in having frequent opportunities of distinguishing himself. He acted with the grenadier battalion at the taking of St. Lucie, and was wounded by a musquet ball, in the upper part of the right thigh, in an action which took place on the 1st of May 1796, during the siege of Morne Fortunc. This wound compelled him to remain behind, while the army under Sir Ralph Abercrombie proceeded to the attack of St. Vincent's. At such a period, however, the pain and danger of a premature removal appeared preferable to inactive security; and before

he had recovered from his wound he rejoined his regiment, just as the army was advancing to the attack and storming of a strong line of redoubts, by the possession of which the enemy held the island in subjection. After assisting in driving the French from these important positions, and in finally expelling them from St. Vincent's, Sir Henry Torrens was for six months employed in constant skirmishing with the natives of the Carib country, who, having joined the French interest, took refuge in the mountains and fastnesses. At this time though only holding the rank of lieutenant, he was entrusted with the command of a fort.

The extensive operations and the splendid achievements by which, in the latter years of the struggle against France, the British troops decided the fate of Europe, have in a manner obliterated from the public the Colonial conquests with which the revolutionary war commenced. Yet never did the British soldier display more courage, or sustain more hardship, than during the attack upon the French West India islands under Sir Ralph Abercrombie. Even the officers were unable to obtain any better fare than the salt rations issued from the stores; nor in that burning climate could they ever venture to refresh themselves by sleeping without their clothes. In what manner Sir Henry Torrens bore himself during the difficulties and hardships of this his first campaign we have already attempted to state, and shall merely add two facts, as marking the opinion entertained of his conduct by those who witnessed it. On the return of the troops to Jamaica, the general rewarded his services by a company in one of the West India corps then forming; and on one occasion, when quitting the regiment with which he had been acting, the non-commissioned officers and soldiers under his command insisted upon bearing him in triumph upon their shoulders, as a rude but touching mark of their attachment and admiration.

In 1798 Sir Henry Torrens returned to England; and at the close of that year embarked for Portugal, as aid-de-camp to General Cuyler, who commanded the British auxiliary army sent to protect that country from the threatened invasion of the Spaniards under French influence. While holding this situation he was removed from the West India corps to the 20th regiment of foot; and hearing that his regiment was to form a part of the force destined for Holland, under the Duke of York, he immediately relinquished the advantages of his staff situation for the post of honourable danger. He served in all the different actions of this sanguinary campaign, during which the British army sustained its high character, though the object of the expedition failed. The inundation of the country, and defeat of the Austrian army upon the Rhine, which enabled the French to assemble a force four times more numerous than ours, compelled our troops, after many a desperate struggle, to evacuate Holland. In the last of these contests, which was fought between Egmont and Harlaam, Sir Henry Torrens was again desperately wounded. "A musquet ball passed quite through his right thigh and lodged in the left, from which it was found impossible to extract it, and where it still remains, subjecting him at times to great uneasiness.

A circumstance occurred at this time which deserves to be recorded. On the 2d of October 1799, a severe action was fought near Alkmaar, and some of our officers, amongst whom was Sir Henry Torrens, imagining that they had purchased security for a few days, rode into that town for the purpose of viewing the place, and enjoying the rarity of a good dinner. While this dinner was in preparation, Sir Henry Torrens sat down in the coffee-room to make some notes in his journal; but seeing Major Kemp, then aid-de-camp to Sir Ralph Abercrombie, ride hastily into the town, he started from his unfinished task, to ask the news. From Major Kemp he learned that the French had made an unexpected advance upon the English troops, and that the division to which he was attached was under orders for immediate action. Without waiting to return for his papers and his pocket-book, containing between forty and fifty pounds, which he had left on the table, he mounted his horse, and in a moment was at full speed. He arrived in time to place himself at the head of

his company, just before the commencement of that action, in which he was so desperately wounded. A considerable time afterwards he revisited Alkmaar, and calling at the inn he had so abruptly left, received his papers and his purse, which had been with scrupulous honesty preserved.

On his return from Holland, Sir Henry Torrens was promoted to a majority in one of the fencible regiments then raising. The formation of the corps devolved upon him as being the only officer possessing permanent rank; and he subsequently embarked with it for North America. Here he remained until the autumn of 1801, when having effected an exchange to the 86th, then in Egypt, he joined and took the command of the corps in that country. When the expedition to Egypt had effected its object, Sir Henry Torrens marched his regiment across the Desert, and embarked at a port of the Red Sea for Bombay. Here he was taken extremely ill in consequence of a *coup de soleil*, and was obliged to take his passage to England, in order to save his life. The ship in which he embarked for Europe touched at St. Helena; the climate and the society of that island restored him to health, and gave a new impulse to his feelings: and he prosecuted the voyage no further.

The government of the island of St. Helena was at this time held by Colonel Robert Patton, a gentleman in whom the military character was united with that of the philosopher and man of letters. In the works which he has given to the public, profound and original reflections are conveyed in a style of classic elegance. In his "Historical Review of the Monarchy and Republic of Rome," and in his "Principles of Asiatic Monarchies," the influence of property upon society and government is explained and illustrated in a very masterly manner. The principles established in the latter work have been adopted by Mr. Mill in his excellent History of British India. The publications of Governor Patten, however, have not attained a circulation at all commensurate with their merit; for, to borrow his own language, "A work of investigation and research it is almost impossible to render entertaining or popular. The precious ore of truth lies deep, and must be dug for: the flowers which attract general admiration are all gathered on the surface."

We shall not enter into the abstruse

disquisition whether talents are hereditary in families; but we believe it will be generally conceded that, under favourable circumstances, parents may, to a certain extent, succeed in impressing their own characters upon their children. The daughters of Governor Patton acquired the accomplishments of their father. Some notion of their attainments may be gathered from the circumstance that, while they resided in Scotland, previous to their settling at St. Helena, they were the only females admitted into that brilliant *coterie* of wits and philosophers, the members of which have since acquired so much celebrity as the conductors of the Edinburgh Review. Our readers will be prepared to anticipate that in the society of Government House, Sir Henry Torrens was exposed to other wounds than those of war. He became enamoured of Miss Sally Patton, and married at the early age of twenty-four. In this instance, however, reflection and reason have sanctioned the instinctive impulse of the heart; and the most fortunate events in Sir Henry Torrens' meritorious and prosperous career, are his touching at the island of St. Helena, and forming a congenial and happy union,

"Where mind preserves the conquest beauty won."

In 1803 Sir Henry Torrens rejoined his regiment in India, and remained in the field until he was again driven from the country by extreme and dangerous illness; in 1805 he returned to England, obtained the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, and was employed in the Staff as Assistant Adjutant-general for the Kent district; and in 1807, he joined the expedition against South America, as Military Secretary to the Commander of the Forces. At the attack of Buenos Ayres he received a contusion from a musket-ball, which shattered a small writing apparatus which was slung to his side. When this unfortunate expedition returned from South America, Sir Henry was examined as a witness on the trial of General Whitelock. His situation now became painful and delicate in the highest degree, being compelled by his oath to make known the truth, and bound by honour not to divulge the confidential communications of his chief. His evidence is published with General Whitelock's trial; and it is only necessary to say in this place, that he obtained the highest credit by the manner in which it was given.

Sir Henry Torrens had now established a character not only for gallantry in

the field, but for talent, discretion, and integrity in the conduct of affairs. The Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, saw his rising talents, and appointed him his Military Secretary. In this capacity he embarked with the expedition to Portugal in 1808, and was present at the battles of Rolleia and Vimiera. When the Duke of Wellington was superseded in his command, he returned with him to England; and was again to have attended him in the same capacity, when that consummate General recommenced his glorious career. But the situation of Military Secretary to the Commander-in-chief being, without solicitation, offered to him just at this moment, prudence weighed with the father of a rising family against the ardour of the soldier, and domestic considerations induced him to forego the more active operations of the field, and to accept the office. How he discharged the difficult and arduous duties which now devolved on him, it is almost unnecessary to state. Under the immediate inspection, and guided by the distinguished talents, of his illustrious and royal master, we may venture to say, that at no period of our military history were the arrangements of the British army more ably or successfully conducted. During the eventful war, upon the issue of which depended not only the fate of England, but of Europe, nothing could more strongly contribute to its success than an active and skilful direction of our powerful resources, and attention to the comfort of the soldier. That no one was more fitted for these arduous duties than the present Commander-in-chief, is not only proved by the unanimous voices of the army and the nation, but by the glorious and triumphant termination of the late sanguinary and protracted struggle. And while we thus pay a deserved tribute to the illustrious character at the head of the army, we cannot withhold his due portion of applause from the Secretary, Sir Henry Torrens. His talents, and his laborious attention to the multifarious duties of his office, have been universally acknowledged; while his conciliatory manners and kind attentions have procured him the love of his friends and the respect of the whole army. From the duties of his office during four years of the most active period of the war, he was not a single day, scarcely even a Sunday, absent; and never failed, either in winter or summer, to rise at five o'clock in the morning. These exertions were rewarded by his appointment,

in 1811, to a company in the 3d Guards; in 1812, by his being made aid-de-camp to H. R. H. the Prince Regent, with the rank of colonel; and in 1815 (having obtained the rank of major-general in the brevet of the previous year), by an appointment to a regiment. He was also honoured with the medal awarded for the battles of Rolleia and Vimiera, and with the distinction of Knight Commander of the Bath. But promotion and honours were not the only sweeteners of his toil. In his delightful villa at Fulham every domestic endearment awaited his return after the cares and labours of the day. It was impossible for his marriage to be otherwise than happy. Sir Henry Torrens possesses an enlightened intellect and a feeling heart; and in Lady Torrens, excelling in music, in painting, and in dramatic literature, gifted with the powers of reasoning no less than with the principles of taste,

And blest with temper whose unclouded ray

Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day,

we recognize those qualities which, from the constitution of our nature, a man of an enlightened intellect and feeling heart is constrained to admire and to love. Lady Torrens has, with great success, directed the powers of her fine understanding to the most useful of all objects, that of practical education. She has six children; and it is impossible to contemplate the quickness of their understandings, and the docility of their dispositions, without feeling how much may yet be done for society, by early training, and a proper attention to the circumstances which are calculated to awaken the mind and to regulate the temper.

Sir Henry Torrens presents a particular exception to the general maxim, that a "prophet is without honour in his own country." In the autumn of 1818, he revisited the city of Londonderry, the place of his nativity. On this occasion he was invited to a public entertainment in the town-hall. Two hundred gentlemen of the first character in the city and county assembled to greet his return. Sir George Hill, the member for the city, was in the chair. When the cloth was removed, he rose to propose the health of Sir Henry Torrens, and addressed him in these words:

"Major-general Sir Henry Torrens:

"On the part of this numerous and most highly respectable assemblage of your friends and fellow-citizens, I am directed to express to you the very great gratification which they feel in having

the honour of receiving you, on this occasion, as their guest in your native city. The compliment paid to you this day is not, permit me to say, of a trivial nature; for it falls to the lot of but very few public men to obtain such an unequivocal and ample testimony of esteem and approbation as is now conveyed to you. We rejoice in receiving you amongst us; and we reward you with the universal, unqualified esteem and approbation of all the most respectable, liberal, and independent gentlemen who inhabit the soil from whence you sprung. The gentlemen of this city and neighbourhood who now surround you, and greet your welcome, are not insensible to your qualifications as a military officer in the field; they know and duly appreciate your early promise of heroism evinced in almost every quarter of the world—both in the East and in the West, at the Helder—in Egypt—and in Portugal, where the matchless Wellington himself announced your rising fame by appointing you to the most confidential situation on his staff. Yet still the present source of their gratification is your incomparable conduct in discharge of your most important duties as Chief Secretary to His Royal Highness the Duke of York, under whose military administration, aided by your talents and advice, the armies of the United Empire have been organized in a manner unparalleled for excellence in ancient or modern times, and which has mainly contributed to the wide-extended triumphs and glory of the British nation. These sentiments, most humbly expressed through me, will mark to you, Sir Henry Torrens, the disposition of your countrymen in this part of Ireland."

During this address, Sir Henry Torrens' two brothers, the Rev. John Torrens, Archdeacon of Dublin, and Robert Torrens, Esq. Chairman of Kilmainham, sat beside him, under feelings which deprived them of utterance. We can conceive no scene of prouder triumph or more pure delight.

Sir Henry Torrens has been recently appointed to the situation of Adjutant-general. His health, which had suffered from excessive exertion and close confinement while he was Military Secretary, is now entirely restored. If this memoir of his life should appear to wear the colour of panegyric, the reader will be aware that the cause is to be found in the subject, and not in the writer. It is not his fault if a statement of facts is the highest praise.

LAMIA, AND OTHER POEMS. BY JOHN KEATS.*

THESE poems are very far superior to any which their author has previously committed to the press. They have nothing showy, or extravagant, or eccentric about them; but are pieces of calm beauty, or of lone and self-supported grandeur. There is a fine freedom of touch about them, like that which is manifest in the old marbles, as though the poet played at will his fancies virginal, and produced his most perfect works without toil. We have perused them with the heartiest pleasure—for we feared that their youthful author was suffering his genius to be enthralled in the meshes of sickly affectation—and we rejoice to find these his latest works as free from all offensive peculiarities—as pure, as genuine, and as lofty, as the severest critic could desire.

"Lamia," the first of these poems, is founded on the following passage in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which is given as a note at its close:

"Philostratus, in his fourth book *de Vita Apollonii*, hath a memorable instance in this kind, which I may not omit, of one Menippus Lycius, a young man twenty-five years of age, that going betwixt Ceacchreus and Corinth, met such a phantasm in the habit of a fair gentlewoman, which taking him by the hand, carried him home to her house, in the suburbs of Corinth, and told him she was a Phœnician by birth, and if he would tarry with her, he should hear her sing and play, and drink such wine as never any drank, and no man should molest him; but she, being fair and lovely, would live and die with him, that was fair and lovely to behold. The young man, a philosopher, otherwise staid and discreet, able to moderate his passions, though not this of love, tarried with her a while to his great content, and at last married her, to whose wedding, amongst other guests, came Apollonius; who, by some probable conjectures, found her out to be a serpent, a lamia; and that all her furniture was, like *Tantalus'* gold described by Homer, no substance, but mere illusions. When she saw herself descried, she wept, and desired Apollonius to be silent, but he would not be moved, and thereupon she, plate, house, and all that was in it, vanished in an instant: many thousands took notice of this fact, for it was done in the midst of Greece."

Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."
Part 3. Sect. 2. Memb. 1. Subs. 1.

The poem commences with the descent of Mercury to Crete, in search of

a nymph of whom he is enamoured. We give the opening passage, as it will enable the reader to feel the airy spirit with which the young poet sets forth on his career.

Upon a time, before the fairy breeds
Drove Nymph and Satyr from the prosperous woods,
Before King Oberon's bright diadem,
Sceptre, and mantle, clasp'd with dewy gem,
Frighted away the Dryads and the Fauns
From rushes green, and brakes, and cowslip'd lawns,
The ever-smitten Hermes empty left
His golden throne, bent warm on amorous theft.
From high Olympus had he stolen light,
On this side of Jove's clouds, to escape the sight
Of his great summoner, and made retreat
Into a forest on the shores of Crete.
For somewhere in that sacred island dwelt
A nymph, to whom all hoofed Satyrs knelt;
At whose white feet the languid Tritons pour'd
Pearls, while on land they wither'd and adored.
Fast by the springs where she to bathe was wont,
And in those meads where sometime she might
haunt,

Were strewn rich gifts, unknown to any Muse,
Though Fancy's casket were unlock'd to choose.
Ah, what a world of love was at her feet!
So Hermes thought, and a celestial heat
Burnt from his winged heels to either ear,
That from a whiteness, as the lily clear,
Blush'd into roses 'mid his golden hair,
Fallen in jealous curls about his shoulders bare.

After seeking the nymph with vain search through the vales and woods, as he rests upon the ground pensively, he hears a mournful voice, "such as once heard in gentle heart destroys all pain but pity," and perceives in a dusky brake a magnificent serpent, with the lips of a woman, who addresses him in human words, and promises to place the nymph before him, if he will set her spirit free from her serpent-form. He consents—his utmost wishes are granted—and the brilliant snake, after a convulsive agony, vanishes, and Lamia's soft voice is heard luting in the air. Having enjoyed power during her degradation to send her spirit into distant places, she had seen and loved Lycius, a youth of Corinth, whom she now hastens to meet in her new, angelic beauty. He sees and loves her; and is led by her to a beautiful palace in the midst of Corinth, which none ever remembered to have seen before, where they live for some time in an unbroken dream of love. But Lycius, at last, becomes restless in his happiness, and longs to shew his beautiful mistress to the world. He resolves to solemnize

* Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and other poems. By John Keats, author of *Endymion*; in one vol. foolscap 8vo.

publicly his marriage festival, against which she tremblingly remonstrates in vain. Finding she cannot win him from his purpose,

She sets herself high-thoughted how to dress
Her misery in fit magnificence :

And the following is the beautiful result of her art :

About the halls, and to and from the doors,
There was a noise of wings, till in short space
The glowing banquet-room shone with wide-arched
grace.

A haunting music, sole perhaps and lone
Supportress of the fairy-roof, made moan
Throughout, as fearful the whole charm might fade.
Fresh carved cedar, mimicking a glade
Of palm and plantain, met from either side,
High in the midst, in honour of the bride :
Two palms and then two plantains, and so on,
From either side their stems branch'd one to one
All down the aisled place ; and beneath all
There ran a stream of lamps straight on from wall
to wall.

So canopied, lay an untasted feast
Teeming with odours. Lamia, regal drest,
Silently paced about, and as she went,
In pale contented sort of discontent,
Mission'd her viewless servants to enrich
The fretted splendour of each nook and niche.
Between the tree-stems, marbled plain at first,
Came jasper panels ; then, anon, there burst
Forth creeping imagery of slither trees,
And with the larger wove in small intricacies.
Approving all, she faded at self-will,
And shut the chamber up, close, hush'd and still,
Complete and ready for the revels rude,
When dreadful guests would come to spoil her
solitude.

The fatal day arrives—the guests assemble—Apollonius, the tutor of Lycius, comes an unbidden guest—but all, for a while, is luxury and delighted wonder.—

Soft went the music the soft air along,
While fluent Greek a vowel'd undersong
Kept up among the guests, discoursing low
At first, for scarcely was the wine at flow ;
But when the happy vintage touch'd their brains,
Louder they talk, and louder come the strains
Of powerful instruments :—the gorgeous dyes,
The space, the splendour of the draperies,
The roof of awful richness, nectarous cheer,
Beautiful slaves, and Lamia's self, appear,
Now, when the wine has done its rosy deed,
And every soul from human trammels freed,
No more so strange ; for merry wine, sweet wine,
Will mak' Elysian shades not too fair, too divine.
Soon was God Bacchus at meridian height ;
Flush'd were their cheeks, and bright eyes double
bright :

Garlands of every grove, and every scent
From vales deflower'd, or forest-trees branch-rent,
In baskets of bright oier'd gold were brought
High as the handles heap'd, to suit the thought
Of every guest ; that each, as he did please,
Might fancy-fit his brow, silk-pillow'd at his ease.

The awful catastrophe is, however, at hand. In the midst of the festivities Apollonius fixes his eye upon the cold, pallid, beseeching bride—she vanishes

with a frightful scream, and Lycius is found, on his high couch, lifeless ! There is, in this poem, a mingling of Greek majesty with fairy luxuriance, which we have not elsewhere seen. The fair shapes stand clear in their antique beauty, encircled with the profuse magnificence of romance, and in the thick atmosphere of its golden lustre !

“Isabella” is the old and sweet tale of the Pot of Basil, from Boccaccio, which forms the groundwork of Barry Cornwall's delicious Sicilian story. It is here so differently told, that we need not undertake the invidious task of deciding which is the sweetest. The poem of Mr. Keats has not the luxury of description, nor the rich love-scenes, of Mr. Cornwall ; but he tells the tale with a naked and affecting simplicity which goes irresistibly to the heart. The following description of Isabella's visit with her old nurse to her lover's grave, and their digging for the head, is as wildly intense as any thing which we can remember.

See, as they creep along the river side,
How she doth whisper to that aged Dame,
And, after looking round the champaign wide,
Shows her a knife. — “What feverous hectic
flame
Burns in thee, child !—What good can thee betide,
That thou should'st smile again !”—The even-
ing came,

And they had found Lorenzo's earthy bed ;
The flint was there, the berries at his head.
Who hath not loiter'd in a green church-yard,
And let his spirit, like a demon-mole,
Work through the clayey soil and gravel hard,
To see scull, coffin'd bones, and funeral stole ;
Pitying each form that hungry Death hath marr'd,
And filling it once more with human soul ?
Ah ! this is holiday to what was felt
When Isabella by Lorenzo knelt.

She gaz'd into the fresh-thrown mould, as though
One glance did fully all its secrets tell ;
Clearly she saw, as other eyes would know
Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well ;
Upon the murderous spot she seem'd to grow
Like to a native lily of the dell :
Then with her knife, all sudden, she began
To dig more fervently than misers can.

Soon she turn'd up a soiled glove, whereon
Her silk had play'd in purple phantasies,
She kiss'd it with a lip more chill than stone,
And put it in her bosom, where it dries
And freezes utterly unto the bone
Those dainties made to still an infant's cries :
Then 'gan she work again ; nor stay'd her care,
But to throw back at times her veiling hair.

That old nurse stood beside her wondering,
Until her heart felt pity to the core
At sight of such a dismal labouring,
And so she kneeled, with her locks all hoar,
And put her lean hands to the horrid thing ;
Three hours they labour'd at this travail sore ;
At last they felt the kernel of the grave,
And Isabella did not stamp and rave.

"The Eve of St. Agnes" is a piece of consecrated fancy, which shews how a young lover, in the purity of heart, went to see his gentle mistress, the daughter of a baron, as she laid herself in her couch to dream in that holy season—and how she awoke and these lovers fled into the storm—while the father and his guests were oppressed with strange night-mare, and the old nurse died smitten with the palsy. A soft religious light is shed over the whole story. The following is part of the exquisite scene in the chamber:

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens
and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal
taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppi'd warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynim pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breath'd himself: then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo!—
how fast she slept.

"Hyperion, a fragment," is in a very different style. It shews us old Saturn after the loss of his empire, and the Titans in their horrid cave, meditating revenge on the usurper, and young Apollo breathing in the dawn of his

joyous existence. We do not think any thing exceeds in silent grandeur the opening of the poem, which exhibits Saturn in his solitude:

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
No further than to where his feet had stray'd,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unscathed; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning to the
Earth,

His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

The picture of the vast abode of Cybele and the Titans—and of its gigantic inhabitants, is in the sublimest style of Æschylus. Lest this praise should be thought extravagant we will make room for the whole.

It was a den where no insulting light
Could glimmer on their tears; where their own
groans

They felt, but heard not, for the solid roar
Of thunderous waterfalls and torrents hoarse,
Pouring a constant bulk, uncertain where.
Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seem'd
Ever as if just rising from a sleep,
Forehead to forehead held their monstrous horns;
And thus in thousand hugest phantasies
Made a fit roofing to this nest of woe.
Instead of thrones, hard flint they sat upon,
Couches of rugged stone, and slaty ridge
Stubborn'd with iron. All were not assembled:
Some chain'd in torture, and some wandering.
Cæus, and Gyges, and Briareus,
Typhon, and Dolor, and Porphyrion,
With many more, the bravest in assault,
Were pent in regions of laborious breath;
Dungeon'd in opaque element, to keep
Their clenched teeth still clench'd, and all their
limbs

Lock'd up like veins of metal cramp and
screw'd;

Without a motion, save of their big hearts
Heaving in pain, and horribly convuls'd
With sanguine feverous boiling gurge of pulse.
Mnemosyne was straying in the world;
Far from her moon had Phœbe wandered;
And many else were free to roam abroad,
But for the main, here found they covert drear.
Scarce images of life, one here, one there,
Lay vast and edgeways; like a dismal cirque
Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor,
When the chill rain begins at shut of eve,
In dull November, and their chancel vault,
The Heaven itself, is blinded throughout night.
Each one kept abroad, nor to his neighbour gave
Or word, or look, or action of despair.

Creus was one; his ponderous iron mace
Lay by him, and a shatter'd rib of rock
Told of his rage, ere he thus sank and pined.
Iapetus another; in his grasp,
A serpent's plashy neck; its barbed tongue
Squeez'd from the gorge, and all its uncurl'd
length

Dead; and because the creature could not spit
Its poison in the eyes of conquering Jove.
Next Cottus: prone he lay, chin uppermost,
As though in pain; for still upon the flint
He ground severe his skull, with open mouth
And eyes at horrid working. Nearest him
Asia, born of most enormous Cal,
Who cost her mother Tellus keener pangs,
Though feminine, than any of her sons:
More thought than woe was in her dusky face,
For she was prophesying of her glory;
And in her wide imagination stood
Palm-shaded temples, and high rival fanes,
By Oxus or in Ganges' sacred isles.
Even as Hope upon her anchor leans,
So leant she, not so fair, upon a tusk
Shed from the broadest of her elephants.
Above her, on a crag's uneasy shelf,
Upon his elbow rais'd, all prostrate else,

Shadow'd Enceladus; once tame and mild
As grazing ox unworried in the meads;
Now tiger-passioned, lion-thoughted, wroth,
He meditated, plotted, and even now
Was hurling mountains in that second war,
Not long delay'd, that scar'd the younger Gods
To hide themselves in forms of beast and bird.
Not far hence Atlas; and beside him prone
Phorcus, the sire of Gorgons. Neighbour'd close
Oceanus, and Tethys, in whose lap
Sob'd Clymene among her tangled hair.
In midst of all lay Themis, at the feet
Of Ops the queen all clouded round from sight;
No shape distinguishable, more than when
Thick rind confounds the pine-tops with the
clouds:

And many else whose names may not be told.

We now take leave of Mr. Keats with
wonder at the gigantic stride which he
has taken, and with the good hope that,
if he proceeds in the high and pure style
which he has now chosen, he will at-
tain an exalted and a lasting station
among English poets.

NOCTES ATTICÆ.—REVERIES IN A GARRET.

CONTAINING SHORT AND ORIGINAL REMARKS ON MEN AND BOOKS, &c.

BY PAUL PONDER, GENT.

Nubes et inania captat.

ARCHITECTURE.

I REMEMBER an Italian author who
proposes consigning his state rooms to
the different virtues suiting the noble
inhabitants and guests: chastity, tem-
perance, honour, integrity, &c. In-
tegrity lodges a prime minister, tem-
perance a city alderman, and chastity a
young widow of quality, &c. I fear
this writer was somewhat of a wag,
and required a delicate duty from the
master of the mansion.

ANTIQUITIES.

Students in antiquarian researches are
valuable persons; and should be con-
sidered as great law officers in the lite-
rary world: as they arrest the hand of
oblivion, and prevent the ravages of
time from injuring the views of future
ages, in spite of the indignant exclama-
tion of time on these useful and diligent
purveyors for futurity.

Pox on't, says Time to Thomas Hearne,
Whatever I forget you learn.

To such valuable reporters we are much
indebted, that as we grow old we do not
subject ourselves to the bitter sarcasm
of Junius, of being old men without
the benefits of experience.

ADVICE AND CAUTION.

When old persons inveigh against
the vanity and nonsense of the world,

in order to check the wishes and curiosity
of young persons from making their ex-
periments also, they remind me of the
indifference with which a man hands a
newspaper to his neighbour, after an
hour's enjoyment of it, saying, "There's
nothing in it, sir." The poet speaks
more philosophically on this subject.

—For youth no less becomes

The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his tables and his weeds
Importing health and gravity.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

HEALTH.

How many persons labour under
lowness of spirits, from not being aware
that a very slight medical aid would
liberate them from these "blue devils."
Were we all able to distinguish moral
from physical evils, we should not so
often talk of unhappiness, misery, &c.;
and it may be feared that many men
have applied a pistol to their heads in
a great agony of mind, when a few
gentle cathartics would have restored
them to cheerfulness and health.

FIELDING AND RICHARDSON.

Fielding, like a modern portrait-
painter or statuary, made his characters
resemble individuals. Richardson, on
the contrary, painted from fancy, in
imitation of the *beau idéal*, by which
the statue or painting represented no

real person, but a character made up of various excellent qualities from different persons, as in the exhibition of the super-excellent *Lais*. Fielding's *Tom Jones* is an individual we often meet with in life; Sir Charles Grandison an ideal excellence, and compiled from others—

"A faultless monster that the world ne'er saw."

DEMOSTHENES AND CICERO.

Many ingenious critics have puzzled themselves in making comparisons of the respective merits of these authors, when their difference is the more obvious subject of this discussion. Demosthenes might be compared to thunder and lightning, astonishing and terrifying the reader; whilst the eloquence of the Roman orator might be illustrated by artificial fires, which are at once luminous, elegant, and amusive.

GIL BLAS AND DON QUIXOTE.

These very ingenious and diverting authors seem calculated to please readers of very different descriptions. I have observed that literary men are most delighted with *Don Quixote*, and men of the world with *Gil Blas*. Perhaps the preference of *Don Quixote* in the former may be ascribed to the sympathy which learned readers feel for the knight, whose aberrations of intellect originated from too intense an application to books of his own selection, and from whims which his own brain engendered.

DRUIDS.

We learn that the ancient Druids reckoned their days, not by the course of the sun, but by that of the moon. Perhaps some learned ladies of this age have adopted the almanack of the Druids, and regulate their days, or rather nights, by this planet; and the dame of fashion, like the Satan in *Paradise Lost*, never thinks of the sun, but to address him in the lines of that immortal bard,

"To tell him how she hates his beams."

LEARNED LADIES.

A person who frequently attended the Royal Institution, and who was both astonished and delighted with the numerous attendance of the fair sex at these scientific lectures, observed with a smile somewhat Sardonic, that he saw great advantage arising from that circumstance, as he was sure that for the future the sciences would no longer have any secrets.

NEW MONTHLY MAG.—No. 80.

EVIDENCE ADMITTED.

Mr. R. a staunch lawyer, used frequently to rate his wife for her unfounded stories, for which she was in vain requested to bring some authority or voucher. Once in a passion she told him, that he was a cuckold. Now, my dear, replied Mr. R. with the utmost *sung froid*, now I believe I may consider your own assertion as the best possible evidence.

AMBITION

Can only be praise-worthy in any individual as it produces benefits to mankind, and has real honour in view. Otherwise the hero who acts on the selfish motive of making himself great, is only a robber or a tyrant, a whirlwind and a storm, and a plague.

"From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

BIOGRAPHY (SELF.)

Should such facetious writers as Montaigne or Rabelais give us an account of their own lives, their pleasant anecdotes and candid representations of themselves would shut our eyes against the vanity of writing their own lives. When David Hume in the description of himself displays cold conceit and the most inhuman phlegm, we turn our faces with disgust from the pages of a solemn and disgusting babbler.

BEAUTY.

Men who marry for the beauty only of their wives, found their conjugal happiness on a very precarious tenure: they cannot renew the lease, or repair the premises, or enter upon new ones; whilst the old one is every day falling to ruin: and as marriage is a concurrent lease, the hope of survivorship is equally uncertain. Our early dramatists have given some useful hints on this delicate subject—

"By her virtue learn to square
And level out your life: for to be fair
And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye
Of gaudy youth and swelling vanity."

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*.

CONVERSATION.

This intercourse has generally been regulated by moral remedies. I should propose physical cures. Men from exuberant spirits often disturb the equality necessary to conversation: I should recommend the lancet to such plethoric talkers; either to the tongue if it be too rapid, or to the temples if the person indulges more in talk than the adjacent regions may enable him to do well.

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COMPOSITION (MODERN.)

Quintilian has observed that tropes and metaphors should be sparingly introduced into composition, and appear seldom, like modest virgins. Modern composition has strangely neglected this judicious author's caution, and introduced them too often in its meretricious style. S. Johnson sometimes, Gibbon very frequently, and P— always, is guilty of this unmaiden-like flirtation in tropes and metaphors.

DISPUTANTS.

How often men who love argument in conversation follow victory, and not truth. In order to entrap the adversary, a brilliant illustration is substituted for argument, to amuse the opponent, and divert him from the line of his reasoning. Bird-catchers carry a light with them to entice their prey into their nets, and so the feathered tribe are allured to their captivity. High-flying disputants who are thus led aside by false lights are not uncommon.

DRUNKENNESS.

The worst view which we can take of this vice, in a politic sense, is that when men are sober they may sometimes sacrifice virtuous principle to interest, but the drunken man always gives up his interest to his passions. The former may for a time be led out of the straight way of honour, and return; the other as a madman falls down a precipice, and is lost—

"Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine,
If thou hast no name to be known by, let
Us call thee Devil."

Shakspeare's Othello.

GRAVITY OF FACE (AFFECTED.)

Persons who assume reserve, gravity, and silence, often practise this trick to gain credit of the world for that sense and information which they are conscious that they do not possess. When I see a grave fool put on this pompous disguise, he reminds me of a poor and vain man who places strong padlocks on his trunks, so that the visitor may suppose that they contain valuable articles; though he knows himself that they are quite empty. How keenly does our great bard satirize such men—

"There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pool,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of Wisdom, Gravity, profound Conceit;
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!'"

Merchant of Venice.

HUMANITY.

This excellent quality is too often aped by a political party of a certain species, which pretends great tenderness towards the lower ranks of society, and loads them with praises to degrade the higher ranks, and thus hides its hatred of superiors under the veil of friendship to inferiors. This political hypocrisy reminds me of the trick of the stalking horse, who appears a friendly visitor to the poor animals whose destruction is intended, and conceals the man with his fatal instrument behind him.

GENIUS.

How many in youth flourish with very early blossoms of genius, who in their more mature age drop them, and bear no fruit; adverse circumstances, ill health, &c. act upon these tender plants as the frost in March and April nights attacks our most promising fruit-trees before they are set, and the hopes and the labour of the gardener are lost in one night.

THE SAME.

Men of extraordinary talents, but of desultory habits, and starting aside from all the world's customs, are looked up to by the rest of the species with admiration and terror, and are considered as comets, rare and splendid indeed, but not connected with any known system, and attached to no common center.

GARRULITY.

Fluency of speech in some persons is no proof of talents or acquisitions, and is rather a sign of a morbid than an healthful state of the mind. It is not from the rapid and frequent beats of the pulse that the health of the body is to be inferred, but from their forcible and vigorous pulsation.

FEMALE STUDENTS.

Women by assuming the literary character lose much of that softness and delicacy of manner which are their recommendations to the love of the other sex. When birds are kept in cages and taught a variety of notes, their power over sounds is indeed much increased; they are more noisy, but the natural sweetness of their voices is lost. A friend was once asked whether he would choose a learned wife; "Sir," says he, "I would as soon take one with a beard."

To be concluded in our next.

ON ANGLING. BY AN AMATEUR.

LETTER V.

The Trout.—An Anecdote introductory to the Description ; various Species, and Haunts of the Trout.

ONE morning at the end of May I sallied forth to the banks of the Stour, near Canterbury, in order to pursue my favourite diversion of angling for trout. The sky, dappled with fleecy clouds that were gently moved by a western breeze, flattered my hopes of fine weather. The season was in its prime ; for, as our favourite Milton says, "all things smiled with fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd," and that joy was excited by "each rural sight, each rural sound." The trees were clothed with newly expanded leaves, of tender green, the hawthorns adorned the hedges with snowy blossoms, the wild rose and the honeysuckle perfumed the air with their fragrance, the notes of the black-bird and the cuckoo saluted my ears ; and as I approached the meadows of newly-mown grass, the western wind, that gently agitated the poplars and the willows, seemed to whisper in a language intelligible to an angler, that I should be gratified by abundant sport.

But what are the hopes and expectations of man ? Frail and unstable as the being who forms them. Just as I was approaching a favourite station, a gust of wind arose from the south, and a sudden and violent shower compelled me to run for shelter to a neighbouring copse. I soon began to wish I had remained at home, where I should not have consumed the best hours of the day in idleness, and wasted my time without benefit to myself or others. Alas ! thought I, when night comes, I shall have reason to exclaim as the Emperor Titus did, when he had passed a day without performing a good action, *Diem peridi*—"I have lost a day."

My reverie, in which I was acting the self-tormentor, was interrupted by the deep note of a nightingale concealed in a neighbouring thicket. It was indeed "most musical, most melancholy," and accorded remarkably well with my pensive train of thought. Soon after, a poor woman, leading a little girl in as mean attire as her own, came running to the same spot for shelter from the increasing storm. She told me a tale of woe simple and pathetic ; she was a soldier's wife, and was going to a magis-

trate in Canterbury to crave an allowance for herself and her children. I relieved my feelings of compassion by giving her enough to supply the wants of the day, and I then began to think my time was not entirely lost. Have I not, "thinks I to myself," heard the sweetest warbler of the grove ; and have I not heard what is far more melodious, the touching and grateful voice of poverty relieved ? Courage then, and heart-felt gratulation, *Diem non peridi*—I have not lost a day.

You, whose disposition is truly benevolent, and who, like Uncle Toby, have the milk of human kindness flowing in your veins, will, I am confident, excuse my making this incident the introduction to my remarks on trout-fishing ; as it was the prelude to my beginning that sport upon the banks of the Stour : and during the frequent intervals of my diversion (for I passed several rainy days there) I drew up the following part of this Letter for your use.

The trout is thus described : "*Trutta fluviatilis*, with red spots, and the lower jaw rather longer than the upper." No fish excel trout in beauty when they are in high season, that is, after they have forsaken the deep for the shallow water, have felt the genial influence of the vernal sun, and sated themselves with minnows and may-flies. Their form is then very elegant, and their most striking characteristic consists in the spots of vivid crimson with which they are marked. Ausonius has given a very happy description of this distinction.

Purpureaque sasar stellatus tergere guttis.

"The sasar's back with crimson spots is starred."

The female has a smaller head than the male, is deeper and larger in the body, and is brighter in colour.

In flavour, as in colour, trouts differ much. In Berkshire I have caught some of a dirty white, and yet they were tolerably well tasted. In the Kennet they are, when in high season, of a beautiful pink, and none are of a finer flavour. In the subterraneous stream that runs through the cavern in the Peak of Derby, I saw some that were blackish, and certainly not inviting either to the skill or the taste of the angler.

Small rivers that flow from a bed of peat-moss produce trout of a dark colour, nearly black on the back and shoulders, and of a yellowish white on the belly.

In the Sprint and Mint, two rivers which unite their streams just above Kendal in Westmoreland, trout so vary in colour, that you can easily distinguish which are taken from each river. The grey trout, the *salmo lucustris* of Linnæus, is found in Kentmere and Whinsfell Tarns, not far from Kendal. They are likewise found in Ullswater. When I was there I was informed they reached 50 and even 60 pounds weight. This fish is of a lightish grey, marked all over with spots about the size of a pepper-corn.

You will observe how much trout differ in size, either as they are of different species, or as particular streams are more or less favourable to their growth. A gentleman who lives at Ramsbury caught one at Avington in the Kennet, that weighed more than five pounds. A trout was caught at Coltishall in Norfolk, in February 1812, that was 39 inches in length, and weighed 16 pounds. One was taken in the Stour in December 1797, that weighed 26 pounds. In Llyndivi, a lake in South Wales, there are trout called *Coch y dail*, marked with red and black spots as big as sixpences. Others are found there without spots, and of a reddish hue, that sometimes weigh nearly 10 pounds each, but they are of a bad taste. In Lough Neah in Ireland are trout reported to weigh 30 pounds each. A curious species called the Gillarow trout, said to have a gizzard, is a native of the lake of Killarney.

The best rivers that I am acquainted with for trout-fishing are the Kennet in Wiltshire, the Stour near Canterbury, the Dove and the Derwent in Derbyshire, the Eden and the Pettril near Carlisle, and the Usk and the Wye in Monmouthshire. But for a whole county, Mr. Boulker, the author of the "Art of Angling," an excellent little treatise, says, that "Hampshire bears the bell for its many great and small, swift, shallow, clear, lovely and pleasant rivers and brooks, abounding with admirable trout."

Trout may be increased to a considerable size in stews. Mr. Toomer, of Newbury, is famous for his success in this method, as I learn from Dr. Mavor's very excellent survey of Berkshire. "Mr. T. had three trouts that weighed 15 pounds each; two of them had been fattened by himself, and the other was of that weight when taken out of the Kennet. As a proof of the rapid increase of trouts, one of a pound and a

half has, in the space of a year, grown in a stew to the weight of eight pounds and a half. Instances have indeed been known of a trout growing a pound per week.*"

This account confirms the observation of Isaac Walton, that "the trout is of a more sudden growth than other fish; you are also to take notice, that he lives not so long as the perch, and divers other fishes do, as Sir F. Bacon has observed in his 'History of Life and Death.†'"

The rapid growth and increase of a trout will cease to be a subject of your surprise, when you are informed that this fish is a most voracious feeder. As a proof of it, a gentleman informed me that he caught a trout in the Avon, near Sommerton in Wiltshire, that weighed not more than two pounds. In his belly were found, undigested and almost perfectly fresh, no fewer than forty minnows. Perhaps it is difficult to produce an example of a fish, or any other animal, that better deserves the name of a glutton—except man, the lord of the creation, who too often disgraces his pre-eminence by excess, and not least in his consumption of the watery tribe, particularly turbot and turtle.

The smallest of the trout kind is called a samlet, the *salmo fario* of Linnæus; but ought it not to be called more properly a troutlet? It is found in the Wye, and in the rivers in the north of England, and Wales. Some suppose it to be the spawn of the salmon; but Pennant gives very strong reasons for dissenting from that opinion. The most material are—these samlets are found in fresh water all the year, but salmon never are. The salmon reaches a considerable size before it begins to breed; the samlets, on the contrary, are found, male and female, distinguished by the milt and the roe, of their common size. They seldom exceed six or seven inches in length.

When I was at Keswick in Cumberland, I saw a fly-fisher catch several of these samlets in a rocky stream that runs into the lake. At that time I reprobated the practice of killing such small fish; but I have since met with the observations of Pennant, and they have removed my scruples upon the subject. The samlet is, I think, the same little beautiful fish that is called a *par* in Scotland, and a *skirling* in Wales. *See the fine Samlet and Skirling.*

* See Mavor's Berkshire, p. 48.

† Walton's Angler, c. 4.

The favourite haunts of trout are purling brooks, or swiftly-gliding rivers, where the bottom consists of pebbles, gravel, smooth stones, or fragments of rocks. Trout differ in quality and size according to the nature of the soil over which the water runs; the most delicate in flavour are found where the bottom is of lime-stone. The larger the trout, the more likely he is to be found in deep water, near hollow banks shaded with trees, or at the bending of a stream, or where it makes an eddy. Other favourite haunts are near the piles of bridges, under the roots of willows that hang over the water, or at the tail of mill-streams, where he watches for the various kinds of prey which the current brings down to him.

"The trout of delicate complexion creeps,
Sickly, deform'd, and squalid in the deeps;
Lean and unwholesome, while descending snows
Thicken the floods, and scouring Boreas blows;
But when the vernal energy prevails
O'er Winter's gelid breath—when western gales
Curl the pure shallows, and his strength restore,
His scales he brightens on the pebbly shore;
His colours rise, and in the rapid maze,
Gay as the spring, the lively wanton plays."

Having thus informed you where the trout is to be found, and excited your desire to catch him, not merely by my humble prose, but by the far more powerful excitement of the above description taken from "The Angler," a very pleasing poem, the whole of which well deserves your perusal: I shall reserve more particulars for another Letter.

LETTER VI.

The subject of Trout-fishing continued.—
Choicest Baits, the Minnow and the Fly.—Remarks on artificial Flies.—
Anecdotes illustrative of the Nature of the Trout.—Approved Method of dressing the Trout.

As trout are very crafty, and very nice in their food, be careful to use the finest tackle, and well-scoured and lively worms, when you angle for them at the bottom of the water. You will find, however, that you will angle to most advantage in the middle and on the surface of the water for them; and that the baits most conducive to a superior kind of sport when you do so, are the minnow and the fly.

No method of angling is so fatal to a trout as spinning a minnow, and no other bait is so eagerly pursued. Isaac Walton observes, with his usual aptness of illustration, "that a large trout will come as fiercely at a minnow,

as the highest mettled hawk doth seize on a partridge, or a greyhound on a hare." This method is generally practised early in the season, before fly-fishing is begun. It requires very fine and strong tackle, a quick eye, and great dexterity. It keeps the angler, as well as his bait, in almost perpetual motion. As I despair of making the practice perfectly easy and pleasant to you by particular directions, I recommend you to make yourself an adept in the art, by observing some experienced angler fix his swivels, hook his bait, so as to make it spin well, and apply it to use. Among other points of peculiar nicety which are requisite in this kind of fishing, you must ascertain the precise moment when to strike a fish; be very careful not to snatch the bait from his mouth, and never strike till he has turned with it. Facility and success in doing these things depend upon the same application of the eye and the hand, which are necessary in fly-fishing, as well as in shooting flying. You desire to be informed, as artificial flies are found to succeed so well with trout, why artificial minnows should not answer the purpose as well? I see no reason why they should not, if they are skilfully made, and used at proper times, that is, when the weather is rough and windy, or when the water is not perfectly clear. Isaac Walton says he used one that would catch a trout as well as an artificial fly; and he gives a particular description how it was made. A Scotch nobleman, an expert trout-angler, informed me that he caught a brace of large trout near Pangbourn in Berkshire, with an artificial minnow made of some hard composition, and painted of the natural colour. After catching the first fish, the paint was a good deal rubbed off, and yet the second fish seized the bait as eagerly as if the imitation of the natural minnow had continued to be exact. Nicholas Cox, the author of "The Gentleman's Recreation," says, he has found an artificial minnow made of cloth every whit as good a bait as what was natural.

Other brothers of the angle will tell you, that it is very true you may attract trout with an artificial minnow to approach and gaze at it, but the instant they detect the artifice they turn short, and retreat to their holds. If real minnows can be procured, those anglers who wish to ensure sport always use them; and say, as King Philip did when he was asked for his approbation of a mimic who imitated the notes of the

nightingale, "I prefer the nightingale herself."

Yet here I cannot help observing to you, how few improvements have been made for a long time in regard to artificial baits in general. Walton speaks of artificial minnows as commonly received into the practice of angling; and Colonel Venables, in his "Experienced Angler," gives particular directions how to make an artificial cadbait. The fourth edition of his excellent and very scarce work was published in 1676; and no man of ingenuity has since arisen to make improvements during the long period of 144 years that have since elapsed. Yet I see no reason why artificial worms and gentles should not be tried, as well as artificial flies, grasshoppers, minnows, mice, and frogs; and if skilfully made, why they should not succeed under certain circumstances where fish are numerous and greedy. That artist would deserve high praise, and no small reward, who should succeed in such contrivances; and that angler might claim a piscatory crown who should succeed in their application, and thus spare himself the trouble of procuring the living baits, and rescue his humanity from the necessity of putting them to the torture.

The following is the method of angling in the North of England, where trout abound in the rivers and lakes much more than with us, and the knowledge of the fishermen is much greater in proportion to their greater experience.

"When a river is swelled by heavy rains, and is muddy, the northern anglers, the expert natives of Cumberland and Westmoreland, fish at the bottom with a well-scoured worm. When the flood begins to retire, they use the roan, or salmon spawn. The excellence of this spawn as a general bait for fish, was well known to Walton and Barker.* After the river is grown clearer, they use the minnow, and when the water has recovered its original orightness, their bait is the artificial fly."

"In a mild open winter, when the weather is warm, trout are caught with the fly, from the first week in January, and in February; but the regular fishing commences in March, and continues through April and May. Evening and night fishing is begun the latter end of May, and is continued in June, July,

and part of August. For this sport a larger fly is used than during the day. When the rivers are low in a dry season, it is proper to use a smaller fly; but all fishers do not know this valuable practice. The may-fly, or the stone-fly, is the favourite from the month of May to the end of June."

These observations, lately communicated to me by some northern anglers, are so valuable, that they may be regarded as jewels of the first water, and are most worthy of a place in the young angler's cabinet.

When I proceed to direct your attention to fly-fishing, the first remark I make is, that of all methods of angling, this requires the most skill and activity, and a keen eye and a ready hand are as requisite to success as in minnow-fishing. He who is a proficient in this branch of the art, and like our friend Captain R——, can throw a fly into a saucer at twenty yards distance, or can *willow* a fly—that is, throw it upon a willow bough on the opposite side, and make it fall so naturally upon the water, as if it was a real one, is qualified to take his Master's degree in the University of Anglers. Fly-fishing has this great advantage over boat or bank fishing, that it is neither a sedentary nor a stationary amusement, for it requires you to be in constant activity. The ground-angler, compared to the fly-fisher, is a mere statue upon a pedestal; but the fly-fisher is like the herald Mercury with his caduceus in his hand, always in motion, or ready for motion. The former has this additional advantage over the latter, that he is free from the trouble of baiting his hook, and fouling his fingers, and the fish he catches are of a superior kind. He leaves the barbel, the gudgeon, and other groundlings, to be caught by "Patience personified in a Punt," and whips the surface of the water to secure the more valuable prizes of the trout, the grayling, and the salmon.

With regard to artificial flies, you may be shown many in the fishing-tackle shops that are very neatly finished, and appear to be very fair imitations of nature; but let me be credited when I assure you of what is the result of my long experience, that one home-made fly is worth a dozen of them. The art of making them yourself is not, I think, very difficult to attain, particularly if you have an opportunity of seeing a person so employed. It is fortunate for the tyro in this kind of manufacture, that

* See Bagster's Walton, p. 299, and Venables, p. 65.

the most useful are the easiest to be made, and with them I advise you to begin to try your hand. The flies I allude to are the *palmer* and the *may-fly*. When I speak of the superiority of home-made flies, I presume that they possess the following advantages. They ought to be composed of the best natural materials; no dyed wool, or dyed feathers, will answer the purpose, for the artificial colours will be washed off by frequent wetting. They ought to be made strong, and to be neatly set upon the hook; and particular care must be taken that the gut or hair be so firmly whipped upon the hook as not to draw, or it may slip when pulled by a fish, and then you will lose your labour, and your expected prize—fly, hook, fish and all.

In making artificial flies, do not indulge your fancy, but follow nature. Always lay some natural fly before you as a pattern, and work according to its form and colours. Beat the bushes and boughs of trees that grow near the water, and catch and copy the flies you find upon them at the various seasons of the year. To succeed in this ingenious species of deception, you must provide a copious store of materials, as suggested by the poet Gay, who shows, by his accurate description of fly-fishing in his "Rural Sports," that he was an ardent lover of the amusement.

"To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride;
Let nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail:
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings;
Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
And every fur promote the fisher's art.
So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea and air;
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering belle displays,
Dazzles our eyes, and eases hearts betrays."

And when you are furnished with a stock of well-made artificial flies, you must, as I have before hinted, strive to be expert in throwing them, and like a good shot, learn to be an accurate judge of distances, and take your aim correctly. This art is to be acquired by frequent exercise, and observing and imitating a good practitioner. Herein books are of no use; and the various treatises on fly-fishing can no more make you perfect in this elegant branch of our amusement, than Reynolds's Discourses can make a good painter, or Phillimore's book a good player at chess.

In most works on angling a particular

kind of fly is assigned to each month, in the same manner as particular weather is attributed to each season in an almanack; but I venture to assert, that no fly, except perhaps the *palmer* and the *May-fly*, will continue to be favourites with the fish so long as a month. No certain rule, I presume, can be laid down in this case, and your own observation will prove your best guide, when each fly is the most welcome dainty to each fish. Various soils, trees, and shrubs produce various kinds of flies; yet these differ in colour or shades of colour, from those bred in other places. Your accurate eye must mark the distinctions, and make allowance for each locality, or as the naturalists term it, the *habitat* of each respective insect.

Some fly-fishers cover the point of their hook with a gentle, and find it succeed. In the early fly-fishing months, when gentles are not to be procured, an Embden grit boiled soft has been found an excellent substitute for a gentle. The grit, observe, must not be so soft as to burst.

Of the nice appetite of the trout I can give you a remarkable proof, which may furnish you with a very useful hint. As Mr. M. and myself were fly-fishing in the Kennet we saw some good fish rise. My companion threw his fly with his accustomed skill, exactly in the range of one of them, but the aquatic epicure was too squeamish to be thus tempted. The fly offered to him was a lightish brown palmer. I suggested it had better be changed for another a shade or two darker. My companion followed my advice, made an adroit throw, and instantly had a rise from a capital fish, which he caught. He was a two-pounder, and in high season. I made a throw with his rod and line, and caught another as large. I am convinced the first fly might have been tried for any length of time without success.

How successful the fisher may sometimes be in the use of artificial flies I can give you a very remarkable instance. I was not long ago fishing in a beautiful stream at Nunington in Yorkshire, for trout. My end fly was a natural one, which I caught near the stream, and of course I concluded would be the favourite; my dropper was an artificial black gnat. I saw some fish rise near the willows on my own side; I made a throw, and moved a fish. I concluded he had risen at the natural fly, and so I

presented it to him again in an attractive style; but I was mistaken, for he rose at the artificial fly, and took it. I instantly, on striking him, felt that pleasing kind of electric shock well known to an angler, the instant he has hooked a good fish. He dashed into the deep, then rose impetuously to the surface, leaped out of the water, displaying his elasticity, comely figure, and brilliant colours, and at last I landed him, and ascertained him to be a trout of nearly two pounds. I had the same success with another of equal size, that likewise gave the artificial fly the preference. My friends gratified me by the assurance that these were a brace of as fine fish as they had known to be caught in that stream. They were remarkably thick in their dimensions, and when dressed they were as firm as a salmon, and as red as a rose.

From this anecdote I wish you to conclude, that when the water is a little discoloured, as was the case in the above instance, you may spare yourself the time of catching and the vexation of fishing with natural flies, as it appears that the artificial will answer a much better purpose.

As a word to the wise is said to be enough, and example is more striking than precept, these instances of my experience may supply the place of a long detail of instructions. They may convince you how necessary it is to study the palates, and even the caprice of these fish, and that he who exercises the most judgment and takes the greatest pains will be the most successful.

The excellence of a trout is to be determined by the shape and size of the head; if the head be long, large, and flabby, the body is generally lean, blackish, lank, and the fish is not worth killing. If the head be short, small and firm, the colours of the body bright, and the crimson spots distinct and lively, the fish is then in perfect health, his flesh is firm, and he is worthy of a place in your basket, and a dish at your table. The same qualities in the fish are requisite for your good sport, as for your gratification in eating.

Of all river fish none are more delicious when fresh, and none more insipid when stale. You will find in angling and cookery books various receipts for dressing them. One of the best is plain boiling, with sauce composed of cayenne, catsup, and boiled anchovies. Dress your trout the day they are caught, to give this method its whole advantage.

The following is an approved receipt for pickling trout. Take half water and half vinegar, a handful of salt, black pepper whole, cloves and mace; put in the trout, and boil them altogether over a gentle fire. When sufficiently boiled take them off, and let them stand to cool, and when cold, take them out, and they are ready for the table.

As I am convinced of your unabating curiosity respecting all such subjects, I make no apology for writing to you so much in detail relative to the trout, which is certainly one of the most beautiful natives of our streams, and one of the most interesting objects of an angler's pursuit.

ANECDOTES OF OUR LATE KING AND QUEEN.

THE partisans of several very eminent persons of our times have found it extremely convenient to separate public from private character, and to pretend that the men who were insensible of justice, honour, or decency in their domestic affairs, might nevertheless be immaculate statesmen or incorruptible patriots. But this doctrine is so totally inconsistent with all that we know of human nature, and is supported by such unsatisfactory instances, that we have no fear of ever seeing it adopted by those who consider a proposition before they assent to it. To form a correct judgment of the policy of princes and statesmen, requires such extensive information, such comprehensive views, such accurate reasoning, such steady impartiality,

as the multitude are wholly incapable of attaining; and even the few whose opportunities are more favourable, can only approximate to the truth. But the social and domestic conduct of such eminent persons is a matter of less difficult investigation; people in general agree in their notions of the filial, conjugal, and paternal duties, the claims of friendship, and the obligations resulting from the various relations of civil life: while the conspicuous stations of public men render their conduct in those relations liable to general observation. Whenever this conduct is such as to command universal applause, the public and official acts of the same individual will usually be approved, or at least attributed to honourable and patriotic

motives. "That loyalty to the sovereign is strengthened by attachment to the man; and thrones are secured by the virtues of the possessors. Our late venerable sovereign and his consort were, happily for the nation, the most exemplary instances of these principles that ever graced a throne. They now belong to history, and every day new proofs of the excellence of their characters are discovered. We have been particularly gratified by the numerous instances of their benevolence and condescension, as well as delightful pictures of their well-merited domestic happiness, in the Letters of Mrs. Delany, lately published, from which we subjoin some extracts; previously to which, however, it will be necessary to state some circumstances respecting the author.

Mary Delany was born May 14th, 1700. She was the daughter of Barnard Granville, of Coulton, Wilts, esq. and niece of George, afterwards Lord Granville. She was first married, in the seventeenth year of her age, to Alexander Pendarves, of Roscrow, in Cornwall, esq. and after his decease to Dr. Patrick Delany, well known as the friend and intimate of Swift, and as a literary character of some celebrity. Upon his decease, in May 1768, she intended to fix herself at Bath, and was in quest of a house for that purpose. But the Duchess Dowager of Portland, hearing of her design, went down to the place, and having in her early years formed an intimacy with Mrs. Delany, wished to have near her a lady from whom she had necessarily, for several years, been much separated, and whose heart and talents, she knew, would, in the highest degree, add to the happiness of her own life. Her grace succeeded in her solicitations; and Mrs. Delany now passed her time between London and Bulstrode. On the death of the Duchess Dowager of Portland, His Majesty, who had frequently seen and honoured Mrs. Delany with his notice at Bulstrode, assigned her for her summer residence the use of a house completely furnished, in St. Alban's-street, Windsor, adjoining to the entrance of the Castle; and that the having two houses on her hands might not produce any inconvenience with regard to the expense of her living, His Majesty, as a farther mark of his royal favour, conferred on her a pension of three hundred pounds a year. On the 15th of April,

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1788, after a short indisposition, she departed this life, at her house in St. James's-place, having nearly completed the eighty-eighth year of her age. Mrs. Delany, among her other accomplishments, excelled in embroidery and shell-work; and in the course of her life, produced many elegant specimens of her skill in these respects. But what is more remarkable, at the age of seventy-four she invented a new and beautiful mode of exercising her ingenuity: this was, by the construction of a Flora, of a most singular kind, formed by applying coloured papers together, and which might not improperly be called a species of mosaic work.

*Extracts from Mrs. Delany's Letters to Mrs. Hamilton.**

Bulstrode, June 28, 1779.

What a task you have set me, my dear friend; I can no more tell you the particulars of all the honours I received last autumn from the King and Queen, and eight of their royal progeny, than I can remember last year's clouds,—a simile, by-the-by, ill adapted to the grace and benignity of their manners, that gave a lustre even to Bulstrode, superior as it is to most places. I had formed to myself a very different idea of such visitors, and wished the day over; but their affability and good humour left no room for anything but admiration and respect: for, with the most obliging condescension, there was no want of proper dignity to keep the balance even. They were delighted with the place, but above all with the mistress† of it, whose sweetness of manners, and knowledge of propriety, engage all ranks.

The royal family (ten in all) came at twelve o'clock. The King drove the Queen in an open chaise, with a pair of white horses. The Prince of Wales and Prince Frederick rode on horseback, all with proper attendants, but no guards. Princess Royal and Lady Weymouth, in a post-chaise; Princess Augusta, Princess Elizabeth, Prince Adolphus (about seven years old), and Lady Charlotte Finch, in a coach; Prince William, Prince Edward, Duke of Montague, and Bishop of Lichfield, in a coach;

* Dorothea, daughter of James Forth, esq. of Redwood, and widow of the Hon. and Rev. Francis Hamilton, son of James Earl of Abercorn.

† Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, Duchess Dowager of Portland.

another coach, full of attendant gentlemen; amongst the numbers Mr. Smelt*, whose character sets him above most men, and does great honour to the King, who calls him his friend, and has drawn him out of his solitude (the life he had chosen) to enjoy his conversation every leisure moment. The day was as brilliant as could be wished, the 18th of August, the Prince of Wales's birthday. The Queen was in a hat, and an Italian night-gown of purple lustring, trimmed with silver gauze. She is graceful and genteel; the dignity and sweetness of her manner, the perfect propriety of every thing she says, or does, satisfies every body she honours with her distinction so much, that beauty is by no means wanting to make her perfectly agreeable; and though age and long retirement from court, made me feel timid on my being called to make my appearance, I soon found myself perfectly at ease; for the King's condescension and good humour took off all awe, but what one must have for so respectable a character (severely tried by his enemies at home, as well as abroad). The three Princesses were all in frocks; the King and all the men were in an uniform, blue and gold. They walked through the great apartments, which are in a line, and attentively observed every thing, the pictures in particular. I kept back in the drawing-room, and took that opportunity of sitting down; when Princess Royal returned to me, and said the Queen missed me in the train: I immediately obeyed the summons with my best alacrity. Her Majesty met me half-way, and seeing me hasten my steps, called out to me, "Though I desired you to come, I did not desire you to run and fatigue yourself." They all returned to the great drawing-room, where there were only two armed chairs placed in the middle of the room for the King and Queen.—The King placed the Duchess Dowager of Portland in his chair, and walked about admiring the beauties of the place. Breakfast was offered—all prepared in a long gallery that runs the length of the great apartments (a suite of eight rooms and three closets). The King and all his royal children, and the rest of the train, chose to go to the gallery, where the well-furnished tables were set: one with tea, coffee, and chocolate;

another with their proper accompaniments of eatables, rolls, cakes, &c.; another table with fruits and ices in the utmost perfection; which with a magical touch had succeeded a cold repeat. The Queen remained in the drawing-room: I stood at the back of her chair, which happening to be one of my working, gave the Queen an opportunity of saying many flattering and obliging things. The Duchess Dowager of Portland brought her Majesty a dish of tea on a waiter, with biscuits, which was what she chose; after she had drank her tea, she would not return the cup to the Duchess, but got up and would carry it into the gallery herself, and was much pleased to see with what elegance every thing was prepared; no servants but those out of livery made their appearance. The gay and pleasant appearance they all made, and the satisfaction all expressed, rewarded the attention and politeness of the Duchess of Portland, who is never so happy as when she gratifies those she esteems worthy of her attention and favours. The young royals seemed quite happy, from the eldest to the youngest, and to inherit the gracious manners of their parents. I cannot enter upon their particular address to me, which not only did me honour, but showed their humane and benevolent respect for old age.

The King desired me to show the Queen one of my books of plants: she seated herself in the gallery; a table and the book laid before her.—I kept my distance till she called me to ask some questions about the mosaic paper-work; and as I stood before her Majesty, the King set a chair behind me. I turned with some confusion and hesitation, on receiving so great an honour, when the Queen said, "Mrs. Delany, sit down, sit down: it is not every lady that has a chair brought her by a King;" so I obeyed. Amongst many gracious things, the Queen asked me why I was not with the Duchess when she came; for I might be sure she would ask for me? I was flattered, though I knew to whom I was obliged for the distinction, (and doubly flattered by *that*.) I acknowledged it in as few words as possible, and said I was particularly happy at that time to pay my duty to her Majesty, as it gave me an opportunity of seeing so many of the Royal Family, which age and obscurity had deprived me of. "Oh but," says her Majesty, "you have not seen all my children

* Formerly sub-governor to his R. H. the Prince of Wales; from which situation he retired on a pension in the year 1771.

yet," upon which the King came up and asked what we were talking about? which was repeated, and the King replied to the Queen, "You may put Mrs. Delany into the way of doing that, by naming a day for her to drink tea at Windsor Castle. The Duchess of Portland was consulted, and the next day fixed upon, as the Duchess had appointed the end of the week for going to Weymouth.

We went at the hour appointed, seven o'clock, and were received in the lower private apartment at the Castle; went through a large room with great bay windows, where were all the Princesses and youngest Princes, with their attendant ladies and gentlemen. We passed on to the bedchamber, where the Queen stood in the middle of the room, with Lady Weymouth and Lady Charlotte Finch. (The King and the eldest Princes had walked out.) When the Queen took her seat, and the ladies their places, she ordered a chair to be set for me opposite to where she sat, and asked me if I felt any wind from the door or window?—It was indeed a sultry day.

At eight the King, &c. came into the room, with so much cheerfulness and good humour, that it was impossible to feel any painful restraint. It was the hour of the King and Queen and eleven of the Princes and Princesses' walking on the terrace. They apologized for going, but said the crowd expected them; but they left Lady Weymouth and the Bishop of Lichfield to entertain us in their absence: we sat in the bay-window, well pleased with our companions, and the brilliant show on the terrace, on which we looked; the band of music playing all the time under the window.—When they returned we were summoned into the next room to tea, and the Royals began a ball, and danced two country-dances, to the music of French horns, bassoons, and hautboys, which were the same that played on the terrace. The King came up to the Prince of Wales and said he was sure, when he considered how great an effort it must be to play that kind of music so long a time together, that he would not continue their dancing there, but that the Queen and the rest of the company were going to the Queen's house, and they should renew their dancing there, and have proper music.

I can say no more:—I cannot describe the gay, the polished appearance of the Queen's house, furnished

with English manufacture.—The Prince of Wales dances a minuet better than any one I have seen for many years; but what would please you more, could I do it justice, is the good sense and engaging address of one and all.

Bulstrode, Nov. 17. 1780.

And now, as I know *you* take pleasure in what gives *me* pleasure, and does me honour, I must tell you of our amiable, gracious Queen's politeness, and I may presume to add, kindness to me. She was told I had wished for a lock of her hair; she sent me one with her own royal fingers: she *heard*, (for she was not asked for either,) that I wished to have one of Mrs. Port's* boys in the Charter-house, and she gave her commands that one of my little nephews should be set down in her list: you will easily believe I was anxious to make my proper acknowledgements, and under some difficulty how to do it, as I am unable to pay my duty in the drawing-room. Fortunately an agreeable opportunity came in my way.

Last Saturday, the 11th of this month, about one o'clock, as I was sitting at work at my paper mosaic, in my working dress, and all my papers littered about me, the Duchess Dowager of Portland very intent at another table, making a catalogue to a huge folio of portrait prints, her Grace's groom of the chambers announced the Queen and Princess Royal, who were just driven into the court: I retired to change my dress and wait for a summons, should her Majesty send me her commands. The Duchess kept her station to receive her royal visitors, and I was soon sent for, which gave me the opportunity I so much had wished, and my acknowledgements were most graciously accepted. The Queen staid till past three, and left us (though no strangers to her excellencies) in admiration of her good sense, affability blended with dignity, and her entertaining conversation. So much propriety, so excellent a heart, such true religious principles, gave a lustre to her royalty that crowns and sceptres cannot bestow. I tell you, my dear Madam, these particulars, that you may partake of that admiration which I know your good heart will feel and enjoy. At the moment you are struck with her superiority, you love her as a friend, which is very rare: though I have long experienced that happy union,

* Mrs. Delany's niece.

in the person for whose sake I have received so many honours. I should make you an apology for saying so much of a Queen, &c. who prefer virtue to rank; but here I present you with both.

Dec. 9. 1781.

The Queen, &c. came about twelve o'clock, and caught me at my spinning-wheel, (the work I am now reduced to,) and made me spin on, and give her a lesson afterwards; and I must say did it tolerably well *for a Queen*. She staid till three o'clock: and now I suppose our royal visits are over for this year.

Bulstrode, Dec. 17. 1782.

The Queen made a morning visit here about three weeks ago, and brought only Lady Dartrey with her. The Duchess paid her duty in return, at the Queen's lodge, and I had the honour of accompanying her. The Queen was quite alone in her dressing-room: her dress was simple and elegant, in a pale lilach satin. She added dignity to her dress by her most gracious manner of conversing. She was making fringe in a frame, and did me the honour to show me how to do it, and to say she would send me such a frame as her own, as she thought it was a work that would not try my eyes. We were dismissed at three o'clock, and as we were going to the chaise, we met, in the passage, the King and his greyhounds just returned from coursing. He told the Duchess that he could not part with her so; but we must both make him a visit, and opened the door for us to go with him into the drawing-room. The Queen soon came to us, and invited us back to her apartment, as the warmer place, and we staid till four o'clock.

Bulstrode, Oct. 10. 1783.

In a few days after our arrival here, the Duchess of Portland and I were sitting in the long gallery, very busy with our different employments, when, without any ceremony, his Majesty walked up to our table unperceived and unknown, till he came quite up to us. You may believe we were at first a little fluttered with his royal presence; but his courteous and affable manner soon made him a welcome guest. He came to inform the Duchess of Portland of the Queen's perfect recovery after her lying-in, which made him doubly welcome.

Last Thursday, 2d of October, a little

before twelve o'clock, word was brought that the Royal Family were coming up the Park: and immediately after, two coaches-and-six, with the King on horseback, and a great retinue, came up to the hall door. The company were, the King and Queen, Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Mary, and Princess Sophia. They were in the drawing-room before I was sent for, where I found the King and Queen and Duchess of Portland seated at a table in the middle of the room. The King, with his usual graciousness, came up to me, and brought me forward, and I found the Queen very busy in showing a very elegant machine to the Duchess of Portland, which was a frame for weaving of fringe, of a new and most delicate structure, and would take up as much paper as has already been written upon to describe it minutely, yet it is of such simplicity as to be very useful. You will easily imagine the grateful feeling I had when the Queen presented it to me, to make up some knotted fringe which she saw me about. The King, at the same time, said he must contribute something to my work, and presented me with a gold knotting shuttle, of most exquisite workmanship and taste; and I am at this time, while I am dictating the letter, knotting white silk, to fringe the bag which is to contain it.

On the Monday after, we were appointed to go to the lodge at Windsor, at two o'clock. We were first taken into the Duchess of Ancaster's dressing-room; in a quarter of an hour after, to the King and Queen in the drawing-room, who had nobody with them but Prince Alverstaden, the Hanoverian minister, which gave me an opportunity of hearing the Queen speak German; and I may say, it was the first time I had received pleasure from what I did not understand; but there was such a fluency and sweetness in her manner of speaking it, that it sounded as gentle as Italian.

There were two chairs brought in, for the Duchess of Portland and myself to sit on, (by order of their Majesties,) which were easier than those belonging to the room.—We were seated near the door that opened into the concert-room. The King directed them to play Handel and Geminiani's music, which he was graciously pleased to say was to gratify me. These are flattering honours. I should not indulge so much upon this subject, but that I depend upon your

considering it proceeding more from gratitude than vanity.—The three eldest Princesses came into the room in about half an hour after we were seated.

When the concert of music was over, the young Princess Amelia, nine weeks old, was sent for, and brought in by her nurse and attendants. The King took her in his arms, and presented her to the Duchess of Portland and to me. Your affectionate heart would have been delighted with the royal domestic scene; an example worthy of imitation by all ranks, and, indeed, adding dignity to their high station.

St. James's Place, May 19. 1785.

Since I last wrote to you, I have had an intercourse with his Majesty again by way of letter, on his returning the books of Mr. Handel's music, which my nephew, J. Dewes, had lent him. The King's letter was very gracious and condescending; much pleased with some music that was new to him among the books, and sent his acknowledgments to my nephew in the most obliging manner; adding, that he would not ask me to come and hear it performed at the Queen's house till the spring was so far advanced, that it might be safe for me to venture. On Thursday, the 9th of May, I received a note from Lady Weymouth, to tell me the Queen invited me to her Majesty's house; to come at seven o'clock with the Duchess Dowager of Portland, to hear Mrs. Siddons read "*The Provoked Husband*." You may believe I obeyed the royal summons, and was much entertained. It was very desirable to me, as I had no other opportunity of hearing or seeing Mrs. Siddons; and she fully answered my expectations: her person and manner perfectly agreeable. We were received in the great drawing-room by the King and Queen, their five daughters, and Prince Edward. Besides the royal family, there were only the Duchess Dowager of Portland, her daughter Lady Weymouth, and her beautiful grand-daughter Lady Aylesford; Lord and Lady Harcourt, Lady Charlotte Finch, Duke of Montague, and the gentlemen attendant on the King. There were two rows of chairs for the company, the length of the room.

Their Majesties sat in the middle of the first row, with the Princesses on each hand, which filled it. The rest of the ladies were seated in the row behind them, and as there was a space between that and the wall, the lords and

gentlemen that were admitted stood there. Mrs. Siddons read standing, and had a desk with candles before her: she behaved with great propriety, and read two acts of the *Provoked Husband*, which was abridged, by leaving out Sir Francis and Lady Wronghead's parts, &c.; but she introduced John Moody's account of the journey, and read it admirably. The part of Lord and Lady Townley's reconciliation she worked up finely, and made it very affecting. She also read Queen Katharine's last speech in King Henry VIII. She was allowed three pauses, to go into the next room and refresh herself for half an hour each time. After she was dismissed, their Majesties detained the company some time, to talk over what had passed, which was not the least agreeable part of the entertainment. I was so flattered by their most kind reception of me, that I really did not feel the fatigue, notwithstanding I believe it was past twelve before we made our last courtesy.

St. Alban's Street, Windsor, Sept. 20. 1785.

On Saturday, the 3d of this month, one of the Queen's messengers came and brought me the following letter from her Majesty, written with her own hand:—

"My dear Mrs. Delany will be glad to hear that I am charged by the King to summon her to her new abode at Windsor for Tuesday next, where she will find all the most essential parts of the house ready, excepting some little trifles, which it will be better for Mrs. Delany to direct herself in person, or by her little deputy, Miss Port. I need not, I hope, add, that I shall be extremely glad and happy to see so amiable an inhabitant in this our sweet retreat; and wish, very sincerely, that my dear Mrs. Delany may enjoy every blessing amongst us that her merits deserve. That we may long enjoy her amiable company, Amen! These are the *true* sentiments of

"My dear Mrs. Delany's

"Very affectionate Queen,

"CHARLOTTE."

Queen's Lodge, Windsor, Sept. 3. 1785.

P. S. "I must also beg that Mrs. Delany will choose her own time of coming, as will best suit her own convenience."

My Answer.

"It is impossible to express how I am overwhelmed with your Majesty's excess of goodness to me. I shall, with

the warmest duty and most humble respect, obey a command that bestows such honour and happiness on your Majesty's most dutiful and most obedient humble servant,

"And subject,
"MARY DELANY."

I received the Queen's letter at dinner, and was obliged to answer it instantly; with my own hand, without seeing a letter I wrote. I thank God I had strength enough to obey the gracious summons on the day appointed. I arrived here about eight o'clock in the evening, and found his Majesty in the house ready to receive me. I threw myself at his feet, indeed unable to utter a word; he raised and saluted me, and said he meant not to stay longer than to desire I would order every thing that could make the house comfortable and agreeable to me, and then retired.

Truly I found nothing wanting, as it is as pleasant and commodious as I could wish it to be, with a very pretty garden, which joins to that of the Queen's Lodge. The next morning her Majesty sent one of her Ladies to know how I had rested, and how I was in health, and whether her coming would not be troublesome? You may be sure I accepted the honour, and she came about two o'clock. I was lame, and could not go down, as I ought to have done, to the door; but her Majesty came up stairs, and I received her on my knees. Our meeting was mutually affecting; she well knew the value of what I had lost, and it was some time after we were seated (for she always makes me sit down) before we could either of us speak. It is impossible for me to do justice to her great condescension and tenderness, which were almost equal to what I had lost. She repeated, in the strongest terms, her wish, and the King's, that I should be as easy and as happy as they could possibly make me; that they waved all ceremony, and desired to come to me like friends. The Queen delivered me a paper from the King, which contained the first quarter of 300*l.* per annum, which his Majesty allows me out of his Privy Purse. Their Majesties have drank tea with me five times, and the Princesses three. They generally stay two hours, or longer. In short, I have either seen or heard from them every day. I have not yet been at the Queen's Lodge, though they have expressed an impatience for me to come; but I have still so sad a drawback upon

my spirits, that I must decline the honour till I am better able to enjoy it: as they have the goodness not to press me. Their visits here are paid in the most quiet private manner, like those of the most consoling and interested friends; so that I may truly say, they are a royal cordial, and I see very few people besides. They are very condescending in their notice of my niece, and think her a fine girl. She is delighted, as is very natural, with all the joys of the place. I have been three times at the King's private chapel at early prayers, eight o'clock, where the royal family constantly attend; and they walk home to breakfast afterwards, whilst I am conveyed in a very elegant new chair home, which the King has made me a present of for that purpose.

St. Alban's Street, Windsor, Nov. 9. 1786.

I have been several evenings at the Queen's Lodge, with no other company but their own most lovely family. They sit round a large table, on which are books, work, pencils, and paper. The Queen has the goodness to make me sit down next to her; and delights me with her conversation, which is improving, elegant, and pleasing, beyond description, whilst the younger part of the family are drawing and working, &c. &c. the beautiful babe, Princess Amelia, bearing her part in the entertainment; sometimes in one of her sister's laps; sometimes playing with the King on the carpet; which, altogether, exhibits such a delightful scene, as would require an Addison's pen, or a Vandyke's pencil, to do justice to. In the next room is the band of music, who play from eight o'clock till ten. The King generally directs them what pieces of music to play, chiefly Handel's.

Windsor, July 3. 1786.

During my short stay in London in the winter, many alterations were made in my house here, which my great benefactors thought would make it more commodious to me; and indeed it is now a most complete, elegant, comfortable dwelling: and I am hourly receiving marks of attention and kindness that cannot be expressed. The constant course of my living at present, from which I vary very little, is as follows: I seldom miss going to early prayers at the King's chapel, at eight o'clock, where I never fail of seeing their Majesties and all the royal family. The

common way of going up to the chapel is through the great entrance into the castle, which is a large room with stone pillars, at the corner of which is a narrow winding staircase, which leads to the chapel; but their Majesties, with their usual goodness and indulgence, have ordered that I should be admitted through the great staircase, which is a very easy ascent. When chapel is over, all the congregation make a line in the great portico till their Majesties have passed; for they always walk to chapel and back again, and speak to every body of consequence as they pass: indeed, it is a delightful sight to see so much beauty, dignity, and condescension, united as they are in the royal family. I come home to breakfast generally about nine o'clock: if I and the weather are well enough, I take the air for two hours. The rest of the morning is devoted to business, and the company of my particular friends. I admit no formal visitors, as I really have not time or spirits for it, and every body here is very civil and very considerate. My afternoons I keep entirely to myself, that I may have no interruption whenever my royal neighbours condescend to visit me: their usual time of coming is between six and seven o'clock, and generally stay till between eight and nine. They always drink tea here, and my niece has the honour of dealing it about to all the royal family, as they will not suffer me to do it (though it is my place); the Queen always placing me upon the sofa by her, and the King when he sits down, which is seldom, sits next the sofa. Indeed, their visits are not limited to the afternoons, for their Majesties often call on me in a morning and take me as they find me, not suffering any body to give me notice of their being come. Great as my awe is, their Majesties have such sweetness of manners that it takes off painful sensation.

An event has taken place lately which gives me great satisfaction: I am sure you are acquainted with the novel entitled *Cecilia*, much admired for its good sense, variety of character, delicacy of sentiment, &c. &c.: there is nothing good, and amiable, and agreeable mentioned in the book that is not possessed by the author of it, Miss Burney: I have been acquainted with her now three years: her extreme diffidence of herself, notwithstanding her great genius, and the applause she has met with, adds lustre to all her excellencies, and all improve on acquaintance. In the course

of this last year, she has been so good as to pass a few weeks with me at Windsor, which gave the Queen an opportunity of seeing and talking with her, which her Majesty was so gracious to admit of. One of the principal ladies that attend the Queen's person as dresser is going to retire into her own country, being in too bad a state of health to continue her honourable and delightful employment, for such it must be near such a queen; and Miss Burney is to be the happy successor, chosen by the Queen without any particular recommendation from any body. I believe she comes into waiting next week.

St. Alban's Street, Windsor, Sept. 24. 1786.

I am sure you must be very sensible how thankful I am to Providence for the late wonderful escape of his Majesty from the stroke of assassination: indeed, the horror that there was a possibility that such an attempt would be made, shocked me so much at first, that I could hardly enjoy the blessing of such a preservation. The King would not suffer any body to inform the Queen of that event, till he could show himself in person to her. He returned to Windsor as soon as the council was over. When his Majesty entered the Queen's dressing-room, he found her with the two eldest Princesses; and entering, in an animated manner, said, "Here I am, safe and well!" The Queen suspected from this saying, that some accident had happened, on which he informed her of the whole affair. The Queen stood struck and motionless for some time, till the Princesses burst into tears, in which she immediately found relief by joining with them. Joy soon succeeded this agitation of mind, on the assurance that the person was insane that had the boldness to make the attack, which took off all aggravating suspicion; and it has been the means of showing the whole kingdom, that the King has the hearts of his subjects. I must tell you a particular gracious attention to me on the occasion: their Majesties sent immediately to my house to give orders I should not be told of it till the next morning, for fear the agitation should give me a bad night. Dowager Lady Spencer was in the house with me, and went with me to early prayers, next morning, at eight o'clock; and after chapel was over she separated herself from me, and had a long conference with the King and Queen, as they stopped to speak to her on our coming out of chapel.

When we returned to breakfast, I taxed her with her having robbed me of an opportunity of hearing what their Majesties said to her, by standing at such a distance. She told me, it was a secret, but she had now their permission to tell me what it was, and then informed me of the whole affair.

I was commanded in the evening to attend them at the Lodge, where I spent the evening; the happiness of being with them not a little increased by seeing the fulness of joy that appeared on every countenance.

Windsor, December 25th. 1786.

Their Majesties were so gracious as to hint a wish of my spending some days at Kew when they were there, and to make it completely agreeable and commodious, engaged Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, who live there, to invite me to *their house*, a pleasure of *itself* that would have given me wings for the undertaking; and accordingly I availed myself of the command of one, and the invitation of the other, and spent part of two weeks there. We were appointed to dine every day at Miss Burney's table, at the Lodge, which we did almost every day. It is very magnificent, and the society very agreeable: about eight or ten persons, belonging to their Majesties. Coffee was ready about six o'clock, which was immediately after dinner: about seven the King generally walked into the room, addressing every body with the most delightful condescension, and after that, commanded me and Mrs. Smelt to follow him into the Queen's apartment, where we drank tea, and stayed till near ten o'clock. It is impossible to describe the pleasure and satisfaction such a society bestowed. Princess Elizabeth, who, I thank God, is now perfectly restored to health, was not well enough at that time to make one of that society, so that her sisters took their turns of being with her.

Windsor, August 11. 1787.

The Queen has had the goodness to command me to come to the Lodge, whenever it is quite easy to me to do it, without sending particularly for me, lest it should embarrass me to refuse that honour; so that most evenings, at half-an-hour past seven, I go to Miss Burney's apartment, and when the royal family return from the Terrace, the King, or one of the Princesses (generally the youngest, Princess Amelia, just four years old) come into the room,

take me by the hand, and lead me into the drawing-room, where there is a chair ready for me by the Queen's left hand; the three eldest Princesses sit round the table, and the ladies in waiting, Lady Charlotte Finch, and Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave. A vacant chair is left for the King, whenever he pleases to sit down in it. Every one is employed with pencil, needle, or knotting. Between the pieces of music the conversation is easy and pleasant; and, for an hour before the conclusion of the whole, the King plays at backgammon with one of his equerries, and I am generally dismissed: I then go to Miss Burney's room again, where Miss Port generally spends the evenings that I am at the Lodge, and has an opportunity of being in very good company there.

To Mrs. Frances Hamilton.

October, 1787.

* * * * I left Mrs. Delany in perfect health; and, the day before, cut the two profiles I send you; the largest much the likeliest, and so much so, the Queen desired one. Mrs. Delany actually went on Wednesday last to Mr. Locke's, twenty-two miles from Windsor, to spend some days. One little anecdote of the Queen struck me, as a stronger instance of her real tender feeling towards our dear old friend, than all her bounties or honours. As soon as the Duchess of Portland died, Mrs. Delany got into a chaise to go to her own house; the Duke followed her, begging to know what she would accept of, that belonged to his mother; Mrs. Delany recollected a bird that the Duchess always fed and kept in her own room, desired to have it, and sold towards it, as you must suppose. In a few days she got a bad fever, and the bird died; but for some hours she was too ill even to recollect her bird. The Queen had one of the same sort, which she valued extremely (a weaver bird); she took it with her own hands, and while Mrs. Delany slept, had the cage brought, and put her own bird into it; charging every one not to let it go so near Mrs. Delany, as that she could perceive the change, till she was enough recovered to bear the loss of her first favourite. This requires no comment, as it speaks strongly for itself. * * *

M. PRESTON.

London, St. James's Place, Jan. 18th. 1788.

The day before I intended to leave Windsor, when Mary Ann [Miss Port]

and I went out to our little dinner, the simple dish of veal-collops, without any notice, the Queen walked into the dining-room, and said, I must not be angry with my servant, for she would come in, and that my dinner smelt so well, she would partake of it with me. I was both delighted and confused with the honour conferred upon me. Miss Port very readily resigned her place, and became

our attendant. The Queen honoured my humble board, not only by partaking of it, (which she did to make me go on with my dinner,) but commended it very much. Soon after the clock struck four, her Majesty said she would resign her place; for she came to see me on purpose to prevent my venturing out in the evening, lest I should catch cold before my journey.

REMARKS ON THE SUPPOSED HABITATIONS OF COLUMBUS, PETRARCH, AND
JUDAS ISCARIOT. BY BARON VON ZACH.

M. ROBIN, a French writer, published at Paris in 1807, in three volumes, a narrative of Travels in the interior of Louisiana, West Florida, Martinique, and St. Domingo. In the last-mentioned island, which he visited in 1802, he saw the ruins of a deserted mansion, surrounded with thorn-bushes, shrubs, and nettles. While resting upon these ruins, he did not fail to make some highly philosophical reflections on the perishable nature of all human things. On considering the fate of many great men, he was filled with profound pity, and his indignation vented itself in vehement censure of the ingratitude and injustice of mankind. But what mansion was it that occasioned these grave meditations? Ah! replies M. Robin with a sigh, it was the habitation of Christopher Colombo.

It belongs to the learned historians and biographers of the illustrious and unfortunate conqueror of the new world to discuss and decide the question, whether he ever had inclination or leisure for building castles in St. Domingo. During his first visit he erected a small wooden fort, which in his second voyage he saw in ashes, surrounded by the mutilated carcasses of thirty-eight of his companions whom he had left behind. At the time of his third voyage he found the colony in a state of confusion and actual insurrection; he had then to struggle against the most virulent spirit of persecution. In his fourth voyage, Colombo was received with specious friendship by the traitors, Ovando and Varros, and soon obliged to betake himself to flight, and to quit, with all possible expedition, the former theatre of his glory, but then of his adversity and humiliation. Whoever possesses a merely superficial acquaintance with the memorable history of the

discovery of America, would be exceedingly puzzled to tell at what time Colombo could have resided in this noble mansion, which is situated in a retired and beautiful valley. The inhabitants of St. Domingo*, however, unanimously assured M. Robin that this mansion had belonged to Christophoro Colombo: It is not improbable that this building may be in the same predicament as Petrarch's chateau at Vaucluse, which the inhabitants of this charming valley never fail to point out to the curious traveller. Yet Petrarch no more dwelt in a chateau at Vaucluse than Colombo in the island of St. Domingo. The building, seated on a lofty rock, which is shewn as the residence of Petrarch, belonged to the bishops of Cavailon and lords of Vaucluse. The modest dwelling of the swan of the Sorgue was, on the contrary, a simple peasant's cottage, which he somewhat improved to render it more commodious. This house experienced the same fate as Colombo's little fort in St. Domingo. On Christmas-day, 1335, it was first plundered, and then set on fire, by a band of robbers who had for some time previous haunted the vicinity of Vaucluse. Not a vestige of it remains, because the stones were applied by the inhabitants of the valley to other purposes; nevertheless, out of a hundred travellers who visit Vaucluse from respect to the memory of Petrarch and Laura, at least ninety-nine believe they have seen the

* The town of St. Domingo was built in 1494 by Bartolomeo Colombo, Christopher's brother, but it was not the same place that M. Robin visited. The ancient town founded by Bartolomeo was completely destroyed by a most tremendous hurricane in 1502. It was situated on the east bank of the Ozama, whereas the present town stands on the west bank of that stream.

dwelling of the philosophic poet, just as M. Robin believed he had seen that of the great navigator. Of Petrarca's residences, his house at Arquà, near Padua, is the only one still standing, and this cannot certainly be considered as a chateau.

A French proverb says, *A beau mentir qui vient de loin*—in plain English, He who travels far may lie as much as he pleases. But a person has no occasion to go very far to be entitled to the privilege of retailing wonders. At Corfu the people shew a house in which, according to their account, Judas Iscariot resided. They tell you at the same time that the stones of which it is built could never be dispersed; for if any of them be carried away even to the distance of one hundred leagues, it soon returns to its former place. Of course this house need not apprehend the fate of Petrarca's at Vacluse.

To the tales which occasioned the preceding observations may be added a few authenticated facts respecting Christophoro Colombo.

A dissertation by Gerolamo Serra, Francesco Carrega, and Domenico Piaggio, in the third volume of the *Memorie dell'Accademia delle Scienze, Lettere ed Arti di Genova nel 1814*, leaves no doubt whatever as to the native country of this navigator. The statements of those respectable academicians are perfectly satisfactory, and after such convincing proofs as they have adduced, farther evidence seems unnecessary. Another document, hitherto unknown, has however been recently brought forward; and as the circulation of the work in which it appears may perhaps not extend for some time beyond the limits of Italy, a brief notice of it is subjoined.

M. Bianchi, in his *Osservazioni sul Clima, sul Territorio, e sulle Acque della Liguria marittima* (Genoa, 1817-1818, 2 vols. 8vo.), informs us, that in the archives of the town of Savona is preserved the will of a certain Niccolò di Monleone G. Giovanni, which was deposited on the 20th of March, 1472, with Luigi Moreno, the notary. In this instrument Christophoro Colombo, son of Domenico, is named among the witnesses who were present at the transaction, and described as a Genoese—*vi è qualificato per Genovese*. Christophoro was born in 1445, and was consequently at that time 27 years old. This will may possibly contribute to elucidate some circumstances of the life of Colombo, especially as his biographers possess but

very meagre particulars concerning this period. Christophoro first went to sea as a youth of fifteen, with an expedition bound to Naples in 1460; from that time we lose sight of him, and we know nothing more than that he became captain of a ship, frequented the northern seas, was in several naval engagements, and saved his life by swimming near Lisbon, where we again find him in 1474, and where he wrote the well-known letter to Paolo Toscanelli of Florence. This was, of course, two years subsequent to the date of Monleone's will. In 1475 Colombo alarmed the coasts of the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas with a fleet. Sabellico calls him *Archipirata illustris*; but it is not known for certain to which Colombo he alludes, as there were two other admirals of that name before Christophoro. We shall dwell no longer on this point, as we had no other object than on the one hand to produce a new proof that Christophoro was a native of Genoa, and to shew on the other, that on the 20th of March, 1472, he was at Savona and not at sea—a fact that may be of some use to future inquirers.

It has just been observed that there were two admirals of the name of Colombo, one of whom was nephew to the other, and who were known before Christophoro acquired celebrity. Besides these there was a third, who was neither a Genoese nor Piedmontese, nor even an Italian, but a Frenchman. This Colombo was vice-admiral of France, during the reign of Louis XI. and the same who in 1479 took eighty Dutch vessels and carried them into the ports of Normandy. Respecting this officer the learned and acute Leibnitz fell into a temporary error, by confounding him, in his *Codex Juris Gentium diplomaticus*, with our Christophoro. This mistake he corrected in the Supplement to his Codex published in 1700, under the title of *Mantissa Codicis Juris Gentium diplomatici*, after it had been pointed out to him by his correspondent, Nicholas Thoynard, a learned French philologist, antiquary, and historian, who died in 1706.

The real name of the French vice-admiral, which is sometimes spelt Coulomb, at others Coulomp and Conlon, was Guillaume de Caseneuve. The surname Colombo was probably only a *nom de guerre*, assumed by him, as was customary in those times, to place himself on an equality with his formidable

colleague in the Mediterranean, the *Archipirata illustris*. The term *Pirata* was not then considered as any disgrace. *Lutrocinum maris illis temporibus gloria*

habebatur, says Justin, Hist. lib. 43; and we may ask, are not similar notions prevalent, even at the present day, in regard to conquerors either by sea or land?

LETTERS TO MR. MALTHUS, ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND PARTICULARLY ON THE GENERAL STAGNATION OF COMMERCE.

LETTER I.

SIR,
EVERY person who takes an interest in the new and interesting science of political economy, will certainly read the work with which it has lately been enriched by your talents. You are not one of those authors who claim the attention of the public, without having any information to communicate; and when the importance of the subject is added to the celebrity of the writer, when the question in debate is that momentous one to 'civilized' society, namely, what are its means of existence and enjoyment? the curiosity of readers will undoubtedly be excited in an extraordinary degree.

I shall not attempt, Sir, to add my suffrage to that of the public, in pointing out the just and ingenious observations in your book; the undertaking would be too laborious. Nor shall I here discuss with you some points, to which, I think, you attach an importance which does not belong to them: I should be sorry to annoy either you or the public with pedantic disputes. But, I regret to say, I find in your doctrines some fundamental principles which, if admitted under the imposing sanction of your authority, would occasion a retrograde movement in a science of which your extensive information and great talents are so worthy to assist the progress.

In the first place my attention is fixed by the inquiry, so important to the present interests of society: What is the cause of the general glut of all the markets in the world, to which merchandize is incessantly carried to be sold at a loss? What is the reason that in the interior of every state, notwithstanding a desire of action adapted to all the developements of industry, there exists universally a difficulty of finding lucrative employments? And when the cause of this chronic disease is found, by what means is it to be remedied? On these questions depend the tranquillity and happiness of nations: and since this discussion tends to their illustration, I have not thought it unworthy of your

attention, or that of the enlightened public.

Since the time of Adam Smith, political economists have agreed that we do not in reality buy the objects we consume, with the money or circulating coin which we pay for them. We must in the first place have bought this money itself by the sale of our produce. To the proprietor of the mines whence this money is obtained, it is a produce with which he purchases such commodities as he may have occasion for: to all those into whose hands this money afterwards passes, it is only the price of the produce which they have themselves created by means of their stock in lands, capital, or industry. In selling this, they exchange their produce for money; and they afterwards exchange this money for objects of consumption. It is then in strict reality with their produce that they make their purchases; it is impossible for them to buy any articles whatever to a greater amount than that which they have produced either by themselves, or by means of their capitals and lands.

From these premises I had drawn a conclusion which appeared to me evident, but which seems to have startled you. I had said, "As each of us can only purchase the produce of others with his own produce—as the value we can buy is equal to the value we can produce, the more men can produce the more they will purchase. Thence follows the other conclusion, which you refuse to admit: that if certain goods remain unsold, it is because other goods are not produced; and that it is production alone which opens markets to produce."

I am aware that this proposition has a paradoxical appearance which creates prejudices against it; I know that common prejudices are more likely to support the opinions of those who maintain that there is too much produce, because every body is engaged in creating it: that instead of constantly producing, we ought to increase unproductive consumption, and devour our old capitals instead of accumulating new ones.

This doctrine has indeed appearances in its favour; it may be supported by arguments; and may interpret facts in its favour. But, Sir, when Copernicus and Galileo first taught that the sun (although it was daily seen to rise in the east, ascend imperceptibly to the meridian, and decline at evening in the west) never moved from its station, they also had to contend with universal prejudice, the opinion of antiquity, the evidence of the senses: yet ought they to have renounced the demonstrations resulting from sound philosophy? I should wrong you, were I to doubt of your answer.

To proceed. When I advance that produce opens a vent for produce; that the means of industry, whatever they may be, when left to themselves, always tend to the objects most necessary to nations, and that these necessary objects create at once new populations and new enjoyments for those populations, all appearances are not against me. Let us only look back two hundred years, and suppose that a trader had carried a rich cargo to the places where New York and Philadelphia now stand; would he have sold it? Suppose then that, after escaping the hazards of the climate, he had succeeded in founding there an agricultural or manufacturing establishment; would he have there sold a single article of his produce? No, undoubtedly. He must have consumed them himself. Why do we now see the contrary? Why is the merchandize carried to, or made at Philadelphia or New York, sure to be eventually sold? It seems to me evident that it is because the cultivators, the traders, and now even the manufacturers of New York, Philadelphia, and the adjacent provinces, create or procure there some produce, by means of which they purchase what is brought to them from other quarters.

Perhaps it will be said that what is true with respect to a new state, may not be applicable to an old one. There was in America room for new producers and new consumers; but in a country which already contains more producers than sufficient, additional consumers only are wanting. Permit me to answer, that the only true consumers are those who on their side produce, because they alone can buy the produce of others; and that unproductive consumers can buy nothing, unless by means of the value created by those who produce.

It is probable that ever since the time of Queen Elizabeth, when England was not half so populous as at present, it has been found that the number of hands exceeded the quantity of labour; I desire no other proof than the poor laws of that period, the consequences of which constitute one of the most dangerous diseases of England. The principal object of those laws is to furnish work to the unfortunate who cannot obtain employment. They had no employment, in a country which has since been able to employ twice or thrice the number of workmen. What is the reason, Sir, however unfortunate the situation of Great Britain may now be, that much greater quantities of goods are now sold there than in the time of Elizabeth? Whence can this arise, unless from the fact that the produce of that country is now greater? One man produces an article which he exchanges for another article produced by his neighbour. The means of subsistence being greater, the population has increased, yet every one has been better provided for. It is the power of producing which makes the difference between a country and a desert; and the more a country produces, the more it is populous, advanced in civilization, and provided with the necessaries of life.

You will probably not object to this observation which appears so obvious; but you deny the consequences which I draw from it. I have advanced that whenever there is a glut, a superabundance of several sorts of merchandize, it is because other articles are not produced in sufficient quantities to be exchanged for the former; and if those who produce the latter could provide more of them or of other goods, the former would then find the vent which they required: in short, that the superabundance of goods of one description arises from the deficiency of goods of another description. You, on the contrary, assert that there may be a superabundance of goods of all sorts at once; and you adduce several facts in favour of your opinion. M. Sismondi had already opposed my doctrine; and I am happy to quote here his strongest expressions, that I may not deprive you of any of your advantages, and that I may answer you and M. Sismondi at once.

"Europe," says that ingenious author, "has in every part arrived at the point of possessing industry and manufacturing power superior to its wants." He adds that the consequent accumula-

tion and incumbrance begins to affect the rest of the world. "In reading the commercial reports, the journals and accounts of travellers, we see on every side proofs of the superabundant production which exceeds consumption; of the manufacturing industry which is proportioned, not to the demand, but to the capital which speculators wish to employ; of that mercantile activity which impels the merchants in crowds to every new market, and exposes them by turns to ruinous losses, in every branch of commerce from which they looked for profit. We have seen merchandize of every description, but above all that of England, the great manufacturing power, abounding in all the markets of Italy in a proportion so far exceeding the demand, that the merchants, to regain a part of their capital, have been obliged to part with them at a loss of a fourth or a third, instead of any profit. The torrent of commerce repelled from Italy, flowed upon Germany, Russia, and Brazil, and soon found in those countries similar obstacles."

"The latest journals announce similar losses in new countries. In August 1818, they complained at the Cape of Good Hope that all the warehouses were filled with European merchandize, which, although offered at lower prices than in Europe, could not be sold. Similar complaints were made in June at Calcutta. At first a strange phenomenon had been seen, that of England sending her cotton goods, &c. to India, and consequently succeeding in working cheaper than the half-naked people of Hindostan, by reducing her workmen to a still more miserable existence. But the direction thus capriciously given to commerce did not last long. At this time English manufactures are cheaper in the Indies than in England. In May, it was found necessary to re-export from New Holland European merchandize which had been carried thither in excessive quantities. Buenos Ayres, New Grenada, and Chili, are sending back goods in a similar way.

"Mr. Fearon's journey in the United States, concluded only in the spring of 1818, presents the same spectacle in a manner still more striking. From one extremity of that vast and prosperous continent to the other, there is not a village where the quantity of merchandize offered for sale is not infinitely superior to the means of the buyers, although the merchants labour to allure

them by very long credits, and facilities of every kind for the payments, which they receive by instalments and in goods of every description."

"There are no facts which present themselves to us in so many places, and so many forms, as the disproportion between the means of consumption and the means of production, or the inability of those who produce to abandon their industry, because it is in a declining condition, and the certainty that their numbers are never reduced but by failures. How does it happen that philosophers refuse to perceive what meets the eyes of the vulgar in every direction?"

"The error into which they have fallen arises entirely from the false principle that production is the same thing as revenue. Mr. Ricardo, following M. Say, thus repeats and confirms it. 'M. Say has proved in the most satisfactory manner,' he says, 'that there is no capital, however considerable, which cannot be employed, because the demand for produce is limited only by the production. No one produces any thing but with the intention of consuming or selling it; and nothing is ever sold but for the purpose of buying some other article of produce, either of immediate utility, or calculated to contribute future production. The producer therefore becomes the consumer of his own produce, or the purchaser and consumer of the produce of some other person.' Upon this principle," says M. Sismondi, "it becomes absolutely impossible to comprehend or explain the most established fact in the history of commerce, the glut of the markets."

I must remark, to those who attach great and decisive importance to the facts which M. Sismondi justly regrets, that those facts are indeed conclusive, but against himself. The quantity of English merchandize offered for sale in Italy is too great, because there is not sufficient Italian produce suitable to the English market. A country can purchase only what it can pay for, since, if it were not to pay, people would soon be tired of selling to it. Now in what articles do the Italians pay the English? with oils, silks, and dried raisins; and besides those and a few other articles, if they would still acquire English produce, in what form are they to pay for them? In money! But they must first get this

money with which they are to pay for the English produce. You perceive, Sir, that to acquire foreign produce, a nation must, like an individual, have recourse to its own productions.

It is said that the English sell at a loss in those places which they inundate with their merchandize. This I believe to be true: they multiply the goods offered, which depreciates them; and they demand in return, as far as it is practicable, money only, which therefore becomes more rare and valuable. Being thus enhanced in value, money is given in smaller quantities in every exchange: thus are people obliged to sell at a loss. But suppose for an instant that the Italians possessed more capital, that they employed their lands and their industrious faculties to greater advantage, in short that their produce were greater; and suppose, at the same time, that the English laws, instead of having been modelled upon the absurd principles of the balance of trade, had admitted on moderate terms all that the Italians had been capable of furnishing in payment for the English productions; can you doubt that the English merchandize which incumbers the ports of Italy, and great quantities of other merchandize besides, would have been disposed of with facility?

Brazil, that vast country so favoured by nature, would be able to absorb a hundred times as much English merchandize as is now vainly sent there without finding a market; but it would first be requisite that Brazil should produce all that it is capable of producing; and how is that wretched country to attain that desirable object? All the efforts of the citizens are paralyzed by the government. If any branch of industry offers there the prospect of gain, it is instantly seized and stifled by the hand of power. Does any one find a precious stone? it is taken from him. Fine encouragement this to exert productive industry for the purpose of buying with its produce European merchandize!

The English government contributes to the injury of its commerce by repelling, by means of its customs and import duties, the produce which the English might obtain by their exchanges with foreigners; even the articles of food of which their manufacturers stand so much in need; and this because it is necessary that the English farmers should sell their corn at more than 80s. the quarter, to enable them to pay extravagant taxes. All these nations complain of a state of

suffering into which they have been brought by their own fault, like diseased persons who bewail their maladies, and at the same time obstinately refuse to abandon the excesses which have caused them.

I know that it is not so easy to uproot an oak as to pull up a weed; I know that it is not easy to overturn old fences however rotten, when they are supported by the heaps of filth which have accumulated beneath their shelter; I know that certain governments, corrupted and corrupting, stand in need of monopolies, and of the money arising from the customs, to pay for the votes of the honourable majorities which pretend to represent nations: I am not so unjust as to wish them to govern according to the general interest, in order to secure all suffrages gratuitously; but, at the same time, why should I be astonished that such vicious systems produce deplorable effects?

You will, I presume, readily agree with me, as to the injuries which nations mutually sustain from their jealousies of each other, from the sordid interest or the inexperience of those who take upon themselves to be their organs; but you maintain, that even supposing they possessed more liberal institutions, the goods produced might exceed the wants of the consumers. Well, Sir, on this ground I am willing to rest my defence. Let us leave out of the question the war which exists between nations and the ministers of their revenue laws; let us consider each nation in its relations with itself; and let us inquire, once for all, whether we have not the means of consuming what we have the means of producing.

"M. Say, M. Mill, and M. Ricardo," you say, "the principal authors of the new doctrine of profits, seem to me to have fallen into fundamental errors on this subject. In the first place they have considered commodities as if they were algebraic signs, instead of articles of consumption, which ought necessarily to be proportioned to the number of the consumers and the nature of their wants."

I know not, Sir, at least so far as I am concerned, upon what foundation you have built this assertion. I have repeated, in a great variety of forms, this idea, that the value of things (the only quality by which they become

wealth) is founded on their utility; on their aptitude to the supply of our occasions. "The want of various articles," I have said, "depends on the physical and moral nature of man; on the climate which he inhabits, and the manners and laws of his country. He is subject to bodily wants, to mental and spiritual wants; some things are needful to him on his own account, others for his family; and others he requires as a member of society. A bear-skin and a rein-deer are to a Laplander objects of the first necessity; whilst the very names of them are wholly unknown to a *lazzarone* of Naples. The latter, for his part, can dispense with every other thing, if he is plentifully supplied with macaroni. In like manner the courts of justice in Europe are considered the strongest bonds of civil society; while the natives of America, the Arabs, and the Tartars, do very well without them."

"Of these wants, some are satisfied by the use which we make of certain things with which nature furnishes us gratuitously; as air, water, and the light of the sun. We may call these things *natural riches*, because they are supplied at the expense of Nature alone. Since she gives them to ALL, nobody is obliged to purchase them at the price of any sacrifice whatever. They have therefore no exchangeable value."

"Other wants can only be satisfied by the use which we make of certain things to which their utility could not have been given, without subjecting them to a modification, without operating a change in their condition; without having for this purpose surmounted a difficulty of some kind. Such are the various goods which we can only obtain by some process of agriculture, commerce, or the arts; and these only have an exchangeable value. The reason of this is evident: they are, by the mere fact of their production, the result of a change, in which the producer has given his productive services, in order to receive this product. They cannot therefore be obtained from him, except by virtue of another exchange, in which some other product is given to him, which he may consider of equal value with his own."

These things may therefore be called *social riches*, because no exchange can take place without a social relation, and because it is only in a state of society

that the right of possessing exclusively what has been obtained by production or exchange, can be guaranteed.

"Let us observe at the same time, that social riches are, so far forth as riches, the only ones which can become the object of scientific study; first, because they are the only ones which can be appreciated, or at least the only ones of which the appreciation is not arbitrary; and, secondly, because they alone are formed, distributed, and destroyed, according to laws which we are able to assign."

Is this to consider produce as algebraic signs, by abstracting the number of consumers and the nature of their wants? On the contrary, does not this doctrine establish that our wants alone induce us to make sacrifices by means whereof we obtain produce? These sacrifices are the price which we pay to procure that produce; you, like Smith, call these sacrifices by the name of *labour*, an insufficient expression, for they are partly composed of the use derived from land and capital. I call them *productive services*. They have everywhere a current price. When that price exceeds the value of the thing produced, the result is a disadvantageous exchange, in which the value consumed is greater than the value created. When a produce has been created equal to the value of the services employed, those services are paid by the produce, the value of which, distributed among the producers, forms their revenues. You see that the existence of these revenues depends upon the exchangeable value of the produce, which can only have such value in consequence of the necessity for such produce existing in the actual state of society. Therefore I do not abstract this necessity, or give it an arbitrary appreciation; I take it for what it is, for what the consumers make it to be. I could have cited, had it been necessary, the whole of my third book, which details the different modes, motives, and results of consumption, but I will not trifle with your time or attention:—let us proceed.

You say, "It is by no means true that commodities are always exchanged for commodities. The greater part of commodities is directly exchanged for labour productive or non-productive; and it is evident that this whole mass of commodities, compared with the labour for which it is exchanged, may fall in value through its superabundance, as well as any particular commodity may,

through its superabundance, fall in value with relation to labour or money." Permit me to remark, in the first place, that I never said commodities are always exchanged for commodities; but that produce is only purchased with produce.

Secondly, that even those who admit this expression of commodities might answer you, that when commodities are given in exchange for labour, these commodities are in reality given in exchange for other commodities, that is to say, for those which result from the labour which has been purchased. But this answer is insufficient for those who embrace in a more extended and complete view, the phenomenon of the production of our riches. Allow me to place it before your eyes in a striking form. The public, which is to judge between us, will, I think, be thus materially assisted in appreciating your objections and my answers.

To obtain a better view of the operations of industry, capital, and land, in the work of production, I personify them; and I discover that all these personages sell their labours, which I call productive services, to an undertaker, who may be either a trader, a manufacturer, or a farmer. This undertaker having purchased the services of a landed estate, by paying a rent to the proprietor of the land, the services of a capital by paying interest to the capitalist, and the industrious services of workmen, factors, agents of whatever description, by the payment of salaries, consumes and uses all these productive services, and out of this consumption results a valuable produce.

The value of this produce, provided it be equal to the costs of production, that is to say, to the sums necessarily advanced for all the requisite productive services, suffices to pay the profits of all those who have concurred directly or indirectly in this production. The profit of the undertaker on whose account this operation has been effected, deducting the interest of the capital which he may have employed, represents the remuneration for his time and talents, that is to say, his own productive services employed in his own behalf. If his abilities be great and his calculations well made, his profit will be considerable. If instead of talent he evinces inexperience in his affairs, he may gain nothing; he may very probably be a loser. All the risks attach to the undertaker; but on the other hand he

takes the advantage of all the favourable chances.

All the produce which we daily see, all that which our imagination can conceive, has been formed by operations which resolve themselves without exception into those which I have described, but combined in an infinity of different manners. What some undertakers do for one sort of produce, others perform for another sort. Now the interchange of these articles is what constitutes a market for each. The greater or less need that exists for one of these kinds of produce compared with the others determines the greater or less price which is given to obtain it, that is to say, the greater or less quantity of any other produce. Money is in these transactions only a transient agent, which, when once the exchange is completed, is no farther concerned in it, and flies to effect other exchanges.

It is with rent, interest, and wages, forming the profits resulting from this production, that the producers buy the objects of their consumption. These producers are at the same time consumers; and the nature of their wants, influencing in different degrees the demand for different kinds of produce, is always favourable, where liberty exists, to the most necessary kind of production; because that, being the most in demand, affords to those who undertake it the greatest profits. I said that in order to see how industry, capital, and land respectively act in productive operations, I personified them, and observed them in the services they rendered. But this is not a gratuitous fiction; it is a fact. Industry is represented by the industrious of all classes, capital, by capitalists; land, by its proprietors. These are the three orders of persons who sell the productive action of the instrument they possess, and stipulate the remuneration for its employment." My expressions may perhaps be censured; but it will then be incumbent on those who find fault with them, to propose better, for it is impossible to deny that this is the course of the transactions. The manner of the painter may be criticized, but the facts represented defy contradiction; there they are, and they will defend themselves.

To return to your accusation. You say, Sir, that many commodities are purchased with labour; and I go farther than you: I say, they are all purchased with labour, extending that expression

to the services rendered by capital and land.* I say that they cannot be purchased by any other means; that the value and utility of things result in all cases from such services; and that the alternative is thus presented to us, either of consuming, ourselves, the utility and consequently the value which we have produced; or of employing it in the purchase of the utility and value produced by others; that in both cases we purchase commodities with productive services, and that the more productive services we carry to market, the more we can buy in return.

You assert that there is no such thing as *immaterial* produce.† Why, Sir, originally there is no other. A field, for instance, furnishes towards production only its service, which is an immaterial product. It serves as a crucible into which you put a mineral, and extract metal and dross. Is there any part of the crucible in these products? No; the crucible serves for a new productive operation. Is there any portion of the field in the harvest which is obtained from it? I answer likewise No; for if land were thus gradually consumed, it would cease to exist in a few years: the land only returns what is put into it; but returns it after an elaboration which I call the productive service of the field. Possibly some people may quibble on the word; I do not apprehend any quibbles that may be attempted as to the thing, because that is undeniable, and wherever political economy shall be studied, will be acknowledged as the fact, whatever name people may think proper to give it.

The service rendered by capital in any undertaking whatever, commercial, agricultural, or manufactural, is likewise an immaterial product. He who consumes a capital unproductively destroys the capital itself; he who consumes it reproductively, consumes the material capital, and also the service of that capital, which is an immaterial product. When a dyer puts indigo, to the value of a thousand francs, into his copper, he consumes material produce worth a thousand francs; and, besides, he consumes the time of this capital, its interest. The dye which he obtains,

renders him the value of the material capital employed, and also the value of the immaterial service of the same capital. The service of the workman is likewise an immaterial product. The workman comes out of the manufactory at night with as many fingers as he carried into it in the morning. He has left nothing material in the workshop. It is then an immaterial service which he has furnished towards the productive operation. This service is the daily or annual produce of a fund or estate which I call his industrious faculties, and which composes his wealth: a sorry wealth! particularly in England; and I know the reason.

These form immaterial produce, which, however it may be called, will still be immaterial productions, exchangeable mutually one with another, exchangeable for material productions; and which, in all exchanges, will still seek their market-price, founded, like every market-price in the world, upon the proportion between the supply and demand.

These services, of industry, capital, and land, which are products independent of all matter, form all our revenues, whosoever we may be. What! are all our revenues immaterial? Yes, Sir, ALL: otherwise the mass of matter which composes the globe must increase every year, because every year we should have new material revenues. We neither create nor destroy a single atom: all that we do is to change the combinations of things; and all that we contribute to it is immaterial. It is VALUE; and it is this value which is immaterial that we daily, annually consume, and upon which we live; for consumption is a change of form given to matter, or, if you prefer the expression, a derangement of form, as production is an arrangement. If you find a paradoxical appearance in these propositions, examine the things which they express, and I have no doubt they will appear very simple and reasonable.

Without this analysis, I defy you to explain the whole of the facts; for instance, how the same capital is twice consumed: productively by an undertaker, and unproductively by his workman. By means of the foregoing analysis, it may be seen how the workman brings to market his labour, the fruits of his ability; he sells it to the master, carries home with him his wages, and consumes it unproductively. But the

* The English authors are often obscure through their confounding, like Smith, under the denomination of labour, the services rendered by men, by capital, and by land.

† Page 49.

master who has bought the labour of the workman with a part of his capital, consumes it reproductively, as the dyer consumes reproductively the indigo thrown into his copper. These values having been consumed reproductively, re-appear in the produce which comes out of the hands of the master. It is not the capital of the master which forms the revenue of the workman, as M. Sismondi asserts. The capital of the master is consumed in the workshops, and not in the dwelling of the workman. The value consumed by the latter has another source; it is the produce of his industrious faculties. The master devotes to the purchase of the workman's labour a part of his capital. Having purchased it, he consumes it; and the workman consumes, on his part, the value which he has obtained in exchange for his labour. Wherever there is exchange, there are two values bartered one for the other; and wherever two values are exchanged, there must be, and there are in effect, two consumptions*.

It is the same with the productive service rendered by capital. The capitalist who lends, sells the service, the labour of his instrument; the daily or annual hire which an undertaker pays him for it is called interest. The terms of the exchange are, on one side, the service of the capital, on the other the interest. The undertaker, while he consumes reproductively the capital, also consumes reproductively the service of the capital. The lender, who has sold the service of the capital, consumes the interest unproductively,

which is a material value given in exchange for the immaterial service of the capital. Ought we to wonder that there should be a double consumption, that of the undertaker to make his produce, and that of the capitalist to satisfy his wants, since there are two terms to the exchange, two values drawn from two different funds, bartered for each other, and both capable of consumption?

You say, Sir, that the distinction between productive and unproductive labour is the corner stone of Adam Smith's work; that to recognise as productive, labours which are not fixed in any material object (as I do) is to overturn that work from top to bottom.† No, Sir; that is not the corner-stone of Smith's work; for when that stone is removed, the edifice, although imperfect, remains as solid as before. What will eternally sustain that excellent book is, that it proclaims in every page that the exchangeable value of things is the foundation of all riches. From the publication of that important truth political economy became a positive science; for the market-price of every thing is a determinate quantity of which the elements may be analysed, the causes assigned, the relations studied, and the consequences foreseen. Permit me, Sir, to say, that to separate this essential character from the definition of wealth, is to plunge science again into the depths of obscurity; to drive it back.

Instead of weakening the authority of the celebrated Inquiry into the Wealth of Nations, I support it in the most essential part; but at the same time I think Adam Smith has erroneously re-

* A domestic produces personal services which are wholly consumed unproductively by his master, as soon as produced. The service of the public functionary is in like manner wholly consumed by the public, as fast as it is produced. That is the reason why these different services contribute nothing to the augmentation of riches. The consumer enjoys these services, but cannot accumulate them. This is explained in detail in my "*Traité d'Economie Politique*," 4e édition, tom. 1, p. 124. After that it is difficult to conceive how M. Malthus could print, (p. 35,) "We cannot explain the progress which Europe has made since the feudal times, without considering personal services as equally productive with the labour of merchants and manufacturers." It is with these services as with the labour of the gardener, who has cultivated sallads or strawberries. The wealth of Europe certainly does not arise from the strawberries which have been produced, because they must, like personal services, have been consumed unproductively as fast as they ripened, although less quickly than personal services.

I have instanced strawberries as a very perishable product; but it is not the durability of produce which particularly facilitates accumulation. It is its consumption in a manner adapted to reproduce its value in another object. For whether durable or not, all produce is devoted to consumption, and answers no purpose whatever except by its consumption; its use consists in satisfying a want, or in reproducing a new value. When people undertake to write on political economy, they should dismiss from their minds the notion that durable produce accumulates better than what is perishable.

† Malthus on Political Economy, p. 37.

jected some real exchangeable values, in rejecting those which are attached to productive services, which leave no trace because they are totally consumed; I think that he has likewise rejected services unquestionably real, which even leave their traces in material produce; such are the services of capital consumed, independently of the capital itself; I think that he fell into infinite obscurities through omitting to distinguish, in the course of production, the consumption of the industrious services of an undertaker from the services of his capital; a distinction which nevertheless is so real, that there is scarcely any commercial company whose regulations do not contain clauses relative to it.

I revere Adam Smith. He is my master. When I attempted the first steps in political economy, and when tottering and pushed here and there by the advocates of the balance of commerce on the one side, and the advocates of net produce on the other, I stumbled at every move; he shewed me the true path; leaning on his *Wealth of Nations*, which shews at the same time his own intellectual wealth, I learned to go alone. Now I have ceased to belong to any school, and I shall escape the sort of ridicule which attached to the reverend father Jesuits who translated the *Elements* of Newton with annotations. They were sensible that physical laws would not square very well with those of Loyola; they therefore took care to inform the public by an advertisement, that, although they had apparently demonstrated the motion of the earth to complete the theory of celestial physics, they nevertheless bowed with submissive acquiescence to the decrees of the Pope, who did not admit this motion. I submit only to the decrees of eternal reason, and am not afraid to declare it. Adam Smith has not embraced the whole phenomenon of the production and consumption of wealth; but he has done so much that we ought to feel the deepest gratitude for his exertions. The most vague and obscure of all the sciences, will, thanks to his researches, soon become the most precise, and leave fewer facts unexplained than any of the others.

Let us then figure to ourselves the producers (by which name I mean as well the possessors of capital and land as the possessors of industrious facul-

ties); let us imagine them pressing forwards with emulation to offer their productive services, or the utility derived from them, (an immaterial quality.) This utility is their produce. Sometimes it is fixed in a material object, which passes with the immaterial produce, but which in itself is of no importance, is nothing in political economy; for matter deprived of value is not wealth. Sometimes it passes, sold by one and bought by another, without being fixed in any substance—as the advice of the physician, that of the lawyer, the soldier's service, and the attention of the public functionary. All these exchange the utility which they produce for that which is produced by others; and in as many of these exchanges as are abandoned to free competition, as the utility offered by Paul is more or less in demand than the utility offered by James, it is sold more or less dear, that is to say, it brings, in exchange, more or less of the utility produced by the latter. It is in this sense that we should understand the influence of demand and supply.

This, Sir, is not a doctrine retrospectively made for the occasion; it is delivered in several parts of my *Traité d'Economie Politique*; and by means of my *Epitome*, its concordance with all the other principles of the science, and with all the facts which form its basis, is firmly established. It is already professed in several parts of Europe; but I ardently wish to see you convinced of its truth, and that you may think it worthy of the support of that chair which you fill with so much credit. After these necessary explanations you will not accuse me of vain subtleties, if I rely on laws which I have shewn to be founded on the nature of things, and the facts which flow from that source.

Commodities, you say, are not exchanged for commodities only; they are also exchanged for labour. If this labour be a product which some sell and others buy and consume, I shall find little difficulty in calling it a commodity, and you will find little in assimilating other commodities to this, for they are also produce. If you apply the name of produce indiscriminately to all these commodities, you will probably agree with me, that produce is only purchased with produce.

INTELLIGIBLE ODDS, CHEERFUL ELEGIES, GAY SONNETS,

AND TALES OF NO WONDER.

Virginibus Puerisque Canto.—*Hor.*ON SEEING A MOTTO FROM PINDAR PRE-
FIXED TO SOME VERSES OF MR. H.

O gentle Bard! full much I wonder
Why you should quote this son of thunder;
Not more amaz'd to cast my eye on
A tailor flirting with a lion!
Whether you gravely write, or gaily,
You're still the gentle Mr. ———,
In style prosaic tagg'd with rhyme
Monstrously flat and unsublime,
Which sometimes buckrams into rant
By aid of sentimental cant;
Such as reminds us of the plan
Of Harvey and of Bunyan.
With Mason Mr. H. glories
In metaphysic allegories,
Where words which prose-men term abstract
By epithets are made to act;
Compell'd on their reluctant duties,
And Spenser's faults are H.'s beauties.

A QUIZZ ON BOASTED INDEPENDENCE.

From Euripidis Hecuba, l. 864.

So, independence is your aim:
Alas! that boast is but a name.
Perhaps Ambition makes you toil,
Or Av'rice pins you to the soil,
Or makes you heedlessly advance
Your fortune on a game of chance;
Perhaps some headlong passion draws,
And you oppose your country's laws:
Whilst as a senator you do
All that a mob compels you to:
From these restraints, unless you fly,
Ah! where's your boasted liberty?

ON MISS ——— ENTERING MY STUDY
WHILST I WAS READING LOCKE.Si possem studiis vigilare severis
Differtur.—*Propert.* Lib. 2, Eleg. 3.

'Tis not because good manners bid,
At your approach I shut my book,
'Tis not from fear I should be chid
By smiles withheld, or angry look,
No, lovely girl! alas! I feel
A stronger passion at my heart,
Such as your smiles alone can heal,
Such as your eyes alone impart;
Those eyes, alas! too well are skill'd
My powers of reason to betray,
And whilst my mind with rapture's fill'd,
I throw the useless book away.

TO THE SAME,
WHO WISHED ME TO WRITE A SONNET.

What! with that smile beneath your bonnet,
And cheeks of rosy hue,
Do you ask me to write a sonnet?
I cannot, e'en for you;
For should I prove so simple
To set me down and try,
I should be thinking of that dimple,
And those lips of vermeil dye;

By those eyes so merry and blue,
With beams so bright and gay,
My sorrows, both old and new,
Would quickly be banish'd away;
Your presence all sorrow composes
(And without them pray what is a sonnet?)
I only can think of the roses
And the smile that is under your bonnet.

ON SEEING A PAIR OF STOCKS PLACED
NEAR A CHURCH.

A pair of stocks, which stood close by
An ancient church, with steeple high,
Provok'd his neighbour orthodox,
To cast some sneers upon the stocks.

Church.—Who, vulgar fellow, plac'd you here
Close to my walls? I cannot bear
To think my power cannot controul,
And awe, and check each vicious soul;
Besides, you seem neglected quite,
Your timbers are in wretched plight,
Which shows your use is very small,
Or else they would not let you fall.

Stocks.—Good Mr. Steeple, stop a little
And I will answer to a tittle;
Since missionaries came in vogue
I own I seldom catch a rogue,
So many have a call to teach
Nations, which lie beyond my reach,
Where first we plunder'd, now we preach.

Just then a warden brought a lad
To place him in the stocks right glad;
He caught him in the act, assailing,
With all his might, the church-yard's railing.
Good Mr. Steeple, now no more
To his friend Stocks a grudging bore,
But own'd, (so ended the debate)
The alliance between Church and State.

THE EPIGRAMMATIST AND SONNETEER.

Oderunt bilareum tristes, &c.—*Hor.*

At the same table, very near
(Variety's the soul of taste)
To a most sombre sonneteer
An epigrammatist was plac'd,
The sentimental sprite of woe,
With feelings all so soft inspir'd,
Began his pettishness to show,
And spoke with indignation fir'd:—

'Hence,' Mr. Merryman, 'your jokes,
Perhaps they please some sort of folks,
But learn that bards of thought refin'd
A luxury in tears can find
To men of grosser moulds unknown,
And we delight to be alone.'

The other said, 'With all my heart,
You cannot more desire to part;
You all are such a gloomy set
'Twould make a Merry Andrew fret
To see your mumping race invade
Poetic ground; and beggars made
Heirs of Parnassus; whilst their lays
Excite our pity, not our praise.'

THE SMILE AND THE FROWN.
AN ECLOGUE.

"Twas in the face of a coquette
A Smile and Frown together met,
Tho' not without some rude collision,
Like Ministers and Opposition;
Or when beneath an April sky
Sun-shine and clouds together ply,
The Smile began, with placid air,
"Madam, I'm glad to see you're here,
Altho' your visit, I must own,
Was unexpected, Mrs. Frown."
"Nay, madam," quoth the wrinkled dame,
"You have yourself alone to blame;
You oft invite me to a meeting;
I am surpriz'd at such a greeting
From you, who, tho' you choose to flout me,
I know can never do without me.
Many prefer my face, tho' plain;
You are so false, the beaux complain;
And lovers candidly declare,
Tho' I am rude, I'm yet sincere;
Whilst you so often, Mrs. Smile,
Look lovely only to beguile."

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

When first Belinda ogled man,
She hid her face beneath her fan,
And blush'd with every sigh;
But when a second swain came near,
Dismiss'd was every former fear,
And love beam'd in her eye.
The third fond lover found her cool,
Of love or shanie no more the fool,
To saint it or to sin it;
Nothing her tender heart could fix,
Except, perhaps, a coach and six,
And any dolt within it.

ON VIEWING A FINE PICTURE BY REM-
BRANDT, OF A BURGOMASTER.

When Time survey'd in Rembrandt's tints
This deeply furrow'd face,
"Sure," he exclaim'd, "I gave these hints,
My hand who cannot trace?
Yon venerable Magistrate,
Yon ancient Female's wrinkled front,
Betray in every line and trait
That Time has laid his hand upon't.
Be mine the pleasure and the pride
To save these specimens sublime;
Nor shall oblivion dare deride
Works that are sanctified by Time."

A TALE OF NO WONDER.

Deficit auditor, non deficit ille loquendo.

C. Gallus.

Although endow'd with powers of speech
Beyond a common mortal's reach,
Loquax did never give a handle
To fame, to say he dealt in scandal;
Tho' fond of talk, he is as fully
Master of words as Marcus Tully;
And can, as fluently as Gibbon,
Describe a Raphael or a ribbon;
Yet panegyric, day and night,
Is this great orator's delight.

Tho' some may doubt of such a trait,
So rare among the sons of prate;
Yet still his neighbours can untie
The knots of this strange mystery,
For well they know this talking elf
Can speak of nothing but himself.

THE ENVIOUS MAN.

Whence the pale cheek, the wrinkled brow,
The look averse, the eyes cast low?
What new misfortune presses Ned—
Is not his dying wife yet dead?
Or has his patron driven him from his
Imaginary Land of Promise?
Or is he to himself haranguing,
That hanging on is worse than hanging?
No;—his good patron still is plying
His ear with all the tricks of lying;
His wife's not likely to recover,
As four physicians round her hover.
Whence can arise these gloomy fancies—
Is it some breach in his finances?
Perhaps some agent may pretend,
To cheat him more, to be his friend:
No; Ned is much too sage a wight
To trust his money out of sight.
Yet why this groaning and these sighs?—
His bosom friend has gain'd a prize!

THE CONTEST, OR LOVE'S PAINS.

Perfer et obdura, labor hic tibi, &c.

Orid. Eleg. Lib. 3.

Close to her harpsichord and glass
Eight hours a day will Cælia pass,
And then comes down to dinner;
Surrounded by a group of beaux,
His wit or impudence each shows,
And hopes to quickly win her.
Whilst she, pert, ignorant, and vain,
By turns can smile on every swain,
Unsettled still her choice:
In one she loves the charms of dress,
In this unwearied politesse,
In that an air and voice;
In all sweet flattery: her heart,
And now her head, will play its part,
And now she trusts her eye;
The stately and the dapper form
By turns her gentle bosom storm,
Or sap it with a sigh:
Say, who shall gain this bauble prize,
The gay, the handsome, or the wise,
By wit, by smiles, or tears;
Since all alike employ'd she sees,
Say, who exclusively shall please?—
Who longest perseveres.

ANCIENT CUSTOMS & MODERN PRACTICE.

When barons bold in castles lone,
Abjur'd all power except their own,
(As modern democratic elves
Confine all freedom to themselves)
'Gainst neighbour baron barr'd their gates
For fear of broken limbs and pates,
To save their hours from rust and spleen,
That rose these monthly wars between,
Maintain'd, and ready at their call,
A fool within the castle's wall.

On whom the lord might crack his jokes
As the fool might on other folks.
But lords in modern times will crave
In lieu of talking fools, a knave,
An active knave, and silent too,
And willing what is bid to do.
He, skill'd great men to live among,
His pudding eats, and holds his tongue.

BODY AND MIND.

How oft the body and the mind
Have been compared; and oft we find
A fit comparison, and spy
The medical analogy.
Thus when I see an orator
Arguing against what he is for,
In such a patient I detect
A squinting in his intellect.
So when I hear a pedant prate,
And all his sentences inflate
With wind and words instead of sense,
That man's disease is flatulence.
When lost to every wish but gain,
The miser counts his gold in vain,
Early beginning, ending late,
A yellow fever is his fate.
The writer who delights to labour
In satire on each harmless neighbour,
I mark his sickly air and mien,
And his disorder call the spleen.
The man who with averted eye
Feels with his friends no sympathy,
Dull in himself and cold to them,
I hope he soon may die of phlegm.

LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

To a numerous set of Grumbletonians.

La vie est bonne en soi, et le plus grand bien du monde, mais le plus mal menagé.

Roche/oucault.

Life, which appears to some a riddle,
Has yet its parallel—a fiddle.
The instrument at first sight seems
Replete with sounds ycleped screams,
Should any blockhead ever dare
An unpremeditated air.
But let an artist touch the notes,
Soft music on the hearing floats.
As with the fiddle, so with life,
Discordance one, the other strife;
Because the player does not know
To manage skillfully the bow.
But when an honest man and wise
His hand upon life's fiddle tries,
Soft melody rewards his pain
In solo or concerto strain.

THE COAL AND DIAMOND.

A FABLE FOR COLD WEATHER.

A coal was hid beneath the grate,
'Tis often modest merit's fate,
'Twas small, so perhaps forgotten;
Whilst in the room and near in size
In a fine casket lin'd with cotton,
In pomp and state a diamond lies.

'So, little gentleman in black,'
The brilliant spark in anger cried,
'I hear in philosophic clack
Our families are close allied;
But know, the splendour of my hue,
Excell'd by nothing in existence,
Should teach such little folks as you
To keep a more respectful distance.'
At these reflections on his name
The coal soon reddened to a flame:
Of his own real use aware,
He only answered with a sneer,
'I scorn your taunts, good bishop *Blaze*,
And envy not your charms divine,
For, know, I boast a double praise,
As I can warm as well as shine.'

ON POSTHUMOUS FAME.

Illustrious monuments, the sun
Of old and now does shine upon!
Historians with a tale cajole us
Of a great tomb to King Mausolus,
The matchless sorrows to display
Of his widow Artemisia!
Who has not heard of statues fine
Which men of taste have dubb'd divine,
And stand their country's pride, instead
Of the Originals long dead?
But who his cottage would exchange
For pyramids of amplest range,
Or for a statue's matchless grace
His own square form and homely face,
And not prefer to live, tho' shabby,
Than be the first man in the Abbey?
Oh, if there such a hero be,
Oh let him die instead of me!

Gravesend.

PETER SNUG.

PROGRESS OF POETRY.

See the tall youth at Alma Mater,
Writes Latin verse, or turns translator.
Tries as original to gull us
By pilfering Ovid and Tibullus.
But should he in poetic strife
Once gain a prize*, he's bard for life.
Adieu to Newton, Boyle, and Locke,
He struts a true Parnassian cock,
Prudence, farewell! advice, adieu!
With no profession in his view,
He keeps his friends by jokes in awe:
"Say, is a blood-horse made to draw?
How would an eagle scream and rage
Should you confine him to a cage!"
Hence he infers a man of wit
Can only be for pleasure fit:
This he pursues, till scantier means
Shall cloud with cares life's early scenes.
When wearied friends and credit fail,
He quits his garret for a jail.

* At the University.

(Concluded from p. 35.)

How frequently, during the late intense heats, have we observed with wonder and delight, the charming equanimity with which our fair countrywomen endured the scorching ray, which even appeared to add to their loveliness increased bloom and bewitching languor. It would seem that in awakening a thousand languishing charms and graces "in beauty's form, in beauty's beaming eye;" it at the same time banished somewhat of that chilling reserve, and too diffident and serious turn of mind, which the climate, or the excessive modesty of English women, inspires. However it be, we know that they bear summer suns and variety of season, not only much better than we, but contrive to look more graceful and beautiful from the change; whether, according to the poet, novelty and variety in all things be more natural to them, (*semper mutabile femina*,) or that they have an inherent strength of good nature, and sweetness of disposition, which prevent them from indulging harassing and vexatious thoughts like ourselves. Certes, they are much the most animated and entertaining company during inflections, or visitations either of a natural or a moral nature—not excepting the raging dog-days, or the calls of a disagreeable acquaintance: and, in consequence of our unqualified approbation, (redeeming the promise made them in our last,) we shall *coolly* request their attention to the consideration of FANS, and other mighty trifles. We are horrified and astonished that no one has yet stood forth in defence of the comforts and elegancies of life, those thousand small, but infinite little wants and pleasures, which, by their frequent occurrence, more than make up for their want of importance. In the Argyll Rooms for instance, both in the *old* and the *new style* of exhibition (as we say of calculations in the Almanack), what can be more soul-rending and appalling, to a man of any lady-like feelings, and delicate sense of comfort and propriety, than to perceive how little the real interests of human enjoyment and social delight have been consulted in the site, the form, the accommodations, and the very objects of these

fashionable of fashionables—these hot and smothering rendezvous of the vulgar-polite, and the polite-vulgar. Where are the real refreshments of the sense or of the soul? Do they consist in *scrouging*—in meeting and being met, in crushing and being crushed?—The limpid fountains, the real orange bowers, the vases of incense and of myrrh, the cool deliciousness of Eastern festival and magnificence, are not there; neither the pomp and luscious pleasure of the Italian carnival, nor the sociability, the intelligence, and ease of the Paris assemblée and conversazione. There is a confused mêlée of dresses and of voices; the senses are overpowered, but not informed or delighted; and an aching head and dissipated spirits the next morning bear witness against us, and the intolerable oppression of the place; and all this, forsooth, because the English are the most enduring and resigned people of any in the world. "*Beati si sua bona norint*"—have we not plenty of water-pipes and sour vinegar, with odoriferous substances and liquids, convertible into a delightful composition with which we might bathe, and perfume, and refresh our public and private entertaining institutions, to the infinite gratification of the senses, and rich regaling of the spirit? Then, without introducing any of your *unnatural* and assassin-like thorough-drafts, have we not ingenuity enough to contrive and set up some fashionable ventilators, which, like the great flying fans of an ostrich pursued by greyhounds, should keep up such a winnowing in the upper regions of the rooms, as would refrigerate the hottest atmosphere under the sun? Such a discovery would improve the harmony of the four elements, reconcile the differences of the seasons, and supersede the use of fans amongst the ladies, except for the purposes of flirting, and pretending to hide a blush. Indeed the fan is susceptible of such a variety of manœuvres, that in fashionable hands it must still keep up its reputation, in spite of the refreshing qualities of other inventions; and if our arbiter elegantiarum, the *Book of Four Colours*, had merely contained some exquisite rules for its display, instead of the inf-

* The original "*Livre de Quatre Couleurs*" derives its title from being printed with ink of four colours.

nite variety of fashion in which it abounds, we should still think it no despicable acquisition, in the polite and exquisite age in which we live. Before we enter upon a dry discussion of rules, illustrations, and examples, connected with this difficult art, we must first refresh the imagination of our fair readers by referring them to that beautiful poem of Mr. Gay's, which celebrates the varieties, the ornaments, and uses of that celebrated appendage to the hand of fashion and beauty, under the title of *The Fan*.

We were here about to fire a regular tirade against MODERN POETS, and the exquisite excitability of poetic nerve which distinguishes them, when the door of our *Sanctum* suddenly opened, and my friend made his appearance, armed with his contributory portion. "Oh, are you there!" he exclaimed; "How do you now? A cure for *ennui*, or no?" "Complete; and most grateful for the task you have afforded me, '*labor ipse volupias*,' I'll never go to Moulsey or the Cockpit, to Brookes' or a dog-fight more.—The battle of the Magazines for me.—I'll write about it, goddess, and about it.' Homer's *Battle of the Pigmies* shall be a mere dwarf to it. The *Bibliomachia* will be something more striking and new. I have already hit off a couplet—the milling invocation is made:

"O thou, that with the Python spar'd, and laid
With a cross-buttock low the Grecian blade,
Who dared contend in song with the divine
Science of Phœbus—champion of the Nine,—
The second of great Pollux—ope the ring,
And watch the pugilistic sights I sing.
What sight more glorious than the fist displayed
Of Blackwood, flagrant with the wounds he's made,
Giving and taking with a glutton's pride—
Even the old Chicken's glad to spar aside,
And making to the ropes, seeks breath in play,
Nor dares to come to cuffs in the fray."

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed my friend, "may the devil of vulgarity take all your 'fancy,' your Sir Daniel O'Donnell's, and little Peter Corcorans; for with the exception of Moore, there is not a writer amongst them who should dare to open his mouth upon a facetious subject. But a truce to this. You will have no room for my contributions. I wish I had come sooner; but variety is our motto, and we have a Book of Four Colours to help us through—here it is—*Various ways of managing the fan*."—"Read on, and if I catch a Gallicism, woe!"—"Let us suppose an exquisitely fashionable and beautiful woman, as richly adorned with diamonds

as with the charms and graces of her own person. Though she possess all the prerogatives of high life—to be horrified at being alone, and bored in company—to hate ices because they are cold, vinegar because it is acid, and the fire because it is warm—thus establishing her title to the highest tone of *bon-ton*—in spite of these advantages, I maintain that she is little better than one of the wicked, if she know not how to give a graceful action to her fan. She may waltz as agreeably as our famous —, rattle with the spirit of an angel, and display a fine arm at the most bewitching moment; and yet all these accomplishments shall be worse than awkwardness to her, if she be not dextrous enough to follow them up with an eloquent appeal of the fan. It is susceptible of above a hundred various exhibitions of expressive style and character, though Lady — in her first volume of '*Philosophical Transactions*,' estimates them only at ninety-one. By these an accurate observer will easily distinguish the princess from the mayoress, and the real lady from '*La Roturiere gauche à faire horreur*.' But before we describe their peculiar properties, we must first inquire into the genealogy of the fan itself. It owes its existence to China, where it was discovered about the year twenty-seven thousand three hundred and eight; for be it known to all whom it may concern, that the Chinese are considerably older than the world itself. It was, in fact, the most beautiful Kansi, daughter of a respectable and extremely venerable old Mandarin, who first gave the world an idea of the fan. Amongst many pretty ways, she had contracted a habit of playing with her mask in her hand, wafting it in the air, and partaking of the coolness which it inspired. The next thing was to improve upon the notion; the artisans were set to work; and they ended in producing something like a screen or a fire-fan, which is still preserved in that form in China. But at last a certain Abbé Flatori, a Florentine gentleman, was fortunate enough, in the year 1634, to improve upon that clumsy and unwieldy size which the Chinese had given it, and produced a model much nearer our own than later improvers of the art are willing to admit. He in fact gave us the fan which we are flirting at this day—that mobility, and elasticity, and play, which in a delicate hand constitutes its charm and triumph. The abbé and the monks of Italy from that

time took care to avail themselves of the refreshing pleasures it afforded, maintaining even before the first Florentine beauties, that the Abbé Flatori had only invented this precious *bagatelle* for the benefit of ecclesiastics. Then Paris, that enhances every thing novel and beautiful, and was always fond of improving upon the arts which sprung under the patronage of the Medici at Florence—Paris received the gift of the fan with gratitude, devoted to the care of giving it all the additional graces of which it was found capable. It was there indeed first gilded, chased, and enamelled; rosewood, ebony, and ivory were successively employed in its ornament and completion. That was not all, however; the finest coloured paper, of the most delicate quality, being exhausted, light taffeta was employed, and fine Chinese paper: always those of China and of Florence, in order to remind the world that these two places still disputed the glory of having given it birth. Painting and miniature then united their variegated powers to please, in a thousand tints and poetic charms upon its surface; all portraits of beauty imaginable, and landscapes that vied with nature, were lavished with taste and skill upon elegant fans, which in Paris only, in the year 1745, amounted to the number of 20,000,000,000. Then they became charming, useful, and even interesting—giving vigour to the soft and idle-footed Zephyrs, protection to modesty and beauty, yet leaving all that is delightful to behold: they sometimes keep disagreeable countenances out of sight—repel the cruel rays of the sun, or the fire, which have as little respect for the complexion of a duchess as for that of a peasant. They conceal dark teeth, malignant smiles and whispers, and a thousand expressions of ill-humour; while they serve to hide the little secrets of elegant scandal under their shade, they can very eloquently express feelings of spleen and caprice; sometimes, indeed, they may be said to speak a language of their own; they possess a thousand inherent good qualities; and may safely be pronounced to be one of the most exquisite inventions of the human mind.

“But where shall we find words to express our admiration of this delightful toy in the hands of an accomplished woman, who knows how to use it in perfection? It insinuates itself playfully about the heart; flutters, spreads its wings, and folds, rising and declining to

accompany all the shades of feeling and of passion. We know that Tertallian gave the world a treatise upon *The Mantle*, though it be of much inferior interest to the one we are upon. It is so convenient, as well as useful, and, with a little practice, gives countenance to a bashful and diffident face. It extricates a timid young lady, on her first introduction, from the embarrassments which surround her in a large and fashionable circle (which at first appears fraught with enchantment), with infinite promptitude and grace. It hides awkwardness, and it veils a blush. Its rapid motion very opportunely covers an access of ill-humour or anger; and a lady has leisure to bite her lips, and recover her temper behind its protecting folds. Again, in listening to an affecting incident or delicious tale, the fan may advance and fall, opening and folding like the wings of a dove, and giving energy and sweetness to each expressive pause. But, oh! if we are relating any past incident of pleasure, or forming some charming, though innocent, assignation, it is then that, with the fan closed, a lady ought to strike it gently on her open hand in a sort of rapid motion, which betrays at once her accomplishments and the interest she takes in the subject. There is also a negligent style of managing it, and playing artfully with the evolutions, which only a practised hand comprehends. It sometimes performs the office of a book, when a sweet and sparkling eye dwells intently upon its unfolded leaves with a careless stratagem, which has the appearance of deep feeling and profound reflection. But we now come to those gay and coquettish moments, in which a silent language of unutterable things is communicated through the medium of the fan. In this half-earnest and half-trifling folling, in which the understanding and heart join in an idle display of wit and feeling, words and whispers may be allowed to pass, to which the half-angry beauty only replies by applying the fan, with something of the swiftness and touch of lightning, to the cheek or fingers of the *badinant*. The stroke, however, should be given with a significance of smile and glance, which carries the conviction of a conquest even to the heart of the rash adventurer himself, who, like a delicate moth meaning to sport in the light, finds himself suddenly consumed in the blaze, wings and all.

The study of the fan will be found of

infinite use to those of a slow perception: on entering a private or public assembly, they ought, in the first place, to attend to the situation of the fans, as they are exceedingly good indications of the passions. Jealousy will be found pressing her lips upon the extremity of her fan, like a seal upon the secret of the heart, uttering not a word.

"The wretched victim of *ennui* is seen negligently playing with it, twisting and twirling it about her ear, which she soon follows by two or three involuntary gaspings of despair, which she may safely venture upon, if her mouth be small and elegant, as it ought to be. Let others, however, be careful not to open it above half.

"Real love may be known by a studied air of indifference, a languor, and carelessness of display, sadly playing with her fan, and using it without a meaning, or studying it with eyes of devotion, as if it were the book of wisdom itself. Curiosity, too, may be marked concealing her attention to the very objects upon which she is bent. You would think her the most dull person present, if it were not for the malicious smile and sparkling of the eye behind her fan which betray her.

"But it is Love, only Love, who triumphs over the fan itself. How many he has stolen, and how many broken in his rage, and torn to tatters! These are the real trophies of his glory, and symbols of the fickle and capricious moods of his subjects.

It is by no means an indifferent event when a fan drops upon a ball-room floor. This is generally done with *malice prepense*, and serves to take by surprise the secret ardour and concealed love which a lady may wish to discover in an undeclared admirer. He suddenly forgets himself—is the first to seize the fan, and restoring it to the fair hand, dexterously bends over it, and presses it to his lips. This is all done before he knows where he is, and, half repenting, he curses his own stars which have so publicly given a coquette the victory.

She smiles triumphant, and he is then regularly enlisted in her train, a tame and acknowledged subject of her caprice. This, however, is far from equal to the intelligence which a fan conveys from the fair hand of a lady at a distance, either in a carriage or the promenade. Love and tenderness are speaking in the motion with which she hails your appearance. She is delighted to see you, and her manner of touching her lips with the fan tells you so. Perhaps the next time she is in your company she forgets it, and you have then a glorious opportunity of restoring it where and when you please, exacting the most favourable terms, and accompanying it with verses of which Apollo need not be ashamed. But why insist further upon the infinite and inestimable advantages which are to be derived from the eloquent and expressive use of this refreshing little toy?—a point of union—a substitute for conversation, when nothing further can be said—and often a peace-maker between lovers upon the point of *having a scene*: it falls to the ground, cuts off the last harsh word, and changes the nature of the discourse. We are sorry to think poor Ovid was a stranger to so beautiful an invention, which would have afforded him resources without end in ornamenting his "*Art of Love*." Let us, however, be grateful for the superior advantages which science has afforded us in the times in which we live. Ladies who have experienced the utility and elegance of the art (of fanning), will not, we trust, easily, or ever renounce it. Fashions may change; the amusements of to-day be buried in the forgetfulness of the morrow; the very form and fashion of the age may leave in the succeeding no manner of likeness: but the fan will always be found equally refreshing and new, while the human heart retains its natural and best affections,

"And listens to the voice that calls
To plays, to concerts, and to balls."

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES OF THE JAPANESE.

ANY thing connected with Japanese history cannot fail to interest our readers, owing to the great difficulty of procuring information on the subject; for the Japanese, like the Chinese, prohibit the publication of chronicles or books of history, relative to any particular dynasty, so long as that dynasty occupies the

throne. The object of this law is to guard historians against the temptation of perverting truth, through fear, flattery, enmity, or gratitude. Whatever opinions may be entertained as to the prudence of these precautions, they undoubtedly have the effect of concealing the most recent facts from the knowledge of the

existing generation, and thus the events of the present day are frequently involved in greater obscurity than those of antiquity. No work printed in Japan contains any historical particulars of later date than the year 1600, the period at which the *Nifon vo dai itsi ran*, or the annals of the Dairis, terminated.

Taking into consideration the suspicious spirit of the Japanese government, its aversion to foreigners, the rigid enquiries and barbarous jurisprudence to which private persons are subject, it is gratifying to reflect that a European has succeeded in attaining an object which no native would have dared to attempt. Owing to M. Titsingh's singular opportunities of examining manuscripts during his long residence at Nangasaki, his work entitled *Memoirs and Anecdotes of the Djogoons*, contains more copious information relative to Japanese history, than is probably possessed by any individual in Japan.

The Dairis or spiritual chiefs of Japan, were the original sovereigns of that nation, they continued to enjoy absolute power until the end of the 12th century, when *Yori-tomo* was elected commander-in-chief of the empire (1185); and subsequently Djogoon (1192).

The authority of the Dairis, which was shaken by these events, became gradually weaker under the Djogoons who succeeded *Yori-tomo*; and it received its last blow under *Yrye-yasoo* or *Gongin-sama*, the first Djogoon of the present dynasty.

The Daiiri is still regarded as the sovereign of the empire; but this is merely a vain appearance; and as he is absolutely destitute of influence in temporal affairs, it may be said that the supreme power is vested in the hands of the Djogoon. Still, however, the consent of the Daiiri is requisite in all important events, and orders are published in his name.

The dynasties of the Djogoons are comprehended under the denomination of *Teuka-no-si-goon*,* or *Soso-no-si-goon*; there are four, namely:—

1. The dynasty of *Yori-tomo*.
2. That of *Faka-oo-si*.
3. That of *Fide-yosi*, or *Taiko*.
4. That of *Yeye-yasoo*, or *Gongin*.

We transcribe from Mr. Titsingh's *Memoirs of the Djogoons* the following curious account of a conspiracy which took place in Japan about the year 1651.

* *Teuka*, empire; *no* a conjunctive particle; *si*, four; *goon*, lord; *Soso*, who has raised himself.

"*Minamoto-no-yeye-tsouma*, the eldest son of *Yeye-mitsou*, succeeded his father in the fourth year *Ket-zan*.

"The prince of Tosa was devoted to the service of Fide-Yori, a prince who laid claim to the throne of Japan. After the defeat of Fide-Yori, the prince of Tosa fell into the hands of Gongin, who treated him with the utmost indignity, and among other acts of cruelty, ordered his hands to be cut off, which among the Japanese is accounted the most disgraceful of all punishments. The unfortunate prince reproached the conqueror with cruelty, perfidy, and the violation of his oath, and Gongin had the barbarity to behead him.

"Marabosi-Tshooya, the son of Tosa, resolved to avenge his father's death; but he deemed it prudent to conceal his intention until a favourable opportunity should occur. Having become commandant of the pike-men of *Yori-noboo*, the eighth son of Gongin, he thought himself enabled to execute his project, and he formed an acquaintance with *Yoo-no-djosits*, the son of a celebrated cloth-dyer, a man who had been tutor to *Yori-noboo*, and who was justly esteemed for his great learning. It is even said that *Yori-noboo* himself joined the conspiracy, but that fact was never proved; Tshooya having taken every precaution not to implicate him in the affair. Be that as it may, Tshooya and Djosits had agreed to exterminate the whole family of Gongin, to make themselves masters of the empire, and to divide it between them.

"Tshooya was extravagant: he foolishly squandered away the money which had been procured for the execution of his enterprise, so that he was soon reduced to want. Djosits foresaw that through his friend's imprudence the project would fail, and the result verified this supposition.

"Tshooya soon exhausted the bounty of his friends, and found himself pressed by creditors whose demands he had no means of satisfying. One of his creditors, a manufacturer of arms, named Tosiro, was more urgent than the rest, and to this man Tshooya was imprudent enough to divulge his secret, in the hope of inducing him to be patient. Tosiro pretended to be satisfied; but he proceeded, without loss of time, to the governor of Yedo, to communicate what he had heard, and the governor immediately informed the court of the whole affair.

"The governor had recourse to the

following stratagem in order to secure the principal conspirator. He directed some persons to raise an alarm of fire before his door, and Tshooya rushed out armed only with a short sabre. Four men immediately seized him; he knocked two of them down, but several of their comrades came to their assistance, and he was overpowered after considerable resistance. His wife being alarmed by the noise, and suspecting the truth, seized some papers in which the names of the conspirators were mentioned, and burned them by the flame of a lamp. Thus her presence of mind saved a great number of princes and other persons of rank who were implicated in the conspiracy. The Japanese still speak with admiration of the conduct of this generous woman; and when they praise a woman for talent and resolution, they compare her to the wife of Tshooya. The governor having by this stratagem seized the chief of the conspirators, ordered his house to be searched, but nothing of importance was found; he then directed Tshooya, his wife and family, to be conveyed to prison.

"At this time Djosits was at Yoogi, the place of his birth, situated near Kambara. An order for his arrest was immediately dispatched to the governor of Footsho. But the courageous Djosits, on learning that the conspiracy was discovered, killed himself by ripping open his bowels*, to avoid the disgrace of punishment. But notwithstanding this his head was struck off, and exposed on the usual place of execution, near the river Abikava.

"All the persons who were known to have been intimately connected with Tshooya, were immediately arrested. Among the number were *Shiyemon* and *Fatsiyemon*. They soon confessed the part they had acted in the conspiracy. They possessed too much greatness of mind to resort to falsehood in order to justify themselves for having joined in a plan which they conceived to be honourable. None of them could be prevailed on to betray their accomplices. The ordinary counsellor of state *Matsudaira-ize-no-kami*, in the hope of extorting confessions, ordered them to be put to a species of torture, called the *Kamabokoeme*, which consists of burn-

ing: Tshooya and his two friends suffered this cruel torture with the utmost composure. They appeared insensible to pain:—'I have travelled a long way,' said *Fatsiyemon*; 'this burning will be beneficial to my health; my limbs will be the more agile after it.'

"*Ize-no-kami*, finding that torture was of no avail in inducing them to divulge their secret, promised that no further punishment should be inflicted on Tshooya, if he would reveal his accomplices. Tshooya resolutely replied:—'I had scarcely attained my ninth year, when I determined to avenge my father's death, and to make myself master of the empire. My courage is as firm as a wall of iron. I defy your threats! You may invent new tortures; but my firmness is proof against all.'

"The counsellor of state, finding that these punishments served only to excite the indignation of the spectators, without producing any effect on the prisoners, ordered them to be conveyed back to prison.

"On the 24th day, at the 4th hour (which with us corresponds with 10 in the forenoon), two men, about sixty years of age, the one named *Sawara* and the other *Naga-yama*, presented themselves to the governor, and confessed that they were two of the accomplices of Tshooya; following their example, some other persons voluntarily surrendered themselves. They were all bound, and conveyed to prison.

"The 28th was the day fixed for the execution. In the morning, it was ascertained that two of the accomplices of the conspiracy had killed themselves at *Asaboo-o-toriba*, a city near Yedo.

"The solemn procession commenced at day-break. Seven inferior officers marched in front to disperse the crowd. They were followed by a hundred executioners, each carrying a naked pike; next came another hundred executioners, with long sticks; then another hundred, armed with sabres; and finally, fifty officers (*Banyoones*.) These were followed by an executioner, bearing a scroll, on which the crime of the conspirators was detailed, and which he read aloud, in all the principal streets. Next came *Tshooya*, dressed in robes of light blue, of the stuff called *Fabita*, with his hands bound behind his back; then *Ishiyemon*, with his sons, *Oorinoshi* and *Kaminoshi*; next followed *Yoda-fatsiyemon*, *Ar-i-fatsio*, *Sawara-yoshi*, *Naga-Yama-fioyemon*, *Wadashi*, and so

* This is the common mode of suicide among the Japanese, when they consider it a point of honour.

vestal others, amounting altogether to twenty-seven. The mother and wife of *Tshooya*, the wife of *Ikiyemon*, and four other women, closed the procession.

"In this manner the criminals paraded the whole city. As they crossed the bridge *Nipon-bas*, *Tshooya* heard a man remark, that it was an extremely culpable and mad project to conspire against the emperor. *Tshooya* looked at him with indignation, and exclaimed:—'It becomes thee well, miserable swallow, to compare thyself to the eagle or the crane.' The man blushed, and withdrew to conceal himself amidst the crowd.

"When the procession reached the place of execution at *Sinagawa*, a man wearing two sabres with gold hilts, and dressed in a mantle of the stuff called *Gilan*, rushed through the crowd, and advancing towards the Inspector, *Tamida-siooibi-dano*, said:—'My name is *Sibata-zabrohe*; I am the friend of *Tshooya* and *Djosits*. As soon as I heard of the discovery of the conspiracy, I hastened to *Sooroga* to gain some information respecting my unfortunate friends. I heard of the death of *Djosits*; and, knowing the fate that awaited *Tshooya*, I came in the greatest haste to *Yedo*. Here I remained concealed, in the hope that the emperor might pardon him; but since he is condemned, I am come to embrace him, and to die with him.'—'You are a brave man,' replied the Inspector; 'it were to be wished that more men in the world resembled you. I need not wait for the orders of the governor of *Yedo*; I give you permission to speak to *Tshooya*.'

"The two friends conversed together for some time. *Sibata* expressed his sorrow for the discovery of the conspiracy. He added, that on hearing the fatal news, he had come to *Yedo* to share his fate. He then drew a little pot of *saki** from his sleeve, which they drank together, and bade each other farewell. *Tshooya*'s eyes were bathed in tears; he thanked *Sibata* for his courageous resolution, and expressed his happiness at being able to embrace him once more before his death. *Sibata* also wept, and said:—'In this world the body is like the flower *asagawa*†, or

the *hogoro**; but after death we pass to a better world.' Having uttered these words, he rose, and thanked the inspector for his kindness.

"The criminals were then fastened upon crosses, and the executioners held up their pikes. *Tshooya* was struck first, by two executioners, who made an incision in his body in the form of a cross. It is said, that those who perform the horrid duty of executioner, are so practised in this kind of punishment, that they can cut the criminal sixteen times without touching the vital parts.

"The sons of *Ikiyemon* moved the compassion of all the spectators. The eldest said to his brother, who had scarcely attained his twelfth year, 'We are about to ascend to the abode of the gods;' and he began to pray, exclaiming several times:—'Nanandaobits (*Nama-Amida Bouts* †, *Amida* pray for us!') The spectators were all dissolved in tears.

"The wife of *Tshooya* begged her husband's mother to invoke the gods with her. 'I am old,' replied the mother, 'and you are still young; however, I will join you in supplication to Heaven, and I will turn my thoughts from every earthly object.'

"The executions being ended, *Sibata* came to the inspector, and presenting him with his two swords, said:—'To you I am indebted for the consolation of conversing with my friend, and bidding him farewell: I now intreat that you will accuse me before the governor of *Yedo*, in order that I may die like my friend.'—'Heaven forbid that you should die!' replied the Inspector, 'your courage deserves a better fate. While his other friends concealed themselves in dens and caverns, you braved death to embrace *Tshooya*:—men such as you are rare.' It is not known what ultimately became of *Sibata*.

"Owing to the prudent precaution of *Tshooya*'s wife, in burning the papers which might have betrayed the conspirators, and the firmness which

* An insect which springs into life, and dies in one day.

† This is a form of invocation taken from the Sanscrit language; it was introduced into Japan along with Buddhism. *Nama* signifies *I invoke*; *Amida* is the name of the supreme Deity at the period which preceded the present world; *Bouts* is a contraction for *Boudha*.

* A sort of spirit distilled from rice. It is the favourite beverage of the Japanese.

† A flower which is most magnificent before sun-rise, and which immediately after fades and decays.

the culprits had displayed under their tortures, the principal accomplices remained unknown. *Yori-noboo* was, however, suspected, and his house was searched; but his secretary, *Kanno-feyemon* took the whole upon himself, protesting that he alone had any knowledge of the plot, and that he had communicated the secret to his master: he afterwards killed himself, and, by this act of courage, saved *Yori-noboo*, who continued to reside without molestation at Yedo.

"When *Yosi-moone*, the descendant of *Yori-noboo*, came to be Djogoon, he rewarded the fidelity of *Kanno-feyemon* in the persons of his descendants, whom he raised to the most honourable posts. One of them, named *Kanno-fotomi-no-kami*, is at present (1784) extraordinary counsellor of state.

"The Djogoon *Yeye-tsoona* died on the 8th day of the 5th month of the 8th year *In-po* (1680), without an heir; and in the following year, his younger brother, *Tsoona-yosi*, succeeded him."

Another anecdote records an extraordinary act of female heroism:—

"*Minamoto-no-tsoona-yosi*, the fifth Djogoon, at the commencement of his reign, was as much beloved for his good qualities and his application to study, as he was afterwards detested for his profligacy. He extravagantly squandered away the treasures which his ancestors had accumulated, and turned a deaf ear to the eloquent remonstrances of his aged preceptor, *Arai-tsikoogo-no-kami*. His son, *Tokoo-mats-kimi*, died in his childhood, and, being without an heir, *Tsoona-yosi*, in the 6th year *Fo-ye* (1709) announced his intention of choosing a successor.

"He resolved to adopt *Kai-no-kami*, the son of *Yanagisawa-deva-no-kami*. On the 11th day of the first month of the year, after the compliments of congratulation, it is customary for the Djogoon to give an entertainment to the princes and principal officers; and on this day *Yosi* publicly proclaimed his intention to adopt *Kai-no-kami*.

"His principal officer, *Ino-kamon-no-kami*, suggested to him that this choice would excite the displeasure of all the princes, and that there was reason to fear it might produce a revolution in the empire. Finding that all his representations were of no avail, he visited the wife of the Djogoon, informed her of his master's design, and entreated her to devise some means of averting the mis-

fortune. Having reflected for a few moments, she replied, that he need be under no apprehension, as she knew of a plan which could not possibly fail. He begged her to explain it; but she excused herself, observing, that he should soon have all the information he wished.

"On the eve of the day on which the Djogoon intended to declare his successor, she invited her husband to drink *saki* with her. The Djogoon accepted the invitation, and a magnificent repast was provided. Whilst the prince was drinking, she rose, and withdrew to her closet, where she wrote a note, which she dispatched to *Ino-kamon-no-kami*:—then taking up a poignard, a weapon which all women of rank are allowed to carry about their persons, she returned to the banquetting-room. In a few moments she informed the Djogoon that she wished to speak with him in private, and having dismissed her women, she thus addressed him:—'During the long period that we have lived together, you have never refused me any thing. I have now a new favour to ask: will you grant it?'—He requested to know what it was.—'You propose,' replied she, 'to choose the son of *Deva-no-kami* as your successor. This measure will cause all the princes to revolt, and will prove the ruin of the empire. I conjure you to renounce it.'

"On hearing this, he rose furiously, and asked her how she presumed to interfere in the business of the state. 'The empire is mine!' added he, 'I will do as I please; I do not need a woman's counsel.' He was about to leave the apartment, but she followed him, and, catching him by the sleeve, exclaimed, 'If you carry your design into execution, to-morrow the whole empire will be in a state of revolution.' With these words, she plunged the dagger into his bosom; he fell, and she threw herself on her knees, and implored his forgiveness. She observed that what she had done, was the only means of maintaining the dynasty of Gongin, and preserving the empire. Having declared her determination not to survive him, she stabbed herself with the same dagger, and immediately fell dead at his side. Her women, on hearing the noise, hastened to the banquetting-room, and found them both weltering in blood.

"The wife of the Djogoon had, in her note, communicated her design to

Kamon-no-kami. She expressed a wish that *Yeye-noboo*, Prince of Kai, and the son of *Tsoona-sige*, should be elected *Djogoon*, and that the son of *Deva-no-kami* should receive a present of fifteen

mankofs, together with the government of the best province in Japan, as a testimony of the love which her husband bore to him."

ON THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND CHARACTER OF THE CORSICANS.

THE Corsicans in general are of the middle stature, rather spare than corpulent, and of a robust constitution. They bring with them into the world great irritability, and are susceptible of the most violent passions. Next to the indispensable necessities of life, the objects of their most ardent desire are arms. The Corsican will deny himself every enjoyment, and even sell his horses and cattle, to obtain possession of a gun, pistols, and stiletto: the latter thenceforward becomes his constant companion, without which he never stirs abroad, and which he does not even put out of his hand, unless obliged by his occupations.

He lives in a state bordering on indigence, and is capable of enduring severe hardships. He bears with patience the inclemency of the weather and the fatigue of long marches. He is very courageous, extremely temperate, and seizes every opportunity of distinguishing himself. All these qualities, combined with the dexterity which he possesses in handling his weapons, fit him in a particular manner for the profession of a soldier. Accordingly full one-fifth of the population of the whole island is in military service on the Continent.

The Corsican who has established a reputation for courage is respected, courted, desired in preference for a husband by the young females, and imitated by the youth of his own sex. But by this very reputation, so highly flattering to his vanity, he is exposed to inevitable dangers. He is often necessitated, if he will preserve his honour untainted, to encounter persons as bold as himself, and either to take the life of his antagonist or to sacrifice his own.

What particularly contributes to cherish a martial spirit in the Corsicans is a kind of exhibition called *Moresca*, which consists in a mock-fight, and to which both men and women resort in great numbers from various parts of the island. Challenges and duels are connected with this spectacle, and the general engagement terminates in the defeat of the party representing the enemies of the nation. Bodily strength also is considered in Corsica as a high recommenda-

tion. Frequent challenges take place between those who are most distinguished for this quality; and the vanquished, besides the disgrace of being beaten, often carry home with them contusions and injuries, of which they feel the effects all the rest of their lives.

Personal enmities furnish occasion for still more dreadful conflicts. If individuals have any disagreement on matters where interest is concerned, quarrels often ensue, which, as the disputants keep no bounds in their language, terminate in a fight with poniards. Sometimes also blood is spilled because a man, who conceives his own honour or that of his family insulted, has not been able to obtain satisfaction. When blood has once been shed, either justice hastens to punish the guilty, and then the animosity subsides, or she remains indifferent, and in this case fresh murders are required to afford satisfaction to the party which considers itself injured.

The personal feuds of the Corsicans are attended with fatal consequences; for as they shun neither pain, nor danger, nor even death itself, they are prepared to endure any hardship, and to sacrifice every thing to the gratification of revenge. A Corsican who is deprived by assassination of a near relative suffers his beard to grow, allows no fire to be kindled in his house, becomes melancholy and uneasy, and does not recover his serenity till he has found means to dispatch the murderer. A Corsican will travel forty miles in a single day merely to reach a place through which his enemy has to pass. Here he will remain in ambush four successive days, and even longer, without sleeping, nay sometimes without food, and exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather. Woe then be to the foe for whom he is lying in wait! The wounds, inflicted with the rapidity of lightning the moment he appears, instantaneously extend him lifeless on the ground.

Mothers of families who lose their husbands by assassination, preserve their clothes till their children are grown up; they then show to them the garments still stained with the blood of their fathers, whom they exhort them to

avenge. In short the character of the people is so constituted, and the power of prejudice so strong, that such unfortunate creatures, in order to save their honour, are compelled to become the murderers of their fathers' assassins, and to plunge, however reluctantly, into the most atrocious crimes.

Families involved in feuds of this kind must not, however, abandon themselves implicitly to the suggestions of their hatred: the public opinion, on the contrary, prescribes certain rules to be observed in such cases. Thus, for example, in the department of Liamone, when one hostile party has killed one more of its enemies than it has lost itself, its members must not, upon pain of disgracing themselves, dispatch another individual, should even opportunity offer. It is not till their adversaries have committed fresh murders that they are justified in resorting to new assassinations.

Nevertheless nature herself, by subjecting man to certain wants, will not permit the Corsicans, though at variance, to live in a state of permanent hostility. Through the mediation of spirited persons having numerous relations, truces are concluded in seed-time and harvest. These persons are called *Parolenti*, mediators—and in their presence mutual enemies promise, upon their word of honour, to do one another no injury during a specified period. Such promises are almost without exception held sacred; for, in the contrary case, the *Parolenti* repair with a numerous retinue to the residence of the party who have violated their promise, and there exercise all the rights of sovereignty, burning the houses, laying waste the lands, nay even taking the lives of those who have broken the truce.

The Corsicans, like all the natives of southern regions, are ardent in love, but the austerity of their manners operates as a strong check to this propensity. It is very rarely that a wife proves false to her husband, but still more rarely does a husband, in this case, suffer his wife to survive her guilt. A young female loses with her honour all hopes of a matrimonial alliance, unless it be with the author of her disgrace; but woe to the latter if he should deem her unworthy to be his partner for life! Her relatives, in this event, would resort to arms and pursue the seducer, till they had either put him to death or driven him from his home.

The dowry of females is insignificant, for the fathers of families reserve, in a manner, their whole property for their sons. The ground of their predilection for the latter is, that they have to pass their whole lives with them, but only part of them with their daughters, who, when they have once quitted the paternal habitation, only visit their parents from time to time; whereas the sons constantly remain near them, assist them in their labours, and nurse and attend them when they are overtaken by the infirmities of age.

The towns of Corsica are so small as scarcely to deserve that appellation. With a single exception, they are all situated on the sea-coast. The villages, on the other hand, are mostly built on elevated and not easily accessible spots. The houses have at a distance the appearance of citadels; they are constructed of stone, with great solidity, having very thick walls, but few conveniences. Most of them have but a single hearth for making fire, which stands in the centre of one of the rooms. The smoke serves in some parts of the island for drying chesnuts, which are spread upon wicker-work over the hearth. Relatives and neighbours are accustomed to pass the evenings together in the winter season. The news of the day, tales or narratives connected with the history of the country, form the subjects of their conversation and entertainment. Verses, and even long passages from Ariosto and Tasso, the sublimity of which captivates their imagination, are also frequently recited. The women cowering in a corner of the room, are meanwhile engaged in the occupations of their sex. Their presence obliges the whole company to observe strict decorum in language and behaviour. On such occasions the party never breaks up without emptying a few bottles of wine.

With all their attachment to the Catholic religion, the inhabitants of Corsica are neither fanatics nor intolerant. The Jew, as well as the Protestant, nay even the Mahometan, if he conducts himself with propriety and does not ridicule their customs, is sure of an asylum and protection among them.

One of the most solemn festivals of the island is that of the *rogations*. On this day the country-people quit their villages and repair in procession to the most elevated point of their fields, where the parish priest pronounces his blessing upon the produce of the earth, the whole congregation kneeling with the most

profound devotion. When the prayers are finished, they return in the order in which they came to the church, where they find bundles of crosses, which they carry away and set up in different parts of their lands.

The festivals of the patron saints of their parish churches are also devoted by the Corsicans to piety and the effusions of the tenderest feelings. On these days both rich and poor make the best provision in their power for the entertainment of their guests, who are mostly allied to them by blood, as every person is then expected to dine with his nearest relative. Whoever deviates from this practice is considered as disgracing himself by being ashamed of his family. At such meetings of relatives and friends all matters respecting the marriage of their children are invariably discussed.

There are among the Corsicans ministers of religion, who from the sanctity of their lives are truly men of God, and who by means of their public sermons possess a powerful and extensive influence. These persons have inflamed many a mind with the love of virtue, converted many a villain into a good man, induced many to repair the wrongs they have done, and to restore goods which they have stolen, and extinguished in many a bosom the fury of the most sanguinous animosity.

The people of Corsica have been in all ages celebrated for their hospitality. Strangers are received by them with great kindness; but they would feel affronted if money were offered them in payment for board and lodging. They are philanthropic, and fond of doing good, but without ostentation.

Notwithstanding their natural talent for eloquence, they speak little, but in what they say there is sound sense, energy, and fancy. Owing to their character, they aspire to what is great; if they fail to attain it, this is frequently no fault of theirs, for we find, in fact, among these people no traces of the attempts which are said to have been made to diffuse knowledge among them. In the Corsican schools nothing is to be acquired but the very first and most indispensable rudiments. For want of the means of instruction, the more than common capacity of the young Corsican for the sciences and useful arts is doomed to sterility; if he would make any progress in them, his only resource is a residence on the Continent, which is of course too expensive for his limited means. Among the few who are en-

abled to avail themselves of this advantage, the majority are sure to distinguish themselves; but as these are at length obliged to return into the bosom of their families, there to follow in obscurity the professions of physic or the law, emulation ceases, and the hopes which their early career justified are soon extinguished.

Honour is the power that governs these islanders with despotic sway. They would rather endure hunger and misery than stoop to any occupation which they regard as degrading. There is no instance of a Corsican having performed the office of executioner; neither would one of them in his own country accept the situation of a menial servant; indeed it is very rarely that they engage themselves in this capacity abroad.

The Corsicans have but few public diversions throughout the year. Their holidays are the religious festivals, which they spend in exercises of devotion. In plentiful years the carnival is always a very jovial time. The principal amusements at that season are, simple dances in the public places accompanied by violins and guitars, masquerades, and public entertainments, at which the poor, seated beside the rich, forget their troubles amidst the good cheer furnished at the expense of the latter. On the last evening of the carnival the Corsicans kindle a large bonfire, and seat themselves round it. One of the company appears dressed in the most grotesque manner. In this disguise he is called *Zalambrina*. Several persons join in singing a song, while others conduct the unmarried females of the place to *Zalambrina*, and offer them to him in marriage. He accepts all such as are young and of good character; the others he rejects with a pantomimic action which never fails to excite the laughter of the spectators. The practice of bringing the young women before this kind of tribunal contributes to strengthen their sense of honour and to encourage modesty and chastity, which are indeed their primary virtues.

When a newly married female is removing from the paternal home to that of the bridegroom, the inhabitants of the village are accustomed to escort her, and the cavalcade resembles a triumphal procession. Whoever is connected by consanguinity or friendship with the families between which the matrimonial alliance has been formed, repairs on horseback to the habitation of the bride. Salutes of musketry

give the signal for departure, and the bride is led forth like a queen going to take possession of her throne. The firing of guns is continued until the procession reaches the village where the bridegroom resides, at the entrance of which it is welcomed with music and the discharge of guns. In the streets through which the bride has to pass, corn is strewed before her, as an emblem of plenty, and expressive of the wish that she may find it in this her new home. It is of importance for all who join such a cavalcade to be well mounted. Those who are provided with the best horses run a race with one another, to decide who shall arrive first at the house of the young couple. The fortunate victor is rewarded with a handsome ribbon, and a place at dinner next to the queen of the feast.

The poor man is consigned to the grave in silence and without parade; but the death of the rich is attended

with more ceremony. Scarcely has he closed his eyes, when the event is announced by the bells of the parish church, which continue tolling the whole day. In the evening the family of the deceased provide a supper for such of his kindred and friends as remain in the house to sit up with the corpse. Next morning all the inhabitants of the village, of both sexes, repair to the house of the deceased, who lies upon a bed of state with his eyes turned towards heaven and a crucifix in his hand. The women take their places round the corpse according to their degree of consanguinity or the friendship which they entertained for the deceased. The cleverest of them stands at his head, and pronounces an extemporaneous poetical panegyric, which, delivered by a young and beautiful female, with an agreeable voice and in pathetic accents, often produces a profound impression on all present.

ON THE ORIGIN AND LANGUAGE OF ANCIENT ROME.

BY M. GALIFFE.

THE speculations on these subjects in M. Galiffe's work on Italy having attracted much attention, we present the following in the words of the judicious author.

The first question which presents itself in this inquiry is,—who were Romulus and his followers?

That Romulus and Remus should have been the illegitimate sons of a princess, is a circumstance too natural to stagger belief; neither is it at all incredible that the princess should have accused the God Mars of being the father of her children. That her story gained little credit at first, and that the boys were exposed, I should not hesitate to think very probable; nor should I think it utterly incredible that they were suckled by a she-wolf, (however romantic the whole of this beginning must appear,) if the story rested upon any respectable authority. But that these children, brought up and educated by a simple shepherd, and accustomed to tend his flocks and to perform all the other peaceful duties of a pastoral life, should grow up such prodigies of military skill and valour, as, with only a small band of friends, to subdue all the nations around them, seems more than extraordinary.—That, after being acknowledged as his grandsons and his heirs by the King of Alba (the descen-

dant of Æneas through a long line of royal ancestors) they should have rejected their legitimate subjects and their hereditary kingdom, for the honour of commanding a troop of banditti, and for the pleasure of building a new town in the most unwholesome spot that could be chosen,—this, I confess, is rather too much for my credulity; and every further step that I advance in this strange tale, appears to me to disclose a new absurdity. A young prince, at the head of a prosperous colony, within a few leagues of his own hereditary state, is obliged to employ cunning, treachery, and force, to obtain a wife for himself, and wives for his followers! This colony never receives any assistance from its parent state, in the wars in which it engages itself; seems to have dropped all intercourse with that state; and the first time that the name of Alba occurs in its history, is to mention its entire destruction!—and all this in an age when a colony always exhibited towards its metropolis the affection and deep respect of a child towards its parent! It is next affirmed that Romulus, who was so ambitious, had resigned his right to the throne of Alba, a kingdom of four hundred years standing, for a few barracks on the Palatine Hill. And, after all, we are told that his companions were

not turbulent young men impatient of controul, but venerable old men, who, from their great age alone, obtained the appellation of senators.

It is really impossible not to admire the believing powers of those who can receive as history such a heap of wonders and contradictions.

But I do not think, as other disbelievers do, that the whole of the first traditions on the origin of Rome ought to be discarded as mere fables. Some of them bear marks of truth, by which they must be distinguished from the rest. Five principal points deserve particular attention, because they form a compact and consistent body of history, without the least mixture of the marvellous,—without the least contradiction between its component parts, and with a very close and natural connexion and relation to what still existed, or had only recently ceased to exist, when the first historian wrote his work. Livy says, that *Fabius Pictor* was this first historian; but I cannot believe, that Rome had existed five hundred years, and achieved many great exploits, without producing a single writer tempted to transmit its history to posterity. As to the poems, which a German author talks of as if he had read them, I shall believe in their existence as soon as he shall shew me some proofs of it; but, even then, I shall not regard them more than the old songs, ballads, and romances of the early ages of other countries. The five points to which I allude are the following:

1. The first founders of the Roman power, whether they be brought to *Alba Longa*, and thence to Rome, as in Livy,—or to Rome immediately, as in *Salust*,—were foreigners.

2. They were feared and shunned by the natives, who would not consent to form alliances with them: they were consequently obliged to take wives by force, which is a proof that they had brought none with them.

3. They experienced numerous and great difficulties in forming their settlement; they had to carry on several wars, or at least to fight several battles with their neighbours; whom they overpowered, by opposing the personal strength and military skill of warriors, to the undisciplined numbers of shepherds unused to arms.

4. They spoke a language which was not understood by the natives.

5. They established a very unequal division of rights: by placing the Ple-

beians, who were numerous, under the absolute and despotic controul of the Patricians, who were few.

From this solid, homogeneous mass of information I think the following inferences may be drawn.

A body of warriors, who had escaped by sea from some great national disaster, landed near the spot where Rome now stands, and encamped on one of its hills, not as a matter of free choice, but because it was the first place that they found convenient for their purpose. That hill, and some others about it, had been left uninhabited by the natives on account of the known insalubrity of the air, and of the want of wholesome water; defects of which these strangers could not be informed, and which they very probably did not discover till long afterwards*.

These warriors were of two distinct classes: princes, or chieftains—and their followers; the latter not being slaves or common servants, but companions, such as the history of heroic times informs us that princes had near their persons. The former were the *Patricians*, the latter formed that *Equestrian Order* which seems one of the most puzzling problems in the constitution of the Roman state. The subdued natives were called *Plebs*, and were divided amongst the Patricians, whose property they became, by the right of conquest in those days.

* We may see in *Strabo*, that the *cattiva aria*, which some modern authors consider as peculiar to modern Rome, existed there at all times.

It may be further observed that the earlier inhabitants of Italy, the founders of those towns to which Rome itself conceded, without any contradiction, the distinction of greater antiquity, were all built on mountains, in situations protected as much by nature as by those Cyclopien walls of which the construction is so remarkable; and it seems most improbable that one of their colonies should have departed from this general rule, and have formed its settlement on a low hill, surrounded by marshes, and separated from the nearest line of mountains by an extensive plain. If I were to yield to the temptation of pushing the argument as far as it would go, I might add that some remains of Cyclopien walls must have been observable at Rome, if the city had been founded by Italians. For it is not probable that the Romans would have destroyed those walls at home, while they left them remaining even in the towns which they otherwise destroyed,—of which there are innumerable proofs extant.

This part of the nation, (the Plebs,) though by far the most numerous, had not, and could not possibly have, the least share in the government; since they were, if not strictly, slaves, at least very low dependants. Besides they could be of no manner of use in counsel, to people who did not understand their language; nor is it probable that the advice of simple clowns or shepherds, completely ignorant of political or military affairs, would have been asked, even if their language had been perfectly understood.

Those nations in the neighbourhood, who had more regular forms of government and better means of defence, must have been alarmed at this sudden invasion, and yet might be so far allured by curiosity to observe the new manners and customs and sports of the strangers, as to make the circumstances attending the Rape of the Sabines by no means improbable. Women are inclined by nature to admire those men in whom they observe the greatest power to protect them; and as the Sabine wives of the first Romans were doubtless tenderly beloved and kindly treated by their husbands, they were very likely to effect a reconciliation and a close alliance between their late and their present families.

The children born of these marriages must have learnt to mix the language of their mothers, which was the first they heard, with that of their fathers, of which they only caught a few words in their earliest infancy, but which they were obliged to speak more constantly as soon as they were able to carry a sword. This mixture produced the *Latin* language; which, we must observe, was never called *Italian*, even when it was the language of the capital of Italy. The women's contribution to it must have been much the most considerable with respect to the number of words; but the men must have imprinted on the language its grammatical form, and must have furnished the names of their *political and civil establishments and institutions*, of their *instruments of war*, and of the *terms used in battles*, &c. &c. This language was exclusively that of Rome alone till after the time when Spain and Provence had been peopled with colonies from Italy; and it was otherwise never spoken out of Rome except by native Romans, for none of the nations that are supposed to have taken their language from the Latin, have adopted its grammar, or at least that most remarkable peculiarity of it,

the total *absence of articles*, which abound in all European languages—except the Russian.

I shall now proceed to shew that the *Russian* really was the language of the founders of Rome.

I was in Holland when I first began to reflect on the extreme absurdity of what I had been taught at school, as the history of the early ages of Rome. I compared Livy with Sallust, and both with Plutarch; and I saw quite enough to persuade me that the Romans were themselves as ignorant on the subject as we are. This seemed to me very extraordinary, and induced me to bestow upon the question much more of my attention than I had yet had leisure to give to it: and I revolved it in my mind for a long time, without being able to solve it. I had then lost a help which would have been likely to shorten my labour very considerably. An intimate friend, whose classical taste and ardent application to study eminently qualified him to assist me in such an investigation, had lately left Amsterdam, where his society had made the charm of my life, and his conversation the delight of all my leisure hours. It was impossible to know him without growing better—by his example rather than by his advice: and though I did not profit by either as I ought to have done, he had so far succeeded in my reform, as to make me capable of perseverance in what I undertook, as well as more scrupulous in the choice of my pursuits. He had the art of turning me, without any apparent effort or exhortation on his part, from the unprofitable desultory discussions in which it was too much my habit to indulge, and of unconsciously exciting a fondness for useful investigations. If ever I feel myself bold enough to write a treatise on friendship, he will inspire me better than the Muses. In the mean time, I must be pardoned for paying this passing tribute to the best of men, as well as to the most accomplished scholar I ever knew.

Deprived of his assistance, my struggle with the difficulty was much longer and more laborious than I should otherwise have found it. At last, as by a flash of light, my attention was suddenly turned to etymologies. I was surprised to find that whenever the Roman writers attempted to give the etymology of the name of any one of their earliest institutions, the most sensible and acute of them grew perfectly absurd. They said, for instance, that Romulus had but a

very inconsiderable number of companions, young adventurers like himself, in the formation of his settlement; and yet they traced the etymology of his *Senators* from *Sener*, an old man! They said that the *Consualia* were games in honour of *Neptunus Equestris*; and yet they derived the word from *Consus*, a supposed god of Counsel!—That in the *Lupercalia*, a goat was sacrificed, and also a dog; and that the name was taken from *lupus*, a wolf!

From all this, and much more like this, I concluded that the language of the earliest Romans must have been so different from that of their successors, that the latter did not understand it at all; that this was the real cause which had deprived them of the knowledge of their history, because books written in a language unknown to them were neglected and lost; that this language could not have been Greek, nor any of those with which the learned men of Rome were in any degree acquainted, because some analogies in it must, or at least very probably would, have awakened their curiosity, and produced very interesting researches; lastly, that it must have been used by a nation with which the Romans had little or no intercourse, yet from which they were not so remotely situated, but that a ship might have brought their founders to Italy. It struck me that the *Scythians* were the least known to both the Greeks and the Romans, and that one of the numerous subdivisions of that nation was the most likely to have sent forth those stout warriors who founded Rome.

Nestor, the oldest historian of Russia, says that the ancient Slavonians were driven out of Mysia and Pannonia by the Bulgarians. We are told that the latter established themselves in Mysia in the fourth or fifth century of the Christian era, but Nestor may have been deceived by two narrations, or traditions, which coincided in some points; and he may have blended them into one. It is highly probable that the Slavonians inhabited Mysia in the most ancient times, and that some national disaster forced them to abandon that country; that the greatest number emigrated by land, but that a part of them embarked on the *Ægean* Sea, and were tossed about till they arrived on the Latin shore.

It may be observed, that Mysia was so very near Troy, that this famous town was very possibly the real spot from which they started after its siege. This would reconcile all the chief tradi-

tions of both people,—which, in such researches, ought never to be lost sight of. But I am not at all prepared to assert, that it was *Æneas*, or that they were Trojans, who came 'to Rome. This alone is the point for the probability of which I contend,—that its founders, whoever they might be, spoke the Russian language.

I must here warn my readers against a mistaken notion, which is very current even amongst well-informed people in Russia, (so that we must not be astonished at its having been adopted throughout the rest of Europe,) that the Russians took their language from the Slavonians, from whom they drew their origin. The language of the Russians in our days is unquestionably the original language; what is called Slavonian is only a dialect of it. But I have unawares anticipated somewhat of the regular account which I meant to give of my progressive advancement in this inquiry,—to which I now return. Seeing then that the Trojans and Phrygians, and other nations of Asia Minor, were numbered amongst the subdivisions of the ancient Scythians, I conceived that the language spoken by the latter must throw great light on the question; and that the most important step to take, was to acquire a knowledge of that which, of all the modern tongues, was the most likely to have been spoken by them, or at least to bear some close analogy to their language*. The Russian, of course, immediately occurred to me, and I became exceedingly anxious to learn it; but all the assistance in that study which I could obtain in Amsterdam was that of an old Archangel gentleman, who was book-keeper in a mercantile house, and who kindly undertook to give me lessons, though he very frankly confessed that his knowledge did not go much beyond the alphabet, and the names of Russian merchandise. I very early learnt, however, one circumstance, which was sufficient to spur me on through any difficulties and obstacles. This was the very singular coincidence between the Russian and the Latin languages, in respect of their *want of*

* If it were not digressing in a manner which I deem inexpedient, I would shew the extreme absurdity of Mr. Pinkerton's opinions on the origin of the Scythians and the Goths. I do not remember having ever read a book so full of gross contradictions, amidst the highest pretensions to sound criticism, and the most indecent abuse of those whose opinions the writer attacks.

articles. This peculiarity in the Latin language had already frequently surprised me. I could not conceive how it could have arisen, seeing that all the languages derived from the Latin, as well as the Greek, had articles; and I had now no longer the least doubt, but that it involved a very interesting historical fact, which I grew more and more anxious to develop. I therefore took the first favourable opportunity of visiting Russia, where I applied myself to the study of the language with as much assiduity as my occupations of a more important nature allowed me. The Russian is so exceedingly difficult, that in spite of a facility of acquiring foreign languages, which has been of the greatest service to me with respect to those of other countries, it cost me greater pains than any three of those which I had previously learnt. However, after two years' residence there, I had pretty well mastered it; and as soon as I thought myself sufficiently expert in it, I resumed the investigation which I had laid by for this pursuit.

I cannot express the delight I felt at the discovery of the first very clear etymology which presented itself to my notice, that of *Senator*, from *Znaten*, which means *noble*.

The next was *Populus*, from *Po Polou*, or (writing agreeably to Italian pronunciation) *Popola*, which means *about the plain, or the fields*. The story of Valerius Publicola illustrates this etymology remarkably well; in teaching us that building his residence on a hill, was a circumstance which distinguished a chieftain from the common mass of the nation.

Plebs was but too likely to have been derived from *Pleva* (spittle, scum.)

Rex was probably taken from *Recù* (I harangue), for the first king was little more than an orator;—and the verb *rego* must have had the same origin.

Civis may come from *Civi* (liberal), pronounced as in Italian, *Chevy*.

Milites may be drawn from *Mily* (my friends), for this word was only applied to those who were near the chief, and had a right to bear arms.

Ludi (games) may very reasonably be supposed to have had its origin in the Russian *Ludi* (a great many people): *Ludno* means populous, and crowded.

Ludi s'con 'svalit (to fling people down off horseback) was a proper etymology enough for the *Ludi Consualia*, without the interference of a god, *Con-*

sus, who could have nothing at all to do with the games.

In the *Lupercalia*, a goat was killed, and the priest touched with the bloody knife the forehead of a boy, whose office it was to laugh during the ceremony. Very probably the lad was obliged to smile and say, *Lolpercali*, "*Do pierce my forehead*," which was afterwards taken for the vocative case of *Lupercalis*, the priest who celebrated these games.

In the *Pakhia*, heaps of straw were set on fire, and people leaped over them: the signal given was doubtless *Pakh*, "*the fire is lighted*,"—and there was no occasion for the interference of a goddess *Pales*, who owed her origin to the same compendious principle of creation as the god *Consus*. But I have a still better reason to bring forward in support of my etymology; for these games are celebrated up to the present time by the Russians, on St. John's day, in the month of June.

I might doubtless easily find Russian etymologies for other Roman games, but those which I have selected are particularly striking. I shall now proceed to the comparison of a variety of Roman words, with the words in the Russian language from which I believe them to be derived. I have already suggested what proportions it might naturally be expected that the *vaslike* strangers who founded Rome, and their Italian wives, would respectively contribute to the formation of the new and mixed language of their descendants; and that if the larger portion of it, consisting generally of the ordinary language of peaceful and domestic life, was likely to be supplied by the women, it was still more probable that all the terms of war and of government, the names of their deities, religious ceremonies, &c., would be furnished by the men. It will be seen by the following list how far my theory is borne out by the fact, and how great a proportion of the names which I have succeeded in tracing to their Russian origin, belong to the latter class.

The antiquaries inform us that the first Roman banners bore the figure of a Hog: they were called *Signa*:—*Suinia* in Russian, is a Hog.

Tributum, comes from *Trebuto*, exacted. *Hostis*, an enemy,—from *Hosti*, strangers. *Jugum*; *Igo*, yoke.

Fasces or *faskes*; *Svaski*, bundles.

Securis; *Sekira*, an axe.

Spolia, prey; *Spolia*, from the field of battle.

Strages; *Stragenio*, a defeat, *Strah*, fear, terror.
Oror, blood violently spilt; *Crov*, blood: the old word was *Sanguis*, which was retained for the fluid.
Morior, I die; *Morù*, I kill.
Fugo; *Vuigenat*, to put to flight.
Vibro; *Vuibrosat*, to dart.
Rapio; *Hrabit*, to plunder.
Labo, I fail; *Slaboy*, weak; *Slabo*, weakly.
Placo, I appease; *Placat*, to cry, to weep.
Mollis, I soften; *Molui*, I beg, I pray.
Immolo, I sacrifice; — *Vuimoliu*, I obtain by my prayers.
Pugno, I fight; *Pinaiu*, I drive, — I push.
Seco; *Secu*, I cut.
Vapulo, I am beaten; *Pabili*, they have beaten me.
Mors, *Mortis*; *Smert*, *Smerti*, death.
Malum, bad; *Malo*, too little.
Trepidare; *Trepetat*, to tremble.
Micari, to glitter } *Mec'* (pronounce
Dimicare, to fight. } Mache,) a sword.
Magistratus; *Magustrashit*, I may inspire fear.
Magister; *Magisteretch*, I may take care of.
Hramnenses, or *Rhamnenses*, name of one of the three tribes of Rome; *Hramnoy*, belonging to the temples.
Lucheri, or *Luceri*, another tribe; from *Luc*, a bow; the legion, or Company of Archers.
Asylum; *Atsyilat*, to banish.
Mania, town walls; *Minuyu*, I stop, I cut short.
Domus; *Dom*, a house.
Pons, a bridge; *Ponesti*, to bear up.
Arare; *Arai*, to plough.
Struo; *Strou*, (pronounce *Stroyou*) I build.
Pascere; *Past*, to feed.
Affuri; *Havarit*, to speak.
Videre; *Videt*, to see.
Validare; *Hvakit*, to approve.
Esse; *est*, (pronounced *yes*, as Cicero said it was pronounced in Latin) to eat.
Est; *Est*, it is.
Lubet, it pleases; *Lubit*, to love, or to like.
Nax; *Noch*, night.
Dies; *Den*, day.
Somnus; *Son*, sleep.
Sal; *Sol*, salt.
Vinum; *Vino*, wine and brandy.
Gener, a son-in-law; } *Gena*, a wife.
Generosus, noble; }
Vadum; *Vada*, water.
Mare; *Morc*, the sea.

Nubes, clouds; *Nebesa*, heaven.
Mensis; *Mesiats*, month.
Aether, air; *vaetr*, wind.
Boreas; *Burac*, tempest, storm.
Carnufex, an Executioner; *Carnat*, to cut off the ears.
I might add a great many more, for I collected above five hundred similar instances which I communicated to Mr. Karamzin, a great many years ago, when he was writing his history of Russia. But I suppose the preceding will be deemed sufficient. I must however add a few, which are intended to prove that this branch, at least, of the great Scythian family, has made a greater progress in civilization, than some writers are willing to allow.
Scribo, I write; *Screbu*, I scratch, I engrave.
Pingo, *pinxi*, *pingere*, to paint, to draw; *pishu*, *pisat*, to write.
Recitare, to recite; *ciat* (pronounced *cliat*, as the Italians) to read.
I shall close this article with a translation of the principal proper names of the first Romans.
Roma; *Hrom*, *hroma*, thunder.
Romulus; *Hroma-losh*, light of thunder, glittering of thunder.
Remus; *Hremu*, I roar, or rumble, like thunder.
Tullus; *Tul*, quiver, *luc*, a bow.
Tarpeius; *Terpeyou*, I suffer.
Flaminii; *Plameniy*, blazing.
Atratinus; *Atraten*, armed cap-a-pè.
Sempronius; *Sempronitsayou*, I pierce seven through.
Mucius; *Muciù* (pronounced like the Italian) I torment.
Marcus; *Marshciùs* (id.) I frown.
Cassius; *Cossius*, I look awry.
Spurius; *Sporius*, I quarrel.
I think fitter names could not be chosen for such people.
To these I must add those of some of their Divinities.
Feretrius; *Peretria*, who beats to atoms, who crushes.
Mars, *Martis*; *Smert*, *Smerty*, death.
Gradivus; *Gradivoy*, of towns.
Ceres; *Zreya*, who ripens.
Neptunus; *Neflonut*, who cannot be drowned.
Jupiter; *Jimpitat*, to feed life, to support it.
Caelum; *Tselo*, the whole.
Saturnus; *Satuornoy*, created.
Pluto; *Boh Plutof*, the god of thieves, miscreants, knaves.
Pallas; *Palach*, a tent.
Minerva; *Mir ne rva*, who does not break peace.

Vulcanus; *Volk agnia*, the magician of fire.

Venus; *Veno*, a bride's portion, her marriage-money.

Rhea; *Hreya*, heating.

Smintheus; *Zminny*, of a serpent.

Divus, godlike; *Divoy*, wonderful.

I shall be glad if this opening should induce some learned man to go much deeper into this subject than I had leisure to do. There are many dialects of the Russian language, of which I know nothing but the names, and which might throw greater light on this matter.

I shall only just hint in this place how very probable it is, that the first Romans had either brought over with them, or had composed, songs, and heroic poems, describing the wonderful feats of fictitious warriors; to whom they gave (as has been usual at all times), names of their own invention, but which had some reference to their history. These names were perhaps applied afterwards in jest to real persons, who retained them and transmitted them to their posterity. Those fictions, of which traces remained in stories told by nurses to amuse little children, were afterwards

taken up as historical traditions, by writers who were much more anxious to amuse others than to get sound information for themselves; and they have been handed down to us as real history, from an absurd admiration for every thing that was Roman, or that came from Rome.

The enthusiasm with which our great demagogues speak of the Romans, as of a nation which enjoyed a higher degree of liberty than any other, and which owed its greatness and its glory to the liberality of its constitution and laws, produces the worst effect imaginable, by giving a false colour to principles, as well as to facts. These prejudices have done unspeakable mischief in France. For the monsters who succeeded one another in the usurpation of her government, committed crime upon crime, and finally drowned themselves in the blood of their fellow-citizens, in the name of liberty and of their country! always invoking the soul of the elder Brutus, whom they supposed to have sacrificed his own sons, and of the younger Brutus, who was said to have sacrificed his own father, to that phantom!

COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY.

Τὸ δὲ καὶ τοῖς ἀλλοῖς μετεῖναι τίνος ἀρετῆς, κατὰ φύσιν ἐῖ μὴ κατὰ τὴν οὐκείαν κρίσιν, καὶ πολλὰ τῶν ἀνθρώπων πλεονεκτημάτων καὶ δαυμαστὰ ἐκεῖν συγκεκληρωμένα, τοῦτο ἔστι μέγα.

"But that there are in brute beasts, by nature at least, if not by rational power, a considerable energy, and many marvellous participations in the means by which man provides for his own comforts, renders them subjects of no trifling interest."

ÆLIAN'S HISTORY OF ANIMALS.

THE rapid strides which physiology has made within the last fifty years, are a necessary consequence of the new direction given to natural history by the study of comparative anatomy. In the writings of Buffon, of Cuvier, of Hunter, Home, and Blumenbach, may be found the most important facts which form the basis of a science, long ridiculed for its idle conjectures, but now placed, in respect to certainty, upon a level with any, the most advanced trains of inquiry, not founded in mathematical demonstration.

The utility of consulting the organization of animals, as a means of illustrating the laws of life, is so evident, that we are tempted to wonder at the possibility of its having been so long overlooked: but there is another branch of comparative inquiry, as prolific, perhaps, and as interesting, which remains to the present hour uncultivated and neglected.

The investigation of the mental faculties of animals, if grounded upon an attentive observation of facts, could not fail to afford many important additions to our hitherto imperfect knowledge of the human mind; and would tend to clear away many of those errors in psychological science, which have been occasioned by the theorizing spirit in which the subject has hitherto been examined. It is within a very few years only that the philosophic methods of the ancients have been in part laid aside, that the assumption of hypothetical first causes has fallen into disrepute, and that ideologists have turned their attention to phenomena, independently of all *à priori* notions concerning their origin. Already, however, the character of the science has been completely changed; and from an idle, unfruitful, and in some degree dangerous pursuit, it has become the source of various radical improvements in grammar, logic,

and many other branches, of metaphysical research *. Its vague, fantastic reveries have been converted into a *corps de doctrine*, embracing under one point of view, objects the most exciting to human curiosity, and the most important to human happiness.

To derive the maximum of advantage from this method of investigation, the union between the moral sciences and physiology must be still closer cemented; and to this end the examination of the animal intellect may contribute as affording a new chain of connection. Should no ulterior improvements result from such an application of natural history, the possession of a new standard for trying generalizations, and the possibility of verifying elementary notions by the test of a wider range of phenomena, would amply compensate for the labour of research.

The principal difficulty which opposes itself to an acquaintance with the sensorial faculties of animals, exists, in a great degree, in all inquiries respecting mind, other than those which concern the movements of our own consciousness. In the intercourse between minds the most philosophically educated, it can rarely be ascertained that the same signs are accurately symbolical of the same ideas, that in speaking a common language, the words are used by both parties in the same significations. Definitions, however precise, are not always sufficient to give stability to discourse; for though it should be supposed that this valuable preliminary can be secured in the outset of discussion, it is impossible that, in the progress of debate, each individual shall continue rigorously to attach the same ideas, and *none but the same*, to the words which he continues to employ. "*L'incertitude de la valeur des signes de nos idées, est inhérente à la nature de nos facultés intellectuelles, et il est impossible que le même signe ait exactement la même valeur pour tous ceux qui l'emploient, et même pour chacun d'eux, dans les différens momens où il l'emploie*"† Every new fact, every new feeling, which may be connected, however remotely, with our complex ideas, impresses upon language changes more or

less important and permanent—changes that not only impede a mutual intelligence among men, but prevent the individual from at all times understanding himself. To this cause may be attributed much of that uncertainty which not only affects propositions remotely connected with human happiness, but extends to those most essential to our interests, when they do not affect them by an immediate and organic influence. Were this cause of error thoroughly removed, it may be doubted whether two religions could subsist among civilized nations; it is impossible that there could be two systems of politics.

But if it be only by a coarse sort of approximation that we arrive at a knowledge of the ideas and affections of our own species, the obstacles may readily be imagined which oppose themselves to an acquaintance with the sensorial mechanism of the animal races. Fortunately, however, if the range of our enquiries be thus confined, the facts which may be ascertained are presented by a symbology often less equivocal than that of human languages. The language of action which all animated beings are compelled to exhibit, being independent of their volition, and arising uniformly the same under the pressure of similar circumstances, it is less susceptible of change by its own nature, than that which is purely conventional; and as it is understood, by a direct act of consciousness, identifying in ourselves the connection between the feelings and their natural expressions, there is no room for error; the instant we can judge of our own sensations, and of the changes in our exterior which accompany them, it is impossible that we should be mistaken in translating the expressions of others. This natural system of signs belongs to the whole animal kingdom, and ceases only to be intelligible, when the organization becomes too extensively different, to admit of any similitude of affections. The writhing of a worm when trodden upon, is as clearly indicative of the pain it experiences, as the gesticulations of the happiest actor; and the flight of the hare, or the roar of the lion, are perfectly understood by every living being interested in the intellectual movements of those animals. If, therefore, we cannot enter very deeply into the relative powers of combination possessed by every given species; if we are not able, in all instances, to follow the individual in the inferences it draws from externals, and the judgments it is

* In the works more particularly of Cabanis, Roussel, and De Tracy, are to be found the elements of stupendous reforms in philosophy.

† De Tracy, *Elémens d'Ideologie*, vol. II. p. 370. Voyez aussi, vol. I. chap. 17.

compelled to make of its own impressions, we are certain as to the nature of the ideas connected with those feelings which we are enabled to read in the universal language of nature.

In the present state of philosophy, it is unnecessary to prove that animals feel *. The reveries of certain individuals, and their affected doubts on this head, are now too universally disregarded to impede our progress in this step of inquiry. Perception, on the contrary, is uniformly taken as the common characteristic of animal life; and all beings that do not manifest this property by movements indicating volition, are consigned either to the vegetable or mineral kingdom.

This faculty of perception establishes a connection between the individual that possesses it, and the external world, by which the percipient is enabled to conduct certain functional actions, so essential to its being, as that, without this auxiliary, the existence of the species would be physically impossible. The number and energy in which these functions may be requisite for the preservation of life, are not the same in every distinct species; and the demand for perception thus varying, there arises a corresponding difference in the development of sensitive power. A keener sensibility to external causes than is necessary for the support of vitality, would prove a mere source of disease; while an insensibility to the presence of agents really affecting existence, would afford a sure means for the annihilation of the species.

Not only is each separate race of animals thus characterized by peculiar sensitive phenomena, but the same animal, at different epochs of its existence, exhibits proofs of a greater or less development of intellect and energy. The metamorphosis of insects affords a remarkable illustration of this law. The voracious appetite of the caterpillar, the lethargic indolence of the chrysalis, and the volatile caprice of the butterfly, seem scarcely compatible with our notions of personal identity. All animals, at the epoch of puberty, experience, in a greater or less degree, similar changes in their propensities, sensibility, and mobility; and in disease, similar alterations of sensitive and locomotive power occur sufficient to effect a more or less

permanent change in the character of the individual *.

The general identity, however, of the living principle, and the sameness of its action in all animals, may be demonstrated upon more than one ground of argument. Whatever apparent varieties may subsist in the sensibility and activity of the different animated races, they are, in ultimate analysis, all reducible to the capability of consciousness, or perception of the contact of foreign bodies; and to a power of locomotion, enabling the percipient to change its position with respect to such bodies, so as to derive the greatest advantage from the presence of preservative causes, or to avoid the encounter of such as may be injurious.

The link of connexion between these powers can be no other than the sensations of pleasure and of pain. That sensation, which is both directly and indirectly indifferent to the percipient, cannot become a source of locomotion. The movements, therefore, which take place within the animal, independently of the co-operation of the individual, arise by a causation which is not attended with consciousness.

Pleasure and pain necessarily imply volition, and volition as necessarily implies judgment. No determinate action could flow from a sense of pleasure or pain, if the percipient did not judge of its own sensations, at least as far as regards the qualities of good and evil. The perception of pleasure and pain is indeed in itself a judgment. The presence of food, for example, would not prevent an animal from dying of inanition, if the perception of that presence were not accompanied by a sensation of hunger, or of the pleasant flavour of the viand. Neither would these sensations suffice, unless they predisposed the percipient to a definite series of muscular actions; and these again would be unavailing, if the sentient being could not judge of the qualities of bodies, or rather of the sensations they excite, and thus distinguish his food from other substances. All these several faculties enter necessarily and indissolubly into the mechanism of animal action; and without their co-operation perception is either a superfluous or an insufficient wheel in the machinery of vitality. Of

* See Dictionnaire. Philosophique, article "AME."

* Chlorosis, melancholia, furor uterinus, nostalgia, insanity, hydrophobia, intoxication, poisonings by narcotic drugs, &c. &c.

these phenomena we are conscious in ourselves, we see them clearly in the conduct of animals, and we infer them in every instance in which we operate upon the volition of other individuals. It is our consciousness of the inutility of perception when unaccompanied by a locomotive power, that induces us to deny this faculty to vegetables. but if it be useless without its ultimate object, it is equally so without the means that connect it with that object.

Wherever perceptibility is manifested, it must therefore be concluded, that the percipient is capable of distinct ideas of pleasure and of pain, through the agency of their exciting causes, in a proportion necessary to produce a congruous voluntary action; and that such volitions must proceed from a judgment formed of the quality of the sensations.

The justness of this conclusion is confirmed by considerations drawn from an entirely distinct chain of argument. If inquiry be commenced by an investigation of the powers of man, as the highest in the chain of intellectual existences, it will require little labour to prove, that the several peculiarities which have heretofore been rated as the results of distinct faculties, are, in fact, mere modifications of the one phenomenon of sensation, influenced by causes susceptible of a rigorous appreciation. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive any other clear notion of memory, imagination, judgment, and volition, than that memory consists in a sensation of an idea* which has formerly been presented by the organs of sense; imagination, a sensation of ideas in a certain state of combination; judgment, the sensation of an idea being included in one more complex; and volition, a sensation of appetite or aversion. All these different phenomena, then, are merely sensations, but sensations viewed under different points of consideration with relation to their causes and effects.

The faculty of perception necessarily implies these several modifications: for to perceive is to be conscious of a change produced in ourselves, by the intervention of a cause external to the sentient fibre: but to be conscious of a change is to remember the past, and to compare it with the present; and these presupposed faculties of memory and of judgment must be integral and essential parts of the act of sensation itself, and inseparable from its existence. Again,

among the changes which externals may produce, one source of difference relates to pleasure or pain, and consequently to the mode of re-action they may excite in the percipient. Every sensation has its definite influence upon the body in exciting re-action, though we too commonly consider volition as subsisting only, when the new sensation induces a change, or tendency to change, in the muscular system. But either aversion, appetite, or indifference, must accompany every sensation according to its specific nature; and it is impossible to conceive perception totally divested of one or other of these concomitants.

But if memory, judgment, and volition, are inseparable from sensation; imagination also is an integral part of the power of volition. For the percipient, in desiring to change its present situation, or to retain it, must have an archetypal idea of the effect to be, or not to be, produced; he must imagine himself in a given situation, in order to desire, or not desire, its attainment. The supposed faculties, then, to which these several phenomena have usually been attributed, can be nothing but mere abstractions, raised to the rank of realities by that fallacious influence of language which leads us to impute a positive existence to whatever is susceptible of bearing a name.

If this truth be admitted, and it seems difficult to contest the reasoning upon which it is founded, it follows that the phenomena are none of them peculiar to a particular species, but must be exhibited by every animal in the degree of development proportionate to its capacity for varied impression.

In searching for the causes of the differences of intellectual power, which distinguish the various species of animated beings, the first circumstance to remark is the difference of structure in those organs through which impressions are received. There are indeed few, except among the lowest classes of animals, that do not in their actions exhibit proofs of possessing the five senses; although comparative anatomy does not always succeed in demonstrating the organs in which they reside. There is even reason for supposing that some species are provided with organs of sense, with whose operation and influence man must remain for ever unacquainted. It is impossible to be certain of the impressions conveyed through the multilenticular eyes, or by the antennæ of insects. In descending, however, through the

chain of animal existences, the sensitive apparatus which they possess in common with the human species, are found to be gradually less perfectly developed, and less adapted for receiving a great variety of impressions, or of leading to nice distinctions of idea. The hoof of a horse is familiarly known to be less adapted to the transmission of sensations of tact than the paw of a dog. Here, then, is a point of divergence of the greatest importance to comparative ideology. The immense influence of the sense of touch upon the poverty or riches of the intellect is a common-place fact in the science of mind. The vast difference in the fineness of sensation, between man and man, which arises through the influence of labour upon the cuticle, is sufficient to indicate the still wider separation which must subsist between animals having by nature a different organization of the seat of tactile sensibility. The comparative intelligence of carnivorous and ruminating animals, depends much upon this cause; and the finesse of the elephant (an animal nearly allied in general structure to others remarkable for confined intellectual powers, and possessing a brain relatively small and ill-developed) may be safely concluded to arise from the sensitive perfection of its proboscis.

The delicate sensibility of the auditory nerves in hares and in horses, exerts a remarkable influence upon their intellectual character, and conspires to develop that timidity by which they are so eminently characterized.

The operation of sensibility in producing volition is effected through the passions and appetites. The number and force of these propensities is connected with the developement and combination of certain of the viscera, so that every combination of organs has its definite mainsprings, or passions, resulting in part through the influence of each separate organ, and in part perhaps from the combined effect of the whole*.

The influence of these causes upon the intellect is great; for on the one hand, their existence, placing the individual in more immediate contact with external nature, multiplies the number of its possible affections, and indirectly increases the stock of ideas; while, on the other, it affords motives for the mind to re-act upon itself, in order to estimate impressions, and combine means for ef-

fecting the objects to which the passions give importance. The lowest classes of animals are principally governed by the appetite of hunger; their ideas must roll chiefly upon the materials of their nutrition. Being few in number, their ideas must admit of but few combinations, and give rise to but few judgments. Volition, thus acting within a limited sphere, and being modified by a paucity of coincidents, must, upon the mere doctrine of chances, produce its effects with a constancy and a regularity truly monotonous. The law of geometrical progression will give some idea of the vast variety of possible actions, which may result from the operation of each new tendency upon a long series of ideas, and *vice versâ*, of a new idea upon a being actuated by many passions. Yet, the conduct of man being susceptible of calculation, however coarse, and reducible to a regularity however general, there is little ground for surprise at the uniformity observable in animals of a simpler construction.

With the existence of sexual distinction arises a new train of impressions, which, after those connected with the stomach, are the most general and the most influential. In those animals in whom the sexual organs are subject to periodical orgasm, the influence of the passion upon intellect is rendered apparent by considerable deviations from their usual habits and modes of action. The ungovernable fury of the bull and of the stag at the epoch of orgasm must be connected with a flow of ideas, and a perception of relations, to which at other times they are wholly insensible.

Fear and rage are powerful sources of the actions of animals: many species seem governed by these uneasy feelings through the whole of their apparently miserable being.

Hope is an affection more limited in its sway; because it implies a wider range of ideas, and a susceptibility to many different impressions. Sporting dogs, in their search after game, cannot be strangers to its impulses.

Emulation and ambition, being developed only in social life, are strictly confined to gregarious animals. The wild bull, when he places himself in the front of attack to defend the herd; the monkey and the parrot, when they stand sentinels in the predatory excursions of the flock, must act from a sense of their force or dexterity, and are most probably urged to action by this passion

* Bichat.

of the well-organised. Its operation, however, is still more manifest in the race-horse.

The existence of any considerable number of passions or appetites, implies a susceptibility to a great variety of sensitive impressions, which must afford the materials for numerous acts in which memory, imagination, and judgment, become more or less conspicuous. In proportion, therefore, as organization is developed and approaches to that of the human being, the intellectual character of the animal will more nearly resemble that of man, and its actions be more susceptible of latitude and of variety.

But by far the most effectual agent in complicating the phenomena of mind is found in the sympathetic feeling, or that gregarious passion which compels the animal to combine its movements with those of others of the same species. The moment two individuals feel and act together, the adoption of signs for mutual communication becomes essentially necessary, and nature has accordingly afforded a common medium of intelligence to all animals that she has subjected to this mode of existence. The immediate consequence of the connexion of an idea with a sign we know to be an increase of permanence and of distinctness in the idea, and therefore a greater clearness respecting its relation with other ideas, and a greater actual number of such relations. The gregarious animals which live under the dominion of man, and receive their food at his hands, are exempted from the necessity of putting forth all the powers of mind of which they are thus rendered capable. But these powers become abundantly obvious in the superior intelligence of their untamed congeners. Beavers and the migrating birds exhibit many traces of intellectual power arising from this cause; and even ants, wasps, and bees, are not altogether exempted from its influence, though, from the difference of their organization, their symbology is less susceptible of appreciation by man. It is by the close intercourse which dogs maintain with the human species, and by their adoption of many signs suggested by their master, that they attain to their very extraordinary development of intellect; by which they are enabled to reason with precision, and, in the vulgar yet most accurate phrase, "to do all but speak."

The close and immediate dependence of man upon the rest of his species, the long and helpless infancy to which he

is condemned, combining with the strong sympathy of sex and of general humanity, which give birth to domestic and to social combinations, has multiplied the necessity for a copious symbology, while the structure of his organs of speech has administered an instrument of communication superior to every other animal arrangement. The vast intensity of his sensitive powers, the greater development of his nervous system, the more extensive adaptability of his articulations, the more various mobility of his muscles, at the same time multiply his relations with external nature, increasing the number and range of his ideas with the distinctness and vivacity of his impressions. His perceptions, thus strong in themselves and rendered more definite by the use of language, are more readily recalled by association, and are more permanently retained in the imagination, and thus become linked to each other in these chains of ideas which constitute invention and reasoning.

The influence of the fugitive signs of oral communication upon the human intellect is so much the more difficult to appreciate, as we can scarcely imagine the species deprived of the assistance of this auxiliary. But a faint approximation may be obtained by the comparison which history offers between the nations which have, or have not improved this instrument, by the adoption of permanent signs for their ideas; or have given a greater or less development to such systems of representation. If we compare the unlettered savages of ancient Germany and the native tribes of North America with the Peruvians, Mexicans, Egyptians, Chinese, Greeks, and modern nations since the invention of printing, there may be traced in every instance a fixed and determinate modification of mental power, accompanying each successive step of improvement in the art of permanent expression. How vast is the difference observable between the lawless, artless, comfortless societies of warring and wandering tribes, the slowly progressive civilization of the Greeks, the stationary profitless demi-civilization of the Chinese, and the rapid development of every useful and interesting science which has succeeded the invention of the press! But if such vast and immeasurable modifications of intellect are attached to small improvements in symbolical systems, how narrow must be the limits of intellectual power in the total absence of those sys-

tema. The usual comparisons that are established between the rest of the animal creation and man in a state of savage helplessness are therefore false and inadequate. If it were possible that man could exist in a condition no further advanced than the formation of insulated families, (and this is demonstrably the nearest approach which could be made to a metaphysical independence,) he would still be in possession of a language, poor indeed and miserably circumscribed, but abundantly sufficient to raise him above any class of animals with which he might be compared. Wherever such a family could have existed, its members, however feeble and ignorant they may be imagined, would still possess a vast and most influential fund of ideas *extraduce*, and have begun life with a capital of intellect which would give them decisive advantages over every other species. The power of constructing one single sentence more analytical than an interjection would have more effect upon the general intelligence than all that is communicated by the mute intercourse of the most favoured of the gregarious tribes. The records of history stop far short of an imaginary maximum of human imbecility. The invention of the art of kindling fire*, so speedily followed by that of fusing metals, was probably preceded by ages of misery, during which man must have remained the victim rather than the lord of creation. Experience of the geometrical acceleration of social improvement warrants this supposition. Yet even such an elementary discovery must have been prepared by others elicited by the co-operation of many minds.

The re-actions of the muscular system which follow sensitive impressions are determined by nature herself. They are the results of an original law of the organization, which connects a given impression with its definite action preferably with all others. This is a part of the mechanism of life wholly hidden from investigation. The action of the nervous system upon the rest of the body takes place, however, under three different circumstances which require discrimination.

There are, in the first place, observable a series of movements incessantly going forward in the interior of the body, so urgently and instantaneously necessary to the maintenance of life, that their momentary suspension is attended by the greatest danger: such more particularly are those of the circulating and nutritive functions. The contact of the appropriate stimuli is alone sufficient to produce the requisite effects; and they are so produced, in many cases, without even the consciousness of the individual. Thus, the blood being brought to the heart by its own movements, there is no necessity for the interference of the mind to carry on the circulation.

Again, there are other trains of action in which the urgency of the function is scarcely less immediate, but in which the movements cannot be effected but through the agency of consciousness. Of this, respiration is a remarkable instance. The demand in the lungs for air is constant; but its contact with those organs is effected through passages rendered accessible only through certain muscular movements excitable by a sensitive impression. In this case the bond of connection between the muscular and nervous system is established by nature through the sensation itself; so that, on the occurrence of the sensation, the muscular movements take place in the precise order necessary for the performance of the function, without that consciousness of end which accompanies ordinary volitions.

Lastly, there is a third set of muscular movements, in which the connection does not reside in the impression, but in certain ideas, which, by association, it is capable of exciting. The movements of this class always effect changes considerably remote in their influence upon the preservation of the individual; and form what is usually meant by acts of volition. The motive power of these impressions is liable to endless modifications; they are often too feeble to produce any movement whatever; and they are much more frequently rendered inert by the counterbalancing influence of sensations having an opposite tendency. The slowness with which motives so susceptible of being counterbalanced excite to action, and the interior struggle they create, by the opposition of the desires in which they originate, lead to the erroneous notion of an inherent activity or power of motion independent of the original harmony of organization, and capable of

* Ἐπικούρου δὲ σκότους, συνεργὸν δὲ πρὸς πᾶσαν τέχνην καὶ πᾶντα ὅσα ἀφελείας ἔνεκα ἀνθρώποι κατασκευάζονται ὡς γὰρ συνελόντι εἰπεῖν, οὐδὲν ἀλόγιον ἀνεῖ πρὸς ἀνθρώποι τῶν πρὸς τὸν βίον χρῆσιν κατασκευάζονται.
Aesop. Mem. Socr. At.

a capricious determination under any given contingency. It is from an observation of these differences also that philosophers have fallen upon the distinction of reason and instinct, as if in the most refined train of reflection, the movements, sensorial and muscular, did not derive in ultimate analysis from the specific mobility of the percipient, and were not as strictly proportioned to their causes, as any other animal effect.

The faculties of perception and locomotion existing for a certain specific purpose, should the harmony of the two systems in which they reside be imperfect in its details, that purpose could not be effected; and it is because original constitution, disease, habit and prejudice, in various ways interrupt this harmony, and produce deceptions as to the value of trifling impressions, and the real connection of the present with the future, that mankind so often are rendered miserable, and are cut short by the effects of their own voluntary re-actions. The basis of this harmony between the sensitive and muscular systems, is that each sensation should produce a congruous re-action according to its connection with the well-being of the machine: all actions whatever are therefore instinctive, that is, determined by the nature of the organization, and the interference of consciousness or of volition, in the ordinary sense of the word, is a merely accidental difference. If the impression be single, preponderatingly strong, or connected with the immediate discharge of an important function, the action occurs so obviously by mere mechanism, that it cannot be mistaken. If it be, on the contrary, feeble, opposed to other impressions, or have a motive tendency connected with an object remote from the organization, its effect must necessarily vary according to every possible variation in the coincident circumstances. The motive force of such impressions depending upon combinations affecting the moral rather than the physical being, consciousness and volition become necessary links in the chain of causation; but they interfere merely to determine the value of the impressions, which impressions then impel to action immediately, necessarily, and by an operation that utterly escapes our scrutiny.

Nothing, it is true, can be more difficult than to conceive by what process the sensation excited in a new-born babe by the effluvia of the female breast should impel the infant to take the nipple in its mouth, and so to arrange its

muscles as to cause the pressure of the atmosphere to effect a gush of milk. The infant can neither know any thing of the existence and properties of the fluid, of the effect of a partial vacuum, nor even of the consequence of a certain disposition of the mouth. So also it is impossible to imagine by what impulsion the child is induced to make those precise muscular movements which produce deglutition before experience has taught the pleasure of swallowing; but it may be doubted whether the influence of the motives of voluntary actions, in which volition is accompanied by a consciousness of end, are susceptible of clearer explanation.

The sole difference that can be established between instinctive and rational action, is that one proceeds from a single stimulus, and that the other results from a combination of many impressions. Hence actions, in many cases, pass from one to the other of these supposed classes, and change their nature according to accident. The first inspiration, the first deglutition, are instinctive; all the subsequent ones may be voluntary. When man is assailed, he wards off the blow, and returns it instinctively; because the nature of the excitement is such as to preclude the operation of any minor impression; but if the fight continue, he deliberately performs the same movements under the guidance of what skill he may possess, because the ideas of self-defence are called forth, which render such a mode of action necessary; but if his blood become heated by the painful impression of the blows he receives, these impressions again are rendered paramount, and his scientific notions fade before the strong desire of revenge; his movements thus become disordered, and cease to be under the guidance of the judgment or the will.

The power, then, of giving series and unity to action, of subordinating the present to the future, derives immediately from a susceptibility to many, various, and slight impressions. It is therefore a necessary consequence of an high development of sensitive power, and does not necessarily imply the introduction of a new piece into the mechanism. So closely indeed do these phenomena depend upon the degree of sensitive delicacy, that they vary in different individuals, and in the same person at different times, according to variations in the cultivation of language and mind, and according to differences in health and sickness, and in the occasional

obtuseness or keenness of the organs of sense. In those trains of action which are the most decidedly voluntary, and produced by the balance of many conflicting impressions, the value of the motives derives immediately from the relative organic force of the passions; and the same animal acts differently under the same contingencies, according to every variation in the balance of its appetites and propensities. Whatever then be the determination to which it arrives, the action is an expression of the physical condition of the agent, or, in other words, is *instinctive*. To estimate, therefore, the actions of an animal with precision, we should previously be acquainted with its whole organization, and with the influence of the structure upon the volition. This, however, is scarcely possible with regard to those species whose formation differs very widely from our own. But it is precisely from the actions of animals of this description, that inferences have been drawn in favour of the existence of a principle of movement opposed to reason; and thus it happens that the boldness of conjecture rises in the exact proportion of our real ignorance.

In concluding this long and somewhat desultory paper, it may perhaps be necessary to say something respecting

the tendency of the inquiry. Too many efforts have been made to connect all investigations of mind with definite opinions in religion. Nothing, however, can be more futile than the notion of this influence of philosophy upon matters of belief. In succeeding to prove that the mechanism of the body is sufficient to explain the phenomena of mind, we merely establish the fitness of that body to become the habitation of an immortal soul, and verify in another instance that harmony which is always to be pre-supposed in the works of the Divinity. The existence of the soul rests not upon arguments of physiology; and to fix it upon that basis, serves only to subject the dogma to all the difficulties and doubts incidental to physiological questions; the wisdom of such a system, both in a moral and a theological point of view, is more than problematical. "Talking," says Locke of reasoners of this cast, "talking with a supposition and insinuations that truth and knowledge, nay, and religion too, stands and falls with their systems; is at best but an imperious begging the question, and assuming to themselves, under the pretence of zeal for the cause of God, a title to infallibility."—*Essays*, vol. ii. p. 148. (note.)

MODERN PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

[We have received the following article from an esteemed Correspondent, and conceiving it to be generally judicious and well written, we lay it before our readers, though we do not participate in all the author's ideas.]

LITTLE did the authors of the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and the *Guardian* think, while gratifying the simple appetites of our fathers for periodical literature, how great would be the number, and how extensive the influence, of their successors in the nineteenth century. Little did they know that they were preparing the way for this strange era in the world of letters, when Reviews and Magazines supersede the necessity of research or thought—when each month they become more spirited, more poignant, and more exciting—and on every appearance awaken a pleasing crowd of turbulent sensations in authors, contributors, and the few who belong to neither of these classes, unknown to our laborious ancestors. Without entering, at present, into the enquiry whether this system be, on the whole, as beneficial as it is lively, we will just lightly glance at the chief of its produc-

tions, which have such varied and extensive influences for good or for evil.

The *Edinburgh Review*—though its power is now on the wane—has perhaps, on the whole, produced a deeper and more extensive impression on the public mind than any other work of its species. It has two distinct characters—that of a series of original essays, and a critical examination of the new works of particular authors. The first of these constitutes its fairest claim to honourable distinction. In this point of view, it has one extraordinary merit, that instead of partially illustrating only one set of doctrines, it contains disquisitions equally convincing on almost all sides of almost all questions of literature or state policy. The "bane and antidote" are frequently to be found in the ample compass of its volumes, and not unfrequently from the same pen. Its Essays on Political Economy display talents

of a very uncommon order. Their writers have contrived to make the dryest subjects enchanting, and the lowest and most debasing theories beautiful. Touched by them, the wretched dogmas of expediency have worn the air of venerable truths, and the degrading speculations of Malthus have appeared full of benevolence and of wisdom. They have exerted the uncommon art, while working up a sophism into every possible form, to seem as though they had boundless store of reasons to spare—a very exuberance of proof—which the clearness of their argument rendered it unnecessary to use. The celebrated Editor of this work, with little imagination—little genuine wit—and no clear view of any great and central principles of criticism, has contrived to dazzle, to astonish, and occasionally to delight, multitudes of readers, and, at one period, to hold the temporary fate of authors at his will. His qualities are all singularly adapted to his office. Without deep feeling, which few can understand, he has a quick sensibility with which all can sympathize; without a command of images, he has a glittering radiance of words which the most superficial may admire; neither too hard-hearted always to refuse his admiration, nor too kindly to suppress a sneer, he has been enabled to appear most witty, most wise, and most eloquent, to those who have chosen him for their oracle. As Reviewers, who have exercised a fearful power over the hearts and the destinies of young aspirants to fame, this gentleman, and his varied coadjutors have done many great and irreparable wrongs. Their very motto, "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*," applied to works offending only by their want of genius, asserted a fictitious crime to be punished by a voluntary tribunal. It implied that the author of a dull book was a criminal, whose sensibilities justice required to be stretched on the rack, and whose inmost soul it was a sacred duty to lacerate! They even carried this atrocious absurdity further—represented youthful poets as *prima facie* guilty; "swarming with a vicious fecundity which invited and required destruction;" and spoke of the publication of verses as evidence, in itself, of want of sense, to be rebutted only by proofs of surpassing genius*. Thus the sweetest hopes were to be rudely broken—the loveliest visions of existence were

to be dissipated—the most ardent and most innocent souls were to be wrung with unutterable anguish—and a fearful risk incurred of crushing genius too mighty for sudden development, or of changing its energies into poison—in order that the public might be secured from the possibility of worthlessness becoming attractive, or individuals shielded from the misery of looking into a work which would not tempt their further perusal! But the Edinburgh Review has not been contented with deriding the pretensions of honest but ungifted aspirants; it has pursued with misrepresentation and ridicule the loftiest and the gentlest spirits of the age, and has prevented the world, for a little season, from recognizing and enjoying their genius. One of their earliest numbers contained an elaborate tissue of gross derision on that delicate production of feeling and of fancy—that fresh revival of the old English drama in all its antique graces—that piece of natural sweetness and of wood-land beauty—the tragedy of *John Woodvil*. They directed the same species of barbarous ridicule against the tale of *Cristabel*, trying to excite laughter by the cheap process of changing the names of its heroines into Lady C. and Lady G. and employing the easy art of transmuting its romantic incidents into the language of frivolous life, to destroy the fame of its most profound and imaginative author. The mode of criticism adopted on this occasion might, it is obvious, be used with equal success, to give to the purest and loftiest of works a ludicrous air. But the mightiest offence of the Edinburgh Review is the wilful injustice which it has done to Wordsworth, or rather to the multitude whom it has debarred from the noblest stock of intellectual delights to be found in modern poetry, by the misrepresentation and the scorn which it has poured on his effusions. It would require a far longer essay than this to expose all the arts (for *arts* they have been) which the Review has employed to depreciate this holiest of living bards. To effect this malignant design, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, have been constantly represented as forming one perverse school or band of innovators—though there are perhaps no poets whose whole style and train of thought more essentially differ. To the same end, a few peculiar expressions—a few attempts at simplicity of expression on simple themes—a few extreme instances of naked lan-

* See Ed. Rev. No. 43, p. 68.

guage, which the fashionable gaudiness of poetry had incited—were dwelt on as exhibiting the poet's intellectual character, while passages of the purest and most majestic beauty, of the deepest pathos, and of the noblest music, were regarded as unworthy even to mitigate the critic's scorn. To this end, Southey—who with all his rich and varied accomplishments, has comparatively but a small portion of Wordsworth's genius—and whose "wild and wondrous lays" are the very antithesis to Wordsworth's intense musings on humanity, and new consecrations of familiar things—was represented as redeeming the school which his mightier friend degraded. To this end, even Wilson—one who had delighted to sit humbly at the feet of Wordsworth, and who derived his choicest inspirations from him—was praised as shedding unwonted lustre over the barrenness of his master. But why multiply examples? Why attempt minutely to expose critics, who in "thoughts which do often lie too deep for tears" can find matter only for jesting—who speak of the high, imaginative conclusion of the White Doe of Rylston as a fine compliment of which they do not know the meaning—and who begin a long and laborious article on the noblest philosophical poem in the world with—"This will never do"?

The *Quarterly Review*, inferior to the Edinburgh in its mode of treating matters of mere reason—and destitute of that glittering eloquence of which Mr. Jeffrey has been so lavish—is far superior to it in its tone of sentiment, taste, and morals. It has often given intimations of a sense that there are "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the philosophy" of the Northern Reviewers. It has not regarded the wealth of nations as every thing and the happiness of nations as nothing—it has not rested all the foundations of good on the shifting expediences of time—it has not treated human nature as a mere problem for critics to analyze and explain. Its articles on travels have been richly tinged with a spirit of the romantic. Its views of religious sectarianism—unlike the flippant impieties of its rival—have been full of real kindness and honest sympathy. Its disquisitions on the State of the Poor have been often replete with thoughts "informed by nobleness," and rich in examples of lowly virtue which have had power to make the heart glow with a genial warmth which Reviews can rarely inspire.

Its attack on Lady Morgan, whatever were the merits of her work, was one of the coarsest insults ever offered in print by man to woman. But perhaps its worst piece of injustice was its laborious attempt to torture and ruin Mr. Keats, a poet then of extreme youth, whose work was wholly unobjectionable in its tendencies, and whose sole offence was a friendship for one of the objects of the Reviewer's hatred, and his courage to avow it. We can form but a faint idea of what the heart of a young poet is when he first begins to exercise his celestial faculties—how eager and tremulous are his hopes—how strange and tumultuous are his joys—how arduous is his difficulty of embodying his rich imaginings in mortal language—how sensibly alive are all his feelings to the touches of this rough world! Yet we can guess enough of these to estimate, in some degree, the enormity of a cool attack on a soul so delicately strung—with such aspirations and such fears—in the beginning of its high career. Mr. Keats—who now happily has attained the vantage-ground whence he may defy criticism—was cruelly or wantonly held up to ridicule in the *Quarterly Review*—to his transitory pain, we fear, but to the lasting disgrace of his traducer. Shelley has less ground of complaining—for he who attacks established institutions with a martyr's spirit, must not be surprised if he is visited with a martyr's doom. All ridicule of Keats was unprovoked insult and injury—an attack on Shelley was open and honest warfare, in which there is nothing to censure but the mode in which it was conducted. To deprecate his principles—to confute his reasonings—to expose his inconsistencies—to picture forth vividly all that his critics believed respecting the tendencies of his works—was just and lawful; but to give currency to slanderous stories respecting his character, and, above all, darkly to insinuate guilt which they forbore to develope, was unmanly, and could only serve to injure an honourable cause. Scarcely less disgraceful to the Review is the late elaborate piece of abuse against that great national work, the new edition of Stephens's *Greek Thesaurus*. It must, however, be confessed, that several articles in recent numbers of the Review have displayed very profound knowledge of the subjects treated, and a deep and gentle spirit of criticism.

The *British Review* is, both in evil and good, far below the two great Quar-

terly Journals. It is, however, very far from wanting ability, and as it lacks the gall of its contemporaries, and speaks in the tone of real conviction, though we do not subscribe to all its opinions, we offer it our best wishes.

The *Pamphleteer* is a work of very meritorious design. Its execution, depending less on the voluntary power of its editor than that of any other periodical work, is necessarily unequal. On the whole, it has embodied a great number of valuable essays—which give a view of different sides of important questions, like the articles of the *Edinburgh*, but without the alloy which the inconsistency of the writers of the last mingle with their discussions. It has, we believe, on one or two occasions, suggested valuable hints to the legislature—especially in its view of the effects arising from the punishment of the pillory—which, although somewhat vicious and extravagant in its style, set the evils of that exhibition in so clear a light, that it was shortly after abolished, except in the instance of perjury. As the subject had not been investigated before, and the abolition followed so speedily, it may reasonably be presumed that this essay had no small share in terminating an infliction in which the people were, at once, judges and executioners—all the remains of virtue were too often extinguished—and justice perpetually insulted in the execution of its own sentences.

The *Retrospective Review* is a bold experiment in these times, which well deserves to succeed, and has already attained far more notice than we should have expected to follow a periodical work which relates only to the past. To unveil with a reverent hand the treasures of other days—to disclose ties of sympathy with old time which else were hidden—to make us feel that beauty and truth are not things of yesterday—is the aim of no mean ambition, in which success will be without alloy, and failure without disgrace. There is an air of youth and inexperience doubtless about some of the articles; but can any thing be more pleasing than to see young enthusiasm, instead of dwelling on the gauds of the “ignorant present,” fondly cherishing the venerableness of old time, and reverently listening to the voices of ancestral wisdom? The future is all visionary and unreal—the past is the truly grand, and substantial and abiding. The airy visions of hope vanish as we proceed; but nothing can

deprive us of our interest in that which has been. It is good, therefore, to have one periodical work exclusively devoted to “auld lang syne.” It is also pleasant to have one which, amidst an age whose literature is “rank with all unkindness,” is unaffected by party or prejudice, which feeds no depraved appetite, which ministers to no unworthy passion, but breathes one tender and harmonious spirit of revering love for the great departed. We shall rejoice, therefore, to see this work “rich with the spoils of time,” and gradually leading even the mere readers of periodical works, to feel with the gentle author of that divine sonnet, written in a blank leaf of Dugdale’s *Monasticon* :—

“Not harsh nor rugged are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.”

These, we believe, are all the larger periodical works of celebrity not devoted to merely scientific purposes. Of the lesser Reviews, the *Monthly*, as the oldest, claims the first notice; though we cannot say much in its praise. A singular infelicity has attended many of its censures. To most of those who have conducted to the revival of poetry it has opposed its jeers and its mockeries. Cowper, who first restored “free nature’s grace” to our pictures of rural scenery—whose timid and delicate soul shrunk from the slightest encounter with the world—whose very satire breathed gentleness and good-will to all his fellows—was agonized by its unfeeling scorn. Kirk White, another spirit almost too gentle for earth—painfully struggling by his poetical efforts to secure the scanty means of laborious study, was crushed almost to earth by its pitiable sentence, and his brief span of life filled with bitter anguish. This Review seems about twenty years behind the spirit of the times; and this, for a periodical work, is fully equal to a century in former ages.

Far other notice does the *Eclectic Review* require. It is, indeed, devoted to a party; and to a party whose opinions are not very favourable to genial views of humanity, or to deep admiration of human genius. But not all the fiery zeal of sectarianism which has sometimes blazed through its disquisitions—nor all the straight-laced nicety with which it is sometimes disposed to regard earthly enjoyments—nor all the gloom which its spirit of Calvinism sheds on the mightiest efforts of virtue—can prevent us from feeling the awe-striking influences of honest principle—of hopes

which are not shaken by the fluctuations of time—of faith which looks to “temples not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” The Eclectic Review, indeed, in its earliest numbers, seemed resolved to oppose the spirit of its religion to the spirit of intellect and humanity, and even went to the fearful excess of heaping the vilest abuse on Shakspeare, and of hinting that his soul was mourning in the torments of hell, over the evils which his works had occasioned in the world*. But its conductors have since changed, or have grown wiser. Their Reviews of Poetry have been, perhaps, on the

whole, in the purest and the gentlest spirit of any which have been written in this age of criticism. Without resigning their doctrines, they have softened and humanized those who profess them, and have made their system of religion look smilingly, while they have striven to preserve it unspotted from the world. If occasionally they introduce their pious feelings where we regard them as misplaced, we may smile, but not in scorn†. Their zeal is better than heartless indifference—their honest denunciations are not like the sneers of envy or the heartless jests which a mere desire of applause inspires. It is some-

* This marvellous effusion of bigotry is contained in an article on Twiss's Index to Shakspeare in the 3d. vol. of the Review, p. 75. The Reviewer comments with the following tremendous sentence:—

“If the compiler of these volumes had been properly sensible of the value of time, and the relation which the employment of it bears to his eternal state, we should not have had to present our readers with the pitiable spectacle of a man advanced in years consuming the embers of vitality in making a complete verbal Index to the Plays of Shakspeare.”

After acknowledging the genius of Shakspeare, the Reviewer observes, “He has been called, and justly too, the ‘Poet of Nature.’” A slight acquaintance with the religion of the Bible will shew that it is of human nature in its worst shape, deformed by the basest passions, and agitated by the most vicious propensities, that the poet became the priest; and the incense offered at the altar of his goddess will spread its poisonous fumes over the hearts of his countrymen, till the memory of his works is extinct. Thousands of unhappy spirits, and thousands yet to increase their number, will everlastingly look back with unutterable anguish on the nights and days in which the plays of Shakspeare ministered to their guilty delights.”—The Reviewer further complains of the inscription on Garrick's tomb (which is absurd enough, though on far different grounds)—as “the absurd and impious epitaph upon the tablet raised to one of the miserable retailers of his impurities!” “We commiserate,” continues the Critic, “the heart of the man who can read the following lines without indignation:—

“And till eternity, with power sublime,
Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary time,
Shakspeare and Garrick, like twin stars, shall shine,
And each irradiate with a beam divine.”

“*Par nobile fratrum!* Your fame shall last during the empire of vice and misery, in the extension of which you have acted so great a part! We make no apology for our sentiments, unfashionable as they are. Feeling the importance of the condition of man as a moral agent, accountable not merely for the direct effects, but also for the remotest influence of his actions, WHILE WE EXECRATE THE NAMES, WE CANNOT BUT SHUDDER AT THE STATE OF THOSE WHO HAVE OPENED FOUNTAINS OF IMPURITY AT WHICH FASHION LEADS ITS SUCCESSIVE GENERATIONS GREEDILY TO DRINK.”—Merciful heaven!

† We will give an instance of this—with a view to exhibit the peculiarities into which exclusive feelings lead; for observation, not for derision. In a very beautiful article on Wordsworth's Excursion, the Critic notices a stanza among several on the death of Ross, where the poet—evidently not referring to the questions of immortality and judgment, but to the deprivation sustained by the world in the loss of the objects of its admiration—exclaims,

“A power is passing from the earth
To breatheless nature's vast abyss;
But when the mighty pass away,
What is it more than this,
That man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet to God return?
Such ebb and flow will ever be,
Then wherefore shall we mourn?”

On which the Reviewer observes; “The question in the last two lines needs no answer; to that in the four preceding ones we must reply distinctly, ‘It is appointed to men once to die, but after this the JUDGMENT.’” Heb. ix. v. 27.

thing to have real principle in times like these—a sense of things beyond our frail nature—even where the feeling of the eternal is saddened by too harsh and exclusive views of God, and of his children; for, as observed by one of our old poets,

—“Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!”

The *British Critic* is a highly respectable Work, which does not require our praise, or offer any marks for our censure. It is, in a great measure, devoted to the interests of the Church and of her Ministers. It has sometimes shewn a little sourness in its controversial discussions—but this is very different indeed from using cold sneers against unopposing authors. Its articles of criticism on Poetry—if not adorned by any singular felicity of expression—have often been, of late, at once clear-sighted and gentle.

The *Edinburgh Monthly Review* is, on the whole, one of the ablest and fairest of the Monthly Reviews, though somewhat disproportionably filled with disquisitions on matters of State policy.

Few literary changes within the late changeable years have been more remarkable than the alteration in the style and spirit of the *Magazines*. Time was when their modest ambition reached only to the reputation of being the “abstracts and brief chronicles” of passing events—when they were well pleased to afford vent to the sighs of a poetical lover, or to give light fluttering for a month to an epigram on a lady’s fan—when a circumstantial account of a murder, or an authentic description of a birth-day dress, or the nice developement of a family receipt, communicated, in their pages, to maiden ladies of a certain age an incalculable pleasure—and when the learned decyphering of an inscription on some rusty coin sufficed to give them a venerableness in the eyes of the old. If they then ever aspired to criticism, it was in mere kindness—to give a friendly greeting to the young adventurer, and afford him a taste of unmingled pleasure at the entrance of his perilous journey. Now they are full of wit, satire, and pungent remark—touching familiarly on the profoundest questions of philosophy as on the lightest varieties of manners—sometimes overthrowing a system with a joke, and destroying a reputation in the best humour in the world. One *Magazine*—the *Gentleman’s*—almost

alone retains “the homely beauty of the good old cause,” in pristine simplicity of style. This periodical Work is worthy of its title. Its very dullness is agreeable to us. It is as destitute of sprightliness and of gall as in the first of its years. Its antiquarian disquisitions are very pleasant, giving us the feeling of sentiment without seeming to obtrude it on us, or to be designed for a display of the peculiar sensibility of their authors. We would not on any account lose the veteran Mr. Urban—though he will not, of course, suffice as a substitute for his juvenile competitors—but we heartily wish that he may go flourishing on in his green old age and honest self-complacency, to tell old stories, and remind us of old times, undisturbed by his gamesome and ambitious progeny!

Yet we must turn from his gentle work to gaze on the bright Aurora Borealis—the new and ever-varying Northern Light—*Blackwood’s Magazine*. We remember no work of which so much might be truly said, both in censure and in eulogy—no work, at some times so profound, and at others so trifling—one moment so instinct with noble indignation, the next so pitifully falling into the errors it had denounced—in one page breathing the deepest and the kindest spirit of criticism, in another condescending to give currency to the lowest calumnies. The air of young life—the exuberance both of talent and of animal spirits—which this Work indicates, will excuse much of that wantonness which evidently arises from the fresh spirit of hope and of joy. But there are some of its excesses which nothing can palliate, which can be attributed to nothing but malignant passions, or to the baser desire of extending its sale. Less censurable, but scarcely less productive of unpleasant results, is its practice of dragging the peculiarities, the conversation, and domestic habits of distinguished individuals into public view, to gratify a diseased curiosity at the expense of men by whom its authors have been trusted. Such a course, if largely followed, would destroy all that is private and social in life, and leave us nothing but our public existence. How must the joyous intercourses of society be chilled, and the free unbosoming of the soul be checked, by the feeling that some one is present who will put down every look and word and tone in a note-book, and exhibit them to the common gaze! If the enshading sanctities of life are to be cut away—

as in Peter's Letters, or in the Letters from the Lakes—its joys will speedily perish. When they can no longer nestle in privacy, they will wither. We cannot however refuse to Blackwood's contributors the praise of great boldness in throwing away the external dignities of literature, and mingling their wit and eloquence and poetry with the familiarities of life, with an ease which nothing but the consciousness of great and genuine talent could inspire or justify. Most of their jests have, we think, been carried a little too far. The town begins to sicken of their pugilistic articles; to nauseate the blended language of Olympus and St. Giles's; to long for inspiration from a purer spring than Belsher's tap; and to desire sight of Apollo and the Muses in a brighter ring than that of Moulsey-hurst. We ought not to forget the debt which we owe to this magazine for infusing something of the finest and profoundest spirit of the German writers into our criticism, and for its "high and hearted" eulogies of the greatest, though not the most popular of our living poets.

Baldwin's Magazine, in so far as it imitates Blackwood's, is not, we think, very successful. Its most desperate attempts at humour—such as the effusions of Janus Weathercock, and Mr. Bon Mot—are stupendously unwieldy and frivolous. Excepting a few lively articles, attributed to the pen of the liveliest of our young writers in the South, its strength lies in its criticism. The article on the Scottish novels—though we think its eulogies far too highly coloured—displayed a great richness and fulness of thought, and a most cordial sympathy with the author, and with the humanity which breathes in his creations. The essay on Wordsworth, replete with ingenious observations, we thought inadequate—but this is no matter of surprise.

We have thus, impartially, we think, endeavoured to perform the delicate task of characterizing the principal contemporaries and rivals of the *New Monthly Magazine*, on which last-mentioned publication, it will not be expected that we should here venture to make any remarks.

DEATH OF JAMMEAMEA, KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

By a letter from Captain Ricord, Governor of Kamschatka, we are informed of the death of Jammeamea, King of the Sandwich Islands. This extraordinary man, who seems to have been destined by Providence to rescue his countrymen from barbarous ignorance, by introducing among them the knowledge and arts of Europe and America, died, after a short illness, in March 1819, in the Island of Owhyhee. Before his death, an extraordinary natural phenomenon occurred at Owhyhee: during a period of three hours, the waters of the ocean rose and fell, in a certain number of minutes, six feet, and this with so much regularity and calmness, that no damage was done either to the vessels lying in the port, or to the places on the coast. This phenomenon, which is worthy the attention of natural philosophers, was considered, by the inhabitants of Owhyhee, according to the superstitious notions peculiar to savage nations, as a presage of the approaching death of their beloved king; while the great Jammeamea, stretched on his death-bed, gave for the last time good advice to the princes of all the islands subject to him, who had assembled round him by his command; and exhorted them to keep

sacred his useful institutions, "for which," said he, "we are obliged to the white men who have visited us, and those who dwell among us." He advised that they should be respected above all others, that their property should be held inviolable, and that they should continue to enjoy the same privileges and advantages as he had granted them. Hereupon he named, as his successor in the supreme authority, one of his sons, Reo-Reo, a high-spirited youth, not above 20 years of age, who has received an European education, and is said to be well skilled in the English language. He caused the assembled princes to take the oath, in the usual manner, to this his successor, but left him, on account of his youth, under the care of his wife, thus making her, for a time, unlimited regent of all his dominions. A few hours after this he expired.

According to the custom of the islanders, the person who is recognized as the next heir of the supreme authority must quit the place, and even the island in which the king died. The spirited and ambitious young Reo-Reo, on his departure from Owhyhee, said to his friends:—"If my father has found me worthy to be his successor, in prefer-

ence to my brothers, I shall not bear any other authority over me; and I declare expressly, that at the expiration of the appointed time, I will either return as real king, or not at all." The princes who remained behind at Owhyhee employed themselves in military exercises, and the whole island is full of men who are, for the most part, armed in the European fashion. All the foreign vessels then in the harbour were likewise obliged to keep themselves ready for combat.

Such was the situation of the Sandwich Islands at the departure of the American vessel which has brought us these accounts. It is, however, believed, that young Reo-Reo, who has a strong party, and whom the American vessels are prepared to support in case of need, will succeed in maintaining his lawful authority, even though some blood should be spilt on the occasion.

The treasure found on Jammeamea's death, and which he had amassed by means of his trade with the Europeans, amounts to about half a million of Spanish piastres, besides merchandize of nearly equal value, and some well-armed trading vessels. This treasure must be considered as an extraordinary sum, when we recollect that the celebrated Jammeamea, at the time of Vancouver's voyage, who made some stay in the Sandwich Islands, in 1795, came to him with other persons to barter bananas and hogs for iron nails, and that while he helped the sailors to fill the casks with fresh water, he very dexterously contrived to knock off the iron hoops.

Jammeamea has left behind him a collection of many good anecdotes and witty sayings, which it is probable may appear in print in the United States. Of these anecdotes, Captain Ricord relates only the following:—"On occasion of an order which he had published in his islands, one of the most ambitious princes, who was in company with his friends, and had heated his imagination by drinking rum to excess, said that he would by no means obey this order. An Englishman present, who had long been settled in the island, a favourite of the king's, and filling the next post to him in the government, answered him, that he would not venture to show the slightest disobedience.—'Why do you think so?' said the Prince haughtily; 'do you not know that I am as much king in my island as Jammeamea in Owhyhee?' The king's favourite acquainted his master the following day with the speech of the arrogant prince. The king listened with apparent composure, and, by way of answer, desired him to carry to the prince, who fancied himself independent, the little box in which he used to spit, and which only the king can use; for which reason this box, which is a symbol of the supreme power, is carried after the king, wherever he goes, by a particular officer. The Prince, on receiving from Jammeamea this unexpected present, felt instantly the design of sending to him this box, with which he did not venture to show himself to the people, and returned it with all the respect due from a subject to King Jammeamea in person."

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE FROM PARIS TO SAINT CLOUD.*

THE blunders and ignorance of a thorough-bred cockney are familiar to every one. Woe unto him who is born within the sound of Bow-bell, and whose avocations allow him not to stray beyond the confines of the Borough! He is certain at one period or other of his life to betray the place that gave him birth, and to become the jest of every wiling, who may have heard the hackneyed story of "hark how the cock neighs!" Of late years, however, the means of escaping, for a few hours at least, from the dust and turmoil of London, have been so wonderfully facilitated by coaches and steam-boats, to say nothing of that hobby of the moment, the dandy-horse, that there are few, in-

deed, so utterly unfortunate as not to be able, once or twice in the year, to get themselves so far transported among rural objects, as to be able to ascertain with their own eyes, that beef and mutton are not merely different parts of the same animal, that ducks and geese can go into the water without being drowned, and that apples and pears grow on different trees. Nor let our more fashionable tourists, who run all over the continent to get rid of that *ennui* which must inevitably accompany them, so long as they make their own empty heads a part of their travelling establishment, laugh at the day's pleasure of a careful citizen, whose longest summer excursion is to Shooter's-hill by one of

* A distance of two leagues, or thereabouts.

the "four-horse" coaches, or to Margate by the steam-packet. Most assuredly they will not feel a more lively pleasure in scaling the Alps, or looking at their own languid countenances in the beautiful lake of Geneva itself, than he will do at the wonders which will meet his eyes at every step, when

"Scarce passed the turnpike half a mile,

"How all the country seems to smile."

Perhaps, however, the Parisian *bourgeois* is still more alive to the "effect of novelty upon ignorance" even than the native Londoner; for the French in general are less addicted, as a nation, to the pleasures of rural life, than the English; and, consequently, such of them as are cooped up within the walls of the metropolis, make fewer efforts to emancipate themselves from its unnatural restraints. The gay simplicity and unsuspecting ignorance of a traveller of this class, is most happily delineated by a French writer of the name of Néel, who in his little work, intitled, *Voyage de Paris à St. Cloud par mer, et retour de St. Cloud à Paris, par terre*, has not only held up a highly diverting picture of the lively impressions, made in the course of an excursion of ——— miles upon a young man who had never before been beyond *les barrières*, but has likewise ingeniously ridiculed the pompous flights, and untenable hypotheses of some of the most celebrated travellers of the day in which he wrote; and though a lapse of half a century has swept away some of the objects which excite the attention of his hero, and consigned to oblivion some of the names which were at that time deemed worthy of record; yet the wit of his little volume remains unchanged and the picture he presents is, perhaps, still more interesting, as it preserves the remembrance of a sort of character, the original of which, under the present state of manners and increase of information, becomes fainter and fainter every day. He introduces his hero making a forcible eulogium upon the benefit of travel, and modestly contrasting the ignorance under which he had before laboured, with the accession of knowledge and enlargement of mind, which he states himself to have gained in the course of his excursion to and from St. Cloud. This great undertaking, he informs his readers, he had been contemplating for two years; and was at last persuaded to put it into execution by a friend, whose father had a pretty country-house there, and what was still more

tempting, a pretty daughter, who takes care to let him know that she is to spend certain saint-days and holidays there. Thus tempted, he resolves to conquer his repugnance to the water, to expose himself to the danger of change of air, to brave the fatigue of travelling; in short, to act upon the principle which he recollects to have read in Virgil; little thinking, as he remarks at that time, that he ever should be called upon to apply it to himself—

Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.

We will pass over the preparations he makes for his voyage; the precaution with which he accustoms himself by degrees to the air from the water, by walking every day near the river, among all the washerwomen, and crossing occasionally from Port St. Nicholas to the Quatre Nations; the discharging of all his debts, making his will, confessing himself, and receiving the sacrament. We will pass over the stock of wearing apparel which he takes with him, including changes for all the seasons; the load of provisions, sufficient for an India voyage, which he lays in; the mathematical instruments with which he provides himself for the purpose of taking observations; the books for reference, the music for recreation, the chess and back-gammon men, cards, dice, and a vast heap of &c. *pour faire l'aimable* with his fellow passengers. We will even pass over the sorrowful adieux of his friends, his tutor, mother, and two aged aunts, who accompany him to the water's edge; and will introduce him to tell his own story, at the precise moment when, for the first time in his life, he is called upon to think and act for himself.

"Whilst I was busy looking after my luggage, the vessel got *afloat*. I felt it wonderfully, by a tossing which alarmed, because it surprised me. I went *on deck* to see the *manœuvres*; the Pont Royal already began to draw back, in order to make room for us; and all the other vessels loaded with timber, which seemed only to have come there to stand in our way, ranged themselves in the same order, at the voice of the pilot, who swore at them like a hundred devils.

We had scarcely got under weigh, when several passengers having made signals to us from the shore that they wished to embark with us, the captain ordered out the *long boat* to pick them up; they had, apparently, had places kept for them: we had gone on very

steadily till we took them up; we afterwards got out in open sea, opposite to the *New Garoual*, and began to go at a good rate.

A light breeze from the south wafted us on; it was apparently contrary for us, as we heisted no sail, not even the *mizzen*, but relied solely on our oars, until we might be able to avail ourselves of the *trade winds*. The smell of the tar began all on a sudden to affect my head: I thought I would go a little further off, to get out of the way of it, but I was much astonished to find, on attempting to rise, that I had not the power to do it. I had unfortunately seated myself upon a coil of rope, without observing that it was newly pitched: the heat I had communicated to it had incorporated it so closely with my breeches, that some shreds of them were obliged to be cut off before I could be set at liberty. This adventure seemed, however, disagreeable to no one but myself; for of all the spectators, I was the only one in whom it did not excite laughter. To proceed—we coasted on, northwards, until we came off a port, the name of which I was informed was *La Conférence*: there were many vessels at anchor here, loaded with divers merchandize from Paris, destined for foreign parts. I conjectured that the country which I saw on the opposite side, was the same which our Paris geographers call the *Krag-Fens*, for in fact I heard the croaking of the frogs themselves.

We passed the *Pont-tournant* and the *Petit Cours* on one side of the land, and the *Invalides* and the *Gros-Cailion* on the other. We afterwards discovered a desert island of considerable extent, upon which I could see nothing but a few cabins, apparently belonging to savages, and some sea-cows, with here and there cattle of the Irish breed. I asked, if it was not the same place as was called, in my map of the world, the Island of *Martinique*, to which we are indebted for good sugar and bad coffee. I was answered in the negative; and that this island was formerly known by a very indecent name, but went in the present day by that of *l'Isle des Cignes*.^{*} I consulted my map, and not finding it there, I made the following notes respecting it. I observe that the pasturage must be excellent, because of its proximity to the sea, by which it is supplied with water at the very first hand:—that if the island were cultivated, it would grow very good

grass, quite fresh;—that it was doubtless from this island that we were supplied with the beautiful swansdown muffs, which were formerly so much the rage;—and that though there were no trees, there was a great quantity of faggots and planks piled one upon another in the open air, from which I drew the inference, that the wood harvest was over, because the month of August is forwarder at Paris than that of September;—that there is not a sufficient number of warehouses or cellars to stow it in; and in short, that it is doubtless from this place that we procure the fine woods used by our cabinet-makers, and of which our turners make such beautiful nine-pins.

Two steps from this place, on a sand-bank towards the south, we saw the remains of a merchantman which was wrecked the winter before, laden with hemp. A citizen of Domfront^{*} would not have been moved at this sight, because he regards the plant as an ill-omened one for him; but as for myself, I could not disguise the feelings which such a spectacle awakened in me, exposed as I was at that moment to the possibility of a similar fate: I also might be a castaway, and perish! Speaking of hemp, and Domfront, makes me call to mind the simplicity of a churchwarden of Domfront, who was walking one day with a Parisian in a field sown with hemp; his companion asked him if it was not some kind of salad. "Oh, to be sure!" cried the churchwarden, "you are a fine fellow, and know a thing or two! Salad, indeed! I wish you plenty of it! A pretty devilish sort of salad; confound it, it choked my late poor father!"

We kept making good way, and by help of tacking sailed along-side of the shore, which was covered with stones from St. Leu, that I at first took for Italian marble. Our pilot, who was very prudent and steady, not having yet broken his fast, now, in order to make up for an ebbing tide and a contrary wind, threw out a rope to land, which was immediately fastened to a couple of horses, and a man who guided them. I remarked, that although they kept on a brisk trot, and sometimes even a gallop, all three, we followed them without quickening our pace. The sea is certainly a most noble invention!

* L' Isle Maquerelle.

* A town in Lower Normandy.

I was at this time in a state of the utmost tranquillity; for I was busy in consuming a part of my sea-stores, when suddenly I beheld a long sort of frigate, much more powerful than our vessel, and which came right a-head of us. I thought we were utterly lost! It is said that fear gives wings, but I am sure it does not give appetite; at least it carried away mine in a single instant. I saw the Captain rush headlong out of his cabin, and, leaving a dish of cow-heel, over which he was enjoying himself with some ladies, run up on deck, and call out repeatedly *avast! avast! avast!* I saw the sailors on board the frigate wave their hats in the air and call out *ho! ho! ho!* to the men and horses on shore. I took all this as signals for boarding, and as we are now at peace with our neighbours, I imagined at first that the frigate was an Algerine galley, which might capture and send us to Marseilles, to join the unfortunate prisoners who are conducted thither every year from the galls, and whom the reverend Mathurin fathers go frequently into Barbary to redeem: I was altogether in a mortal fright, for I had read an account of the sufferings which were inflicted upon the poor Christians who were not willing to embrace the religion of the country;—it is indeed a good thing to have a little reading! But I had already taken my resolution on that point, like a brave man, when I saw the frigate towed along, and continuing her way: she had even got to a great distance from us before I could feel assured that it was not a stratagem, and that she would not turn round again and board us. This frigate was named, as I was afterwards informed, the *Perfect*, of ten men and eight horses, and I forget how many hundred tons burden, laden with groceries, commanded by Captain Lewis George Fréret, and bound from Rouen to Paris. I took this opportunity of asking if the vessels of the East India Company came this way, when they went to Japan for the fine linens of Holland?—if we were far from Cape Breton?—if we ran no risk from the pirates?—and if I came this way when I returned from Pantin, the place where I was out at nurse. I observed that at every question they laughed in my face, which, however, I attributed to their recollection of my tarry breeches. Be that as it would, without telling me what amused them so much, they turned their backs upon me, and I was left alone at the foot of the main-mast, where I quietly finished my breakfast. Digit

Upon the easy and pleasing slope of a hill which borders the shore on the northern side, rise innumerable mansions, every one of which seems prettier than the last, forming the perspective of a large town. We now came alongside of it, when I perceived at one of the extremities two spacious octagon pavilions, in the Roman style, ornamented with weathercocks, and joining on a terrace which skirts along a charming garden. I remarked to an Abbé who was standing beside me, that probably, in the time of the Holy Wars, this place had narrowly escaped being taken by escalade on the side next the sea, by the Turks, since the ladders were still remaining attached to the walls; or that it might perhaps be one of the places which our greatest travellers have named *les Echelles du Levant*; but he informed me that the village was called Chaillet; that the pavilions had been built by his Royal Highness the Dauphin, and that the ladders were for the accommodation of the washerwomen of the country, in order that they might go down them to wash their linen. I was sufficiently convinced of the truth of what the Abbé told me, for at that moment some of the women were descending, and others ascending the ladders, with bundles of linen, whilst those who remained upon the strand washing, beating, and wringing it, cracked a thousand jokes upon us, as we passed, which modesty will not permit me to insert in this place. What vexed me the most, though a thing insignificant in itself, was to hear myself called names and laughed at by one of these harpies, whom I knew nothing of, who had never seen me before, and who nevertheless called me a son of a —. I blushed to hear my poor dear mother thus brought in question. Sorry indeed should I have been for her to have heard it; for I can certify that if she ever had had any little weaknesses, nobody had ever ventured to reproach her with it in public; for my father was too particular in his notions of honour, to have put up patiently with an affront of that sort. As, however, I did not wish to get into trouble in a foreign country, I thought it better to seem not to hear what was said, than to expose myself to the volley of abuse with which I should most inevitably have been assailed. It is true all the rest of the passengers took my part, and endeavoured to revenge my cause on the impertinent wretches who had been so insolent to me, by paying them in their own coin so effectually, that one of the oldest of

these furies, managed to find herself outdone, tucked up her wet coats, and, turning her back to us, presented us with one of the most formidable spectacles I had ever contemplated. "Oh heavens!" I exclaimed to myself, "is it possible that the Agnes de Chaillot, whose sweetness and purity have so edified me at Paris, could be born in such a country as this?" I was much astonished to find that, notwithstanding the distance we had come, we still found the French language spoken; from which I concluded that the knowledge of it is very widely diffused.

At the end of the walls of Chaillot, and upon the same slope, others begin of considerable height and length, which enclose a large space filled up with fine gardens, and a large dwelling-house, ornamented with many antique windows, and attached to a lofty church, the steeple of which seems to lose itself amidst the clouds. I thought, at first sight, it must be the noble Charter-House at Grenoble, which I had heard so much spoken of by my poor aunt Theresa, who wanted to go there one day in coming from St. Denis; but a lady to whom I had addressed myself for information on the subject, told me that it was the convent of the *Bons Hommes de Passy*; that it was the only establishment of the kind in the world, and that, large as it might appear to me, it was nevertheless only very thinly inhabited, on account of the difficulty of finding fit subjects for the institution; that, on the contrary, there could not be found a spot of ground sufficiently extensive for a similar establishment for *les Bonnes-femmes*.

Insensibly we found ourselves opposite two charming gardens, very near each other, the neatness and ornaments of which rivetted my attention. I asked if all we saw still belonged to France? My companion smiled, as if at my simplicity;—but what did I travel for, if not to gain information? I therefore felt no way angry at ministering to her amusement, so long as she in return ministered to my instruction. She told me that these gardens were on purpose to drink the mineral waters of Passy in; that many families might trace their origin, and owed their posterity to these gardens; that people came to them from far and near, in search of health; that, in the season, the company was very select; that formerly, indeed, a few abuses took place, among the great numbers that came to drink the

waters; but that, since times had been so hard, few went, excepting invalids in good earnest, who did not trouble their heads with thoughts of gallantry; that, for her own part, she had not been there for ten years; that the Passy of the present day was not the Passy that she remembered; and that, in short, her daughter had been there a whole month without ——. Here we were interrupted by a sailor, who came to ask us if we wished to land at the port of Passy. The lady began to prepare herself; the pilot called out James, three times, with all his might, and a dirty rascal came along-side of us with a boat for those who wanted to go on shore.

Somewhat anxious as to what the future might have in store for me, I went from the head of the vessel to the stern, and endeavoured to see if I could make out Paris, with the aid of my glass. I set it very exactly, and at last I discovered the place I was looking for; I saw it without knowing it again. A heap of stones, of chimneys, and of steeples, no longer gave me an idea of the Paris I had left; I could not distinguish a single street, not even that of *Geffroi l'Amier*, where I lived; it seemed to me as if it had been swallowed up since I left it; and I could not help thinking that, had I remained, it would not have happened. I looked around me—I saw on all sides of the vessel only a stormy ocean, threatening to engulf us; and in the distance strange and unknown lands, and nearer woods and arid mountains, on which apparently nothing grew but wind, for I saw plenty of windmills on their tops. The sight of the sun encouraged me a little, for that at least I knew to be the same as I saw every day at the Palais-Royal, when I went there to regulate my watch. "Oh thou who hast always shone upon me!" I exclaimed, "resplendent orb, a thousand times more beautiful than any other of the suns of the earth can ever be—sun that shone upon my birth—sun whose presence I have ever fondly cherished, forsake me not. I was born under thy benevolent beams;—who can say how much those of a foreign huminary may disagree with me? Behold my watch, accustomed always to be regulated by thee. What will become of it without thy aid!" Then turning towards Paris, I exclaimed, "Oh thou to whom I owe my birth, Paris, superb Paris; my pretty little Paris; why art thou thus estranged from me?"—But, as I speak, the land

itself recedes, and seems as if returning to the place whence I embarked! There will then at last only remain to me the water and the antipodes; even the waves themselves fly from the vessel—

Quid est tibi, mare, quod fugisti?

What ailed thee, Oh thou sea, that thou fleddest?

Ah, beloved Henrietta, what troubles and uneasiness hast thou brought upon me; yet I will bear them all, because of my love for thee!" At the name of Henrietta I became myself again, as if I had waked out of a fearful dream. I recollected that I should soon have the happiness of being with her; of seeing her face to face; that I should speak to her; that she would answer me; that I should embrace her; that, after having demonstrated to her by so signal a mark of obedience the *quantum* of my love, I might find a favourable opportunity to prove the *quomodo* also, and that, in short, if the sun of St. Cloud should not shine propitiously upon me, her bright eyes would supply the place of his beams. All these reflections made me cheer up again.

Straining my eyes over all the different countries, as far as I could see, I perceived on the right an enchanting palace, which looked as if it had been built by the hands of the fairies; its vast and spacious garden, the walls of which are bathed by the sea; the beauty of the arbours, and the neatness of the walks, made me recal to mind those which were formerly the haunts of Venus at Cythera, or at Paphos: but whilst I

was reflecting on the taste of foreigners in architecture, I perceived, not much further off, and in the same direction, another palace, much larger, both in point of size in the building and immense extent in the gardens; for a moment I thought we must be close to Constantinople, and that this was the seraglio of the Grand Seignior; but I asked one of our sailors what longitude he thought we might be in, and what palaces these were that we saw; and he replied, that the first house was Madame de Sessac's, and the second M. Bernard's, and that, as for longitude, he knew nothing about that there book-learning. He then asked me if I was not going to Auteuil, and put the same question to all the other passengers, one after the other; upon which I inquired what sort of a place this Auteuil was, and was informed that the city before me was Auteuil; that it belonged to the family of St. Geneviève, who had a very pretty house there; that many of the shop-keepers in Paris had also country-houses there; that it was famous for an oculist of the name of Gendron, whom people came from far and near to consult; that it was half way between Paris and St. Cloud; and that, in short, it was a place much frequented. "It must be confessed," cried I, "that if the capital of France be well built, the frontiers are well built, and cheerful also! Nay, the fine street of Troussevache itself, where my mother lives, at Paris, is nothing in comparison with all this."

(To be continued.)

FINE ARTS.

THE Exhibitions of the present year have been so numerous, that we have hardly found an opportunity of introducing our remarks on those of primary importance, and have been compelled to defer our notices of several very worthy of attention. Mr. Haydon and Mr. Glover, our countrymen, are now candidates for the profits of public curiosity, in competition with three foreign artists, M. Jerricault, M. Isabey, and M. Carloni. We have already given in detail our observations on Mr. Haydon's splendid performance, and we learn with pleasure that a subscription has been opened for its purchase, at the price of 3000 guineas, through the exertions of Sir G. Beaumont, and several other distinguished persons of taste. It is intended to present the picture to some church, as an altar-piece. From the

tenor of a long letter published by Mr. Haydon in the "Times," we are fearful that this subscription does not fill so rapidly as we should have hoped, for the credit of our national taste. As to the price, when the length of time employed, the expenses of models, painting-room, casts, books, prints, &c. are considered, it is certainly low, and the profit less than would be gained by most industrious pursuits in an equal time. We cannot, therefore, but express our sincere wishes for the success of this subscription, which combines two objects most desirable for the advancement of art—the public patronage of historical painting, and the appropriate embellishment of public buildings.

When we consider the vast sums annually expended in this metropolis by the visitors of exhibitions, and the eager-

ness with which private collections are viewed by all who can obtain access to them, we feel convinced that some of the rich corporations possessed of halls might very advantageously lay out a part of their accumulations in the encouragement of the Fine Arts of their country. As they are all trustees for charities, they might, with great propriety, receive and appropriate to those benevolent institutions, the money which the possession of a few good pictures would not fail to draw from the pockets of visitors.

Mr. Glover's Oil and Water-Colour Paintings form a very interesting Exhibition, at No. 16, Old Bond Street. Few artists could furnish such a variety of subjects ably treated, and few there are whose collected works might be viewed without producing a greater sensation of manner than is experienced by the spectator of these pictures. They are principally landscapes, but diversified by the introduction of several large pictures of animals. Mr. Glover's style has been so often described, and is so universally known, that we shall only express our admiration of his works in general; and recommend to the notice of our readers Nos. 79, 81, 87, 96, 98, 102, 106, 107, and 108.

Mons. Isabey, a celebrated French artist, is exhibiting in Pall Mall his fine miniatures of distinguished characters in France of the consular period, and ex-imperial, and present royal dynasties. He is not, however, a mere miniature painter, but has produced a number of celebrated historical drawings, some clever views, and designs for scenery. His miniature faces are in general well coloured and highly finished, and his draperies are executed in a very superior style. An hour or two may be very agreeably spent at this Exhibition.

The great picture of M. Jerricault represents the raft of the Medusa, at the moment when the vessel appeared, which rescued from death the fifteen miserable survivors of one hundred and fifty persons who embarked from the wreck upon this raft, which was at first towed by five boats, but very soon abandoned by them all. Of all the horrid stories of human sufferings, that of the miseries endured upon this raft is the most appalling we remember. M. Jerricault has represented, with stern fidelity, the shocking group of emaciated wretches, still lingering and clinging to life in spite of the raging ocean, the

horrors of famine, thirst, disease, and murder. Some of the figures are grand in their sufferings and despair; but these subjects of physical horror are ill-chosen, because they excite disgust. There is an ostentatious and far too minute display of anatomical drawing in this picture, and the light is injudiciously forced to assist this object, to the total loss of breadth and boldness of effect. The colouring is extremely poor.

A small cabinet picture, by Signor Carloni, of Milan, representing the entry of Her Majesty, Queen Caroline, into Jerusalem, is exhibiting in Pall Mall. It contains portraits of Her Majesty, Mr. Austin, the too famous Bergami, his daughter, Countess Oldi, and several of the Queen's suite. The Queen is dressed in the Turkish style, in loose trowsers, and a large red robe, and rides astride upon an ass, according to the custom of the country. The faces are very highly finished, and, we believe, good likenesses: in other respects the picture is not above mediocrity.

Mr. Thomason of Birmingham has completed a fac-simile in metal of the celebrated antique vase, presented by the late Sir W. Hamilton to the late Earl of Warwick, attributed to the chisel of Lysippus. It is 21 feet in circumference, and weighs several tons.

This stupendous undertaking was begun in the 54th year of the reign of King George III. and is now completed. Two hundred and eleven medals of different subjects, including one of King George IV., all made at the manufactory, were sealed up in an antique urn, and deposited in the centre of the pedestal, upon which the vase was raised by the efforts of about 50 of the workmen, in celebration of his present Majesty's accession to the throne.

The late Earl of Warwick, who liberally patronised the Fine Arts, permitted Mr. Thomason and his Artists to have free access to the original vase to model it in wax, which occupied several months; from these models casts were made in lead, to serve as *patterns* to form the whole, which whole is made in two distinct metals—the field being of one metal, and the handles, vines, masks, panther-skins, and leaves, composed of another; this original thought gave Mr. Thomason the opportunity of adopting two novel modes of oxydation, thereby producing the most beautiful effect of light and shade—the oxydation of the field being accomplished by a

combination of the sulphates and nitrates, urged on by powerful heat, which has produced the desired appearance of the rouge antique marble.—The masks, handles, and parts in relief, are oxydated by the acetates, and resemble the verd antique bronze. The harmony of these two colours is at once grand and imposing.

Mr. Thomason has placed this noble work in a large room well adapted for its exhibition, for the gratification of his friends, and the admirers of the Fine Arts.

We are happy to hear that Sir John Leicester has purchased Mr. Vincent's "View of London, from the Surrey side of Waterloo Bridge," lately exhibited at Spring Gardens. This is a picture of great merit: the bridge and St. Paul's form its principal grand features; the lighters, and other craft, in the foreground, are admirably introduced to throw off the distant objects, which are represented with much truth of perspective and colour.

LA FORNARINA.

[We subjoin an account, received from Rome, of the restoration of the celebrated portrait of "Raffaello's Mistress." As a proof of the perfection in colour to which that consummate painter attained, we think it deserves attention.]

A painting which has been long known indeed, but not to be looked at with pleasure in the state in which it lately was, has issued, within these few days, from the hands of the skilful Pietro Palmaroli, in its original beauty. It is Raffaele's "Fornarina," in the Barberini palace. Copies of this masterpiece are met with in all the galleries in Rome, but the original itself was covered with such a brown and dirty varnish, that it was superior to all those copies only in regard to the drawing. Prince Barberini intending to form a separate gallery of the pictures scattered about in his palace, this painting was given to the deserving restorer, Palmaroli. He has justified the confidence placed in

him by a most difficult and successful restoration, and the painting surpasses all the expectations that were entertained of it. It is, perhaps, not exaggeration to assert that it surpasses in colouring all Raffaele's other works, and even most of Titian's. But the picture has not gained with respect to the painting only; the serenity of the features, and the beauty of the contours, are now first become evident. Now the warmth of the colouring is united with the softness of the limbs; and from the large eyes concentrated as in a burning glass, beams the animating internal fire which flows through the fine-formed lineaments. The picture may be compared to a sun-rise; the light morning-dress has fallen like a dewy cloud from her shoulder to below the breast, and Fornarina stands unveiled before us, in unspeakable charms. It seems that her lover has surprised her at such a moment, and with both hands she hastily draws the falling drapery close round her. The attitude is so natural, and evidently the work of a moment, that the picture has acquired an inimitable life and truth, which can only be snatched from Nature in her happiest moments. The spirited and admirable execution, accompanied with the most masterly freedom, shows that this picture is a monument of instantaneous conception and enthusiasm in Raffaele. The "Violin Player," by Raffaele, in the Sciarra Gallery, and the "Fornarina," as it is called, in the Florentine Gallery, are, perhaps, more finished works; but this picture is exceeded by none in the charms of colouring, in animation, and spirit without negligence, which often arises from too great confidence. Now that we have this picture before us in its original beauty, we can conceive how it happened that Raffaele's scholars were never tired of copying it over and over again. All those who shall henceforth enjoy the sight of this masterpiece, must remember, with gratitude, the diligence and the skill of the ingenious Palmaroli.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

It seems now to be certain—if there is any faith in managers—that we are really to lose Mr. Kean for a season. While we regret his determination on our own accounts, we acquiesce in it as wise. Frequency has unhappily a power

to injure the fairest of earthly charms. An actor has, in one respect, a signal advantage over a poet, who pours out the long-accumulating riches of young imagination in his work, and is vainly expected to supply, for the public enjoyment, fresh beauty from his exhausted

treasures. A few weeks of popularity too often are all the payment which he receives for the thoughts and fancies of years. He has his chance of a revival in more favourable times; but this is a chill hope for bounding spirits and a craving heart to feed on. The actor, on the contrary, receives a thousand nights of applause for one conception, and enjoys, for each of his touches of beauty, on every repetition, the warm and living thanks of spectators whom he has elevated and delighted. Yet even he cannot preserve for ever his own impressions, or his fame, in their first freshness and bloom. The delight with which the youth stepped on the magic scene—the rapturous joy drunk in from the first breath of applause—the keen ecstasy of first mingling, as it were, with the poet's soul, living and breathing in his divinest creations, and at once tasting his choicest beauties, and diffusing them among numberless hearts—too often perishes when the repetition becomes the ordinary business of life. This decay cannot wholly be escaped—yet fresh scenes may half revive the sense of freshness to the actor, and the new enthusiasm awakened in others may almost rekindle his own eldest joys. Besides, the audience grow too familiar with his excellencies, and require the sense of regret, and the gentle cast of retrospection, to preserve the estimation of their favourite. One of the daily critics, who thinks it well that Mr. Kean should retire, expresses a wish that he would employ the interval, not in action but in study. We should concur in this desire if he and his admirers were immortal. But human life is short for enjoyment—and the life of an actor is even shorter. He cannot afford to resign a year of the prime of existence and the hey-day of fame to preparations for a future, which may never arrive. Men are too apt to forget that the happiness of the present is more valuable than that which is prospective, because the first is sure and the last uncertain. We cannot blame a performer who catches as many bright moments as possible, and thus secures them beyond the reach of disease, and age, and accident, and changing fashion, and the inconstancy of the world. As Mr. Kean is to leave us for a while, we are glad that America will be the scene of his exertions. His acting, we should think, will scarcely fail of due appreciation in the New World, if there may be found any taste or sympathy for genius. For it does not depend on that artificial

dignity, or awaken those associations of old greatness, which can have little place in a young republic. It is the representation of simple humanity—often, indeed, at its tenderest, its fiercest, or its most heroic—but always stripped of the pomp of externals. It must, therefore, be felt and enjoyed wherever the sublimities, the terrors, and the sweetestnesses of the human heart can find an answering sympathy.

Mr. Kean's temporary performances at Drury-lane, previous to his departure, have necessarily tended to over-cloud the little span of warm existence left to the summer theatres. This has incited the proprietor of the English Opera to put forth an appeal to the public against the encroachment; which has been very contemptuously answered by Mr. Elliston. Even in this controversial age, when Magazine attacks Magazine, and the lottery-office keeper launches airy puffs at his contractor, we scarcely expected to find strife in the play-bills. We fondly hoped, that in these light harbingers and remembrancers of pleasure—these gossamer mementos of happiness—there would remain some little sanctuary of letter-press free from all evil passion. But even these, where the criticism always has been of the most good-natured kind; these, which have often so genially solaced half-damned authors, and filled empty treasuries, and crowded deserted houses with brilliant and discerning spectators—these now partake of the spirit of the times, and repel the eager gaze with strange alarms of warfare—

Letter to letter spreads the dire alarms,
Till half the alphabet is up in arms!

We will not mingle in the ~~affray~~ which we deplore; but hope the success of all the theatres will prevent the introduction in the play-bills of any thing less pleasant than eulogy.

Mr. Kean's performances, so far as they have yet proceeded, have been instinct with a spirit which appears inspired by a determination to leave on the mind an impression which no absence may dissipate. In Richard, perhaps, he never so entirely vivified throughout his striking and ingenious conceptions. The early part of his performance of this magnificent character is, however, at the best, very inferior to his acting in its closing scenes. We do not expect from him any image of the regal majesty of the usurper; but the high and jocund humour—the triumphant and easy confidence in his own resources—and the

bitter jesting with his own deformities, which is so marvellously blended with pride in his infinite mental powers, and gratulation on the lone grandeur of his spirit, are within the sphere of Mr. Kean's happiest qualities. His opening soliloquy is at once too sombre and too tricke, and his scene with Lady Anne too full of brilliant sarcasm, for the general truth and keeping of the performance, though individually they are striking and effective. His last contest and death, however, have virtue to redeem a thousand errors. The uprearing of his head in superhuman defiance—the noble swelling of his chest—the inextinguishable spirit breathing in every limb, when mere nature is exhausted—present perhaps the sublimest picture ever witnessed, of the momentary triumph of the energetic will over mortal agony.

Mr. Kean's Jaffier is greatly improved since he performed it for his benefit—when he was probably thinking of his first appearance in Harlequin. His declamation is purer, and his touches of beautiful pathos more frequent than on the former occasion: but the part is not, on the whole, suited to his genius. He is not fitted to portray luxurious imbecility—to exhibit a fond pliancy of temper—or to sail a light feather on the wave of fortune. If he cannot, like Kemble, “look on tempests and be never shaken,” the passions with which he is agitated are great and serious, not engendered in wretched pride; if he does not command emotion like a stoic, he will struggle with it, or yield to its force like a man. Jaffier, ever acted on rather than acting—the poor sport of base desires and pitiful needs—the vacillating inconsistent wretch, who wants virtue even to be a villain—has little which a power like Kean's can grasp, or a spirit like his embody. Yet there are certain “primal sympathies,” which the most degraded do not lose—certain forms of affliction which cannot fail to move our human pity; and wherever the miserable husband is attended by these, Kean deeply and irresistibly moves us. He does indeed but mar the eloquent expressions of fondness which precede the more tragical distresses—but where tenderness breaks in upon rage or despair, he gives us glimpses into the uttermost depths of affection in the soul. It is only when agitated that his mind discloses its riches.

As Jaffier is below Mr. Kean's powers, Hamlet, which he performed next,

is above them. This, however, may be said with truth of every one who has attempted the character within our memory. Who shall present any palpable image of those subtle movements of the soul—of that philosophic thought which misery prompts, yet which gentleness sweetens—of that tender irresolution, that filial piety, that heroism unhinged until it looks like cowardice, or of that grief-broken courtesy—which are only a few of the elements mingled in this saddest and most profound of Shakspeare's creations? The revering love for his father—the affection for Ophelia, faintly counterfeiting anger—and the indignation and scorn for his own wrongs—are all beautifully depicted by Mr. Kean. But his performance is a “thing of shreds and patches,” though some of them are of the fairest hues. He gives the philosophy not like a moody thinker, whose words are but faint indications of the stream of meditation within, but like a moral lecturer, endeavouring to impress his doctrines on unwilling hearers. He is too bitter, peevish, and sarcastic, to give an adequate representation of one who has been truly described as “the most amiable of misanthropes.” His last performance, however, was a much nearer approach to the great original, than any of his preceding attempts which we have witnessed—the melancholy deeper, the sensibility more profound, and the whole more gentle and harmonious.

In Sir Giles Overreach—his fourth exhibition—Mr. Kean is always at home. He is fitter, on the whole, to play Massinger than Shakspeare. The earlier scenes are, perhaps, too hoisterous, and too little relieved by that parental pride in the attractions of Margaret, with which both Cooke and Kemble were accustomed to humanize the character. The last act is terrifically fine, like the struggles of a wild beast in the toils. The play, however, is a very painful one—presenting only gigantic oppression undermined by mean artifice, and leaving no one gentle thought for the mind to repose on.

Of Kean's Othello and Lear we have so lately spoken at length, that we have little now to observe. He has made some changes in the first of these, which do not improve it. Instead of speaking Othello's richly-imaged farewell to all his glories and joys, in a tone of fond retrospection and quiet despair, he now breaks it by sighs and tears, and suffers his lips to quiver and his voice to fal-

into childish treble. The far greater part of the third and last acts are, however, still above all eulogy.

Mr. Booth has been engaged to perform here with Mr. Kean, and has appeared to greater advantage than on any preceding occasion. He has declaimed *Richmond* with good emphasis and energy—bustled with effect through *Pierre*—and performed *Iago* with a rigidity and directness of purpose which we have not often seen in representations of the character. We are happy to welcome him as an improving actor. A great relish has been given to the temporary entertainments of the theatre, by a variety of agreeable farces. There has been *Modern Antiques*, in which Munden is so grotesquely humorous—*Three Weeks after Marriage*, in which Elliston and Mrs. Edwin quarrel so delightfully—and the *Liar*, in which Elliston lies with so high and imaginative a grace. To have humour, and whim, and pleasantry, like these, after sterling tragedy, is a treat indeed, which we hope the manager will often provide for us in the ensuing season.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

The celebrated story of the Vampire, which has been successfully dramatized at Paris, has supplied materials for one of the best melo-dramas, we have ever seen at this or any other theatre. The superstition on which it is founded, is one of the most appalling at which the blood has ever curdled with a chill and mysterious pleasure. A being in whom death and life are strangely mingled—with all the coldness of the grave and all the seeming immunities of existence—sustained by the blood of female victims whom he first is permitted to fascinate—has a spell far more fearful than ordinary spectres. The author of the piece should not, however, have moralized on the fiction, by insinuating that “*for wise purposes*,” the spirits of the wicked were permitted to live so long as they paid for their existence by a dreadful crime. The scheme of moral government which should grant existence to the guilty, on condition of the mortal agonies of innocent victims, would be somewhat incomprehensible to our human sympathies. The idea itself has so much of the disgusting, that there appeared considerable hazard in its representation on the stage. This danger has, however, been admirably avoided in the new drama—where the literal design of the fiend is so little obtruded on us, that we feel throughout only a pleasing horror.

The piece opens with an introductory vision—not a miserable allegory, as the title would lead us to fear—but an excellent preparatory explanation, which at once renders the plot intelligible, and prepares our feelings for all which is to follow. Lady Margaret, the daughter of Lord Ronald, Baron of the Isles, betrothed to the Earl of Marsden whom she has never seen, after chasing the red-deer among the woods, falls asleep in the tremendous cavern of Fingal. While she slumbers, two spirits of the haunted spot appear, from whom we learn that her intended bridegroom is a vampire, the spirit of Cromal the bloody, whose tomb is in that cavern, but who has existed by draining the life-blood of numberless virgins, and who now has marked her for his prey. To warn her of her peril, they call up the phantom in its old form, which rises slowly from the grave, pronounces her name, and vanishes in fire. She returns terrified to the castle, where Lord Ruthven soon arrives to claim her as his bride. To the astonishment of Lord Ronald, he discovers that the visitant is no other than his beloved friend, whose apparent death he had witnessed, while travelling in Greece. He is, however, satisfied with his story of sudden succour and revival; and is filled with delight at finding that he will see his godlike friend the husband of his child. When, however, Lady Margaret sees him, she is horror-stricken—for his form is that of the spectre in her dream. His spells, however, change this hostile feeling to a strange attachment, which she can neither resist nor explain. At his earnest solicitations the wedding is fixed for that evening; but, in the meanwhile, he is touched with pity for the youth and loveliness of the lady, and being requested to patronize the marriage of one of Lord Ronald's retainers with the daughter of his own steward, he resolves to make the lowlier damsel his victim. To this purpose he carries her off—but is pursued by her lover—mortally wounded—and staggers in to die. This unpleasant incident does not, however, very materially embarrass him. He requests Lord Ronald to swear that he will throw a ring which he gives him, into the sea, at the sepulchre of Fingal, and that he will conceal his death until the moon, then riding in meridian splendour, shall sink beneath the horizon. The Baron complies—but, on returning to the castle, finds Lord Ruthven alive again, and his daughter resolved to marry him

that evening. The horrible truth rushes on his mind—he bursts into passionate exclamations, which the fiend interrupts by reminding him of his oath—implores his daughter not to marry until the moon shall set—and is given, by order of Ruthven, into the care of his servants as insane. The hour approaches—the chapel is prepared—and the bride and bridegroom ready, when the father once more rushes in, and implores his daughter to insist on a delay until the moon is set. The Vampire, who knows that if the ceremony is not performed before that period, he must perish for ever, grows furious—the lady repels him—the casement thrown open shews the moon just dipping in the sea—he seizes her by force and is repelled—feels the horrors of swift annihilation—is stricken by lightning, and sinks into the earth amidst the astonished and joyful assembly! The interest of this piece fascinates like a spell. The appearance of the being whom we have just seen rise from its awful grave, in the shape and likeness of a living nobleman—giving and receiving courtesy—apparently surrounded with all the blessings of life, yet really dependent for existence on the completion of a terrible deed—revives the thrilling sensation with which we listened in infancy to tales of wonder. Scottish airs, charmingly sung by Mr. Pearman and Miss Carew, do not dissipate the enchantment, but render it tenderer and sweeter. All the acting, indeed, is admirably calculated to aid the illusion. Barclay excellently represents the stout-hearted Baron, both in his frank dealing while he suspects no evil, and in the contest between his paternal agony and his honour, when he knows the frightful truth which he may not reveal. Mr. T. P. Cooke, whom we have long regarded as an actor of unappreciated talent, has secured a high place in the public esteem, by his performance of the Vampire. In his fearful action—his triumphant smiles—and his very assumed softness of tone and demeanor—he gives us the idea of a being not of this world. Harley, as a drunken servant, is as amusing as usual, and sings an excellent song. Mrs. Chatterly's appearance and manner, as Lady Margaret, have a picturesque elegance which even now rarely graces the stage, and her action, where she sees in Lord Ruthven the phantom of her dream, and where she is spell-bound by his fascinations, is exceedingly beautiful and impressive. The scenery is the most complete we

have ever seen. The vast cave of Staffa, with its heavy, metallic grandeur—the basaltic columns narrowing into jagged recesses, with the sea flowing in large waves among them, and rippling gently to the shore—the sweet moonlight falling on the gigantic bulk of Ruthven as he lies expiring on the bank—and the chapel when the painted window is thrown open, the moon is seen dipping into the sea, the bridegroom disappears through the stage as if by magic, and a broad red glare is cast over the exquisite group of amazed spectators—form a series of the most striking and harmonious pictures which the stage has ever presented.

The success of this admirable piece might, we think, have prevented the complaints of the manager in the *Patent Seasons*, as needless. This sketch, which is designed as an appeal to the public against the encroachments of the Winter Theatres, has considerable point and cleverness in detached passages. But we do not desire to see the figure of Garrick wrenched from its frame, in order to attack the Proprietor of Drury-lane Theatre. Personal satire is not only to be deprecated as inflicting pain, and exciting evil passions, but as tending to destroy all individuality of character. It is better that men should retain their pleasant peculiarities, and even those which are sometimes inconvenient, than that they should be laughed out of every characteristic trait by which they are distinguished from their fellows. Mr. Elliston is a real, enthusiastic person, who may address the house as often as it will hear him, so that he does not abuse the one-shilling gallery. But the gods can avenge their own injuries, or they do not deserve to be protected by criticism. The satire, however, is, in this instance, more excusable, as it is an act of warfare, not of wanton sport. In the temporary sketch, Miss Carew and Mr. Pearman do ample justice to some very ingenious parodies. Miss Kelly speaks a pointed address, as the Comic Muse, very pointedly—but she is too good for the part. Why should she, the most genuine of actresses, be reduced to a mere figure of speech? Let some sophisticated lady play the Muse of Comedy—she is “the thing itself.” She does not act in the farce of *Whang Fong*, or *How remarkable!* which is more remarkable even than its title. It is tempting fortune to leave her out of new pieces at this theatre; and though the Vampire has succeeded, the instance is a very peculiar

one, and the experiment must be rarely repeated. The new farce has more extravagance than wit, but is not without pleasant writing and agreeable music. It introduced Mrs. Pindar from Bath—a very lively and piquant actress—whom we shall hope to see under more favourable auspices.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The performances at this theatre have not been so agreeable as we expected from its excellent company. The *Jealous Wife* is by far the pleasantest exhibition we have seen on its stage during the present season. Mr. C. Kemble's Oakley was perfectly delightful;—his submissiveness was managed with a very amiable grace, and his assertion of his rights instinct with the manliest spirit. Nor was Mrs. C. Kemble's Mrs. Oakley less vivid and complete. She represented the fits of jealous rage with an excellently-conceived mixture of the tragical and the ludicrous, and depicted the final contrition with true pathos. Barnard, always gentlemanly and correct, was something more in Charles; and Terry was at his dryest and crispest in the Major. The whole performance had a spirit and an elegance worthy the antique days of English comedy.

We are sorry that we can say little in praise of the new comic piece in three acts, entitled *Exchange no Robbery*, except that it appeared rectified exactly to the meridian of Haymarket taste. Its chief incident is taken from a forgotten comedy, called "He would be a Soldier," and is valuable only for the occasion which it gives for the display of Liston's unrivalled humour. It is an attempt to pass off "the lowest of the pot-boys" for the son of an Indian nabob, who had been committed in infancy to the care of the wretched father of his substitute. There is another plot, slightly connected with the main action, consisting of the schemes of an Irishman of fortune to seduce the young wife of the Nabob by a diamond ring, the larger part of the value of which he pays, and procures its owner to offer it to the husband at a low price, in the belief that it will thus assuredly come into the wife's possession. The piece has some humour, which may excite a laugh without offence; but the accumulated villainy of the characters is, to our feelings, utterly nauseous. An inn-keeper, who being intrusted with the care of a child, forces him to elope by sheer cruelty, and continues to receive a large

annuity for his support, though he believes him dead—and his wife, who tries to help him out of the difficulty which ensues on the father's return, by passing his miserable son for the fugitive, on condition that her own intrigues shall be winked at—are as precious a pair as ever were brought forward to amuse an audience on a summer evening. The few honest straight-forward sentiments delivered by the old gentleman in conversation, were a delightful relief to this low villainy, which the polite knavery of the figurative Irishman did not lighten. The performers all did their best for the author. Liston's Pot-boy turned gentleman was among the richest of his portraits, or, rather, creations.

We are happy to congratulate Mr. Terry on his success in Falstaff, which he played, for the first time in London, on the 21st of August, with great and merited applause. His excellence surprised us, because the character is the very antithesis of those in which he is without a rival. We could scarcely believe that it was the stern moralist whom we saw changed into the joyous libertine—the caustic satirist become the king of good fellows—the cynic shining forth as the prince of revellers—the testy, sharp, and commanding rebuker of vice, enjoying his own infirmities, and diffusing full-hearted joyousness through the choice circle of which he is the centre. But so it was. The only fault of this performance was, that Terry too often forgot that Falstaff was neither slender nor young. He was far too stout-lunged and agile for the knight, whose infinite superiority is the pleasanter, as the absolute triumph of wit over the infirmities of the frame. Charles Kemble's Hotspur was a speaking historical picture. It would be good for these degenerate times, could every one see so bright an image of the age of chivalry. His trifling with Lady Percy was as beautiful as his generous disdain was spirited. What a treat would it have been, could he have played both the Harries—though Connor was highly respectable as the Prince of Wales. This excellent performance has not been repeated. Nothing which does not aim directly to split the sides will gratify the frequenters of this theatre.

SURREY THEATRE.

The manager of this theatre has been very active in producing novelties, which our space will allow us but lightly to touch on. *Harlequin Hoax* is a very amusing trifle, though we do not gene-

rally desire to see the players exposing the secrets of their art, and needlessly shewing that they are not very different from matter of fact mortals. It was originally produced at the Lyceum, with great success, and has been ingeniously altered to suit the actors. Miss Copeland sings the good old song of Old King Cole with due merriment, and imitates the French ballad-singers with surprising skill. Her acting is as sprightly and natural as usual. There is no comic performer, except Miss Kelly, who is so entirely absorbed in the business of the scene, and acts with such apparent unconsciousness of the presence of spectators.

The burletta of *Wheels within Wheels* affords a very edifying glimpse into the mechanism of society. It evinces the extent to which a single impulse, whether of spleen or good nature, may be felt; by shewing a young lady's pertness, provoking her lover to refuse an appointment to her relative—her relative revenging his disappointment on his valet—his valet making his dependent feel his consequent ill-humour—and his dependent, ready to turn on the only one below him, till the reconciliation of the lovers makes all right, and diffuses cheerfulness to the lowest of the social gradations. Miss

Poole, formerly of the Lyceum, appeared as the wayward heroine, who does and who repairs the mischief, and gave proof of much vocal excellence. Her tones have attained a mellow ripeness, which is delicious, and her acting is as sprightly and as good-humoured as ever.

The tragic melo-drame of *Orsino, or the Vaulted Cavern*, taken from Lewis's tragedy of Alphonso, King of Castile, is too full of guilt and horror. It has, however, many striking situations, which afford opportunities to the actors, especially to Mr. Huntley, Miss Taylor, and Miss Norton, which they do not fail to improve. The *Abbot of San Martino*, one of the last revivals, is very superior to the altered tragedy. There are in this piece delineations of majestic passions, and glimpses of the purer and gentler emotions which lie beyond them, which give it a dignity and an interest of the highest and best kind. Mr. Huntley's performance of the Abbot is a masterpiece. His costume has a massiveness and grandeur worthy of Kemble, and the vast flow of his passionate declamation, where the long-cherished desire of revenge bursts forth in a broad and dark tide, is as magnificent as any thing of the kind which we can imagine.

VARIETIES.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Important Geographical Discovery.—An opinion of the existence of an Antarctic Continent has prevailed ever since the discovery of America rendered us more intimately acquainted with the figure of the earth; nor, when all the circumstances that led to it are considered, can it be called an unreasonable opinion. The vast quantity of floating ice in the higher southern latitudes, justly indicated its origin to be in fresh-water rivers and lakes, at no great distance. And again, the immense space of ocean in the southern hemisphere, in the absence of such a continent, led to an inference that that beautiful arrangement and disposition of land and water, so conspicuous in the northern, was overlooked, and the equilibrium neglected in the southern hemisphere. In 1598 land was first discovered in this quarter by Dirck Gheritz, a Dutchman, who commanded one of a squadron of five ships that sailed from Rotterdam in 1598 for the East Indies, under orders to proceed by a western course, through the straits of Magalhães (or Magellan), and across the South Sea. At that period the Dutch trade to India was in its infancy, for the first voyage actually performed by them to the continent of Asia, sailed from Holland in 1595, and proceeded by the Cape of Good Hope. The above five

ships having been dispersed by weather, that which was commanded by Gheritz was driven to the south of the Straits, to 64 south latitude, where he saw a high country, with mountains, and covered with snow like the land of Norway. He ran about 100 leagues along the coast of this new country; but discovery not being his object, he soon directed his course towards the coast of Chili. He, however, was captured by the Spaniards at Valparaiso. The whole of this voyage, which is detailed in Burney's History of Discoveries in the South Seas, is curious and interesting. The discovery of Gheritz is noticed in Kitchen's Atlas, published in 1787, where the land is laid down as extending in a bay-formed shape for about a degree from north-west to south-east. But the name of the Dutch navigator is in this map anglicized to Gerrard. Captain Cook failed in his endeavours to make out this land, and several other navigators have been equally unsuccessful. But last year Mr. Smith, Master of the Brig William, of Blythe in Northumberland, and trading between the Rio Plata and Chili, in endeavouring to facilitate his passage round Cape Horn, ran to a higher latitude than is usual in such voyages, and in latitude 62° 30' and 60° west longitude, discovered land. As circumstances did not then admit of a close examination, he de-

forced it till his return voyage to Valparaiso, during which, in February last, he ran in a westward direction along the coasts either of a continent or numerous islands, for two or three hundred miles, forming large bays, and abounding with the spermaceti whale, seals, &c. He took numerous soundings and bearings, draughts, and charts of the coast; and in short, did every thing that the most experienced navigator, dispatched purposely for the object of making a survey, could do. He even landed, and, in the usual manner, took possession of the country for his sovereign, and named his acquisition, "New South Shetland." The climate was temperate, the coast mountainous, apparently uninhabited, but not destitute of vegetation, as firs and pines were observable in many places; in short, the country had upon the whole the appearance of the coast of Norway. After having satisfied himself with every particular that time and circumstances permitted him to examine, he bore away to the north, and pursued his voyage.

On his arrival at Valparaiso he communicated his discovery to Captain Sherriff of His Majesty's ship *Andromache*, who happened to be there. Captain S. immediately felt the importance of the communication, and lost not a moment in making every arrangement for following it up; he immediately dispatched the *William*, with officers from the *Andromache*, to ascertain the nature of the country. The ship has returned from this voyage, and on her arrival off the harbour, and making her report to Captain Searle, of the *Hyperion*, orders were given that no intercourse with the shore should be permitted. This has naturally led to the inference, that the discovery turns out to be important, and that this precaution is taken to prevent the interference or claim of any foreign nation, previous to the usual measures of taking possession in the name of His Britannic Majesty. The only draughtsman on the station, competent to perform the scientific part of the investigation, was Mr. Bone, a son of the distinguished artist of this name: he accordingly went in the *William*, and made the drawings of the coast, &c. Government is, it seems, fitting out an expedition for the new country, and several of the southern whalers have already sailed thither.

Hydrophobia.—A medical correspondent recommends the trial of the two following experiments in cases of this dreadful disorder:—

Whoever has attended any common course of chemical lectures must have witnessed the extraordinary effects which result from inhaling the nitrous oxide, or *Laughing Gas*, as it has been designated. Now, we well know, upon general principles, that Providence has made nothing in vain, and it is impossible to believe that such a powerful gaseous combination could be intended for

no other purpose than to impel fools to laughter.

Let it be recollected then that the principal concomitant symptoms of hydrophobia are gloom and despondency, against which this gas seems a temporary specific; and surely it cannot be thought presumptuous to say that there is a possibility, not only of temporary relief, but even of permanent cure from its exhibitions. In the second place, we know that heat has been, perhaps justly, considered as the cause of the disease in the canine species—is it not possible, then that an extraordinary degree of refrigeration might tend to counteract its influence? The experiment is simple. Let the patient be placed in a common tin bath, surrounded by pounded ice, which perhaps he may bear, even when the dread of water is at its height. If the experiment should kill, it only does that which the disease in a short time most infallibly will do.

Doctor Lyman Spalding, one of the most eminent physicians of New York, announces, in a small pamphlet, that for above these fifty years, the *Scutellaria lateriflora* L. has proved to be an infallible means for the prevention and cure of the hydrophobia, after the bite of mad animals. It is better applied as a dry powder than fresh. According to the testimonies of several American physicians, this plant, not yet received as a remedy in any European *Materia Medica*, afforded a perfect relief in above a thousand cases, as well in the human species, as the brute creation (dogs, swine, and oxen). The first discoverer of the remedy is not known: Doctors Derveer (father and son) first brought it into general use.

Classical MSS. discovered.—The learned world may reasonably expect in a few years, complete and perfect translations of Plutarch, Sallust, Livy, Tacitus, Aristotle, Hippocrates, &c. from the Arabic; the French have been lately assiduous in their researches after such Arabian treasures.

M. Giardin, the French ambassador at Constantinople, has sent to Paris fifteen valuable works in Arabic from the Imperial Library at Constantinople, among which are the complete works of Plutarch and Herodotus!

The works of Aristotle, Hippocrates, Livy, Tacitus, Sallust, &c. are known to have been translated into Arabic, and might be discovered and purchased by well-directed search after them, at Fez, Morocco, or some other parts of West or South Barbary.—Mr. Jackson, in his recent travels in those countries, annexed to Shabeeny's Account of Timbuctoo and Housa, page 325, says, "It is more than probable, that the works of many Greek and Roman authors, translated during the æra of Arabian learning, are to be found in the hands of literary individuals, in several parts of West and South Barbary!"

Mr. Jacks, librarian to the Royal Library

at Bamberg, has discovered there a manuscript of the Roman history of Eutropius, which was probably brought from Rome by the Emperor Henry, the founder of the Bishopric of Bamberg. The MS. is more complete than any of the best editions hitherto published of this author, and very likely to correct a number of false readings. Professor Gochler, of Cologne, had previously discovered in the Royal Library a MS. of Livy.

Professor Cramer, at Kiel, discovered two years ago, in the library of the Convent of St. Gallen, a MS. of the eleventh century, containing illustrations of Juvenal which are said to be of greater importance than any hitherto known. He has now published a specimen on occasion of the king's birth-day, under the title of, *Specimen novæ editionis scholasticæ Juvenalis*.

Bibliomania.—At no time during the highest rage of Bibliomanianism, did books of rarity bear higher prices than at the concluding sale of Mr. Bindley's library. The competition for old poetical tracts and ballads was unexampled:—

No. 87	A small collection of Poetical Tracts, 8vo.	-	£31	10	0
160	Battel between Frogs and Mice	-	16	16	0
509	Peele's Pageant, 1591, (4 leaves)	-	15	15	0
632	Winstanley's Audley End	-	17	17	0
635	Engravings of Wilton Garden	-	56	14	0
698	Wits Bedlam	-	15	15	0
722	Father Hubbard's Tales	-	13	13	0
917	History of Two English Lovers, 1561	-	30	19	0
932	The Mastive or Young Whelp	-	25	10	0
939	The more the merrier	-	20	0	0
966	Whetstone's Life of the E. of Bedford	-	23	2	0
1125	Collection of Poetical Ballads from 1640 to 1670	-	192	0	0
1126	———— Ditto from 1670 to 1680	-	183	15	0
1127	———— Ditto from 1679 to 1685	-	174	6	0
1128	———— Ditto 5 vols.	-	231	0	0
1130	———— Ditto	-	43	1	0

The three first collections of Ballads, and of halfpenny and penny songs, were bought by the Marquis of Buckingham. The 5 volumes of the same kind by Mr. Heber.

Discovery of the original Ossian's Poems.—The following is an extract of a letter from Belfast, dated Aug. 4:—

"On opening a vault where stood the cloisters of the old Catholic Abbey, at Connor, founded by St. Patrick, the workmen discovered an oaken chest, of curious and ancient workmanship, whose contents, on being opened, proved to be a translation of the Bible into the Irish character, and several other manuscripts in that language. The box was immediately taken to the Minister

of Connor, the Rev. Dr. Henry, who unfortunately did not understand the aboriginal language, and he sent it to Dr. Macdonald, of Belfast, who soon discovered the MSS. to be the original of the Poems of Ossian, written at Connor, by an Irish Friar, named Terence O'Neal, a branch of the now noble family of the Earl of O'Neil, of Shane's Castle, in the year 1403.—The translations by Macpherson, the Scotchman, appear to be very imperfect: this is accounted for by the Scotch Gaelic poets having no character in which to preserve their poems; they had, therefore, borrowed from the sister country. The Irish translation of the poems, however, by Baron Harold, who dedicated the work to Edmund Burke, is nearer the original; for the wily Scot, Macpherson, to give them a greater air of antiquity, omitted all allusions to the religious subjects which the originals possess.

"The fixing of the scenes of the poems at and round Connor, by the antiquarian Campbell, who travelled here a few years ago, gave rise to the digging and searching about the old abbey and castle, which has thus happily terminated in making, against his will, "the Land of the Harp," the birth-place of the author of the elegant Poems of Ossian. I conclude in the words of Smollett—"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn!"

Settlement at Algoa Bay.—The following particulars have been received in letters from the new settlers:—"We arrived at Algoa Bay, after a tedious passage from England, during which we experienced sufficient proofs of the very excellent arrangements of the government for our comfort. I have been up the country as far as Graham's Town, and a more delightful one cannot be expressed. The first landing at Algoa Bay is a little unpleasant, occasioned by a continual surf; but, once landed, your greatest difficulty is over. You then apply to the proper officer, who has a surveyed government plan before him of the intended settlement, marked out in lots, of from 100 to 10,000 acres. Especial care is taken that every lot has a good spring of water, and well wooded. You are then asked the number of followers you have, each being allowed 100 acres. This being ascertained, the quantity of land you want is sought for on the government map, without any partiality. An authority is then given you to take possession. Too much praise cannot be given to the Governor for those arrangements. If you have not brought waggons, they can be procured of the boors, with a team of oxen, and off you set. The settlement is about 190 miles from the sea. You pass a good Dutch farm every 15 or 20 miles. The government sell you a good tent for two guineas, which you set up every night, making a blazing fire, and, surrounded by your team, sleep in the greatest safety.

"The arrangements of Government were most liberal, and every attention was paid to

the comforts of the females while on board. They were plentifully supplied with port wine and sago, excellent beef, pork, and biscuit; even mustard, salt, vinegar, needles, thread, &c. were not forgotten. On landing they procured the best fresh beef at 1½d. per lb. Government willingly supplies you at 6d. per head, namely, 1½ lb. of bread, and 3 lb. of beef, per day.

"Provisions of every kind are amazingly cheap; there is a great want of waggons, and it is strongly recommended that they should be brought out from England, as on landing teams of oxen are procured at an easy rate, and you get out on your journey immediately. Followers of heads of parties are each, at the expiration of five years, allowed thirty acres of cultivated land, and, by a praiseworthy arrangement of Government, a man dying in his servitude can bequeath to his family or friend such proportion of land as he is entitled to, for which reason most of the settlers make their will on landing. General Donkin, the Governor of the Cape, paid the greatest attention to his countrymen. A premium of 100 guineas is announced for the farm that sends the first marketable produce of its land to the Cape. Though the Dutch boers are illiterate, they are good-natured: as an instance, we understand that the wife of a Dutch farmer seeming anxious for an indifferent gold watch, it was presented to her; and next day a beautiful team of sixteen oxen, neatly yoked, was sent as a return.

"The allotments of land are well wooded and watered, and, being principally on the banks of the Great Fish River, plenty of fish is easily obtained; game in abundance, particularly a species of grouse. The Dutch farmers are particularly civil and accommodating to the new-comers on their journey. The distance of the settlement from the coast is about 200 miles; this journey is performed in waggons with teams of 16 bullocks, and these, with the conductors, are procured of the Dutch boers at an easy rate. The Dutch farmers observe, what they can raise by industry, so can the new-comers. They raise corn of every description; potatoes bountifully; tobacco thrives well; the wine they make on their estates is most excellent, and sold at the rate of 5½d. per bottle. They laughingly observe, that more Cape-wine is sold in the year by many hogsheads than is made in the whole colony. Many of the estates produce four crops in

the year, particularly in those parts which can at pleasure be inundated; these inundations answer all the purposes of the best manure, and the crops are prodigious."

Diseases of the Ear.—Mr. Curtis will commence his next Course of Lectures on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology of the Ear, and on the Medical Treatment of the Deaf and Dumb, early in October, at the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Cattle Distemper.—A valued correspondent communicates to us the success of a remedy recommended in our tenth volume, p. 352, for the fatal inflammatory distemper arising from long-continued drought; and favours us with a more explicit detail of the process by which a number of valuable calves were recently saved, as follows:—For a calf three months old, allow the bulk of two pigeons'-eggs of saltpetre dissolved in half an English pint of water, to which add a table-spoonful of vinegar, and a table-spoonful of fresh barley-meal. Mix all well together, and adding a fresh pint of warm water, put the whole ingredients into a common bottle, which, with the half-pint of water first used, will be nearly filled. Shake the bottle well, and pour the contents slowly into the throat of the calf: let him rest an hour, and then apply friction to his skin with a hard brush, continuing then to stimulate circulation in all his body and limbs a full quarter of an hour. If he appears inclined, let him rest another hour; and then, if the weather is hot, drive him into the sea; or if the situation is inland, plunge him in a lake or river. If the season is cool, it will suffice to give exercise by driving the creature rather smartly for half an hour. It must also have three times, daily, a wine-glassful of a strong infusion prepared from aromatic herbs, either wormwood, angelica, rosemary, mint, rue, sage, or juniper berries. The infusion to be put into a bottle, with a tea-spoonful of strong vinegar. The nitre, as first mentioned, is to be administered twice a day; and the friction and exercise to follow each dose as already described. Observe the calf is not to suck, or to have feeding-milk for two hours after taking medicine, and it must have rest after this nourishment. It is hardly necessary to explain that the time for taking milk, or exercise, or medicine, should be arranged so as to make the intervals regular and proportionate.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

FRANCE.

A curious pamphlet has recently been published in Paris, entitled "Forgery of English Bank Notes." It reveals a crime, connected with the despotism of Napoleon, of so odious a nature that his warmest partisans will not surely attempt to justify it. M. Castel, the author of the pamphlet, established himself at Hamburg, with the

French army, in the year 1810, and was employed to build sloops of war for the Imperial government. At the beginning of the year 1812, General Saunier, who then held a command in Hamburg, requested M. Castel to procure him money for English bank notes to the amount of 5000l. Castel, having occasion to travel to the Hans Towns, paid away some of the notes, amounting to

about 3000*l*. These notes, however, on being remitted to England, were discovered to be forged, and M. Castel was obliged to indemnify the persons to whom he had paid them. In the meanwhile General Saunier having set out for Russia, he had no means of making any demand on him. With regard to the other notes, which still remained in the hands of Castel, he received orders from d'Aubignos, director of the police at Hamburg, to deliver them up to him, which he did. Forged English bank notes, however, still continued to be circulated in the north of Germany. In the year 1813 an insurrection broke out in Hamburg, and Castel was obliged to fly to France. No sooner had he reached Paris, than he received a summons from the police. He confesses that he was at first so much alarmed that he dared not obey the summons; but a second order forced him to appear. Instead, however, of the rigid interrogatory which he says he dreaded, though he cannot tell why, he found a divisional officer, who politely addressed him as follows: "You will render the minister and me a most essential service, by stating exactly what sum you paid to General Saunier in exchange for the London bank notes." These words revived the spirits of poor Castel, who was almost dead with alarm. He gave the information that was required, taking care not to mention that the notes had been discovered to be forged, and that he had been obliged to pay the amount—such, he declares, was the terror with which Buonaparte's police inspired him. There is, however, reason to suppose that it was not fear alone that withheld him from speaking out: he probably wished to avoid being compromised in an affair, with the secret of which he was apparently acquainted, though in his pamphlet he positively affirms the contrary. He asserts that his dread of the Imperial police took such an effect on his mind, that he lost the use of his reason, and was treated as a lunatic for several months. During his mental disorder, he fancied he saw the officers of the police, with Savary at their head, passing under his window, to be led to execution. He called them swindlers, and ordered them to deliver up his bank notes. On his recovery the Imperial government no longer existed. The Royal authority had assumed its place. The unfortunate merchant then resumed his courage, and on making some inquiries respecting the origin of the bank notes, he discovered a secret which, had it not been for the change of government, would in all probability never have been made known.

Under the Imperial regime a secret printing-office was established on the Boulevard Mont Parnasse, in Paris. It was conducted by a man, who is now one of the richest printers in Paris, and it was under the immediate direction of Savary, the minister of

police. All that was done in this printing-office is not known, but it is certain that the workmen, who did not themselves know what they were doing, were employed in forging Bank of England notes. Buonaparte had conceived this odious plan of circulating forged notes, in order to enrich himself, whilst he would at the same time ruin the trade and the Bank of England. He never bestowed a thought on the immorality of the action, or its destructive effects on the whole commercial world. It is a singular circumstance, that the inferior police had no knowledge of the printing-establishment which was under the controul of the high police; and one day the agents of the Paris prefect of police were on the point of forcing an entrance into the printing-office. A few powerful words, however, induced them immediately to depart. An agent of the high police had been sent to Hamburg to circulate forged notes to the amount of 30,000*l*. The director-general of the police of that city, who had not been made acquainted with the secret, arrested the agent, and sent him to Paris; but, on his arrival there, he was immediately restored to liberty. Another agent was dispatched to England in the summer of 1811; he was accompanied by a Hamburg Jew. They visited London under the pretence of commercial business, and they circulated the forged notes which they brought with them. The fraud, however, was speedily detected, and measures were adopted for tracing the notes. The agent of the French police escaped, but the Jew was taken, found guilty, and hanged. The French agent, on landing in France, was suspected and put under arrest by the authorities on the coast; but no sooner was his name known in Paris than orders were immediately issued for his release. By way of reward, Savary appointed him to be contractor for the public gaming-houses.

After the restoration, some communication on the subject of these forgeries took place between the English and the French government. The Count de Blacas summoned Savary, and interrogated him respecting the business. It appears, from Castel's pamphlet, that Savary confessed the whole, observing that he had merely executed a measure of state, which his sovereign had ordered. M. Castel however adds, that Savary kept possession of the engraved copper-plates from which the notes were produced; and that in 1815, during the hundred days, and even since the battle of Waterloo, new notes have been printed from them, which are now in circulation, to the ruin of trade. Such is the substance of M. Castel's memoir. The accusations he prefers against Savary and the other agents of Buonaparte's police, are of the most odious description; but he relates facts so circumstantially, and quotes names and dates with so much correctness, that he has evidently been very careful in collecting his information. None

of the person, thus accused have yet thought proper to publish a word in their own defence.

Telegraph, for public use.—A speculatist has suggested the impolicy of confining the use of the *telegraph* to governments: observing, that the postage of letters was first employed by princes and governors, but to doubt of its infinite benefits when extended to the public, at large, is impossible. He says, "Governments at this time restrict to themselves the exclusive employment of this instrument of communication; but hereafter it will be applied to individual and private concerns, and will add to the facility and the multiplicity of communications and exchanges, which are the first cause of all social advantages, in like manner as high roads, navigable canals, stage-coaches, ships and passage-boats, post-horses, and postage of letters; writing, printing, coinage, bills of exchange, lithography, &c." Not only governments and sovereigns are interested in promoting a multiplicity of discoveries, which they enjoy in the first instance, and the glory of which reflects on them; but they are also interested in placing them within reach of the public, in rendering them more numerous and more familiar. They themselves derive from them greater advantages; they give birth to new inventions, or to improvements and perfectings of others, of which themselves (governments) are again the first to profit. A more general investigation of any implement, made by a greater number of ingenious men, and more openly than before, greatly advances the art or the science in which it is employed.

The Cadastre imperfect: Experientia docet.—The French have lately ventured to complain, in somewhat severe terms, of the famous *Cadastre*, brought to perfection, as was supposed, under Napoleon. They observe that "The *Cadastre* of France was conceived in a too complicated system. It is impossible to obtain exact information on the simple declarations of local authorities: an estimate of population, indeed, or of extent, or some approach to the value of property, may be procured, but that is by no means sufficient to insure equity in the collection of an impost. It is confessed, that much pains and many precautions have been taken to execute plans of the smallest properties, to state the diverse kinds of their productions, and to determine, according to a classification agreed on, the value of each piece of land, considering the culture in which it is employed; nevertheless, amidst these proceedings to approximate truth as closely as possible, the bases of the calculations are absolutely insufficient: 1st, because the same species of culture does not universally afford the same product. 2dly, Because the species of culture, being changed on the same lands, the proportions of increase and value change also. 3dly, Because the mutations of property, and the altera-

tions of boundaries, incessantly occasion modifications, which render new declarations necessary, the former being no longer applicable. To be correct, the *Cadastre* should be renewed every ten years at the farthest. It is necessary to take the points of observation much higher; to establish more general principles of valuation; to found them on a liberal comparison of the same agricultural productions in different departments; to include in the estimate the difficulty or the facility of carriage, of bringing them to market, and of obtaining payment."

We shall readily be believed when we say, that these elements of calculation would have found but little favour in the administration of Buonaparte; and that they will be found extremely difficult to reduce to practice under the Bourbons. But it must be supposed that all these, with many other circumstances which belong to each estate, and to every field of each estate, have been duly and closely considered between a landlord and his tenant in the determination of the rent; which also has been calculated on an average—or rather on various averages—as of the number of years—the course of seasons—the occurrence of accidents—the parochial charges, duties demandable, &c. &c., all of which affect the fair bargain between the proprietor and the in-comer. On the rent, then, justly estimated, the tax for public service may be laid; and thus every farmer may take his own place on the territorial *Cadastre*; while every landlord may assure himself that his property is not marked by any of those heavier taxes which may render his estate less valuable than those of his neighbours around him.

Ecclesiastical Establishment.—It is calculated that there are at present in France 2849 curates, 22,344 temporary curates, 3301 vicars, 1462 regular priests, and 873 almoners of colleges and hospitals. The number of priests regularly officiating, including those who do not receive pay from the treasury, amounts to 36,185. 1361 French priests died in the year 1819; and in the same year there were 1401 ordinations. There are 106 female congregations, possessing altogether 1721 establishments, which contain 11,752 sisters. It is estimated that these charitable women administer relief to nearly 60,000 sick persons, and gratuitously instruct 63,000 poor children.

Jeanne d'Arc.—The works which have been undertaken at Domremy, for repairing the house of Jeanne d'Arc, erecting a monument to her memory, and establishing a school for the instruction of female children, are proceeding with great activity. In front of the house in which the heroine was born, a neat and simple edifice has been raised. An avenue separates the building into two grand compartments, one of which is set aside for the school, and the other for the governess's apartments. The avenue leads

to a court-yard, and on the left is the old door of the house of the Maid of Orleans, with its curious bas reliefs. Fragments of wood, stone, and other relics of the age of Jeanne d'Arc, are deposited in the principal chamber of the house. Fronting the new edifice is a square, in the centre of which a statue is to be raised to her honour.

The subscriptions for a monument to the Duke of Berri, amount to nearly 4000*l*.

Prevalent disposition to suicide.—The Continent has affected to consider Britain as the seat of suicide; and not a few *facetie* have been sported on the supposed disposition of the natives of our island to seek refuge in an unknown world from troubles felt in this; especially from that most discontented condition, too often attendant on too extensive capabilities of enjoyment—*ennui*. We recollect one, in the form of an epitaph, which, said the wits of Paris, might serve for constant application on the grave-stones of London:

Cit Jean Roa-bif, ecuyer,
Qui se pendit pour se desennuyer.

But, certainly, at this moment, the number of Suicides in the city of London, notwithstanding the glooms and the fogs of the climate, bears no proportion to that of Paris: the year 1810 counted no less than *three hundred and seventy-six* instances of disastrous self-destruction. To what this may be owing is not unworthy the consideration of the statesman as well as of the philanthropist; perhaps, we ought also to add, of the truly religious mind, as well as of the mere worldling, or man of pleasure; for, it will be recollected, that this refers to the gay capital of the Grande Nation.

During the year 1819 the number of deaths in Paris, was 22,187; the births were 23,263.

ITALY.

The new gallery which the Pope has added to the Capitol, in the *Conservatori* Palace, is just finished. It is to contain busts and other monuments, to the memory of Italians who have distinguished themselves in the arts and sciences. The gallery has been open for public inspection since the 22d instant: it is divided according to classes and ages. In the principal room the bust of the Pope, by Canova, beneath which is a Latin inscription. The same room also contains a bust of Raphael, which has been removed from the Rotunda.

GERMANY.

An extraordinary phenomenon was lately observed at Augsburg. At day-break two luminous bodies appeared on each side of the sun. The sun itself was surrounded by a brilliant circle not entirely closed. In the evening, from 58 minutes after six to within 17 minutes of seven, the ground was covered with transparent dew; and after sunset a thick fog arose.

Beavers in Europe.—There exists at this time, in Bohemia, in the lordship of Wittingau, the domain of Prince Schwartzenberg, a colony of beavers, settled on the river Goldbach; the industry of these yields in nothing to that of their brethren which inhabit the great rivers and lakes of North America. The abundance of willows which adorns the banks of this river, furnishes them with both food and dwelling: in summer they eat the leaves, and in winter the branches.

That the beaver was formerly an inhabitant of Europe, appears evidently, from the numerous traces of beaver dams which are still remaining in various parts. It has long been questioned, whether the original race was extinct in Germany; as appearances of their excursions were noticeable from time to time; but our authority for the present article does not go so far as to determine that these on the estate of Prince Schwartzenberg are of the indigenous breed: they may be modern importations; like those of the late Sir Joseph Banks into England, where they are novelties, although they were anciently even numerous in our island; and some of their constructions still remain. The creature is well known in the Welch language, under the name of "the fish-tail animal," a very descriptive appellation: many astounding tales of other times announce its wonderful powers and properties; and it still forms the crest of an ancient coat of arms. The animals common to America and to Europe are so few, that every instance capable of verification becomes interesting to the naturalist, and not less to the philosophical historian, as evincing the connection and communication between the old and the new continent, in ages past.

GREECE.

Hospitable Institution.—The labours, the attentions, and the hazards of the monks of St. Bernard, who inhabit the highest regions of the Alps, are well known, nor can any considerate person, whether or not he has been assisted by exertions and hospitality, which are due to that community, fail to observe that it is not so well known that a similar institution exists among the *Saints* of Mount Olympus; or, at least, an institution that has in view the same purposes, and employs the same means. It is maintained by five villages, the inhabitants of which pay no kind of tax; but are bound to give their assistance to all travellers who cross the mountains, and to serve them as guides. They discharge this honourable task, with the greatest alacrity and good management, and are benevolent religious, who employ the alacrity of dogs, to discover travellers who may have been so unfortunate as to be buried beneath the snow.

USEFUL ARTS.

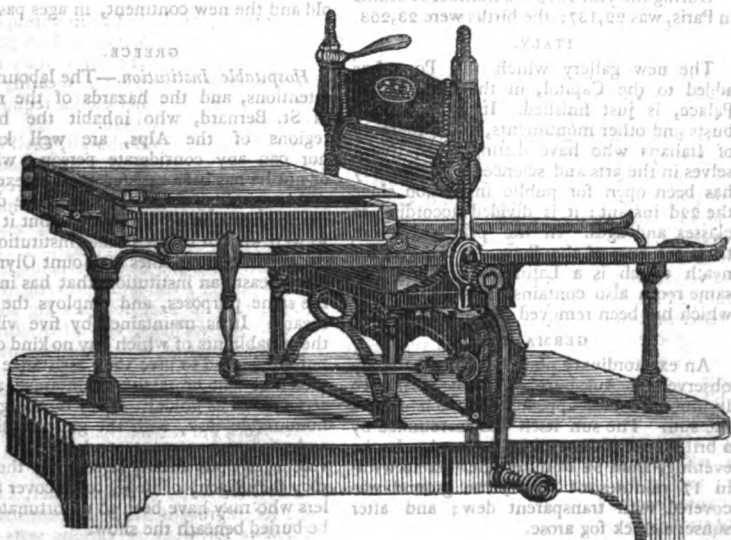
NEW INVENTIONS.

Improved Tracing Paper.—The paper generally used for the purpose of tracing, is either bank-post, or silver paper, made transparent with drying or nut oil mixed with turpentine; but this paper, after having been thus made but a short time, becomes extremely yellow, much less transparent, and very offensive to the smell—nor is the tracing paper usually sold by the stationers of a much better quality, and the price is enormous. The French tracing paper has also a yellow, or rather a green, tint, and being of an oily nature, it cannot be marked upon but with ink, which has been previously mixed with prepared gall. By the following process, a correspondent has made excellent tracing paper:—Dissolve (in a tea-cup, or the like) two ounces of Canada balsam, with two ounces of spirits of wine; by adding a little of the latter at a time, and by being frequently stirred, it will, in a few hours, become in a fluid state, but will assume a curd-like appearance; put this in a large size vial, then add two ounces of spirits of turpentine, shake it often, and in a few hours it will be fit for use; when used, pour out the varnish into a saucer, and having the silver paper placed smoothly, take a flat camel's hair varnish brush, and pass over every part; when one side is done, turn over the sheet of paper, and with the same brush, without any varnish, pass over every part of the other side; then hang the paper on a line for drying, which will be very quickly. It is necessary to have several

sheets of paper placed on each other, as the varnish which passes through the upper sheet will help to varnish the next. The quantity of varnish which I have here stated, will cover half a quire of silver paper.

Damps.—Among the remedies for damps, one person recommends a sheet of lead a little above the surface of the ground, between the layers of brick in house-building; and another, whalebone between the soles of our shoes. Both, it seems, are specifics against the ascent of damps to our dwellings or persons.

Lithography.—Mr. J. Ruthven, of Edinburgh, has at last succeeded in constructing a press on the principle of his patent, that answers most perfectly for printing from stone. It is free from the disadvantages that have hitherto attended lithographic presses, and promises to render the art very generally adopted throughout England. Any degree of pressure is at once brought to bear on the stone by means of the lever. The roller is found to clear the stone from the printing-ink at each impression, and the labour of winding the bed through is much less than by the method hitherto used. By this machine a greater number of impressions may also be obtained in a day than formerly. One of them has been for some time at work at the Lithographic Establishment of Mr. Charles M. Willich, No. 6, Dartmouth-street, Westminster; where it may be seen by the admirers of this interesting art. The press, of which a representation is annexed, has also the advantage of being equally applicable to copper-plate printing.



NEW PATENTS.

JOHN LEWIS, Clothier, WILLIAM LEWIS, Dyer, and WILLIAM DAVIS, Engineer, all of Brimscomb, in the County of Gloucester; for certain Improvements on Wire Gig Mills, for the Purpose of dressing Woollen and other Cloths that may require such Process. December 19, 1817.

When woollen cloth is felted, it exhibits the same kind of surface on both sides. The object of the succeeding process, called *dressing*, is to produce a soft pile, or smooth downy surface, on one side, which is afterwards called the outside, or face of the cloth.

The patentees of this invention, instead of operating with teazels, or wires, in the same manner, as in the gig-mills already known, have invented a system of wires and springs which are fixed in the rings of the barrels by projecting ribs, consisting of bars or rods of metal, and strips of wood or other suitable substance.

JAMES JEFFRAY, of Glasgow, in Scotland, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Glasgow; for certain Improvements in Machinery to move by Wind, Steam, Animal Strength, Water, or other Power, by means of which Boats, Barges, Ships, or other Floating-vessels may be propelled or moved in Water. March 4, 1819.

This consists in a new form of pump, to be impelled or driven by any of the usual and accustomed prime movers of machinery as aforesaid, and by means of which water or air is alternately drawn in and expelled outwards, underneath the surface of the water upon which such vessel is floating, and in a direction contrary to that in which it is intended such vessel shall move, with such adjustments as to quantity, force, and direction, as will not only give different degrees of velocity to such vessel, but likewise assist in steering, turning, or guiding the direction of the same. The apparatus is not only applicable to propelling and moving of vessels in the water, but to other useful purposes on board ship, since by a proper arrangement and disposition of cocks or valves, and suction-pipes to the working barrels, the external water may be shut off, and the barrels made to draw from the hold or lowest part of the vessel, and in this way the same may be pumped much more effectually than by any other means; and even if a leak should be sprung, the water getting into the vessel may be used for moving her; and if the apparatus be allowed to go on working after all the bilge-water is removed from the well, the air which is in and immediately over the well, and which in general is the worst in a ship, will be pumped up and be thrown out next; and as the same quantity of pure air must enter up the hatches and port-holes at every stroke, as is thrown out by the cylinders, it will be understood how the whole air in the ship must in the course of a few hours

be completely changed, especially as any number of barrels may be used that may be required, either in their separate form or connected with each other.

Baron CHARLES PHILIP DE THIERRY, late of the Parish of Saint George, Hanover-square, Middlesex; for a Bit for Coach and Bridle Uses, which said Bit he calls, *The Humane Safety-bit*. Sept 20, 1819.

The humane safety-bit is made with an additional bar or port, or mouth, which is so fitted upon the two cheeks of the bit as to slide thereupon, or therein; and, by the action of the curb-rein, it can be made to slide on the cheeks or in the cheeks, or separate itself from, and recede from, the other bar, port, or mouth, which goes across the horse's mouth in the usual manner, and is firmly united at the two ends, to the two cheeks of the bit.

PATENTS LATELY GRANTED.

JOHN READ, of Horsmanden, Kent, Gentleman; for an improvement on syringes. July 11, 1820.

JAMES WHITE, of Manchester, Lancashire, Civil Engineer; for certain new machinery, adapted to preparing and spinning wool, cotton, and other fibrous substances, and uniting several threads into one; and also certain combinations of the said new machinery with other machines, or with various parts only of other machines already known and in use. July 11, 1820.

SAMUEL FLETCHER, of Walsall, Staffordshire, Saddlers'-ironmonger; for an improvement on, or additions to, saddles, saddle-straps, saddle-girths, and saddle-cloths, by the application of certain known materials, hitherto unused for that purpose. July 11, 1820.

WILLIAM DAVIS, late of Brimscomb, but now of Bourne, near Minchin Hampton, Gloucestershire, Engineer; for certain improvements in machinery for shearing or cropping woollen and other cloths requiring such process. July 11, 1820.

JOHN GRAFTON, of Edinburgh, Civil Engineer; for a new and improved method or methods of distilling the products of coal, and carbonising coal, in the process of making gas used for the purpose of illumination. July 11, 1820.

MATTHEW BUSH, of Battersfield, Surrey, Calico-printer; for an improvement on a machine, now in use, for printing silks, linens, calicos, woollens, and other similar fabrics; by means of which improvement shawls and handkerchiefs can be printed with one or more colour or colours, and whereby linens, calicoes, silks, woollens, and other fabrics of the like nature, intended for garments, can be printed with two or more colours. July 20, 1820.

ROBERT BOWMAN, of Manchester, Lancashire; for improvements in the construction of looms for weaving various sorts of cloths, which looms may be set in motion by any adequate power. July 20, 1820.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A Catalogue of the Library of the Athenæum, Liverpool. By George Burrell, Principal Librarian. 8vo. pp. 434.

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I love thee; yes, thou still art dear to me,
And ever wilt; but as a fellow-traveller
With whom the chance of Fortune may unite us
For a short journey in the self-same vessel;
But that completed, each departs his way:
And yet we sometimes recollect with fondness
The pleasing, kind associate of our way.

Her voice falters—she implores Phaoon, who addresses her with emotion, to be tranquil and let their parting be in peace—calls for the sacred fire to be lighted on the altar of Venus, and there kneeling, solemnly thanks the gods for the gifts of divine poetry, and implores them now to crown her. The sacred flame rises—she calls out with an air of inspiration that her prayers are heard—kisses Phaoon as a friend from a far country, and Melitta as a mother—and then hurries to the altar of Venus, retires to an elevation on the shore, stretches her hands over the lovers, and precipitates herself from the rock into the sea. The piece would certainly have met with little success on the English stage, from the paucity of its incidents, and the length of its speeches; but, as a poem, it was well worthy of translation. As its author is young, he is undoubtedly a poet of rich promise, and we rejoice to hail his success in Vienna, which is, as yet, behind many parts of Germany in literary spirit. The translation is very elegant and faithful.

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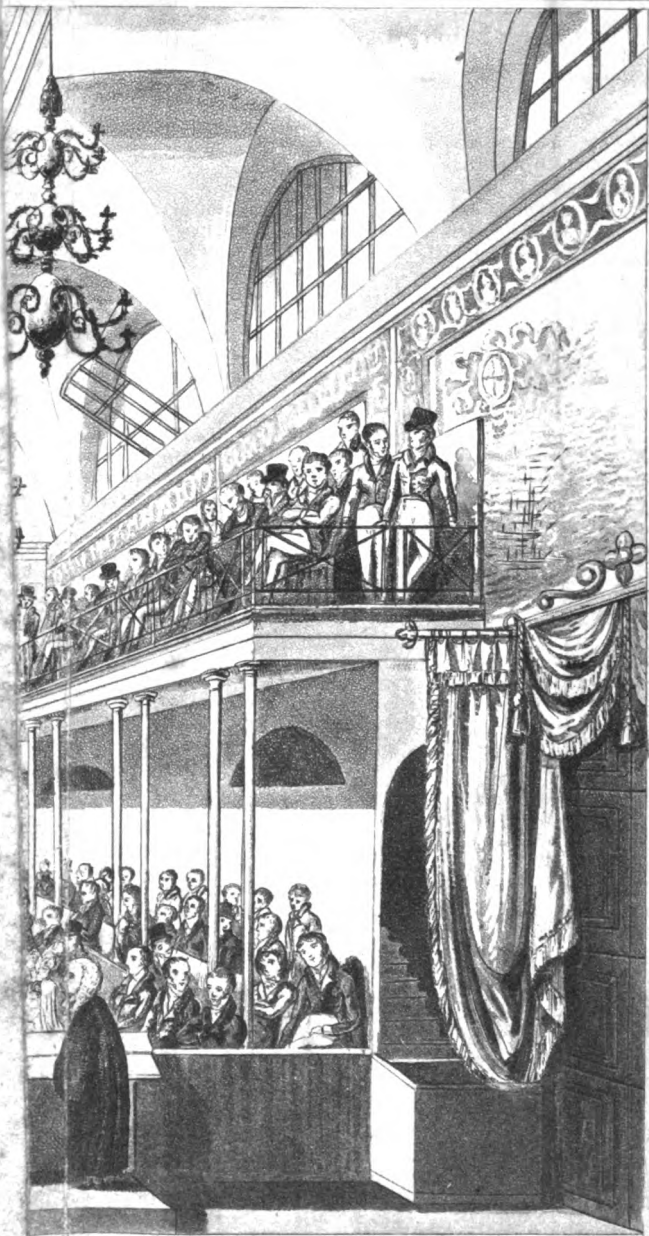
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SE OF LORDS.

3 Queen & her Attendant.

4 New Galleries.

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DIGEST OF POLITICAL EVENTS.

THE attention of the country is still rivetted to the one single object which has occupied it now for above two months. Since our last, indeed, the intensity of that attention has been considerably increased, for the actual proceedings against her Majesty have been commenced: the die is cast; the step is taken, from which it is now impossible to recede; and the morals of the country are likely to be shaken to their very centre. Hitherto, as our readers must have observed, we have scrupulously abstained from delivering any opinion on either side of this momentous question, but have confined ourselves to a simple recapitulation of the various facts and occurrences connected with the transaction, which will become, hereafter, matters of historical record. This course we shall continue to pursue, with one exception. We cannot—we will not—attempt to detail the charges which have been solemnly arrayed against the Queen. Those whose curiosity requires to be gratified by their developement, can obtain their wish by perusing the daily papers. For ourselves, feeling that the pages of this work are of a more permanent nature than the journals of the day—knowing that this Magazine finds its way into families—that it remains on the breakfast and the library table—that it may be opened and read months and years hence, when all the fleeting interest which now attaches to the Queen's case will have subsided—conscious as we are of all these circumstances, we deem it no more than our duty to sacrifice the present to the future, and to respect the morals of the country rather than the dictates of a transitory and doubtful interest.

During the interval which elapsed between the adjournment of Parliament and the meeting of the House of Lords on the 17th ult. her Majesty was chiefly occupied in receiving Addresses from various individuals, and in returning answers to them, of a character which, we believe, her best friends deplored. It was observed, that each succeeding answer assumed a tone of increased acrimony, till at length, the following letter, which she addressed to the King, or which some one addressed for her, and to which she was prevailed upon to affix her name, completed the climax.

THE QUEEN'S LETTER TO THE KING.

SIR—After the unparalleled and unprovoked persecution which, during a series of

years, has been carried on against me, under the name and authority of your Majesty—and which persecution, instead of being mollified by time, time has rendered only more and more malignant and unrelenting—it is not without a great sacrifice of private feeling that I now, even in the way of remonstrance, bring myself to address this letter to your Majesty. But, bearing in mind that Royalty rests on the basis of public good; that to this paramount consideration all others ought to submit; and aware of the consequences that may result from the present unconstitutional, illegal, and hitherto unheard-of proceedings;—with a mind thus impressed, I cannot refrain from laying my grievous wrongs once more before your Majesty, in the hope that the justice which your Majesty may, by evil-minded counsellors, be still disposed to refuse to the claims of a dutiful, faithful, and injured wife, you may be induced to yield to considerations connected with the honour and dignity of your Crown, the stability of your Throne, the tranquillity of your dominions, the happiness and safety of your just and loyal people, whose generous hearts revolt at oppression and cruelty, and especially when perpetrated by a perversion and a mockery of the laws.

A sense of what is due to my character and sex forbids me to refer minutely to the real causes of our domestic separation, or to the numerous unmerited insults offered me previously to that period; but, leaving to your Majesty to reconcile with the marriage-vow the act of driving, by such means, a wife from beneath your roof, with an infant in her arms, your Majesty will permit me to remind you, that that act was entirely your own; that the separation, so far from being sought for by me, was a sentence pronounced upon me, without any cause assigned, other than that of your own inclinations, which, as your Majesty was pleased to allege, were not under your controul.

Not to have felt, with regard to myself, chagrin at this decision of your Majesty, would have argued great insensibility to the obligations of decorum; not to have dropped a tear in the face of that beloved child; whose future sorrows were then but too easy to foresee, would have marked me as unworthy of the name of mother; but, to have submitted to it without repining, would have indicated a consciousness of demerit, or a want of those feelings which belong to affronted and insulted female honour.

The "tranquil and comfortable society" tendered to me by your Majesty, formed, in my mind, but a poor compensation for the grief occasioned by considering the wound given to public morals in the fatal example produced by the indulgence of your Majesty's inclinations: more especially when I contemplated the disappointment of the nation, who had so munificently provided for our union, who had fondly cherished such

pleasing hopes of happiness arising from that union, and who had hailed it with such affectionate and rapturous joy.

Bâr, alas! even tranquillity and comfort were too much for me to enjoy. From the very threshold of your Majesty's mansion the mother of your child was pursued by spies, conspirators, and traitors, employed, encouraged, and rewarded to lay snares for the feet, and to plot against the reputation and life of her whom your Majesty had so recently and so solemnly vowed to honour, to love, and to cherish.

In withdrawing from the embraces of my parents, in giving my hand to the son of George the Third and the Heir Apparent to the British Throne, nothing less than a voice from Heaven would have made me fear injustice or wrong of any kind. What, then, was my astonishment at finding that treasons against me had been carried on and matured, perjuries against me had been methodized and embodied, a secret tribunal had been held, a trial of my actions had taken place, and a decision had been made upon those actions, without my having been informed of the nature of the charge, or of the names of the witnesses? and what words can express the feelings excited by the fact, that this proceeding was founded on a request made, and on evidence furnished, by order of the father of my child, and my natural as well as legal guardian and protector?

Notwithstanding, however, the unprecedented conduct of that Tribunal—conduct which has since undergone, even in Parliament, severe and unanswered animadversions, and which has been also censured in minutes of the Privy Council—notwithstanding the secrecy of the proceedings of this Tribunal—notwithstanding the strong temptation to the giving of false evidence against me before it—notwithstanding that there was no opportunity afforded me of rebutting that evidence—notwithstanding all these circumstances, so decidedly favourable to my enemies—even this Secret Tribunal acquitted me of all crime, and thereby pronounced my principal accusers to have been guilty of the grossest perjury. But it was now (after the trial was over) discovered, that the nature of the Tribunal was such as to render false swearing before it *not legally criminal*! And thus, at the suggestion and request of your Majesty, had been created, to take cognizance of and try my conduct, a Tribunal competent to administer oaths, competent to examine witnesses on oath, competent to try, competent to acquit or condemn, and competent, moreover, to screen those who had sworn falsely against me from suffering the pains and penalties which the law awards to wilful and corrupt perjury. Great as my indignation naturally must have been at this shameful evasion of law and justice, that indignation was lost in pity for him who could lower his princely

plumes to the dust by giving his countenance and favour to the most conspicuous of those abandoned and notorious perjurers.

Still there was one whose upright mind nothing could warp, in whose breast injustice never found a place, whose hand was always ready to raise the unfortunate, and to rescue the oppressed. While that good and gracious Father and Sovereign remained in the exercise of his Royal functions, his unoffending daughter-in-law had nothing to fear. As long as the protecting hand of your late ever-beloved and ever-lamented father was held over me, I was safe. But the melancholy event which deprived the nation of the active exertions of its virtuous King, bereft me of friend and protector, and of all hope of future tranquillity and safety. To calumniate your innocent wife was now the shortest way to Royal favour; and to betray her was to lay the sure foundation of boundless riches and titles of honour. Before claims like these, talent, virtue, long services, your own personal friendships, your Royal engagements, promises, and pledges, written as well as verbal, melted into air. Your Cabinet was founded on this basis. You took to your councils men, of whose persons, as well as whose principles, you had invariably expressed the strongest dislike. The interest of the nation, and even your own feelings, in all other respects, were sacrificed to the gratification of your desire to aggravate my sufferings, and ensure my humiliation. You took to your councils and your bosom men whom you hated, whose abandonment of, and whose readiness to sacrifice me were their only merits, and whose power has been exercised in a manner, and has been attended with consequences, worthy of its origin. From this unprincipled and unnatural union have sprung the manifold evils which this nation has now to endure, and which present a mass of misery and of degradation, accompanied with acts of tyranny and cruelty, rather than have seen which inflicted on his industrious, faithful, and brave people, your Royal Father would have perished at the head of that people.

When to calumniate, revile, and betray me, became the sure path to honour and riches, it would have been strange indeed if calumniators, revilers, and traitors, had not abounded. Your Court became much less a scene of polished manners and refined intercourse than of low intrigue and scurrility.—Spies, Bacchanalian tale-bearers, and foul conspirators, swarmed in those places which had before been the resort of sobriety, virtue, and honour. To enumerate all the various privations and mortifications which I had to endure—all the insults that were wantonly heaped upon me, from the day of your elevation to the Regency to that of my departure for the Continent—would be to describe every species of personal offence that can be offered to, and every pain short of bodily violence that can be inflicted on, any human

being bereft of parent, brother, and father-in-law, and my husband for my deadliest foe; seeing those who have promised me support, bought by rewards to be amongst my enemies; restrained from accusing my foes in the face of the world, out of regard for the character of the father of my child, and from a desire to prevent her happiness from being disturbed; shunned, from motives of selfishness, by those who were my natural associates; living in obscurity while I ought to have been the centre of all that was splendid; thus humbled, I had one consolation left—the love of my dear and only child.

To permit me to enjoy this was too great an indulgence. To see my daughter; to fold her in my arms; to mingle my tears with hers; to receive her cheering caresses, and to hear from her lips assurances of never-ceasing love;—thus to be comforted, consoled, upheld, and blessed, was too much to be allowed me. Even on the slave-mart the cries “Oh! my mother, my mother! Oh! my child, my child!” have prevented a separation of the victims of avarice. But your advisers, more inhuman than the slave-dealers, remorselessly tore the mother from the child.

Thus bereft of the society of my child, or reduced to the necessity of imbittering her life by struggles to preserve that society, I resolved on a temporary absence, in the hope that time might restore me to her in happier days. Those days, alas! were never to come. To mothers—and those mothers who have been suddenly bereft of the best and most affectionate and only daughters—it belongs to estimate my sufferings and my wrongs. Such mothers will judge of my affliction upon hearing of the death of my child, and upon my calling to recollection the last look, the last words, and all the affecting circumstances of our separation. Such mothers will see the depth of my sorrows. Every being with a heart of humanity in its bosom, will drop a tear of sympathy with me.—And will not the world, then, learn with indignation, that this event, calculated to soften the hardest heart, was the signal for new conspiracies, and indefatigable efforts for the destruction of this afflicted mother? Your Majesty had torn my child from me; you had deprived me of the power of being at hand to succour her; you had taken from me the possibility of hearing of her last prayers for her mother; you saw me bereft, forlorn, and broken-hearted; and this was the moment you chose for redoubling your persecutions.

Let the world pass its judgment on the constituting of a Commission, in a foreign country, consisting of inquisitors, spies, and informers, to discover, collect, and arrange matters of accusation against your wife, without my complaint having been communicated to her: let the world judge of the employment of ambassadors in such a busi-

ness, and of the enlisting of foreign courts in the enterprise: but on the measures which have been adopted to give final effect to these preliminary proceedings, it is for me to speak; it is for me to remonstrate with your Majesty; it is for me to protest; it is for me to apprise you of my determination.

I have always demanded a fair trial. This is what I now demand, and this is refused me. Instead of a fair trial, I am to be subjected to a sentence by the Parliament, passed in the shape of a law. Against this I protest, and upon the following grounds:—

The injustice of refusing me a clear and distinct charge, of refusing me the names of the witnesses, of refusing me the names of the places where the alleged acts have been committed; these are sufficiently flagrant and revolting; but it is against the *constitution of the Court itself* that I particularly object, and that I most solemnly protest.

Whatever may be the precedents as to Bills of Pains and Penalties, none of them, except those relating to the Queen of Henry the Eighth can apply here; for here your Majesty is the *plaintiff*. Here it is intended by the Bill to do you what you deem good, and to do me great harm. You are, therefore, a party, and the only complaining party.

You have made your complaint to the House of Lords. You have conveyed to this House written documents sealed up. A Secret Committee of the House have examined these documents. They have reported that there are grounds of proceeding; and then the House, merely upon that Report, have brought forward a Bill containing the most outrageous slanders on me, and sentencing me to divorce and degradation.

The injustice of putting forth this Bill to the world for six weeks before it is even proposed to afford me an opportunity of contradicting its allegations, is too manifest not to have shocked the nation; and, indeed, the proceedings, even thus far, are such as to convince every one that no justice is intended me. But if none of these proceedings, if none of these clear indications of a determination to do me wrong had taken place, I should see, in the constitution of the House of Lords itself, a certainty that I could expect no justice at its hands.

Your Majesty's Ministers have advised this prosecution; they are responsible for the advice they give; they are liable to punishment if they fail to make good their charges; and not only are they part of my judges, but it is they who have brought in the Bill; and it is too notorious that they have always a majority in the House; so that, without any other, here is ample proof that the House will decide in favour of the Bill, and, of course, against me.

But further, there are reasons for your Ministers having a majority in this case, and which reasons do not apply to common cases. Your Majesty is the *plaintiff*; to you

it belongs to appoint and to elevate Peers. Many of the present Peers have been raised to that dignity by yourself, and almost the whole can be, at your will and pleasure, further elevated. The far greater part of the Peers hold, by themselves and their families, offices, pensions, and other emoluments, solely at the will and pleasure of your Majesty, and these, of course, your Majesty can take away whenever you please. There are more than *four-fifths* of the Peers in this situation, and there are many of them who might thus be deprived of the far better part of their incomes.

If, contrary to all expectation, there should be found, in some Peers, likely to amount to a majority, a disposition to reject the Bill, some of these Peers may be ordered away to their ships, regiments, governments, and other duties; and, which is an equally alarming power, new Peers may be created, for the purpose, and give their vote in the decision. That your Majesty's Ministers would advise these measures, if found necessary to render their prosecution successful, there can be very little doubt, seeing that they have hitherto stopped at nothing, however unjust or odious. To regard such a body as a *Court of Justice*, would be to calumniate that sacred name; and for me to suppress an expression of my opinion on the subject, would be tacitly to lend myself to my own destruction, as well as to an imposition upon the nation and the world.

In the House of Commons I can discover no better grounds of security. The power of your Majesty's Ministers is the same in both Houses; and your Majesty is well acquainted with the fact, that a majority of this House is composed of persons placed in it by the Peers, and by your Majesty's Treasury.

It really gives me pain to state these things to your Majesty; and, if it gives your Majesty pain, I beg that it may be observed, and remembered, that the statement has been forced from me. I must either protest against this mode of trial, or, by tacitly consenting to it, suffer my honour to be sacrificed. No innocence can secure the accused if the Judges and Jurors be chosen by the accuser; and if I were tacitly to submit to a tribunal of this description, I should be instrumental in my own dishonour.

On these grounds I protest against this species of trial. I demand a trial in a Court where the Jurors are taken impartially from amongst the people, and where the proceedings are open and fair. Such a trial I court, and to no other will I willingly submit. If your Majesty persevere in the present proceeding, I shall, even in the Houses of Parliament, face my accusers; but I shall regard any decision they may make against me as not in the smallest degree reflecting on my honour; and I will not, except compelled by actual force, submit to any sen-

tence which shall not be pronounced by a *Court of Justice*.

I have now frankly told before your Majesty a statement of my wrongs, and a declaration of my views and intentions. You have cast upon me every slur to which the female character is liable. Instead of loving, honouring, and cherishing me, agreeably to your solemn vow, you have pursued me with hatred and scorn, and with all the means of destruction. You wrested from me my child, and with her my only comfort and consolation. You sent me sorrowing through the world, and even in my sorrows pursued me with unrelenting persecutions. Having left me nothing but my innocence, you would now, by a mockery of justice, deprive me even of the reputation of possessing that. The poisoned bowl and the poniard are means more manly than perjured witnesses and partial tribunals; and they are less cruel, inasmuch as life is less valuable than honour. If my life would have satisfied your Majesty, you should have had it on the sole condition of giving me a place in the same tomb with my child: but, since you would send me dishonoured to the grave, I will resist the attempt with all the means that it shall please God to give me.

(Signed) CAROLINE R.

Brandenburgh House, August 7, 1820.

The above letter was sent by the Queen's messenger early in the morning of the 8th to the Cottage at Windsor, accompanied with a note to Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, written by the Queen, desiring Sir Benjamin to deliver it immediately to the King. Sir Benjamin Bloomfield being then absent, the letter was received by Sir William Keppell, who forwarded it immediately to Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, at Carlton-house, who returned it in the afternoon of the 8th to the Queen, informing her Majesty that he had received the King's commands and general instructions, that any communications that might be made should pass through the channel of his Majesty's Government. The Queen immediately dispatched a messenger with the letter to Lord Liverpool, desiring his Lordship to lay it before his Majesty. Lord Liverpool was at Combe-wood. He returned an answer that he would lose no time in laying it before the King. On the 11th, no reply having been received, the Queen wrote again to Lord Liverpool, requesting information whether any further communication would be made on the subject of the letter to his Majesty. Lord Liverpool wrote the same day from Combe-wood, that he had not received the King's commands to

make any communication to her Majesty in consequence of her letter.

We presume, no person who read this letter, imagined for a moment it was intended to obtain an answer. It is nominally addressed to the King, but, in reality, it is an appeal from the King, the Parliament, and the Constitution, to the passions of the people.

On the 17th the House of Lords assembled to proceed with the second reading of the Bill, or, in other words, with the trial of her Majesty. It was a day looked forward to with doubt and apprehension by the loyal and peaceable part of the community; every effort having been made to excite the popular feeling, and even to alienate the soldiers from their allegiance. The effects, it was supposed, would manifest themselves on this day. The necessary precautions for maintaining the public tranquillity were of course adopted. The whole civil power of the metropolis was called forth, and large bodies of military were assembled within a few hours march. The different regiments of Horse and Foot Guards were also under arms, and the City Light Horse were on duty. Whether these preparations overawed the ill-disposed, or whether the inclination to tumult and mischief had been exaggerated, we know not. The day passed off without the slightest popular excess of any kind. Even Lord Castle-reagh's windows were not broken, though hundreds of the lower classes assembled opposite his house, in consequence of the Queen having taken up her residence next door. Her Majesty went down publicly to the House of Lords, attended, of course, by an immense assemblage of persons.

Before the Peers entered upon the painful subject of inquiry, more than one attempt was made to avert it altogether. The Duke of Leinster moved that the order for the second reading of the Bill should be rescinded; but, upon a division, the motion was lost by a large majority, the numbers being—contents, 40; non-contents, 261. Another motion, similar in spirit, but differing in its form, was afterwards made by Earl Grey, and lost by nearly the same majority. Indeed, though we concur, in some measure, with the arguments used by the latter nobleman, still we are of opinion that the matter had gone too far to allow of any retrograde step being taken, with justice to all the parties concerned. It was impossible the Queen could remain in the situation in which she had been

placed by the Bill of Pains and Penalties. The preamble to that Bill must either have been declared false, or proved false. The former involved a monstrous supposition; the latter alone remained. There was a moment when the Queen, if such was her wish—which perhaps it was not—might have escaped from the ordeal she is now undergoing. We allude to the address proposed by Mr. Wilberforce, and which was carried up by a deputation from the House of Commons. Had the suggestions of that address been listened to, we have no hesitation in saying, it would have been better for the Queen, and infinitely better for the country.

We have only further to add upon this subject, that, on Saturday, Aug. 19, the Attorney-General opened the charges against her Majesty, and concluded them on Monday, when witnesses were called, the examination of which will hardly be terminated, we imagine, at the period of our next Digest.

In passing from this momentous topic to other events of a domestic character, we have first to notice the death of her Royal Highness the Duchess of York. The declining state of her Royal Highness's health, for some time past, was such as prepared her friends and illustrious relatives for the melancholy event that has happened, and which took place on Sunday morning, Aug. 6, at Oatlands. Her recovery had been despaired of by the faculty for several weeks. On Tuesday, Aug. 1, the Duchess experienced a relapse of her indisposition, which was communicated to the Duke in London. His Royal Highness, in consequence, got his levee over with all possible speed, and after he had seen all the gentlemen on his list, he hastened in his single-horse chaise from his office in the Horse-Guards to York-house, where his travelling chariot and four horses were in readiness for his Royal Highness, and after remaining in York-house a few minutes, the Royal Duke left with all speed for Oatlands. The Duchess recovering from the attack that evening, his Royal Highness returned to London.

On Saturday the Duchess was seized with another attack. An express was sent off from Oatlands to apprise the Duke, and also to require the attendance of Sir H. Hallford, who was unfortunately out of town. The Duke left London on Saturday afternoon for Oatlands with all speed. The Duke found the Duchess in a very alarming state, in which she continued during the night, to the great

grief of his Royal Highness, the domestics, and inhabitants of Walton and Weybridge, where her Royal Highness was universally known and beloved. To satisfy their anxious solicitude and inquiries, Mr. Were, the resident surgeon, who was in attendance upon her Royal Highness, issued a bulletin, but in an hour afterwards he had the painful task of adding to the bulletin the demise of the Duchess. The Duke was present at her expiring moments, and for some time previously.

Her Royal Highness was privately buried at Weybridge on Monday, August 14.

We must not forget to mention, that Wooler, Major Cartwright, Edmonds, and others, were found guilty at the Warwick assizes for conspiring to return Sir Charles Wolseley to the House

of Commons, as *Legislatorial Attorney* for the town of Birmingham. It may be remembered that these parties were to have been tried at the last spring assizes; but in consequence of the sudden illness of the Judge, (Mr. Justice Best,) it was unavoidably postponed. We are sure our readers will unite with us in thinking, that the defendants fully deserved to be convicted. A more daring violation of the law and of the constitution cannot easily be imagined; for if Birmingham have a right to return a Member to Parliament, so may every other town and city which does not now possess that privilege; and, in that case, we should be blessed with a Radical Parliament even before we had got rid of our Constitutional one. Sentence will not be passed upon the defendants till next term.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE season is now arrived, "crowned with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf," which affords the husbandman a prospect of reaping the bounty of Providence in "full, mature, immeasurable stores."

The cutting of Corn commenced in the forward Midland Counties about the second week in August, but the general harvest was deferred to the third, and more northerly, even to the fourth week in the same month. The season being thus far advanced, the days rapidly shortening, the crops bulky, and considerably lodged and overgrown with bines, afford some probability that the termination may be protracted in the northern counties some weeks beyond the present time.

It will be recollected that we have, from the commencement of last Spring, uniformly expressed our decided conviction of the flattering prospect of the growing crop of wheat, even when our contemporaries entertained apprehensions on account of the deficiency in the plant: we now feel satisfied our anticipations were correct, and that the crops of grain in the present year, whether wheat, barley, or oats, are above an average produce! and, compared with that of last year, will admit an increase of from 20 to 30 per cent!!

We do not hesitate to declare (nay, we speak from experience, and draw our conclusions from the proceeds of some of the finest corn-lands in the kingdom) that the last was beneath an average crop, and yet has England not only been able to subsist upon her own resources, but actually to purchase her grain of the British grower at lower prices than *did* afford him remuneration.

We are happy to perceive that the lodged corn has not sustained so much injury as might have been expected: the wheat is partially affected by mildew, and the barley that put forth new blades from the old stems is dwinged in the kernel, but the evil is not so extensive as we at first imagined, nor will the general sample be much deteriorated.

The uncertainty of turnip culture has this year been experienced in an eminent degree: in some districts they were never known to take more kindly, while in others it has been attended with infinite trouble to obtain a plant at all, and which has only been effected after a second, and even third sowing—we believe, however, that a late crop is now generally secured, and that very few, if any, have failed entirely.

The second-crop grasses afford an abundance of feed, but the marsh lands and upland grazing-grounds have suffered by the late drought.

Prime beef is much in request, and somewhat scarce; store-cattle also, and sheep (from the increased demand for wool) obtain higher prices.

We see but little reason to congratulate the sportsman on the dawning of the shooting season: the backward state of the harvest will, in many places, circumscribe his beat, and put a restraint upon him sufficiently perplexing after a six months' truce; but worse than that, another enemy to the feathered tribe (namely, the grass-mower), together with an unfavourable hatching season, have so shortened the coveys, that we fear but little energy is required to complete the work of destruction.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Lloyd's Coffee House, August 21, 1896.

IF we were to be guided by the course of exchange, we must state that the commerce of the country continues to rise; for the exchange is generally much in favour of Britain, not on the Continent of Europe only, but throughout our mercantile connections. And if we should take as our standard the present prices of the precious metals, it would appear that the importation of those returns for value received, greatly exceeds the exportation of them as payments for debts contracted. It is certain, at the same time, that goods have been exported in considerable quantities; and that, of many articles, the stocks in the warehouses of the manufacturers are much reduced. In fact, report affirms, that several branches of manufacturing labour either have, within these few days, given additional wages to their operative hands, or are on the point of so doing. This indicates a movement somewhere; and whether it be, as yet, in the quarter where it was expected, or in some other, is of little importance to the workman, to the manufacturer, or to the public. Possibly, the least likely places have proved the most likely; for we learn, that even in India, which not long ago was completely overstocked, British articles have at length begun to find favour with the natives: and extensive consignments are in preparation for some parts of that immense territory. The returns from India have certainly increased in importance, in value, and in merit; and the India Company has determined to regulate the sales of INDIGO, by fixing them to quarterly periods: viz. upon, or as near as conveniently may be to the third Tuesday in January, the second Tuesday in April, the second Tuesday in July, and the first Tuesday in October, in each year, to commence in 1897: no intermediate sales to be held. Of this our friends in India will take notice; and the rather as, probably, all trade entrusted to the Company will ultimately fall into a somewhat similar arrangement.

East India productions have lately found a market, generally favourable; they have mostly borne a small premium above the sale prices, but nothing extravagant, or singular, has lately come to our knowledge. There has been little doing in SPICES, but what has been done has afforded a moderate profit. SILKS have experienced a greater demand; and will, it is presumed, justify those who have speculated on that commodity. Italian silks are higher by 1s. or 2s. per lb. than they were; which is attributed to demand for working up, for home consumption; and, no doubt, the article in general will feel the improvement. Silk appears to be becoming increasingly favourite with the public.

COTTON is, at this moment, in rather a stagnant state of demand: extensive sales have been lately made; and unless our information mislead us, extensive sales will shortly be made also, though we well know that a time must elapse during which to work up the quantities taken out of the market. We incline to think that Manchester has lately received orders to no small amount; and that real causes of complaint among those who have not exalted their expectations above what prudence and past experience would warrant will be but few. We understand that prices are raised among the workmen, and that expert hands need not continue idle.

COFFEE has gone off with some spirit, and the price was on the point of heightening; in fact it *did* rise, in some instances 2s. or 3s. per cwt., but it afterwards receded; and it may be thought, that, principally, on account of this endeavour to affect the market, it fell 10 1s. or 2s. below its former state, and to a very heavy and sluggish demand. This is not the first time that we have seen an attempt to obtain higher prices, issue in the contrary; the more considerable dealers having withheld their orders, and becoming proof against subsequent offers.

SUGAR has been lately in moderate demand. It is evident, that a price somewhat more in favour of the buyer would cause a considerable quantity to change hands: besides which, the deliveries from the West India warehouses continue extensive; on the average, realizing nearly, or about, four thousand casks weekly. In the refined market, there has been a fair briskness; Hamburg has taken off much of the lumps that have been offered; the Mediterranean has had but little influence on the market, the purchases for that quarter being inconsiderable. The home trade is limited; but steady. So far as we can judge from reports brought from abroad, there has been, and is, a great demand for British sugar, at Hamburg, especially for refining; and much refined British was imported there, because the supply of Hamburg double-refined was inadequate. The same appears to have been the case at St. Petersburg. But, generally speaking, business has been no more than steady abroad; and the prices of imported commodities, (Colonials especially) far from flattering. The public prints have also announced various bankruptcies among the most respectable and long-established houses; and some think that before things are finally settled, something like a *run* may take place throughout Europe: the cause assigned is speculation, principally to the East, which has failed to a great extent.

At home, the sudden raising of the prohibition against introducing Foreign Oats, has produced some dismay, and more apprehension, on the CORN MARKET: the censorious go so far as to say, that not a little trickery has been played off, to effect a rise in the price of this article, of *one penny* above the legal average fixed: the consequence will be, a vast importation of foreign grain of this species; which is either already warehoused in England, or is in store in the ports of Holland, ready to be poured into this country. The advantage has not been taken at the London market; but in certain distant ports. However, the truth of this we do not warrant: it may be the result of accidental coincidence.

The public entertain somewhat extensive apprehensions for the fate of those vessels which sailed to explore a passage in the Arctic Regions. The vessels arrived from the Greenland Fishery bring no intelligence concerning them: and those belonging to the Davis's Straits Fishery, from which tidings have been received, are no better informed. This, naturally, will rise to anxiety in parties concerned—we can only hope the best. In the mean while the accounts brought are so generally favourable, as to the success of the fishing-ships, that oil has given way 20s. to 40s. per ton; and all the holders are ready and willing to sell.

The Home trade has certainly slackened lately, from the recent mourning for the Duchess of York, from the important trial that now engrosses the public attention, as well as that of the legislature, and from minor causes operating in different directions. While these continue, the internal trade of the country will, unavoidably, be more or less affected. We shall be glad to report the termination of these causes, with the prevalence of that general prosperity which shall afford occupation to the diligent; and shall well reward the skill and industry of our countrymen in all their branches.

Daily Prices of STOCKS, from the 25th July, to the 25th August, 1820, inclusive.

Days. 1820.	Bank Stock.	3 per Ct. Reduced.	3 per Ct. Consols.	4 per Ct. Consols.	5 per Ct. Navy.	Long Annuities	Imperial 3 per Ct.	India Stock.	South Sea Stock.	4 p Ct. Ind. Bnd.	Ex. Bills, 24 pdr. Day	
July 26	225	60½	68½	9½	87½	104	18½	68½	76½	21 pm.	4 5 pm.	
27	225½	60½	68½	9½	88	104	18½	68½	76½	23 pm.	4 5 pm.	
28	226	60½	69½	8½	88½	103½	18½	68½	219½ 18½	76½	23 pm.	5 3 pm.
29	—	60½	68½	—	87½	103½	18½	—	—	—	23 pm.	4 4 pm.
31	224	60½	69½	8½	87½	103½	18½	—	219	—	22 pm.	3 5 pm.
Aug. 1	224	60½	68½	8½	87½	102½	18½	218 ½	75½	23 pm.	3 5 pm.	
2	—	68½	9½	68½	87½	103½	18½	68	—	23 pm.	3 5 pm.	
3	—	69½	69½	68½	87½	103½	18½	217 218	—	23 pm.	5 3 pm.	
4	223½	60½	69½	68½	87½	103½	18½	68	—	23 pm.	3 5 pm.	
5	223	60	8½	68½	87½	103½	18½	—	—	23 pm.	3 5 pm.	
7	—	60	8½	68½	87½	102½	18½	—	—	23 pm.	3 5 pm.	
8	223	68½	69½	68½	87½	6½	108	215½ 217	—	23 pm.	3 5 pm.	
9	222½	60	8½	68½	87½	103½	18½	67½	76½	23 pm.	3 5 pm.	
10	222	60½	68½	8½	87½	103½	18½	—	—	25 pm.	—	
11	222½	68½	69½	68½	87½	103½	—	67½	—	25 pm.	4 5 pm.	
12	—	68½	9½	68½	87½	102½	18½	—	—	25 pm.	4 6 pm.	
14	—	68½	—	68½	87	102½	18½	—	—	25 pm.	4 5 pm.	
15	221½	68½	—	67½	88½	—	102½	—	75	23 pm.	5 3 pm.	
16	—	68½	9½	68½	87½	102½	18½	—	—	25 pm.	4 6 pm.	
17	—	68½	—	68½	87	102½	18½	—	—	25 pm.	4 5 pm.	
18	221½	68½	—	67½	88½	—	102½	—	75	23 pm.	5 3 pm.	
19	—	68½	—	68	87	103½	18½	—	—	21 pm.	4 9 pm.	
21	—	68½	—	68	7½ 80½	7 102½	17½	216	—	21 pm.	3 1 pm.	
22	—	68½	—	68	7½ 87	6½ 102½	18	215½	—	20 pm.	1 4 pm.	
23	220½	68½	—	67½	88½	7 103	18½	215½	—	21 pm.	3 5 pm.	
24	220	68½	—	67½	—	102½	18½	215½ 216	—	—	5 3 pm.	
25	220	68½	—	68	7½ 86½	7 103½	18½	215½ 216	—	22 pm.	3 5 pm.	

* * All Exchequer Bills dated prior to October, 1818, have been advertised to be paid off.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM JULY 15 TO AUGUST 19, 1820, INCLUSIVE.

N. B. In Bankruptcies in and near London, the Attorneys are to be understood to reside in London; and in Country Bankruptcies at the Residence of the Bankrupt, except otherwise expressed.

The Solicitors' Names are between parentheses.

- ARMITAGE, J. Birmingham, saw-maker. (Bonsfield & Co. Bowyer-street)
- Berke, J. Stockport Etchells, Cheshire, cotton-manufacturer. (Tyler, Pump-court)
- Barnes, J. Bromall, dealer. (Appleby & Co. Gray's Inn)
- Battersby, R. Standon, Stafford, maltster. (Collins & Co. Stafford)
- Bird, H. Bristol, cheese-factor. (Dix, Symond's Inn)
- Booth, J. Barley Woodhead, Yorkshire, worsted-spinner. (Few & Co. Henric-street)
- Bradbury, S. Oxford-street, draper. (Willoughby, Serjeant's Inn)
- Brotherton, J. W. Liverpool, tailors. (Wheeler, Castle-street, Holborn)
- Brown, J. R. New-road, St. Pancras, stationary. (Sweet & Co. Basinghall-street)
- Brown, W. H. Bristol, broker. (Price & Co. Lincoln's Inn)
- Cadman, W. late of Cathedral-street, Strand, bookseller. (Birkett, Cleak-lane)
- Cordell, W. Norwich, tanner. (Taylor, Featherstone-buildings)
- Coupland, R. W. Bridlington. (Batty, Chancery-lane)
- Crawford, J. T. Judd-street, Brunswick-square, merchant. (Madox & Co. Austin-frize)
- Crook, W. Beancroft, Wilts, farmer. (Scadamore, Temple)
- Devey, J. Wolverhampton, factor. (Price, Lincoln's Inn)
- Donaldson, A. Liverpool, linen-draper. (Willis, Warrford-court)
- Edwards, W. Battle, toyman. (Benton, Southwark)
- Ellis, C. Birmingham, plaster. (Clarke, Chancery-lane)
- Esard, H. Brestford, carpenter. (Wilnot, Essex-street)
- Faulkner, T. Hayes-court, Leicester-square, straw-hat manufacturer. (Courtney & Co. Walbrook)
- Fisher, M. Tipton, Walsingham, shopkeeper. (Pearson, Pump-court, Temple)
- Fotheringham, W. A. D. Plymouth Dock, coal-merchant. (Makinson, Temple)
- Freeman, T., & Jones, H. H. Worcester, tallow-chandlers. (Cardale, Holborn-court)
- Gillet, J. Crown-court, Fleet-st. printer. (Spencer, Belvidere-place, Borough-road)
- Gimson, T. F. & J., Nottingham, merchants. (Chippendale, Great Queen-street)
- Goldsworthy, W. Sun Tavern-fields, rope-maker. (Heard, Leaman-street)
- Groves, J. Birmingham, victualler. (Smith, Basinghall-st.)
- Gregson, E. Spindleston, Northumberland, corn-merchant. (Mowsey, Stepie Inn)
- Gubby, J. Birmingham, sword-maker. (Sandy, Crane-st.)
- Hall, J. North Shields, master-mariner. (Mitchell, Sun-court, Corahill)
- Handley, S. Helderstone, miller. (Willis, Warrford-st.)
- Hartison, R. & W. Cowran, Lawrence-Pountney-lane, merchants. (Tilson, Coleman-street)
- Harrison, J. Searby, Lincolnshire, timber-merchant. (Stocker, New Beowell-court)
- Harvey, J. Bell Head-passage, Leadenhall-market. (Stevens, Little St. Thomas Apostle)
- Heap, W. & J. Hspworth, Yorkshire, clothiers. (Lako, Cateaton-street)
- Hellings, R. H. Bristol, coal-merchant. (Dix, Symond's Inn)
- Hilton, C. Over Darwen, Lancashire, whitener. (Clarke, Chancery-lane)
- Houghton, W. J. Hull, stationer. (Rosser, Bartlett's-buildings)
- Housman, J. Bromsgrove, wool-dealer. (Wheeler, Castle-street, Holborn)
- Hewson, A. Kensington-place, Surrey, merchant. (Racher, Shoe-lane)
- Huty, C. Lancaster, twine-manufacturer. (Bell, Bow Church-yard)
- Isaacs, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Blackstock, Temple)
- Jackson, J. Bedford, Suffolk, maltster. (Blagrove, Symond's Inn)
- Jacob, J. Bristol, glass-manufacturer. (Adlington, Bedford-row)
- John, T. North, Pembrokeshire, shopkeeper. (Edmonds, Exchange-office)
- King, G. Norwich, brandy-merchant. (Poole, Gray's Inn)
- Kearford, J. Milk-street, Cheshire, wholesale haberdasher. (Hurst)
- Loughran, W. Tonbridge, ironmonger. (Comerford, Copthall-court)
- Machon, L. Sheffield, millwright. (Capes, Gray's Inn)
- Mastey, W. Loomister, Herefordshire, auctioneer. (Jenkins, New Inn)
- May, E. & J. Bristol, schoolmasters. (Williams, Red Lion-square)
- Millington, J. Castle-street, Houndsditch, jeweller. (Isaacs, Mamel-street)
- Mills, H. Cullopton, Devon, fellmonger. (Bruton, Old Broad-street)
- Milthorpe, J. Pot Orms, Yorkshire, clothier. (Edmonds, Exchange-office)
- Moody, C. Hitchin, Hertis, maltster. (Stephenson, New Ormond-street)
- Moses, A. Fleur-de-lis-street, Spitalfields, feather manufacturer. (Hobler, Walbrook)
- Monty, Stone, tinskeeper. (Wheeler, Castle-street)
- Neale, C. Brimscom, Gloucestershire, engineer. (Vizard, Lincoln's Inn)
- Newbold, Leamington Priors. (Platt, New Beowell-court)
- Newell, R. Hereford, tailor. (Wright, Hart-street, Bloomsbury)
- Nutt, R. Deptford Lower-road, fellmonger. (Tadhunter, New Kent-road)
- Parish, J. late of Salisbury, linen-draper. (Alexander, New Inn)
- Phillips, T. A. Ardwick, Lancashire, common-brewer. (Wright and Cole, Temple)
- Poole, F. Cullumpton, Devon, money-scrivener. (Fairbank, Staple Inn)
- Preston, W. Dove-court, George-street, Mansion-house, Bristol-merchant. (Collingridge, Coleman-street)
- Redhead, T. Ulverstone, mercer. (Baxter, Gray's Inn)
- Road, J. Dogwate Wharf, Upper Thames-street, merchant. (Hindman, Basinghall-street)
- Richardson, B. Brighton, builder. (Gregson, Angel-court, Thurgerton-street)
- Ring, S. Bristol, earthenware-dealer. (Adlington, Bedford-row)
- Rockliffe, W. Chatham, baker. (Nelson, Essex-st. Strand)
- Rollington, W. Sutton-upon-Trent, victualler. (Froggett, Hare-court, Temple)
- Royal, J. F. Pall-mall, fancy paper-manufacturer. (Tottis, Poultry)
- Rudd, C. Lawford, Rochdale, woollen-manufacturer. (Chippendale, Crane-court)
- Sackett, T. Bermondsey-wall, Bermondsey, shipwright. (Ingold)
- Sanson, T. Lynn, coach-maker. (Robins)
- Sampson, S. Size-lane, auctioneer. (Tilson & Preston)
- Sewell, J. Egmont, Cumberland, tinskeeper. (Armstrong, Staple Inn)
- Smith, J. Bristol, stationer. (Heelis, Staple Inn)
- Smith, J. late of Liverpool, merchant. (John, Palgrave-place, Temple)
- Smith, R. A. Sheffield, grocer. (Batty, Chancery-lane)
- Spratt, T. Mill-wall, Poplar, victualler. (Glynes, Barr-street, Wapping)
- Stevens, S. Binstead, Surrey, cordwainer. (Reed, Mark-lane)
- Swift, J. Leeds, dyer. (Wilson, Greville-street)
- Taylor, J. T. Merton, Surrey, silk-manufacturer. (Edmonds, Skinner-street, Snow-hill)
- Taylor, H. Manchester, & E. Taylor, Blackley, calico-printers. (Ellis, Chancery-lane)
- Thornton, D. Kirkcaldy, victualler. (Appleby, Gray's Inn)
- Thorp, J. Reddish, Lancashire, calico-printer. (Back, Church-court, Temple)
- Toll, W. St. Germans, miller. (Makinson, Temple)
- Toller, E. Godmanchester, corn-merchant. (Clemens, Staple Inn)
- Tozes, J. Bristol, woollen-draper. (Clarke, Chancery-lane)
- Wace, R. Castle-street, Falcon-square, merchant. (Donnett, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street)
- Walden, M. & J. Hackney, butchers. (Earnshaw, Red Cross-street, Cripplegate)
- Warburton, T. & G. Parsons, Liverpool, sail-makers. (Adlington, Bedford-row)
- Watkie, P. J. Salford, dealer. (Courtney, Walbrook)
- West, R. Little Newport-street, haberdasher. (Lewledge, Gray's Inn-lane)
- Whitmore, F. jun. Waltham-green, brewer. (a'Beckett, Broad-st. Golden-square)
- Williams, W. South Shields, clothier. (Maggison, Hatton-garden)
- Williams, E. Edmonton, grocer. (Gallibrand, Austin Wood)
- Wood, W. Holm Farm near Wetherby, cattle-jobber. (Wigglesworth, Gray's Inn)
- Woodcroft, J. Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square, linen-draper (Sweet, Basinghall-street)
- Wright, C. Hackney, victualler. (Pope, Old Bethlem)
- Wroos, R. Steadford, draper. (Windle)

DIVIDENDS.

AARON, A. Plymouth Dock, Sep. 19
 Anderson, A. Pall-mall-lane, Aug. 5 & 12
 Appleton, J. Sutherland-st. Aug. 19
 Armstrong, R. Worcester-st. Sep. 11

Atkins, W. W. Alcester, Aug. 26
 Bailey, E. Presbute, Sep. 14
 Bailey, J. London-wall, Sep. 27
 Barnard, W. H. & Co. Liverpool, Aug. 10

Barnes, J. Portico, Aug. 25
 Beavan, J. otherwise Beaven, J. Old
 Tavakish-st. Aug. 15
 Bellin, J. Oxford-street. Aug. 16

- Booth, J. Gloucester, Aug. 9
 Booth, J. Oxford-st. Aug. 19
 Bowdler, W. Madeley, Sep. 4
 Boyes, J. jun. Warrnsford, Sep. 19
 Boyes, G. F. Anlaby, Sep. 19
 Bradshaw, J. Tower-hill, Aug. 19
 Briggs, J. Weymouth, Aug. 19
 Brown, J. & J. G. G. G. Charles-st.
 Grosvenor-square, Sep. 9
 Brush, J. A. Liverpool, Aug. 8
 Buckley, J. Mossley, Sep. 29
 Channer, G. Sutton, Sep. 11
 Chapman, W. Liverpool, Aug. 23
 Cliffe, C. George Inn, Commercial-
 road, July 29
 Collens, J. & F., Nicholas-lane, Aug. 19
 Collens, R. Maidstone, Sep. 5
 Copr., J. L. Kingston-upon-Hull, Aug.
 5, 19
 Corney, J. & R. East India Chambers,
 Aug. 29
 Cox, T. Chichester, Sep. 4
 Crasay, F. Chelmsford, Sep. 16
 Crosse, A. Ellesmere, Aug. 31
 Cumbers, F. Boar's Head-court, King-
 st. Westminster, Aug. 19
 Curlewis, B. L. King-st. Covent-garden,
 Aug. 5, 19
 Davis, W. Newbury, Aug. 1
 Davis, E. & W. Phillips, Church-street,
 Lambeth, Aug. 29
 Dawes, T. Yoxall, Aug. 19
 Dawe, J. Plymouth Dock, Sept. 15
 Deakin, F. & J. Houghton, Derisend,
 Warwickshire, Aug. 16
 Dobson, T. Kendal, Sep. 9
 Dryden, B. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Aug.
 26
 Duveluz, F. E. Size-lane, Aug. 26
 Dyball, D. Fetter-lane, Sep. 2
 Edwards, W. Langford, Somerset, Aug.
 14, Sep. 2
 Elmer, G. Mistle, Essex, July 29
 Etterbank, G. Dorling, Aug. 19
 Farmer, W. Walsall, Sept. 7
 Felton, R. Lawrence Pountney-lane,
 Sept. 11
 Fielder, R. Tenterden, Sept. 11
 Fluch, R. Cooper's-row, Sep. 11
 Fletcher, W. Wolverhampton, Sept. 17
 Ford, E. Lime-street, Aug. 19
 Forder, W. Basingstoke, Aug. 26
 Forster, J. H. & C. Dobson, Norwich,
 Aug. 29
 Fox & Smith, Plymouth, Aug. 19
 Frame, T. Worcester, Aug. 25
 German, R. Plymouth Dock, Sept. 19
 Gill, T. Chester, Sep. 19
 Goddard, S. Corahill, Aug. 19
 Goodhall, G. Heckmondwike, York-
 shire, Aug. 10
 Gray, M. & J. Bridport, Aug. 29
 Green, W. Albion-place, Kingsland-
 road, Sep. 5
 Gregson, T. Ormskirk, Sept. 8
 Gunder, J. Mapleborough-green,
 Sudley, Sept. 7
 Hafler, M. Cannon-street, Sept. 9
 Hall, T. Sandwich, Aug. 26
 Hampshire, J. Kerburton, Aug. 19
 Harding & Co. Tamworth, Aug. 14
 Hart, J. Lewisham, Aug. 19, Sept. 16
 Hayten, J. B. Kingston-upon-Hull,
 Sept. 9
 Hendy, A. Gower-street, Aug. 29
 Hime, M. & W. Kewley, Manchester,
 Sept. 15
 Holland, J. Romney Terrace, Horse-
 ferry-road, Aug. 1
 Holroyd, H. Halifax, Aug. 24
 Hudson, H. & C. Liverpool, Aug. 10
 Humphries, J. Birmingham, Aug. 18
 Hunt, R. & Sharp, J. Lombard-street,
 Aug. 22
 Hunt, H. J. Exning, Suffolk, Aug. 26
 Jackson, C. Upper Than-e-st. Aug. 5
 Jackson, R. Otley, Yorkshire, Aug. 17
 Jacobs, M. Charles-st. Soho-sq. Aug. 26
 Jarman, W. jun. Knightsbridge, Aug. 19
 Johnson, R. jun. Ripon, Aug. 23
 Johnson, J. Sheffield, Sept. 1
 Kemp, J. Cowlinge, Sept. 8
 King, F. Richard-street, Commercial-
 road, Aug. 26
 Kirkman, J. City-road, Aug. 5
 Lambden, H. & Collins, W. Two Mile-
 hill, Gloucestershire, Aug. 16
 Langdon, R. S. Yeovil, Sept. 7
 Lee & Co. Broad-st. Aug. 22
 Leigh, P. Wincham, Sept. 14
 Linfoot, M. Leeds, Sep. 9
 McKay, R. Knutsford, Cheshire, Aug. 9,
 Sept. 9
 Maddock, R. Liverpool, Sept. 11
 Marshall, J. Manchester, Aug. 7
 Marlin, J. Mitcham, Aug. 19
 Matthews, T. Bishop Wearmouth,
 Sept. 13
 Maccocke, H. Liverpool, Aug. 5
 Mitchell, W. Plafatow, Sept. 9
 Morgan, P. & A. Strotter, Crescent,
 Minorca, Aug. 26
 Munkhouse, E. S. G. & M. A. Gorman,
 London, Aug. 26
 Noon, T. Shepton Beauchamp, sail-
 cloth-manufacturer, Sept. 7
 Nott, T. Bristol, Aug. 7
 Oastler, R. Hornforth, Yorkshire,
 Aug. 16
 Ollershaw, S. Ashton-under-Line,
 Aug. 21
 Owen, J. Cheapside, Sept. 2
 Panton, S. Stringbourne, Sep. 19
 Parker, W. Bridgewater, Sept. 8
 Parkin, W. Nafferton, Yorkshire,
 Aug. 26
 Parkes, B. Halliford, Aug. 29
 Prebble, J. jun. St. Mary Bow, Middle-
 sex, Aug. 19
 Quaise, W. Arundel, Aug. 30
 Rains, J. S. Wapping-wall, Aug. 26
 Richards, D. Jewin-street, Aug. 15, 26
 Richards, H. Beaconsfield, Aug. 19
 Roaniter, W. Princes-street, Westmin-
 ster, Aug. 26
 Robinson, W. & T. Chelsea, Aug. 26
 Rothwell, J. Arnold, Sept. 11
 Sandererson, J. Sutton, & T. Masters,
 Pottton, Sept. 14
 Scholey, R. Paternoster-row, Aug. 26
 Shore, E. Charlstock, Aug. 30
 Simpson, G. Cophthall-court, July 29
 Smith, B. & N. Redhead, Penrith, Aug. 26
 Smith, T. R. Oxford, Aug. 26
 Smithies, J. Leeds, Aug. 25
 Southey, W. Kennington-lane, Aug. 15
 Swanson, J. Manor-row, East Smith-
 field, Aug. 26
 Standish, L. H. Bishopgate Without,
 Sept. 9
 Stanway, J. Leominster, Aug. 26
 Stubbs, T. & W. Lenox, Liverpool,
 Sept. 15
 Stun, T. Liverpool, Sep. 15
 Tate, M. Chalford, Gloucestershire,
 August 19
 Thompson, T. sen. E. Thompson, and
 T. Thompson, jun. Nether Compton,
 Sept. 7
 Trenham, R. Newton, Yorkshire, Sep. 9
 Trokes, W. Liverpool, J. F. Leitch,
 London, and R. Graham, Manches-
 ter, Virginia, America, Aug. 21
 Trokes, M. Liverpool, and J. F. Leitch,
 London, Sep. 20
 Tuckett, J. and E. H. Bristol, Aug. 17,
 Oct. 17
 Weddington, H. Bridge-st. Aug. 12
 Wainwright, J. Birmingham, Aug. 29
 Walker, W. Norwich, Aug. 17
 Watts, W. Gosport, Sept. 8
 Weston, J. Liverpool, Sept. 16
 White, G. Great Driffield, Sept. 16
 Whitehead, G. jun. and G. Clark, Ba-
 singhall-street, Aug. 19
 Wilkins, S. High Wycombe, Aug. 26
 Wilkinson, J. Appleford, Aug. 19
 Wood, J. Walsall, Sept. 7
 Woodroff, J. Gun-street, Aug. 19
 Yate, J. Worcester, August 18
 Younger, E. Watton, Sept. 7

INCIDENTS, APPOINTMENTS, BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, &c. IN LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.

With Biographical Accounts of Distinguished Persons.

CATHOLIC CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS AT SOMERS TOWN.

[The following Account not having appeared in print, we are happy in being the first to give publicity to such benevolent proceedings, and to declare our admiration and respect for the excellent lady who devotes her fortune and time to the present and future happiness of nearly three hundred destitute children.]

ON Monday, the 19th of June, the annual dinner of these excellent schools took place at the Freemasons' Tavern in Great Queen-street. Lord Clifford, in the unavoidable, but temporary absence of the Duke of Sussex, took the chair. Among the other distinguished persons present, were, the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord Arundell, Sir Geo. Jerminham, Sir Thos. Clifford, and Sir R. Acton, baronets, and the Hon. Ch. Clifford. The Duke of Norfolk sent a liberal donation, but was not present. The cloth being removed, "*Non nobis*" was admirably sung. The health of the King was proposed by Lord Clifford, and drunk with the warmest fervour and loyalty. His Lordship next gave "The Royal Family."—Loyal, national, and martial airs, were at intervals performed by one of the bands of the Guards.

About half-past seven the Duke of Sussex arrived. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which his presence was hailed. He assured his friends that he felt most sensibly the cordial, warm, and affectionate manner in which he was again received and welcomed in that most benevolent assemblage; and that it was a solace and pleasure to his feelings to hasten from painful duties elsewhere to join the company. His Royal Highness then proposed the toast, "Prosperity to these Institutions," of which he spoke in the warmest manner. Of Miss Trelawny, the lady who devotes her whole mind and means to the education of those indigent children, His Royal Highness spoke in emphatic terms, observing, that the objects of her benevolent solicitude were truly blessed by such paternal care.

Charles Butler, Esq. at the moment when the 300 children had just walked in procession round the room, delivered a pathetic and eloquent speech, describing the admirable nature of the mode of their education, their industry, piety, comforts, and happiness: the pathos of his speech moved every heart in behalf of the institutions. A collection was made verging upon £500, 50*l.* of which was collected in the gallery, which was graced by a splendid assemblage of ladies.

The Duke of Sussex desired that some of the youngest of the infant children should be placed before him upon the table; while he took them with gentleness worthy of a father, and spoke to them in the kindest words, suited to their capacities, and to the occasion. The Royal Duke then placed the medals and chains round the necks of the successful young candidates, male and female, who were adjudged competent to obtain this mark of royal approbation. In performing this gratifying office, which his Royal Highness did with animated pleasure, he expressed to the boys and girls, thus distinguished, sentiments of encouragement mingled with much admirable advice. His Royal Highness, in the course of the evening, adverted to the virtues meriting the monument to be erected to his late illustrious Brother; and proposed, in the most affecting manner, the memory of his late royal Brother, the Duke of Kent, that perfect exemplar of both public and private beneficence.

The memory of the late illustrious Mr. Grattan was drunk in respectful silence. Mr. Howley rose to add his tribute of respect and veneration—"If ever there was a man," he observed, "entitled to the love and admiration of posterity, it was Mr. Grattan." In speaking of the services which he had rendered his country, Mr. Howley said, it was Mr. Grattan who had first shewn that England could not prosper by the oppression of Ireland, and that the interest of one part of the empire was the interest of the whole. Although not approving of the Union, he, after that event, considering that his talents belonged to the whole state, had accepted a seat in the British Senate, where to the latest moment of his life he had devoted his splendid talents to the advocating of maxims of the purest patriotism: and although he had not lived to witness the entire emancipation of his country (which had ever been the darling object of his heart), he had left it as a legacy consecrated by the prayers of a dying man; and he did not doubt, but that the heroism of his death would procure for Ireland, what his exertions, whilst living, had not been able to obtain. He had seen Mr. Grattan a few days before he quitted, for the last time, his native land; and, with many other of his friends, seeing the weak state of health to which he was reduced, had intreated him to

postpone his voyage to England. Mr. Grattan, however, declared, that throughout the whole course of his life, he had devoted himself to his country, and that she should have his services to his latest breath. He (Mr. Howley) had seen him embark, he had followed him to London, he had followed him to the grave. He must say, that, as an Irishman, he could not but feel somewhat jealous, that another land than that which had given him birth, should contain the sacred deposit of his ashes; but when he saw him followed to the grave by men of all ranks, religion, parties, and laid amidst the dust of so many and so great heroes, he would acknowledge that he felt almost reconciled to it. Mr. Howley then proceeded to say a few words on the nature of the Charity, which they had assembled to support. He begged pardon of His Royal Highness for remarking on the zeal which he constantly displayed in the cause of charity, and more particularly the philanthropy and talent which he evinced on the present occasion. After paying many compliments to Miss Trelawny, a lady who had despised all the allurements of rank and fortune, and had quitted all the pleasures of the most polished society, to devote her time, property, and abilities, to the support and education of poor children; he declared that he was sure he should not be doing justice to his own feelings, and the feelings of the whole company, if he neglected to propose her health.

Major Trelawny returned thanks for the honour which they had just done his sister: he begged to assure his Royal Highness and the rest of the company, that it was an honour which his sister had not at all anticipated, for there were several other ladies who shared with her in the care of the children; and she could consider herself by no means entitled to receive exclusively an honour which, in justice, should have been shared by several other ladies.

The Duke of Sussex, in proposing the health of the Stewards, complimented Mr. Howley on the eloquence which he had just displayed, and said that he (Mr. Howley) strongly reminded him of his poor departed friend, Mr. Grattan. He said that this Charity was one whose interest would always be dear to him.—The Hon. Mr. Clifford, on the part of his brother stewards and himself, returned thanks; and the company departed at a late hour, eminently gratified by what they had seen and heard.

The Regent's Canal.—On the 1st of August, being the day appointed for the formal opening of the new branch of the Regent's Canal, the Managing Committee, with Col. Drinkwater, the chairman, Mr. Morgan, the head engineer, Mr. Nash, the head surveyor, Mr. John Cleverley, and the other under surveyors, together with the principal proprietors, and a number of other persons of

rank and respectability connected with the undertaking, assembled near Maiden-lane, at about eleven o'clock, and took water at that part of the Canal which is contiguous. The Committee embarked on board one of the City state barges, which had been borrowed for the occasion, and they were accompanied by several other barges, having on board bands of music, and decorated with flags and streamers in profusion. The day being favourable, the crowds assembled to witness the ceremony were immense, particularly at the grand basin in the City-road. The procession went under the great tunnel through Islington, where the bands of music played several national airs, and the effect produced by the reverberation of the sound was grand beyond description. The party then proceeded to the grand basin in the City-road, where a salute was fired, and they were hailed with the loudest acclamations from the numerous crowds stationed on the shore. After having gone round the basin, the party proceeded down the Canal to Limehouse, where they stopped, and partook of a magnificent dinner. Soon after the opening procession had gone through the locks, there was a great competition amongst several of the Paddington barges for the honour of being the first to land produce on the wharf at the grand basin. A desperate struggle ensued between two of them, and after a well-contested race, the honour was won by a barge, the name of which, we believe, was *The William*, from which was landed the first produce and a cask of ale, which was immediately drunk upon the spot by the navigators with loud huzzas, to the prosperity of the undertaking. Numerous barges, loaded with respectable passengers, principally consisting of well-dressed females, followed, accompanied by music, &c.—This Canal unites all the principal canals in the kingdom with the River Thames. From its commencement to the termination at Limehouse, it extends nearly 9 miles, and within that space are comprised 12 locks and 87 bridges. The work was projected by J. Nash, esq., the royal architect, under whose superintendence it has been completed. The tunnel under Islington-hill is about three quarters of a mile in length, and passes beneath the bed of the New River.

The Daughter of the late Duke of Cumberland.—On the 14th of July, Mr. P. Moore presented to the House of Commons a petition from Olive Wilmot Serres, which stated that she was the legitimate daughter of the late Duke of Cumberland, whose marriage with her mother had been solemnized in the year 1767, and that she became the offspring of that marriage in the year 1772. The marriage was kept secret, and the Duke afterwards married again—a double marriage, under which the petitioner conceived herself to be entitled to certain property. She had in her possession a docu-

ment with the late King's sign manual, acknowledging her to be his brother's child; and she prayed the House to institute an inquiry into her claims.—The petition was brought up, read, and ordered to lie upon the table.

Extra-Post.—By the new experiment which is to be made of conveying letters by an extra post, at the rate of 11 miles per hour, including change of horses, a whole day will be gained to all cities and towns at and above 200 miles from London. Double postage only is to be charged for this extraordinary speed. It may be questioned, however, whether this rapid conveyance will have any other advantage than that of giving partial information to the more opulent part of the community, and by which, speculation may be more easily assisted. The quick circulation of commercial letters and of public news is certainly a national object; but that circulation ought to be general, not partial; and we trust the consequences of the new scheme, together with its expense, will be seriously considered before it is adopted.

Mr. Owen's Plan.—Mr. Mudie has commenced at Mitchell's Assembly Room, Portsmouth-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, his Series of Explanatory Dissertations on the Plans of Mr. Owen, of New Lanark, for bettering the state of the labouring classes, and for ameliorating the condition of society at large. He proposes to examine, in a course of four lectures, the probable results of that gentleman's plan, if carried into effect, and to answer such objections as have been hitherto urged against it. The first lecture was in the nature of an introductory exposition of the causes of the existing distress in this country, which the lecturer traced to circumstances interwoven in the frame of all political societies hitherto in existence, and not resulting from forms or mal-administration of the powers of their governments. He familiarized the development of Mr. Owen's ideas by a ground plan of one of that gentleman's villages of co-operation and unity, calculated to contain a population of 1500 persons.

Insolvent Act.—By the new Insolvent Act, none but certificated attorneys, to be appointed by the court, are to act for the insolvents; and it appears that the forms of petition, schedule, &c. will have to undergo considerable alterations from what they formerly were.

Watering the Streets.—The mode of watering the streets now adopted in the parish of St. James's, is at once so economical and in other respects worthy of imitation, that too much publicity cannot be given to the means by which it is effected. The measure originated with one of the Overseers of that parish, in consequence of the excessive rent demanded by the water companies for a supply of water for the purpose. This public-spirited individual purchased, at his own expense, a truck, or water-cart, capable of

containing about one hundred gallons, and which can be very well managed by two men, who take the supply of water from parish pumps. He tried the experiment first in the street where he resides (Marlborough-street); and taking two paupers from the work-house fit for the purpose, he directed them to water the streets twice a day. He then sent circular letters to the inhabitants of the street, requesting that such as approved of the plan would subscribe sixpence a week for the payment of the men, to be continued during the watering season. By this means each of the men receives about 14s. per week, the parish is relieved from maintaining two of its paupers, the street is watered twice a day instead of once, and at considerably less expense.

Tom Paine's Bones.—It will be recollected that the notorious Cobbett brought over with him from America the bones of this blasphemer, with the sordid intention of raising money from a public exhibition thereof. From this vile purpose he was, however, deterred, by the disgust and abhorrence which the atrocious act excited in every breast. As Cobbett has been made a bankrupt, these precious relics will, it is rumoured, be claimed at Guildhall by a niece of Tom Paine's, who speaks in the bitterest terms of "the purloiner of her uncle's dear remains." It is also said that Benbow the cobbler, who assisted Cobbett in grubbing up the bones, puts in a claim for a moiety, as it was agreed, he declares, that Cobbett and himself were "to go snacks." It is, therefore, not impossible that the bones of the author of "The Age of Reason" may at last be brought to the hammer.

NEW APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Dr. Pelham, Bishop of Exeter, has been translated to the see of Lincoln, vacant by the translation of Dr. Tomline to that of Winchester.

The Rev. Dr. Robert James Carr to be Dean of Hereford, on the death of Dr. Grelton.

The Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The Lord Chamberlain has appointed the Rev. Edward Banks, Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, in the room of the Rev. Josiah Thomas, D.D., deceased.

The King has been pleased to appoint Stratford Canning, Esq., to be his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States of America. The Right Hon. Percy Clinton Sydney, Visc. Strangford, G.C.B. (late his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Stockholm), to be his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at the Sublime Ottoman Porte.—Terrick Hamilton, Esq., to be Secretary to his Majesty's Embassy at the Sublime Ottoman Porte.—Right Hon. William Vesey

Fitzgerald to be his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Stockholm.

The honour of Knighthood has been conferred on Colonel Archibald Christie, Commandant-general of Army Hospitals, Colonel of the 1st Royal Veteran Battalion, and Knight of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order.

The King has been pleased to nominate and appoint General Sir Charles Asgill, Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Guelphic Order.

Admiral Sir Charles Rowley is appointed Commander-in-Chief on the Jamaica station, in the room of Admiral Sir Home Popham, whose period of command is nearly expired.

Captain Colby, of the Royal Engineers, has been appointed by the Master-general of the Ordnance, the Duke of Wellington, to succeed the late General Mudge, in the direction of the Trigonometrical Survey of Great Britain.

NEW MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

Borough of Old Sarum—Josias Du Pré Alexander, of Freemantle Park, in the county of Southampton, Esq.

Borough of Grantham—Sir Mountague Cholmeley, Bart.

Births.] At Brompton, the lady of C. Basden, esq. of a son, still-born—In Lower Brook-street, the lady of Dr. Warren, of a daughter—In North Audley-street, Viscountess Ebrington, of a son—In Portman-square, Mrs. Golburne, of a daughter—The lady of Richard Humber, esq. Alfred-place, Bedford-square, of a daughter—In Dartmouth-street, the lady of Lancelot Holland, esq. of a daughter—In Queen-street, Mayfair, of a son, the lady of Kay Brook, esq. commander of the Hon. Company's ship Marchioness of Ely—In Lower Brook-street, the lady of Lieut.-col. Millman, of a daughter—At Upper Clapton, the lady of L. C. Miles, esq. of a son—In Park-street, Grosvenor-square, the lady of Col. Mayne, of a daughter—In Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, the lady of J. F. Norris, esq. of a son—At Hammersmith, the lady of D. Nesbitt, esq. of a son—In Cavendish-square, the lady of Wm. Phillips, esq. of a daughter—In Bruton-street, the Lady Mary Stanley, of a still-born son—In Finsbury-square, the lady of J. Tomlinson, esq. of a son—At Islington, near the church, Mrs. Wood, of a son, her tenth child, eight of whom are living—In Lower Brook-street, the lady of Dr. Warren, of a daughter.

Married.] At St. George's church, Dublin, Robert Bourke, esq. of Hayes, son of the Lord Bishop of Waterford, to Ann Charlotte, daughter of the Hon. J. Jocelyn—At Hammersmith, the Rev. T. R. Browne, of Buntingford, Herts, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Salter, of Hammersmith—At St. George's, Hanover-

square, William Bowles, esq. a captain in the royal navy, to the Hon. Frances Temple, eldest daughter of the late Viscount Palmerston, and sister to the present.—At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Sir John Miles Waddington, to Miss Henrietta Antonia, second daughter of the late Beddingfield Pagon, esq. and great niece of the present Earl of Glencairne.—Capt. Chalmers, of the royal artillery, to Caroline Anne, the youngest daughter of Koen Stables, esq. of Abingdon-street, Westminster.—By special licence, the Hon. Arthur Chichester, eldest son of the late Lord Spencer Chichester, to Lady Augusta Pagett, daughter of the Marquis of Anglesea.—G. Evans, esq. to Susanna, only daughter of John Allen, esq. Queenhithe.—At Willesden, R. Finch, esq. of the royal mint, to Miss Franklyn, eldest daughter of R. Franklyn, esq. of the royal mint.—Captain Robert Melville Grindlay, of the H. E. I. C. military establishment, to Maria Susanna, eldest daughter of John Wm. Commerell, esq. of Lower Berkeley-street.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Charles Brooke Hunt, esq. of Norfolk-street, Park-lane, to Margaret, daughter of the late Ed. Knowles, esq.—John Haggard, LL. D. of Doctors' Commons, and fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Mark Hodgson, of Bromley, Middlesex.—At St. Mary-le-Bone church, C. Hudson, esq. to Lucy Ann, only daughter of the late General Bourdrier.—At Mary-le-Bone church, George Jenkins, of Weymouth-street, Portman-place, esq. to Mary, third daughter of N. Gow, esq.—At St. Mary-le-Strand, G. Parsons, esq. surgeon R. N. to Mary Polhill, daughter of the late D. Polhill, esq. builder, royal dock-yard, Chatham.—Mr. Charles Pugh, of Great Dover-street, to Miss Austin, of Highgate.—Mr. Seddon, of Aldersgate-street, to Frances Nelson, eldest daughter of Mr. C. M. Thomas, of Martin's-lane, Cannon-street.—At St. Pancras church, Charles Waring, esq. of Maida Hill, to Catherine, daughter of F. Dollman, esq. of Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.—Mr. James Wilson, haberdasher, of the Strand, to Miss Grace Silver, of Margate.—At St. John's, Hackney, Mr. John Westlake, to Catherine Jane, daughter of the late C. Metter.—At Mary-le-bone church, George Wallis, esq. Hampstead-road, to Harriet, second daughter of the late James Robson, of Conduit-street.

Died.—In Sackville-street, Emma Blagden, eldest daughter of Richard Blagden, esq.—Mrs. Bertram, widow, New Bond-street, 56—John Barnes, esq. at his house, in Lincoln's Inn-fields, in his 80th year.—At Ramsgate, in consequence of being thrown from his chaise, John Child, esq. of Nine Elms, second son of Wm. Child, esq. of Clapham Common, 89.—At his house in Bourverie-street, of apoplexy, James Dobie, esq. solicitor, 79.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Evatt,

late of Marlham-street—Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Green, of Clerkenwell.—Richard Heahey, esq. of Minster-lane, 80.—At Ham-mersmith, the widow of the late R. Hill, esq.—Mr. Joseph Metcalfe, East Smithfield, 60.—At Hadley, the wife of John Newberry, esq. late lieutenant-col. of the Sussex militia.—At Chelsea, the Rev. Thomas Pierson, D. D. 74.—Mr. John Butter, of Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, 79.—Mr. Robert Sorrell, aged 28, only son of Mr. Thomas Sorrell, Bartholemew Close.—At Enfield, Mrs. Thomas, wife of the Rev. T. Thomas.—At his house in the Tower, John Urquhart, esq. of the ordnance office.—At Littleton, Middlesex, Mrs. Wood, wife of Thomas Wood, esq.—At Marseilles, H. Witherby, third son of Mr. Witherby, Birch-lane.—At Islington, aged 53, Mrs. Witherby, widow of the late G. H. Witherby, of Birch-lane.—At his house at Chelsea, 67, John Wilson, esq. R. N.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

This amiable Princess departed this life on Sunday the 6th August, a few minutes after nine o'clock. In another part of our Miscellany will be found some particulars of her decease (see p. 343). She was the eldest daughter of the late King of Prussia, by his first consort, Elizabeth Ulrica Christiana, Princess of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel. She was born May 7, 1767, and was married to his Royal Highness Sept. 29, 1791. Her Royal Highness was a most excellent and exemplary character. Her charities were numerous, though not ostentatious; and the poor of the neighbourhood, as well as many other objects of her benevolence, will have ample reason to lament her loss. Her Royal Highness did not mix much in general society, but in the select circle in which she did move, she was most sincerely esteemed. Among her numerous beneficent acts, not a servant of her household was married but a home was provided for the couple by the Princess; and the estate and its neighbourhood abounded with cottages so tenanted. Her Royal Highness also founded two Benefit Societies for male adults: the one in Weybridge, and the other at Walton-upon-Thames; and not only did she endow them liberally at the outset, but she unceasingly watched over their progress, and fostered their interests by her care. Besides this, she had a long list of infirm pensioners, both male and female, in London, who were regularly paid out of her Royal Highness's funds, some five pounds, some ten, and some twenty pounds a-year. The lists of public charities likewise bear testimony to the zeal of her humanity, and afford ample proofs of the interest which she took in every thing calculated to promote the happiness, or to alleviate the sufferings, of her fellow-creatures.

Her Royal Highness in stature was somewhat below the common height, and her figure was formed in proportionate delicacy and softness. Her countenance was pleasing, and shone resplendent with the real benevolence of her mind. Her complexion was fair, and the general contour of her face not unlike the other branches of the Royal Family. Her accomplishments were those which usually adorn the fair sex; and although not attached to the fine arts as a student, she was remarkable for the excellence of her judgment, and the general correctness of her taste.

THE MARQUESS OF ORMONDE.

Died on the 10th August, at his seat, Ulcombe Place, Kent, in the 51st year of his age, the most Hon. Walter, Marquess and Earl of Ormonde in Ireland, and Baron Butler in England, K. P. and Governor of the county of Kilkenny. He is succeeded by his next brother, James, now Earl of Ormonde and Ossory. This distinguished Nobleman was the head and representative of at least the second, if not the first, noble and illustrious family in Ireland. He was the *Premier* Earl of that part of the United Kingdom; and the Marquise of Ormonde (which, as well as the Dukedom thereof, was long held by his Lordship's ancestors) was a few years since revived in his favour. The family name was originally Fitzwalter, but was changed for the official one of Butler, in consequence of a grant from Henry II. to Theobald Fitzwalter, of the place of Chief Butler of England. This grant was afterwards extended, particularly in 1372, by Edward III., who confirmed the duty granted on wines imported into Ireland to James Le Botiller, Earl of Ormonde, and his heirs. It has accordingly been vested in this family during an interval of nearly seven hundred years, with an exception of time between the execution of Charles I. and the restoration of Charles II. In consequence of a patent for the *prisée* of wines in Ireland, the Butlers have sometimes levied the duty by means of their collector, and sometimes permitted it to be farmed by Government, at the rate of 4,000l. per annum. In the Spring of 1807, Mr. Kingston, a merchant of Dublin, resisted the claim, and an action having been brought, a verdict was found for the plaintiff, by which it was estimated the family revenue would be increased from 12 to 15,000l. per annum. Not long after this decision in favour of the family took place, it was purchased by the Irish Government for a considerable sum.—The late Marquess was born early in 1770. In January 1801 he was created a Peer of the United Kingdom, as Baron Butler of Llanthony, in the county of Monmouth. In March 1805, his Lordship married Anne, sole daughter and heiress of Joseph Hart Pryce Clarke, esq. formerly of Cork, in Ireland, but then of Al-

dercourt house, Derby; who died not long since, leaving no issue by his Lordship.

DR. JOHN TRUSLER.

Lately, at the Villa house, Bathwick, died, aged 85, John Trusler, LL.D. This singular character was born in London in 1735. He had no academical education, but was bred to physic in a very humble line, though afterwards he contrived to obtain orders, and for some time officiated as a curate in and about London. In 1771 he started a project peculiar to himself, that of abridging the sermons of eminent divines, and printing them in the form of manuscripts, so as not only to save clergymen the trouble of composing their discourses, but even of transcribing them. Dr. Trusler next established a printing and bookselling business, upon an extensive and very lucrative scale, the profits of which enabled him to retire with a competence. He resided several years at Bath, and latterly at his estate on Englefield Green in Middlesex. This wholesale dealer in compilations manufactured the following works, several of which have the merit of utility:—Hogarth moralized, 8vo. 1766. Chronology, or a Concise View of History, 12mo. 1769. Principles of Politeness, extracted from Chesterfield's Letters, 12mo. 1775. Account of the Islands lately discovered in the South Sea, with an Account of the Country of Kamschatka, 8vo. 1777; being an Abridgment of Cook's Voyages. Practical Husbandry, or the Art of Farming, 8vo. 1780. The Sublime Reader, or the Morning and Evening Services of the Church pointed as they should be read, 12mo. 1782. View of the Common and Statute Law of England. An Abridgment of Blackstone's Commentaries, 4to. 1784. Compendium of Useful Knowledge, 12mo. 1784. A Dictionary of Rhymes, 8vo. 1784. Modern Times, or the Adventures of Gabriel Outcast, 3 vols. 12mo. 1785. The London Adviser and Guide, 8vo. 1786. The Country Lawyer, 12mo. 1786. The Honours of the Table, or Rules for Behaviour during Meals; with the Art of Carving, 12mo. 1788. Eight Years' Almanack, on a sheet, 1788. Summary View of the Constitutional Laws of England, 8vo. 1788. On the Importance of a Farmer's Life, a Sermon, 8vo. 1793. The Life and Adventures of William Ramble, Esq. 3 vols. 12mo. 1793. The Art of Gardening, 8vo. Essay on Literary Property, 8vo. 1798. The Assessed Tax Act explained, 8vo. 1798. A third volume of his Chronology, 12mo. 1805. Memoirs of his Life, part 1, 4to. 1806. Detached Philosophic Thoughts on Man, 2 vols. 12mo. 1810. Proverbs exemplified, 12mo. 1811.—Among other compilations sent forth by the Doctor, we must not omit to mention one in numbers, entitled The Habitable World Displayed; besides a Clerical Almanack, Moore's Almanack improved, and other similar works.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES, IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Houghton Regis, J. W. Donne, esq. of London, to Miss Hassellhurst, of the former place.

Died.] At his seat at Milton-Bryan, on Monday the 21st August, Sir Hugh Inglis, bart. 78. He has left a widow; and, by a former wife, a son, now Sir Robert Harry Inglis, bart. and two unmarried daughters. Sir Hugh was many years in the East Indies. Soon after his return to England he was elected into the direction of the East India Company's affairs, at the general election in April 1784. He was created a baronet 26 June 1801; was colonel of the late 2d regt. of Royal East India Volunteers; was chosen chairman of the company in 1812, and retired from the direction in April 1818.

BERKSHIRE.

Birth.] At Wakefield House, the lady of Wentworth Bayly, esq. of a son and heir.

Married.] At Beenharn, the Rev. W. B. Young, of Reading, M. A. to Miss Hannah Butler, of Snelmore—At Newbury, Mr. Charles Feilden, to Miss Eather Roberts, of Linfitts, Saddelworth—At Linslade, the Rev. James Main, vicar of Linslade, to Eliza Jean, fourth daughter of the late David Fell, of Caversham Grove, Oxon.—At Reading, Mr. M. Lamb, jun. of Catesgrove, to Charlotte, daughter of Joseph Wolfe, esq. of the former place—At Bray, Thomas Dew Jones, esq. of Upper Berkeley-street, London, to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Wharton, of Maidenhead-bridge—D. Bennett, esq. of Farringdon House, to Ann Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late F. Boughton, esq. 2nd dragoon guards.

Died.] At Reading, Miss Jane Phelp—At Finchamstead, Mr. Goodchild, 86—At Aldermaston, Mrs. Hickman—At Methley, Lorraine Peirse, esq. 78.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Married.] At Hughendon, Henry Dumbleton, esq. of Marlborough Buildings, Bath, to Ellen, eldest daughter of John Norris, esq. of Hughendon House—At Linslade, the Rev. James Main, vicar of Linslade, to Eliza Jane, fourth daughter of the late David Fell, of Caversham Grove, Oxfordshire.

Died.] At High Wycombe, Mr. John Walduck, 77—Miss Elizabeth Goodson, 89—At Bradenham Rectory, Jean, widow of the late Charles Fox, esq. of Chalcombe Priory, Northamptonshire—At Chilton Parsonage, Mrs. Kipling, 81, relict of the Rev. Charles Kipling, many years incumbent of that parish.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

The Rev. C. G. Jackson is preferred to the vicarage of Histon St. Andrew with Histon St. Etheldred, void by the death of the Rev. Dr. Edwards.

Married.] At Cambridge, J. Hitch, esq. to Miss Frances Howard, of Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks—At Chatteris, Thomas Richardson, jun. esq. to Mary, youngest daughter of the late J. Allprea, esq. of St. Ives—At Wisbeach, Mr. J. Rumball, to Miss Amy Stanton, of Leverington, Isle of Ely.

Died.] At Cambridge, Mr. John Heffer, 88—Mr. R. Rawlings, of Rhadegund Buildings, 45—At Ely, in her 23d year, Mrs. Susan Hall—At Wisbeach, Miss Melton—At Barnwell, Mr. Robinson, 67.

CHESHIRE.

The Rev. Charles Kenrick Prescott, M. A. of Brazen Nose college, Oxford, is presented by Lord Bulkeley to the rectory of Stockport, in the room of his late father, the Rev. Charles Prescott.

Births.] The lady of John Byle, esq. of Park House, of a son—At Chester, the lady of Pierce Wynne Yorke, esq. of Dyffryn Aled, of a daughter.

Married.] At Chester, the Rev. Thomas Moss, of Edinburgh, to Miss Jane Lowe, of Chester—At Everton, Myles Sandys, esq. to Miss Frances France, daughter of the late Thomas France, esq. of Everton, and Bostock Hall—At Stockport, Mr. John Broadhurst, of Manchester, to Miss Anna Wild—Daniel Burton Mousely esq. of Chapel Town, near Leeds, to Miss Heald, of Portwood House, near Stockport—At Whitton, Thomas Wakefield, esq. of Winnington, to Miss Filkin, of Northwich—At Eaton, Mr. Wm. Dod, to Miss Brown of Tarporley—At Prestbury, Mr. Samuel Hime, to Miss Malkin, both of Sutton.

Died.] At Chester, Mr. Bailey, 80, formerly of the Pigeon House, Handley—Mr. Bennett—Mrs. Dooley, 56—At Aldford, Mrs. Ann Harrison, 83—Mrs. Thomas, 78—At Stockport, Mr. Peter Wilde—At Gresford, Mrs. Briggs, 77, relict of the Rev. John Briggs, late chancellor of this diocese—At Burton Hall, Mrs. Congrave, wife of Richard Congrave, esq.

CORNWALL.

Births.] At East Looe, Mrs. J. Bickford, of a daughter—At Bosccastle, Mrs. Staggart, of a daughter.

Married.] At St. Clement, L. H. Potts, esq. to Miss Mary Ann Wright, of Lambesso—At St. Colomb, Mr. Benjamin Buin, of Gorran, to Mrs. Jewell.

Died.] At East Looe, Mrs. Elizabeth Walter—At West Looe, Mrs. Hearle, 76—At Fowey, Miss Wolcott, the last of the family of the celebrated Peter Pindar—At Middle Ambles, St. Kew, Mrs. Hamby, relict of Edmund Hamby, of Pool Hall, Menheniot—At Padstow, Thomas Rawlings, esq. 62, one of his majesty's justices of the peace for this county—At Tolvan, Miss Elizabeth O'Dogherty, eldest daughter of the late Col. O'Dogherty.

CUMBERLAND.

The Rev. R. Rice, M. A. of Merton college, is presented to the perpetual curacy of Hayton, and vicarage of Kirkland: patrons, the dean and chapter of Carlisle.

Birth.] At Woodalee, the lady of George Scott Elliot, esq. of Larriston, of a son.

Married.] At Carlisle, Mr. Joseph Cowen, to Miss Elizabeth Braithwaite—Mr. Robert Gardner, to Miss Jane Harkness—Mr. Robert Sewell, to Miss Catherine Kennedy—At Crosscannonley, Captain Jeremiah Wilson, to Miss Mary Frances Hodgson, both of Maryport—At Egremont, Mr. Wm. Beck, of Wood-end, to Miss Elizabeth Cooke.

Died.] At Carlisle, Mr. John Matthews, 64—Mr. Henry Canwick, 86—Mr. John Harding, 78—At Eamont Bridge, near Penrith, William Bleasmyre, esq. 68—Mrs. Jane Chapelhow, 75—At Maryport, Captain Wm. M'Mellon, 63—Mr. John Collins—At Penrith, Mrs. Isabella Boak—At Birkley, Mr. J. Rickaby, 61—At Armthwaite, Mr. J. Byers, 57.

DERBYSHIRE.

Married.] At Ashbourn, John Windsor, esq. son of the late E. W. Windsor, esq. of Shrewsbury, to Miss Ellen Webster, of Ashbourn—In London, Mr. S. J. Wright, of Derby, to Miss Amelia Baker, of Newington-green—At Derby, Mr. Francis Huggins, to Miss Mary Wotton—The Rev. A. Simpson, A. B. of Queen's coll. Cambridge, to Anne, only daughter of John Borough, esq.—At Norton, Mr. Webster, of Woody Vale, to Miss Colley, of Norton Lees.

Died.] At Derby, Mr. Tunaley, 77.

DEVONSHIRE.

The Rev. J. Rogers, rector of Mawnan, Cornwall, has been installed canon residentiary of Exeter, and the Rev. J. H. Polson to the prebendal stall in Exeter cathedral, both vacant by the death of the late Rev. Archdeacon Barnes.

Births.] At Peamore, the lady of T. W. Blomefield, esq. of a son—The lady of Sam. Kekewich, esq. of a son—At Chawleigh, the lady of Thomas Cawsey, esq. of a son and heir—At his seat, at Youlston, the lady of Sir Arthur Chichester, bart. of a son, still-born—At Exeter, the lady of E. L. Kemp, esq. of a son—At Mount Boona, the lady of Lieut.-col. Seale, of a son—At Bideford, the lady of Capt. Bayley, R. A. of a son—At Tor Abbey, the Hon. Mrs. Clifford, of a daughter.

Married.] At Topham, the Rev. Robert Synge, M.A. youngest son of the late Sir Robert Synge, bart. to Anne, eldest daughter of Benjamin Pollett, esq. of Topham—At Ivy Bridge, C. Lethbridge, esq. to Miss Milling, of Brixham—At Exeter, Mr. J. D. Osborne, to Miss Jane Rossiter, of Tiverton—At Calcompton, J. D. Wister, esq. of London, to Miss Sarah Leeman, of the former place—At Plymouth, Mr. Hammett, to Miss Hodson—At Sidmouth, Lieut.-col. Sloper, to Charlotte Anne, second daughter of the Rev. J. Bernard, rector of Combebury, Somersetshire.

Died.] At Exmouth, of gout in the stomach, Dr. Cave—At Exeter, Mrs. E. Horrell, 84—Mr. J. Tiler, 62—At Crediton, the Rev. Wm. Hazlett, A.M. 80—At Buckland Pileigh, the Rev. John Downes, M.A. rector of that parish—At Plymouth, Mrs. Elizabeth Kingdon, 60—In Marlboro-square, Plymouth-dock, Thomas Frederick, esq. lieut. in the 84th regt. 24.

DORSETSHIRE.

Birth.] At Lyme, the lady of Peter A. Burrell, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Weymouth, Thomas Gould Read, esq. of Dorchester, to Eliza, daughter of the late John Crouch, esq. of the former place—At Kenyngstone, near Blandford, George Hooper, esq. to Louisa, daughter of the late John Langton, esq. of Farnham Royal, Bucks.—At Sherborne, Thomas Elliott Tucker, esq. to Miss Caroline Miles, of Cranborne House, esq.

Died.] At Shaftesbury, Mr. John Jeffery, 27—At Cranborne, Catherine, wife of the Rev. Henry Donne, vicar of that parish.

DURHAM.

Married.] At Bishop Wearmouth, Mr. Wm. Stobart, jun. of Picketree House, near Chester-le-street, to Miss Hayton, of the former place—Mr. Thomas Curtis, to Miss Ogle, of Appleby—At St. Helen's Auckland, Mr. Wm. Worth, to Miss Elizabeth Gibbon—At Stockton, Mr. Thomas Cust, to Miss Iley.

Died.] In Gilligate, Durham, Mr. John Haswell, 90, one of the Society of Friends—Mr. James Allen,

63—At Croft, near Darlington, Mr. Michael Hammond, 37—At Hartlepool, the wife of Captain Swinburne, of the grenadier guards, 30—At South Shields, Mr. Wm. Clark, 38—Mrs. Smith, 84.

ESSEX.

The Rev. Shirley Western is preferred to the rectory of Rivenhall.

Married.] At Panfield, Mr. Clement, of Panfield Priory, to Miss Elizabeth Lambert, of Panfield Hall—At Colchester, Mr. James Haddock, to Miss Jane Sockett, late of Rumford—At Coldham's Hall, Clavering, George Canning, esq. to Miss Gordon, of Stansted—J. Wright, esq. only son of Peter Wright, esq. of Hatfield Priory, in this county, to Mary, second daughter of Sir John Tyrrell, of Boreham House, bart.—At Tolleshunt Knights, Nathaniel Rix, esq. of Blunderstone, Suffolk, to Miss Mary Anne Wilkin, of the former place—At Greensted Hall, Mr. Wm. Yell, to Miss Elizabeth Abrey, of Chelmsford.

Died.] At Abridge, Charles Foster, esq. late of the Contract office, Navy office, 66—At Shenfield Place, Richard Heatley, esq. 80—Suddenly, Ralph Honeywood, esq. second son of the late W. Honeywood, esq. of Markshall—At Colchester, Mrs. Mary Munnings, 38—At Southend, Jane, wife of James Browne, esq. 64—At Stamford Rivers, Mr. Mordecai Andrews, eldest son of the late Rev. M. Andrews, of Coggeshall, 59—At Bradwell Lodge, the Rev. Richard Birch, M.A. rector of Bradwell, of Widdington, in this county—At Manningtree, Mr. Edward Alston, 77.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Birth.] At Cheltenham, the lady of Thomas Lewis Coker, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Wickwer, Thomas Garlick, esq. of Stanley Wall, to Lucy, eldest daughter of Mr. Skye, of the former place—At Bibury, William Small, esq. of Weymouth, to Catherine Frances, youngest daughter of the Rev. Charles Corwell, of Abington House, in this county—At Stapleton, Mr. Francis Gooding, of Dulverton, to Miss Eliza Thompson, of Bristol—George Cave, esq. third son of Stephen Cave, of Cleve Hill House, in this county, to Anne, only daughter of Captain Michael Halliday, R. N.—At Cheltenham, William Rendall, esq. of New Windsor, Berks, to Frances Anne, eldest daughter of the late Richard Grape, esq.

Died.] At Cheltenham, T. B. Fitzgerald, esq. 39—At Newark House, the Rev. Lewis Clutterbuck, A. M. rector of Oxleworth, in this county—At Tewkesbury, Edward Denward Copner, esq. of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, 21—At Daglingworth, Mrs. Haines, relict of Giles Haines, esq. of that place, 89—At Moreton, near Thornbury, Mr. John Culimore, attorney at law—At Rodmarton, the infant son of the Rev. Daniel Lyons—At Winterbourne, James, third son of the Rev. G. D'Arville, 20.

HAMPSHIRE.

The Rev. James Towers is preferred to the vicarage of Wherwell—The Rev. C. S. Bonnett, M.A. of Sydney Sussex college, is instituted to the rectory of Avington.

Birth.] At West Hill Lodge, near Titchfield, the Right Hon. Lady Henry Paulet, of a daughter.

Married.] At Winchfield, the Rev. H. H. Champain, to Mary, youngest daughter of J. Wickham, esq. of Ballington—At Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight, the Rev. Davies Daniel, of Cwrtmawr, Cardiganshire, to Clementina, second daughter of the late Major Lyons.

Died.] At Southampton, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Charles Bird, esq. and niece to the late Rev. Dr. Cooper, prebendary of Durham—Mrs. Eliza Bird—Mr. Albert Wood—At Romsey, Mrs. Courtenay—At Cheriton, near Alresford, Mr. Richard Futh, 70—At Basingstoke, David Graham, esq. banker—Mrs. Stockwell, wife of the Rev. Thomas Stockwell, of Stratford St. Anthony, near Salisbury—At Appleby House, Ryde, Isle of Wight, Captain Hutt.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

The Rev. Dr. Carr, vicar of Brighton, succeeds to the deanery of Hereford.

The Rev. Charles Taylor, M. A. head-master of the cathedral school, is preferred to the prebend of Morton Magna, vacant by the death of the dean of Hereford.

The Rev. Edward Banks, rector of Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire, to the vicarage of Stoke Bliss, in this diocese, void by the death of the Rev. Ananias Brettell.

Died.] At Byford, the Rev. Lewis Maxey, M. A. rector of that parish, vicar of Bridge Sollers, Preston and Blakemere, and senior minor canon of Hereford cathedral, 75—At the Deanery House, the very Rev. George Grettton, D. D. vicar of Upton Bishop, near Ross, a canon residentiary and dean of Hereford, 66. Dr. G. was educated at Cambridge, where in 1776, he graduated in the mathematical class of Wranglers, and was elected a fellow of Trinity college. He was advanced to the deanery of Hereford on the interest of the Earl of Lonsdale—At Allensmore, the Rev. Walter Patteshall, M. A. 82.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Birth.] At Gorbamby, the Countess of Verulam, of a daughter.

Married.] At Hertford, Hugh Thomas James, esq. of Liverpool, to Miss Franklin, only daughter of the Rev. F. W. Franklin, of Hertford.

Died.] At King's Langley, Mrs. Jane Wingfield, 26.

KENT.

Married.] At Broadstairs, Wm. Evans, esq. M. P. of Darley, co. Derby, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. Thomas Gisborne, of Yoxall Lodge, Staffordshire—At Folkestone, Mr. Richard Hawkins, to Miss Hams, of Broadmead—Mr. Edward Williams, to Miss Maria Harvey—At Hollingbourne, Mr. Thomas Allen, to Mrs. Willmott, of Bearstead—At Minster, Sheppey, Mr. Joseph Gorham, of Sheerness, to Miss Joanna East—At Watningbury, the Rev. Robert Earle, to Eliza, only daughter of the late Rev. Miles Cooper—At Frindsbury, Mr. J. Lowdell, of Chatham, to Miss Harriet Taff, of Rochester—At Chevening, the Rev. Wm. A. Fitzhugh, to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Lane, esq. of Bradbourne Place, near Sevenoaks.

Died.] At Crofton Place, Anne, wife of James Burgh, esq.—At Margate, Major-general William Borthwick, colonel in the royal artillery, 57—Mr. Charles Boncey—At Folkestone, Mr. Jacob Squire, 74—Mr. Henry Creed, of Ashford, 73—At Canterbury, Mr. George Culmer—At Ramsgate, in consequence of his horse falling with him, Mr. Charles Greenwood Thornton—John Child, esq. of Nine Elms, 40; his death was occasioned by his being thrown from his chaise—At Dover, Thomas Bateman Lane, esq. deputy lieutenant-governor of Dover castle, and one of the treasurers of Dover harbour—Mrs. Bing, 90.

LANCASHIRE.

Blackfriars Bridge, Manchester.—On the first of August, in conformity with notice that this bridge would be ready on that day for carriages to pass, the Liverpool and Chester mail coaches were driven over it. The bridge is not finished; but a sufficient way was cleared for the mails and some other carriages. It is not quite nineteen months since the first stone was laid; and it is expected to be completed in October next.

Births.] At the Vicarage, Eccles, the lady of the Rev. T. Blackburn, of a daughter—At Park House, the lady of John Ryle, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Manchester, Mr. James Hyde, of Stamford, to Mrs. Alice Porter, of the former place—Mr. George Oswald Smith, solicitor, to Miss Margaret Smith—Mr. Thomas Tinting, to Miss Elizabeth Chew—Mr. James Buck, to Miss Hannah Smith—At Rochdale, Sir Bagenal Wm. Burdett, bart. to Esther, eldest daughter and one of the co-heiresses of the late Thomas Smith, esq. of Castleton Hall, in this county—At Everton, Myles Sandys, jun. esq. to Frances, fifth daughter of the late Thomas France, esq. of Boatock Hall, Cheshire—At Prestbury, E. V. Fox, esq. to Anne, second daughter of J. S. Dainty, esq. of Foden Bank, near Naccesfield—At Burnley, Septimus Harrison, esq. of the 17th regt. of foot, to Frances Elizabeth, only daughter of John Shaw, esq.—At Clithero, Mr. Jeremiah Horsefall, to Miss Anne Tomlin.

Died.] At Manchester, Mr. John Wilkin—The Rev. Wm. Hawkes, minister of the dissenting chapel in Mosley-street—At Liverpool, the lady of Sir Wm. Barton, 61—The celebrated Miss Margaret M'Arty, whose faculty of distinguishing colours by the touch, gave rise to so much discussion in that town and elsewhere about three years ago—At Ridgefield, Martha, wife of Thomas Darwell, esq. 36—At Sutton, Mrs. Hall, widow of the Rev. Samuel Hall, minister of Macclesfield Forest, 78—At Toxteth Park, Liverpool, Eliza, wife of Mr. John McIntyre, merchant, and daughter of Major-general Fensier, Dumbarton Castle, 32—At West-boughton, Mr. Thomas Watmough, 90—At Law House, Rochdale, Mr. James Holt, 74.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

The Hon. and Rev. A. Hobart is preferred to the rectory of Walton.

Died.] At Market Harborough, Thomas Inkersole, esq. banker, 60—At Great Dalby, near Melton Mowbray, Mr. William Adcock, 54—At Wykeham, Mrs. L. Lavel, 74—Mrs. Holden, wife of Rev. C. S. Holden, of Aston Hall, co. Derby. Her death was occasioned by accidentally falling into the piece of water in Donnington Park, whither she had gone with a party on an excursion.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

A beautiful monument of white statuary marble, from the chisel of the celebrated Canova, and recently imported from Italy, has been erected in Belton church, near Grantham, by Earl Brownlow, to the memory of his late lady, the daughter of Sir Abraham Hume, bart. The subject is an emblematic figure of Religion, standing on a basement, the right hand pointing upwards, whilst the left is resting on a medallion of the deceased lady, supported by a fluted pedestal.—The interior of the church has also been much beautified, under the direction of his lordship; and, from the number of the monuments it contains, is worthy the notice of the passing traveller.

Married.] At Stamford, Mr. Sandby, to Miss Rebecca Tomlin, of Great Casterton—At Stamford Baron, John Perkins, esq. of Brussels, to Emily, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Jones, of Spilby—At East Keal, Mr. John Gildon, to Miss Harwood, of Cheney-street, Boston—At Louth, Mr. James Parker, to Miss Riddle, of Carlton—At Dembleby, Mr. Richard Drewry, to Miss Sophia Gratrix, of Newton—At Holme, near Newark, Mr. Hindley, to Mrs. Bucklow, of Southwell.

Died.] At his father's, in Lincoln, Henry Lee, esq. 28, second officer of the Hon. E. I. Company's ship Charles Grant. He had been 14 years in the company's service, during which time he made seven voyages to the Indies and China; and when the highest professional honours were directly within his reach, he died of one of those lingering complaints incident to change of climate. He is bewailed by his friends, regretted by his associates, and was respected and beloved by all his shipmates, leaving behind him the character of a smart and active officer, a generous friend, and an useful and valuable member of society, combining in his conduct a strict enforcement of naval discipline, with a scrupulous and humane regard to the comforts of the seamen—At Stamford, John Wyche, esq. town-clerk of Stamford, which office he had held for fifty years, 81. Richard Wyche, esq. grandfather of the deceased, was chosen town-clerk of Stamford in the year 1701; John Wyche, his son, succeeded him in the year 1780; and John Wyche, now deceased, succeeded his father in the year 1770; so that the grandfather, father, and son, had been in uninterrupted succession town-clerks of Stamford for 119 years.—At Digby, near Stamford, Mrs. J. Newman, 77.—At Epworth, Mr. Henry Gray, 44.—At Gainsborough, Mr. James Lloyd, 58.—At Belton, Mrs. Hannah Vause, 81.—At Claypole, the Rev. J. Beaver.—At Market Deeping, Mr. Thomas Chesterfield, 72.—At Boston, Mr. Wm. Iverson, 70.—At Sandloft, Thomas Harsley, esq. of Crowle.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Died.] At Ragland, Mrs. Chambers, 59. This excellent woman was not only an ornament to her sex, but an honour to this county of Worcester, which claims her birth. She was an example to the parish of her residence, by establishing a Sunday school for the education of the poor in that village, (the first of the kind in Monmouthshire,) and afterwards its National school, watching over them with parental attention; and an ornament to her family by her religious and moral conduct.—At Woodfield, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of J. H. Moggridge, esq.—At Lan-y-Gored, near Usk, Richard Reece, esq. 72.

NORFOLK.

The Rev. Jeremy Day, M. A. senior clerical fellow of Gonville and Caius coll. Cambridge, is preferred to the rectory of Hethersett; patron, the master of that society.

Married.] At Norwich, Mr. Thomas Matthews, to Miss Elizabeth Pett—Mr. R. Claxton, of St. Stephen's, to Miss Mary Rowe, of Fressingfield, Suffolk—Mr. John Cowburne, of Tenbury, Worcestershire, to Miss Charlotte Elizabeth Raven, of Lytcham, in this county—At Field Dalling, Mr. Spall, of London, to Frances, youngest daughter of the late Rev. W. Fisher, vicar of South Creake—In London, Mr. James Bateman, son of the mayor of Yarmouth, to Catherine, only daughter of John Stephenson, esq. of New Ormond-street, Bedford-row.

Died.] At Norwich, the Rev. Edward Beaumont, pastor of the Catholic chapel, 88—Mrs. Ladbroke, 86—Mr. Free, 27—Miss Browne, sister of the Rev. J. H. Browne, of Hingham—Captain Robt. Tinkler, of the royal navy, 46, who signalized himself by his intrepid bravery in several engagements, in which he had received 21 wounds. Capt. T. was cabin-boy on board his majesty's ship Bounty (Capt. Blyth), at the time the crew of that ship mutinied in the South Sea, in the year 1789, and was one of the 12 persons who, with the captain, was turned adrift in a boat by the mutineers. It will be recollected, that Capt. Blyth and his companions, after a voyage of 1200 leagues, (during which the only subsistence they had was one ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water each per day,) had the good fortune to arrive safe at the Dutch settlement of Cupan, in the island of Timor—At Seething, Thomas Kett, esq. 73.—At Hethersett, the Rev. B. Edwards, 88, rector of that parish, and formerly fellow of Gonville and Caius college, Cambridge—At North Walsham, Mr. John Baker, an eminent farmer at Southrepps, 82.—At Aylsham, Mr. Edward Copeman, 70.—At Swaffham, Mr. John Clarke, 78.—At Yarmouth, Mr. Wm. Adkinson, 76—Mrs. Mary Forster, 66.—At Coltishall, Mrs. Bendy, 83.—At Bradenham Hall, Frances, wife of Wm. Henry Haggard, esq. 60.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Some curious discoveries have been recently made on the site of Fotheringhay castle, where persons, under proper direction, have been digging. It seems that the foundations of the building were not disturbed at the time of the demolition of the superstructure by king James. The kitchen and some other apartments have been discovered.

The number of persons confirmed by the Lord Bishop of Peterborough, at his late (primary) visitation, was unusually large, viz.—At Peterborough, 459; at Stamford, 411; at Oakham, 877; at Oundle, 1043; at Kettering, 1091; at Northampton, 1726; at Daventry, 1460; at Towcester, 786; at Wellingborough, 694.—Total, 8576.

Married.] At Thenford, the Rev. F. Lloyd, to Frances, youngest daughter of the late Rev. John Russell, rector of Helmdon, in this county—The Hon. and Rev. R. Carleton, rector of Boughton, to Frances Louisa, second daughter of Eusebius Horton, of Catton Hall, Derbyshire, esq.—At Daventry, Lewis Harrison, esq. to Mrs. Isaacs, of Silsoe, Bedfordshire.

Died.] At Peterborough, Mrs. Henrietta Beaver, 60.—At Preston Capes, Mr. Samuel Hands, 60.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Births.] At Woodlee, the lady of George Scott Elliott, of Larriston, esq. of a son—At North Seaton, the lady of William Watson, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Newcastle, William Gale, esq. of Aldingham Hall, Lancashire, to Cecilia Isabella, eldest daughter of James Losh, esq. of Jesmond; at the same time, Francis Hutchinson, esq. to Frances, second daughter of George Losh, esq. of Rouen—Mr. Robert Simpson, to Miss Landells—At Morpeth, Mr. Miles Ellison, of Heworth, to Miss Milburn, of Morpeth—At Doddington, Mr. James Ormston, of London, to Miss Atkinson, of Wooler—At North Shields, Mr. William Stephenson, bookseller, to Miss Mary Forster, both of Gateshead.

Died.] At Newcastle, Miss Dorothy Stokoe, 48—Miss Eleanor Verity—At Berwick, Mr. Mackie, of Edinburgh, bookseller—At Alnwick, Palfrey George Burrell, esq. 70.—At Hexham, Mr. John Farbridge, 63.—In one of his hay-fields at Swinburne

Castle, near Hexham, Lieut.-gen. L. S. Orde, in the prime of life.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Births.] At Nottingham, at her father's, the Rev. Dr. Wylde, the lady of Col. Sherlock, of the 4th dragoon guards, of a daughter—At Mansfield Woodhouse, the lady of John Need, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Nottingham, Mr. Edwin Bardsley, to Miss Bradley—Mr. John Osborne, to Miss Harriet Almond—At Sutton in Ashfield, Mr. Samuel Jackson, to Miss Phebe Clay, of Hardstaff—At Dembleby, Mr. Richard Drewry, to Miss Sophia Gratrix, of Newton—At Southwell, Mr. Hindley, of Holme, near Newark, to Mrs. Bucklow, of the former place.

Died.] At Nottingham, Mr. Thomas Basnett, 68—At Worksop, R. Barber, esq. 83—At Retford, Mrs. White, 70—At Southwell, Mrs. Elizabeth Bausor, 40.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Birth.] At Ensham Hall, the lady of John Ruxton, esq. of a daughter, which died on the following day.

Married.] At Oxford, Mr. John Penson, to Miss Elizabeth Whitman, of Daventry—Charles Webb, esq. to Miss Elizabeth Speakman—The Rev. C. J. Urquhart, fellow of Magdalen College, to Miss F. Huntingford, niece of the Bishop of Hereford—At Henley, Mr. John Sheene, of London, to Miss Eliza Marklew, of the former place—At Dorchester, Mr. Richard Wall, of Oxford, to Miss Margaret Cox, of Dorchester—At Ewelme, Mr. Garlick, to Miss Elizabeth Allnutt.

Died.] At Oxford, Mr. Thomas Freeman, 43—Mr. John Pyc, 50, many years adjutant of the Oxfordshire militia—Jemima, wife of Mr. J. Wright, printer—Miss Sarah Hosier—At Marsh Mills, near Henley, Mrs. Robert House, having lost her two eldest daughters within four months, which severe shock she was enabled only to survive two months—At Burford, Mr. John Stevens, 60—At Banbury, John Jones, esq. of Blackwood Hall, Montgomeryshire—At Long Handborough, Mrs. Anne Humphries, 28—At Moreton, near Thame, Mr. William Lister.

RUTLANDSHIRE.

Died.] At Glaston, Mr. John Stanger, 79. In the early part of his life he was a faithful servant in Lord Sondes's family, and subsequently retired upon his property at the above place, where he lived and expired highly respected. He had, by fortunate circumstances, become possessed of very considerable wealth, which, excepting a few legacies, he has, with singular fidelity, devised to the descendants of the noble family under whose auspices it began to accumulate—At Oakham, Mr. Francis Robinson, 29.

SHROPSHIRE.

Married.] At Shrewsbury, Major Parry, of the royal marines, to Catherine Mary Margareta, eldest daughter of the late Edward Lloyd, esq. of Trefnant, co. Montgomery, and of Maccmor, Denbighshire—Edward Beauchamp St. John, esq. of Oswestry, to Miss Slade, late of Plymouth—Mr. John Evans, to Miss Lewis—At Oswestry, Robert Roberts, only son of Thomas Roberts, of Astrad, co. Denbigh, esq. to Miss Gough, of Oswestry—At Ludlow, G. F. Evans, esq. of Shrewsbury, to Miss Eliza Wollaston, of Ludlow—At Bridgenorth, Mr. B. Baughman, to Miss Eliza Fletcher.

Died.] At Shrewsbury, the widow of the late Robert Lloyd, esq.—At Bridgenorth, Capt. Thomas Smith, of the 82d foot—At Longden, Mrs. Hesleth, 84—At Prior's Lee, Mrs. Stirk, 57, of Wolverhampton.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

The Rev. David Williams, M.A. chaplain to Lord Viscount Curzon, is preferred to the rectory of Bleadon, with that of Kingston Seymour, in the diocese of Bath and Wells.

The Dean and Canons of Windsor have presented the Rev. Dr. Keate to the living of Stowey.

The Rev. Walter King Coker, B.A. of Oriel College, Oxford, to the vicarage of North Curry.

Married.] At Walcot church, Philip Elliot, esq. M.D. to Amelia, youngest daughter of the late John Wilkinson, of Polterton, Yorkshire—The Rev. Richard Keats, of Wiveliscombe, to Mary Eliza Mac Gerchy, of Tiverton—At Crowcombe, G. Powell, esq. of Cantref, Brecknockshire, to Nesta, eldest daughter of G. H. Carew, esq. of Crowcombe Court, in this county—At Bathwick church, John Tharp, of Dean's Valley, Jamaica, to Mary Philippa, youngest daughter of Thomas Bell, esq. of co. Armagh, and of Sydney-place, Bath.

Died.] At Bath, the Hon. Matilda Villiers, wife of Villiers William Villiers, esq. daughter of John, 11th lord, and sister of the late Henry Beauchamp and St. Andrew, successively Lords St. John of Bletsoe—In Queen-square, the Rev. John Chamberlain, 62—In St. James's-square, Bristol, John Bally, esq. 75—At Kingsdon, Charles Aaron Moody, esq. to Juliana Sarah, eldest daughter of the late James Bennett, esq. of Cadbury House, in this county—Of a pulmonary complaint, at Clifton, on his way to Italy, for the benefit of his health, Mr. James Beebee, 21, of Worcester college, Oxford, and second son of the Rev. James Beebee, rector of Presteign—At Shepton Mallet, Mr. Higgins, 84, solicitor—At Taunton, in her 76th year, Joanna, widow of the Rev. F. Warre, rector of Cheddon Fitzpaine.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Tipton, the Rev. James Bevan, to Miss Jane Corbet, of Broseley, Worcestershire—At Maer, Mr. John Parker, of Shrewsbury, to the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Snape, of Maer.

SUFFOLK.

The Rev. W. Cross, A.M. vicar of Amwell with Haylbury, Herts, is preferred to the valuable living of Halesworth cum Chediston.

The Rev. John Edgar is instituted to the rectory of Kirketon.

Married.] At Bury, Mr. Denton, of Alnesbourne Priory, to Miss Holder, of Richmond, Surrey—At Tooting, Surrey, the Rev. C. F. Parker, rector of Ringhall, in this county, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Joseph Eyre, rector of St. Giles, Reading—In London, J. G. Clare, esq. of Brazing Hall, West Creting, to Miss Maria Gerrard, of Laxfield—At Bildeston, J. Parker, esq. to Miss Elizabeth Farr, of North Cove—At Earsham, near Bungay, Mr. Reynolds, to Miss Osbourn.

Died.] At Chilton Hall, near Clare, Wellsorton, esq. 72—At the parsonage-house, Semer, Mr. C. B. Cooke, 20, eldest son of the Rev. C. Cooke—At Ipswich, Louisa, fourth daughter of the late Col. Stilett—At Liverme Parsonage, the Rev. Peter Lathbury, 59—At Bungay, the Rev. Thomas Paddon, 77, rector of St. Nicholas with All Saints annexed, after fifty years' conscientious discharge

of his pastoral duties—At Winesham, at an advanced age, Mrs. Gibbs, relict of the Rev. John Gibbs, rector of Ockold, in this county—At Brandon, Mr. John Mulley, jun. 22—At Southwold, Mr. John Clubb, 85.

SURREY.

Births.] At Lower Cheam, the lady of Thomas Brown, esq. of a daughter—At Walton-upon-Thames, the lady of the Hon. Henry Grey Bennett, of a daughter.

Married.] At Windlesham, the Rev. Henry Joseph Tayler, of Brighton, to Jimema Maria, second daughter of the late Sir William Frazer, of Bedford, bart.—At Christchurch, Isaac Woodroffe, esq. late of Godstone, to Miss Willes, of Chelsham Court, in this county—At Richmond, E. H. Delafosse, esq. to Sophia, daughter of the Rev. G. Young, A. M. Lambeth Terrace.

Died.] At Streatham, the Rev. Reynold Davies, M. A. 70—At Kew Green, George Hicks, esq. 43, barrister at law, and one of the magistrates of police in Bow-street—At Weymouth, the Rev. Willoughby Bertie, many years rector of Buckland, in this county, and uncle to the Earl of Abingdon—June 13, at Croydon, John Thomas Herraissant Des Carrières, 78, a native of Paris. This gentleman did honour to his own country, by the services he rendered to this. Almost half a century he was an indefatigable teacher of the French language; and many noble personages, who now fill eminent stations in society, have had the benefit of his instructions. He was the author and reviser of many useful books tending to facilitate the acquirement of the French tongue; and about the time of the revolution, he published a History of France, in two volumes, and lately an abridged History, in one volume, up to 1816. He was a man of strict integrity, of a most ingenious mechanical turn of mind, but for the last twenty years had applied himself much to the science of gardening, by which his health, which had been impaired by study and close application, became firmly established, but in which he spent all the earnings of his former days.

SUSSEX.

Married.] At Chichester, the Rev. William Watkins, rector of Racton, in this county, to Frances, youngest daughter of T. Rhoades, esq. Chichester—At Horsham, Thomas Edward Bligh, esq. to Sophia, daughter of the late William Eversfield, esq. of Denne Park and Cotsfield, in the same county.

Died.] At Hastings, Thomas Clingand, esq. late of Wheldrake, near York.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Birth.] At Radway, the lady of Lieut.-col. Miller, C. B. of a son and heir.

Married.] At Coventry, Mr. R. Seal, to Miss Mary Locke Ward—At Old Swinford, Mr. Ingleby, of Birmingham, to Miss Wragg, of Stourbridge.

Died.] At Stratford-upon-Avon, Miss Mary Clews, 19—At Warwick, in the 73d year of her age, Anne, wife of Charles Porter Packwood, esq. late lieutenant-col. of the Warwickshire militia, and youngest daughter of the late Roger Ruding, esq. of Westcotes, in the county of Leicester.

WESTMORLAND.

Married.] At Kendal, Mr. William Preston, to Miss Taylor—Mr. Isaac Thompson, to Miss Isabella Kellie.

Died.] At Ambleside, Lieut.-col. John Bladon Taylor, one of the Directors of the Hon. East India Company.

WILTSHIRE.

The Rev. W. Roles, A. M., is preferred to the rectory of Upton Lovell, vacant by the death of the Hon. and Rev. E. Seymour.

Married.] At Great Cheverell, the Rev. Alex. Bassett, M. A. to Miss Bellamy, of Cheverell House—At Bremhill, Mr. Thomas Hughes, of East Tytherton, to Mary Anne, only daughter of Captain Hutchons, of the Hon. E. I. C.'s service—At Ebbesbourne, Mr. Henry Harris, to Mrs. Rebbeck—At Chippenham, Mr. Josiah Graham Lawe, of London, to Elizabeth Mary, only daughter of the late Mr. James Maurice Coombes, of Chippenham.

Died.] At Salisbury, Mr. Corfe, 78, senior gentleman of his majesty's chapel royal, and late organist of Salisbury cathedral—At Hannington, near Highworth, Mrs. Mary Anne Matilda Crowdy—At Hilperton Marsh, near Trowbridge, Mr. Richard Newtts, 44—At Trowbridge, Mr. Guley, solicitor, 40—At Anderston, Sophia, relict of James Forster Knight, esq.—At Bemerton, Miss Hawes, daughter of the late Rev. John Hawes, A. M. rector of Bemerton—At Hawe, near Poole, Thomas Stone, esq. 76.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

The Rev. E. James, M. A. of Christ Church college, Oxford, is preferred to the perpetual curacy of Worcester.

Married.] At Lincoln, Mr. Thompson, of Dudley, to Miss Mary Ann Foster, of Northallerton, Yorkshire—At Hallow, near Worcester, Phipps V. Onslow, esq. lieutenant royal horse artillery, to Harriett, youngest daughter of the late Sir Edward Winton, bart.

Died.] At Worcester, Charlotte, third daughter of Thomas Best, esq.—At Bewdley, Thomas Jacob White, esq.

YORKSHIRE.

Birth.] At Wakefield, the lady of Wentworth Bailey, esq. of a son and heir.

Married.] At York, Lieut.-col. Arthur M. Gordon, of the 5th dragoon guards, to Anne, only daughter of the late Joseph Bilton, esq. of York—At Wakefield, Mr. David Green, jun. of Minskip Lodge, near Boroughbridge, to Miss Sarah Rothwell, of Wakefield—At Accomb, Mr. John Skipworth, solicitor, to Harriet Frances, daughter of the Rev. Robert Benson, M. A. of York—At Howden, Mr. William Brownlow, of Walkington Grange, to Miss Atkinson, of Walkington—At Eastington, Mr. Samuel Webster, of Morley, to Miss Jane Bell, of Patrington, near Howden—At Thorne, Mr. Thos. Squires, to Miss Elizabeth Hastings—At Topcliffe, Mr. John Richardson, of Leeds, surgeon, to Miss Mary Barroby, of Balderby—At High Town, near Leeds, Mr. Joshua Lister, to Miss Elizabeth Woodford Buttle.

Died.] In Park-square, Leeds, George Hardisty, esq. 55—At Leeds, Mr. Robert Oastler, 71—Mrs. Houseman, 70—At Roundhay, near Leeds, Aurelia Ann, wife of J. B. Ansley, esq. 51—At Beverley, Mr. William Whitfield, 78—At Ripon, Juliana, wife of Capt. Denison—At Knaresborough, Mr. Parr, 39, postmaster—At Hull, Michael Andrew, esq. 62—Mrs. Bell, 58—At his seat at Marthwaite, in the West-riding, Richard Willan, esq. 74, brother of Dr. Willan, late an eminent physician in the metropolis—At Grimston, near Tadcaster, Mr. Thomas Townend, 64.

WALES.

The Rev. W. J. Rees, M. A. has been presented by the Bishop of St. David's to the vacant prebendal stall in the collegiate church of Brecknock.

There is now standing at Rhuddlan, part of the wall of the house wherein Edward I. held his parliament, after completing the subjugation of Wales. The old wall has been built upon, and metamorphosed into the gable-end of a row of small houses, so that to a passenger there is nothing particularly antique or striking in its appearance; but the Very Reverend the Dean of St. Asaph, in order to rescue this piece of antiquity from oblivion, has caused to be placed upon it a tablet, bearing the following inscription:—

This Fragment
Is the Remains of the Building
Where King Edward the First
Held his Parliament,
A. D. 1283,

In which passed the Statute of Rhuddlan,
Securing
To the Principality of Wales
Its Judicial Rights
And Independence.

Married.] At Llanbeblig, Mr. Robert Williams, to Miss Bettis, both of Caernarvon—The Rev. John Pryce, of Dolforwyn Hall, Montgomeryshire, to Mrs. Sarah Price, of London—At Abergavenny, Mr. Williams, surgeon, to Miss Rogers, daughter of the Rev. J. Rogers, rector of Wallerstone, Herefordshire.

Died.] At Clydach, Glamorganshire, Thomas Hobbes, M. D. of Swansea, 68—At Garsford, Denbighshire, the widow of the Rev. John Briggs, M. A. late chancellor of the diocese of Chester—At Parkey Cottage, near Wrexham, the lady of Major Edwards, of the royal Maelor cavalry.—At Pentre Mill, co. Montgomery, Mr. Williams, 77; and four days after, his wife—At Llandysall, Cardiganshire, Elizabeth, second daughter of Thomas Gough, esq. of Foeshellig, in that county.

SCOTLAND.

In digging the Union Canal near the west march of the Clifton-hall estate, and adjoining the river Almond, on the 18th July, an elephant's tooth was dug up, measuring upwards of three feet long, and a foot in circumference; it was in a state of perfect preservation, and is in the possession of Sir Alexander Maitland Gibson. This is the second time remains of this animal have been found in Scotland. A similar tooth found, near Eglinton-castle, is now in the College Museum.

Births.] Lady Charlotte Macgregor Murray, of a daughter—At Fodderty, Roxshire, Mrs. Forbes Mackenzie, of a daughter.

Married.] At Braehouse, Capt. James Stewart, 82d regt. of foot, to Jane, eldest daughter of Capt. Campbell, Bereland—At Caputh Manse, Mr. Alex. Innerarity, of Demerara, to Margaret Jaue, daughter of the Rev. W. Innerarity, minister of Caputh

—At Edinburgh, Francis Cobham, M. D. of the island of Barbadoes, to Miss Mary Harvie—At Paisley, the Rev. John Bruce, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the Rev. Wm. Harrier.

Died.] At Edinburgh, Col. Robert Ballie, of the H. E. I. C.'s service—At Glasgow, John Love, esq.—James Towers, esq. professor of midwifery in this university—Mr. Andrew Orr, 66, late bookseller in Glasgow—At Holywood, Manse, the Rev. Dr. Crichton, minister of that parish—At Inverness, Mrs. Macdonald, of Scalpa—At Newbottle, Dieme, eldest daughter of the late Col. Donald Macleod, of St. Kilda.

IRELAND.

Births.] In Cork, the lady of the Rev. John Bennett, of a son—The lady of C. A. W. Forneret, esq. of a daughter—At Lisheen, co. Tipperary, the lady of Sir John Judkin Fitzgerald, of a son and heir—The Hon. Mrs. Peter La Touche, of a daughter—At Armagh, the lady of Sir Jeremiah Dickson, of a son.

Married.] The Rev. William Frazer, rector of the Union of Kilmure, in the diocese of Waterford, to Helen, daughter of the Rev. William Archdall, of Seayiew—At Drumbangher, James Ewart, esq. of Ahory, to Miss Hannah Bitties, of Cullentrough—At Mealife Glebe, co. Tipperary, the Rev. Wm. Baker Stoney, of Oakley Park, to Frances Shirley, daughter of the Rev. John Going—At Dublin, A. G. Lewis, esq. of the 68th light infantry, to Hester, youngest daughter of the late Richard J. Rogers, of Rutland-square West—Edward Shaw, of Coolcor, co. Kildare, esq. to Anne, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Ledwith—Thomas Haughton, esq. of Largin, to Frances, daughter of James Macaulay, esq. of Dublin—At Oughmash, Thomas Henry O'Flaherty, esq. of Lemonfield, co. Galway, to Louisa, third daughter of Theobald O'Flaherty, esq. of Dublin—At Lakefield, co. Caran, Henry W. Brien, esq. to Lilla, youngest daughter of John Norris, esq. of Parrymount, co. Tyrone.

Died.] At Claremount, King's county, Capt. William Grant, late of the 27th regt.—In Dublin, Ralph Ward Reid, esq.—In Waterford, Matthew Farrell, esq.—At Mountnorris, the Rev. Thomas Hutchinson.

DEATHS ABROAD.

June 4, at Jamaica, of the yellow fever, Henry Edward Carr, 14, of H. M. ship *Bepphore*, son of the Rev. Dr. Carr, vicar of Brighton—At Paris, William Thomas Spafford, esq. 46.—In his passage from Batavia to China, Richard Rogers, 29, first officer of the *Hemphill*, died—At Richmond Bay, Prince Edward's Island, the Rev. Andrew Nicholl, minister of that place—In Mac Intosh county, Georgia, John Ballie, esq.—At Madras, Dr. Alexander Stewart, secretary to the Medical Board—On his passage from Demerara, Francis James Adam, esq. youngest son of the Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court, Edinburgh.

LONDON:

Printed by S. and R. BENTLEY, Dorset-Street, Fleet-Street.

THE
NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

No. 81.]

OCTOBER 1, 1820.

[Vol. XIV.

LAKE SCHOOL OF POETRY.—MR. WORDSWORTH.

It may seem an ill-timed and unnecessary attempt of periodical criticism to recur to works that have reached beyond the proper sphere of its power—works that have had much influence on the poetical sentiment and taste of these countries—that have called forth well-deserved admiration and merited contempt—that have been hailed in different minds with *religion* and ridicule—by different classes of readers with enthusiasm and apathy, with pleasure and disgust—that have made us acquainted not only with new habits of composition, but also with new modes of thinking; but it is the office, nay the *bounden duty* of every one that regards the welfare of the public taste, and is anxious to preserve the purity of the national poetry, however he may admire the grander traits of those productions, to warn the unwary reader, and the dreaming enthusiast, of the faulty and corrupt system of the greater portion of this modern poetry. Its disciples are men of genius—its air is imposing; few hearts are proof against an air of simplicity—the most engaging introduction to the human heart, though it be even nothing but mock simplicity. Many are pleased with the delineation of the feelings, habits, and affections of the unsophisticated sojourner of rural seclusion; but few are so well acquainted with him as to know whether the sketch be true or counterfeit, faithful or caricatured; and there are too many congenial dreamers, who are pleased with the sublime and shadowy enigmas they cannot comprehend, who conceive what the writer never imagined, who think depth of thought lies in obscurity of expression, and are enthusiastic in the undefined and indefinable feelings and vapoury abstractions of the strong, thoughtful, and fanciful minds, under the frenzy-rolling and fascinating eye of whose imaginations they are more than spell-bound. It is evident from all this that I allude to the Lake School of Poetry.

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Now, if the maxim of the poetical critic of the highest poetical and cultivated age, "*recte scribendi sapere est et principium et fons*," be founded in truth, no system can be more opposed to the principle than that of those modern bards, who boldly overleap the barriers of definite knowledge, and consequently of wisdom—who trifle with the babyism of children—who affect the idiotism of fools both in sentiment and expression, and institute a poetical bedlam on the top of Parnassus—whose Pegasus sometimes seems to be nothing but the hobby-horse of an infant—who seem to prefer to the winged and fiery courser of the poet, to win the race of poetical honour by bestriding the broom-stick and by humbly submitting "*equitare arundine longa*"—who prefer a strait-waistcoat to the fine floating mantle of the Muses, and a fool's-cap to the ever-green garland of legitimate poetical power—who sin against taste most flagrantly in adapting the diction of a factitious rustic barbarism to the sublime philosophy they aim at, and the high and fervid inspiration they affect.

Unless the true and general maxim "*the proper study of mankind is man*" be now disputed, and must now be superseded, we cannot approve of that part of the system of the Lake Minstrelsy, that neglects rational exalted man, to lavish its powers upon naturals, idiots, and madmen—that transfers poetical agency from rational to irrational creatures, from animated to inanimate nature—that would thus work upon our hearts and influence our actions: there is something in this neither strictly nor poetically moral. It is a sort of *poetical misanthropy*—worse than the *moral misanthropy* of Byron, to disregard immortal man, and teach him from clouds, trees, air, flowers, fools, cattle, children and madmen. It seems like dwelling with something of a complacent and continued satisfaction on the weaknesses and blemishes of our frailties and na-

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tures—though few can conceive the sublimities of the human mind more nobly, or its heavenly attributes more powerfully, or have a more comprehensive or minute knowledge of the most delicate workings of the human heart. It seems to be a kind of *poetical materialism* too, to subject mind to matter, to bind down the imperishable spirit in the trammels of perishable objects, which is a system uniformly preserved in the entire range of the Lake poetry.

Akenside himself, who seems to be one of the prototypes of the Lake bards, shews how much inferior the poetry of such feelings is to the "moral species," to "the powers of passion and of thought." Out of many beautiful instances I will quote the following sublime passage.

— Or is there in the abyss,
Is there, among the adamantine spheres
Wheeling unshaken through the boundless void,
Aught that with half such majesty can fill
The human bosom, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent, from the stroke of Cæsar's fate
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook the crimson sword
Of justice in his rapt astonish'd eye,
And bade the father of his country hail,
For lo! the tyrant prostrate in the dust,
And Rome again is free!

This is the opinion of the philosophical Akenside. Would that his *partial* imitators would adopt and profit by it—would that they were content to

Adapt the finer organs of the mind
To certain attributes which matter claims :

and not set up an exclusive supremacy of *matter* over *mind*. But the *Lakers* seem to have vitiated the purity, simplicity, and philosophy of their admired models—Cowper and Akenside, by German exaggeration. For the same morbid sensibility manifested in the creation of character and sentiment and action in the one class of writers, is transferred to the feelings derived from the visible creation, by the other. So that the Lake poetry is a sort of mongrel minstrelsy, made up of English truth and simplicity, and German exaggeration and eccentricity; of English meaning and German mystery, so blended, that it takes an air of something *novel*, sometimes beautiful, sometimes ridiculous, and always so in exact proportion to the predominant likeness it bears to one or the other of the ill-mated partners of its parentage.

The subject of the present article, the "Magnus Apollo" of this new and

incongruous realm of the Muses, is Mr. Wordsworth. In him all its beauties exist in the highest degree, as also its faults in the greatest number, though we think they could be shewn more flagrantly from some others of the tribe, which proves that faults are generally the landmarks of imitation. It is curious to observe the modifications of the system, as it has acted on differently constituted minds. Mr. Wordsworth seems to be the only man amongst them that can master it felicitously. Mr. Coleridge is more gloomy, more metaphysical, more mysterious. No prophet ever sat on the tripod with a higher air of mystery, or delivered his dark oracles with deeper tones of raving sublimity. It is a shadowy and dark thunder-storm in his hand, that obscures all nature, where nothing is seen except from a few bright intermittent flashes of lightning. Mr. Wilson seems to be too *fanciful* and not *imaginative* enough—to be too fond of turns, delicacies, and quaintnesses, for the simplicity of its nature. It seems to be a black cloud over him, that he is striving to colour into a rainbow, but he cannot make the lights and shades mingle delicately enough to make it span the heaven as a natural arch.

It is in Mr. Montgomery's hand a spent thunderbolt, all its fire quenched, all its power lost. When it is in the hands of the cockney bards and others, it is such a *hybrid* and incongruous species, that like that *nondescript* age of Juvenal's mythology it can be illustrated from nothing in nature. The laureate belongs to the school, but we would wish to raise him above it, from his creation of character, and description of actions, and because though often extravagant he is never ridiculous till he comes under the influence of its silly affectation or incurable egotism—which is a loathsome cancer inherent in its very nature; and *I, self, mine*, must be the tiresome and eternal burthen of the song, while there exists an imitator of the system. It must run in its essence, in its very blood, from father to son, till its final extinction. In Mr. Wordsworth alone it is in its native and natural soil. He has a mind, meditative, mild, and philosophical, and a heart delicately sensitive to all the impulses from visible nature, with a reflection and abstraction capable of embodying and making mind-created and local existences in the human heart, of those spiritual feelings, excited, from the impulse of natural

objects, by a communion of sense and soul. In the happier effects of this mental process, his poetry is like a mild autumn day, with quick and fleeting successive alternations of sun and shadow—or rather like a soft moonlight night, where objects are not less lovely for being less defined, where those that can be seen, are seen more accurately than in the glare of day, and where the distant scenes, though obscured by an impervious shadow, undefined and undefinable to the most piercing ken, yet the mysterious veil that envelopes them is so glowing, so mild, and so mellow, that though we cannot admire themselves, we admire the painted mist that wraps them from our grosser sense with its rich and delicate texture. But this spirit of abstraction when it soars into the region, or rather sinks into the abyss of the “dark profound” of mysticism, and bounds beyond the pale of human reason, and even human imagination—at least of common reasons, and common imaginations—is nothing but (to use words of his own)

“An instinct—a blind sense
Coming one knows not how nor whence
Nor whither going.”

And of what use is this *blind sense*? Of none. It is more fantastic, more visionary, more superstitious, more mischievous than the *second-sight* in the Isle of Sky. The cause of this obscurity is plain. In the descriptions of the visible world, these poets strive to describe the simple feelings excited by *accidents*, which, like the simple ideas of Locke, can only be felt, but never defined—to body forth in the tangible and corporeal shape of language, these spiritual sensations, begotten by an intellectual communion with nature, modified by the most refined sensibility, the most subtle abstraction, and the most abstruse metaphysical imagination, vainly striving to make words a “mock-apparel” to “unutterable thought.” Hence they are obscure; hence they are mysterious.

But it is not against this I chiefly protest; though its excess is a most inexcusable blemish, it is a fault that leans to virtue’s side. These grand and sublimated conceptions of nature, like many other of its properties, must be obscure, but we can never read many pages before we are disgusted, with silliness, rudeness, meanness, affectation, eccentric thinking and false simplicity, which when it is not mere babyism, degenerates into perfect folly; and in wise men wittingly writing in this manner is even

worse, for they seem to suppose, through a vain egotistical importance (of which agreeable quality the most modest of them has as much as would stock any ten poets, and those not of the most unassuming demeanour), because they can write well when it pleases them, they can cram folly and poetical impertinence, like a nauseous drug, which they even disdain to sweeten, down the throat of a nation’s healthful taste, and change the masculine strength and spirits, and the true simplicity of the English poetry into the weak and watery style of their affected childishness and fainting affectation. I wonder from which of the imaginative bards of their adoration, could they get the smallest foundation for such a flimsy superstructure. Will they find any such cobwebs woven in the brains of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Thomson, Akenside, Cowper, their great idols? They will plead the authority of the old ballads; but even there the plea made by them would be demurred to in any legitimate or learned court of criticism. There is an honest rudeness, a true simplicity, an unaffected description, a plain style of sentiment running through those old legends, that but ill harmonize with the disingenuous affectation of style, sense, and feeling, that characterizes some of these insipid lucubrations.

Let us take any one of those ridiculous pieces of burlesque, for instance, “*The Idiot Boy*.” In its story, its language, its conduct, its sentiment, it is mean, improbable, uninteresting, affected and ludicrous. The story is the adventures of a Fool’s-errand; an idiot is sent for a doctor, who instead of bringing the doctor, to be sure, with Mr. W.’s accurate knowledge of the modes of thought and habits of action peculiar to idiotism, is putting stars in his pocket or playing with a waterfall, (by the way, a sport Mr. W. is very fond of as well as his fool). But now let us consider this piece of factitious impertinence, and see whether it possesses any thing of true or natural simplicity or real feeling. Listen to the caparisoning of *Johnny’s Pony* and the mounting of *Johnny*. Spirit of Homer! hide your diminished head. The horses of Mars were never harnessed with such “pomp, pride, and circumstance,” by Flight and Terror; they are mean grooms when compared to the *fiddling-fuddling* of *Betty Foy*!! Hebe herself, preparing Juno’s chariot-steeds, is a poor personage to her!!

Why bustle thus about your door,
What means this bustle, *Betty Foy* ?
Why are you in this mighty fret !
* * * *

Beneath the moon, that shines so bright,
Till she is tired, let *Betty Foy*
With girt and stirrup *saddle-fuddle* ;
But wherefore set upon a saddle
Him whom she loves, her idiot boy ?

Certainly a sensible question, "*wherefore set upon a saddle* ?" How will Mr. W. answer it ? No doubt, he will say there was no one else

To bring a doctor from the town,
Or she will die, *old Susan Gale*.

Even the harnessing of the celestial steeds for the chariot of the sun sinks into insignificance before the preparation of *Betty's pony*, which being brought home, after, we do not know whether "feeding in the lane," or "drawing home faggots from the wood," either "in joy," or "in pain," (as if it concerned us to know whether he was not blind or spavined,)

— Is all in travelling trim,
And by the moonlight, *Betty Foy*
Has up upon the saddle set,
(*The like was never heard of yet*)

(We doubt not that indeed)

Him whom she loves, her idiot boy.

Well, *Johnny* is up without "boot" or "spur," or "whip" or "wand," but armed with "his holly bough," he makes "*a hurly-burly now*." *Betty* now gives him her directions—her last admonition is really excellent—it is simple and loving and maternal ! *Phœbus's* advice to *Phaeton* will not bear comparison with this address.

"*Johnny ! Johnny !* mind that you
Come home again, nor stop at all—
Come home again, whate'er befall
My Johnny, do, I pray you do."

Johnny answered with "his head and with his hand,"

And proudly shook the bridle too.

The following description of *Johnny's* joy after being mounted, is superlative. What is the delight of *Phaeton* after receiving the reins from his father to it !

But when the pony moved his legs,
Oh ! then for the poor idiot boy !
For joy he cannot hold the bridle,
For joy his head and heels are idle,
He 's idle all for very joy.

And while the pony moves his legs,
In *Johnny's* left hand you may see
The green bough 's motionless and dead :
The moon that shines above his head
Is not more still or mute than he.

His heart it was so full of glee,
That till full fifty yards were gone,
He quite forgot his holly whip
And all his skill in horsemanship.
Oh ! *happy, happy, happy John*.

Oh ! "happy, happy, happy pair" !
Johnny and his pony !—*happy Johnny Foy* !
happier far than *Johnny Gilpin*, both in the bard who sings your travels, and in your good-humoured hack. Well, *Betty* standing at the door observes with joy

How quietly her *Johnny* goes.

She rejoices in his silence, sees him turn "the guide-post right," and watches him in maternal pride till he is out of sight.

Burr, burr—now *Johnny's* lips they *burr*
As loud as any mill, or near it,
And *Johnny* makes the noise he loves,
And *Betty* listens glad to hear it.

We are told a line or two above that *Betty* rejoiced in the silence of her idiot boy—and really *Johnny's burr* must have been "as loud as any mill, or near it," if *Betty* heard it after he was out of sight.

Well *Johnny* goes on :

The owlets hoot, the owlets *carr*,
And *Johnny's* lips, they *burr, burr, burr*,
As on he goes beneath the moon.

We wonder much it was beneath the moon,—the moon, no doubt, drawn down from heaven by the attractive harmony of this divine duet between *Johnny's burring* and the owlets *carring*, should have been dancing under his pony's feet. We are now treated with a most novel and original description of the good-humour of the pony.

For of this pony there's a rumour,
That should he lose his eyes and ears,
And should he live a thousand years
He never will be out of humour.

This would be strange if we could believe the next line.

But then he is a horse that thinks.

Balaam's ass spoke, and *Achilles's* horse prophesied—no doubt a greater gift ; but Mr. Wordsworth makes us acquainted with the pony's habit of thought in the very next line.

And when he thinks his pace is slack.

We wonder he did not make him fold his fore-legs over his breast—sure it would be natural ! Yet we think the following lines rather tend to shake our implicit credency in the thinking faculty of this intellectual nag.

Now though he knows poor *Johnny* well,
Yet for his life he cannot tell
What he has got upon his back.

Well, *Betty* now "not quite so flurried," nurse-tends *Old Susan*, hands her the "porringer and plate," talks diverting things of *Johnny*, till his delay becomes matter of fear and suspicion ; but

we will pass over the accurate registry of the hours, and tell only how

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans,
while Betty avers, "He'll be back again" before eleven,

As sure as there's a moon in heaven.

Well, 'tis twelve.—"The moon is in heaven as Betty sees," and yet neither Johnny nor the doctor appears. "Betty is in a sad quandary;" she "is not quite at ease," a strong expression for maternal affection—at length

The clock is on the stroke of one,

and away Betty sets out after Johnny, being urged thus warmly by sick Susan,

"Nay, Betty, go! good Betty, go!
And how she ran, and how she walk'd,
And all that to herself she talk'd
Would surely be a tedious tale.

No doubt indeed!—Well, she sees Johnny in every object,

In bush, and brake, in black and green,
'Twas Johnny, Johnny, everywhere,

till at the doctor's door

She lifts the knocker, rap, rap, rap.

The doctor peeps out, "rubbing his old nightcap." Betty Foy did not care; and we are sure we would not, if it was a new Welsh wig the doctor rubbed. Well, she gets no tidings from the doctor, whom, as bad a messenger as her son, she forgets to send

To comfort poor old Susan Gale,

and passes on through the silent town, and on part of the road back, and yet she hears nothing, though like Fine-ear in the Fairy Tale, Mr. W. almost hears the grass growing. The owlets, "fond lovers," are shouting to each other, nearly, "yet not quite *hob nob*." Betty now is "bent on deadly sin." She perceives a pond, but she runs away from it,

Lest she should drown herself therein.

This is the best prescription that could be given to any person smitten with the insanity of drowning himself.

Well, Betty at length sits down; no doubt, 'twas time for her to rest. 'Tis a wonder Mr. W. with his usual interesting minuteness did not detail what she did as well as what she thought. Well, she thinks of the sagacity of the pony, and after that, if she met with fifty ponds, she would run away from them all. We are now very near getting an entire history of Johnny's adventures; but the Muses, to whom Mr. W. has been bound

These fourteen years, by strong indentures,

deny him their aid. Heaven knows he would have served this double apprenticeship very ill, if he had nothing to shew for it but *Johnny's Adventures*, and such like olios of folly, impertinence, and inanity. Still we are told what *Johnny might have been doing*, viz. he might ("no unlikely thought!") have been bringing a star home in his pocket, or, perhaps, like honest Jack when he hires a hack at Plymouth,

He's turn'd himself about,
His face unto his horse's tail—

or—or—or—but the Muses, most ungrateful hussies, whom Mr. W. "loved so well," and has served so long, reject his suit to tell half of what happened to *Johnny*.

But see with what a start of admiration the bard kens Johnny again. Behold the effective power of the passionate interrogatory:

Who's yon that near the waterfall
Sits upright on a feeding horse?

For a guinea, every reader knows as well as Mr. W. But there is a doubt whether every one will equally recognize him with that fervent warmth of the poet, with that mixed feeling of love and wonder so finely described in this line,

'Tis Johnny! Johnny! as I live.

To be sure, Betty knew him; she runs up, and Johnny *burrs* as usual. This shews Mr. Wordsworth's great art in the epocœia; it shews his power in the creation of character—one of the highest prerogatives of the poet. *Johnny* is the only hero, with whom we are acquainted, that preserves consistency of action throughout—he is equally *unique* in the beginning, middle, and end. *He burrs*. He is "*simplex duntarat et unus*." The following lines, expressive of Betty's joy on the recovery of Johnny, are really unequalled, in the entire range of the poetry of feeling, for simple pathos, delicate feeling, and real knowledge of the human heart and of human actions, caused by such situations as that of Betty Foy!!

And now she's at the pony's tail,
And now she's at the pony's head,
On that side now and now on this;

* * * *

She's happy here, she's happy there,
She is uneasy everywhere.

* * * *

She pats the pony, where or when
She knows not, happy Betty Foy!

After this unutterable joy, so unutterably described, Betty's short address, when, after the paroxysm of her feelings

had subsided, she regained the power of utterance,

"Oh! Johnny never mind the doctor,
You've done your best, and that is all—"

is admirably fine! There might be an essay written on the beauty, tenderness, and simplicity of it. To see its propriety it must be thus analyzed: Johnny was sent for the doctor; he loitered and *burred* away; did not bring the doctor; caused the most heart-rending uneasiness to Betty Foy; might have been the death of poor Susan Gale. It was natural from all this, that Betty might speak harshly to Johnny about the doctor. Some writers would make her do so; but Mr. W. with a deeper insight into the workings of the heart, does otherwise. She found her son whom she thought lost; her sudden joy banishes all the anxiety of her recent sorrows, and the true heart of the mother cries out with inexpressible truth and tenderness,

Oh! Johnny never mind the doctor;

and in the next line, with more accuracy of feeling, not only palliates, but strives to approve of his conduct—

You've done your best, and that is all.

She says no more; another word would spoil it.

Now Betty and Johnny and the pony, returning home, meet with—whom?

Who is it but old Susan Gale,

who comes hobbling up the road after them, being cured by the anxiety of her mind. Thus the poet describes it:

And as her mind grew worse and worse,
Her body it grew better.

Ye villagers, learn from all this to see the folly of engaging a doctor. Send a fool for him, and ye save the fees—it is enough. Let him not come, and ye are perfectly cured by taking a walk of a frosty night out of your warm bed in the height of a fever. The four travellers now wending homewards, Johnny tells all his adventures very briefly, "like a traveller bold."

(His very words I give to you)

"The cocks did crow *to-whoo, to-whoo*,
And the sun did shine so cold."

A good conception, in sooth, of idiotism, the cocks being the owls, that Johnny was listening to all night, and the sun the moon, which

—No doubt too he had seen,
For in the moonlight he had been
From eight o'clock till five.

No doubt indeed! if Johnny were

not stone-blind. Thus ends "*The Idiot boy*," "with the owls," for Mr. W.

With the owls began his son,
And with the owls must end.

Very right. It was a song as long, drawing, and disagreeable as the owl's hoot; they should cease their notes together. Yet the mention excites another association in the mind. The owl is Minerva's bird. Why should a tissue of idiocy and folly begin or end with any thing that could serve for an emblem of wisdom. *Betty Foy* is a happy name for a heroine. Who can object to it? Does not *Betty Foy* sound as well as *Lallah Rookh*? Will it not start a spirit as soon as *Lallah Rookh*? Yes, it will; but it will be the spirit of ridicule.

I think this enough to prove, what I would wish to prevent, the danger the poetical taste of this country is in, if such a system of poetry be tolerated; though with minds of a natural taste, or formed on just principles, it could be in no danger. I think I need analyze no more of these tuneful sillinesses. *Betty Foy* was specimen enough of folly and false simplicity—"ex uno disce omnes." Alice Fell, or her "wretched rag," which seems not to be a "*purpureus pannus*;" and "*Goody Blake and Harry Gill*" is really worth reading for a little information; for instance, a man can get a knowledge why coals are dear, and that they are so in Dorsetshire,

For they come far by wind and tide.

As also a man may learn, if he does not close his eyes, that he may have a chance of distinguishing objects:

And any man, who pass'd her door,
Might see how poor a hut she had.

As also that two poor old women live together in Dorsetshire in one small cottage, for the advantage

By the same fire to boil their pottage.

This is all we could glean from *Harry Gill's* chattering and blankets, &c. &c. except that industrious farmers should allow all the crones and gypsies in the country to tear down their hedges, made for the preservation of their crops and pasturage, lest their teeth should "chatter, chatter, chatter still," and lest all the wool in Great Britain should prove insufficient to keep them warm. A very pretty moral indeed!

I will quote the first stanza as a specimen of this precious production.

Oh! what's the matter? what's the matter?
What is't, that ails young Harry Gill?

That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still.
 Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
 Good duffle-gray, and flannel fine,
 He has a blanket on his back,
 And coats enough to smother nine.

This may be poetry—if it be so, and if it be with such Mr. W. thinks himself a “Hannibal among the Alps,” cutting his own road into the public taste, all I will add is, it is with stuff sourer than *vinegar* itself. But it is not for *such* Mr. W. is admired *now*, or will be so hereafter: it is for something else he is deservedly admired, and must be always increasing in admiration. I will have the vanity to say few can feel Mr. Wordsworth’s beauties more justly, or perhaps more intensely than I do, or appreciate them more highly; but I am not blind to his faults from my admiration of his excellencies. What I have done, I have done for a good purpose, unbiassed by any literary prejudice or base personality. The specimens I have chosen I think sufficient to point out his most glaring absurdities; though his “*White Doe*” would give rather a pleasant chace to the *stag-hounds* of criticism, and his *Pedlar* might be convicted of a great many *contraband commodities* both in poetry and philosophy; while in Peter Bell, his Pegasus seems to be haltered to the *waggon*.

We cannot well conceive either by what association of curious thinking Mr. Wordsworth can liken a daisy in one place to Saint Peter or Saint Paul, which he does in thus addressing that flower:

Thou wanderest the wide world about,
 Uncheck’d by pride or scrupulous doubt,
 With friends to greet thee, or without
 Yet pleased and willing;
 Meek-yielding to the occasion’s call,
 And all things suffering from all,
Thy function apostolical
 In peace fulfilling.

And in another place to Polyphemus! By the way, this daisy puts me in mind of Burns. Let the *Lakers* learn true simplicity from him. His “Mountain Daisy” is worth all the daisies in Westmoreland; nay it and its little “neeber” lark are worth all the “Gardens of Gul,” with all the enamoured bulbs, in the entire range of European Orientalism.

The chief reason, I think, of these fanciful and ridiculous oddities appearing so often in Mr. W. and his Brethren of the Lakes, is, that they write down every foolish and fantastical idea that flits over a poetical mind—in fine, every idea,

good, bad, or indifferent, that occurs to them from the most distant affinities, the most of which should have been only for a moment laughed at by themselves and then forgotten, and not be registered as sillinesses to be laughed at by a nation. The greatest minds may unbend and trifle in private; but trifling will never contribute to the enhancement of poetical or public character. I could quote a great many of those fanciful follies, but I abstain. There is one curious thought which struck me very much; it may be admired at first sight, but if looked into it will be discovered to be very incongruous, calling an infant’s smiles “*feelers of love*.” What affinity is there between a child’s innocent seraph smiles and the disgusting members of some loathed reptile or insect?

There is a great propensity to such thoughts in the Lake poetry. Mr. Wordsworth tells us, it is in the fine arts, as in the affairs of life, and as in the scriptural apothegm, no man can obey two masters. Lord Byron tells us openly, we “must not set up Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey.” And I think a little “*Anthropomorphism*,” or some sort of *morphism*, is necessary for our heathen imaginations, ere we can worship them. We cannot adore that *unknown poetical god*, living in the cloudy imaginations of the Bards of the Lakes. If we must be made intellectual Ixions of—to embrace a cloud—we must at least be tempted by the phantom of Juno. Mr. Wordsworth has gone far to prove that every great and original mind must create that taste by which its productions are to be appreciated and admired. We will allow that Mr. Wordsworth is a master-spirit, and has given a tone to the most of the poetical writings of this age. We should be glad to see his intuitive knowledge of the human heart, his holy communion between the phenomena of the external universe and the internal feelings, when it does not dive into mysticism, imitated; but we must protest against the taste, that would adopt his idiocy, his affectation, his riddling and ridiculous rusticity. We (I mean the literary and poetical world, assured of their sameness of thinking on this subject,) should be sorry to find the sweet chirpings of the grasshoppers, or the divine harmonies of the nightingales of the English poesy, turned into the hoarse and ominous croakings of *Win-andermere frogs*.

Now one word to the School in gene-

ral, and I have done. Let them beware of that inanity, affectation, babyism, and adopted meanness, which are well calculated "to humble" but not "to humanize, purify, or exalt" the human heart, in the minor species of their poetry, and they will be the most pleasing pastoral writers that ever piped on the Arcadian reed. Let them beware of mysticism in the higher order, and we shall see poetry that can claim the true title of sublimity, and not that wild and wayward mysticism, which like Wordsworth's description of the cuckoo, is but "*a wandering voice*," "*a thing invisible*," "*a mystery*," a mystery indeed, so obscure, that we often have not even the shadow, much less the substance of sense; and striving

as they do each to outrun the other in this obscurity, they often remind us of those magicians who had lost their shadows. We hear the devil often amused himself in hunting the students in magic, and he often ran them so close, that though at the end perhaps he missed the person of the hindmost, yet he sometimes *nicked* their shadows, and those who lost their shadows were generally accounted the best magicians; so among the *Lakers*, they are generally the best who soar into the undefined and interminable region of abstraction, and who have lost in the vacuum not only their substance but their shadows. In the race of obscurity, their motto seems to be, on the plan of the magicians,—The devil take the hindmost!

LETTERS TO MR. MALTHUS, ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY,
AND PARTICULARLY ON THE GENERAL STAGNATION OF COMMERCE.

BY M. SAY.

LETTER II.

SIR,

I THINK I have proved in my first letter that produce can only be purchased with produce; I do not therefore yet see any reason to abandon the doctrine, that it is production which opens a market to production. I have indeed considered as produce all the services arising from our personal capacities, from our capitals, and our lands; which has obliged me to sketch anew, and in other terms, the doctrine of production, which Smith evidently did not comprehend, and has not completely described.

But on reading again the third section of your 7th chapter, I feel that there is still a point on which you will not agree with me. You will probably grant that produce can only be bought with produce; but you will persist in maintaining that people may create a quantity of produce of all sorts exceeding their occasions, and that consequently part of this produce may not be used or wanted; that there may be a superabundance and glut of all commodities at once. In order to present your objection in its full force, I shall transform it into a sensible image, by saying: Mr. Malthus will readily allow that 100 sacks of corn will buy 100 pieces of stuff, in a society which has occasion for those quantities of stuff and corn for its raiment and food; but if the same society should happen to produce

200 sacks of corn and 200 pieces of stuff, although these two commodities may still be exchangeable for each other, he will maintain that one of them will no longer find purchasers. It is therefore necessary for me to prove, first, that whatever may be the quantity of produce and the consequent depression of price, a quantity of produce of one species always suffices to enable those who have produced it to acquire a quantity of produce of another species; and after proving that the possibility of acquiring exists, I shall endeavour to shew how the superabundance of produce creates a demand for it, for the purpose of consumption.

The undertaker who produces corn, or the farmer, after having purchased the productive services of the land and capital which he employs, and of his labourers, and added to these services that of his own personal labour, has consumed all those values to convert them into sacks of corn; let us suppose that each sack stands him in thirty shillings, including the value of his own labour, that is to say, his profit. On the other hand the undertaker who produces stuffs of linen, woollen, or cotton, the manufacturer, after having consumed in like manner the services of his capital, those of his workmen and his own, has produced stuffs which stand him in thirty shillings the piece. If I may be permitted to jump at once to the main point of the inquiry, I will

premise that this manufacturer of stuffs represents in my mind the producers of manufactured produce, and this grower of corn the producers of all provisions and raw materials. The question is, whether their two articles of produce, to whatever quantities they may be multiplied, and whatever depression of price may result from that multiplication, may be wholly purchased by the producers, who are also the consumers; and how the demand for articles always increases on account of an increase in the quantity produced.

We must first inquire into the course of things upon the hypothesis of a perfect liberty, permitting the unrestrained and indefinite multiplication of productions; and afterwards examine the obstacles which the nature of things and the imperfect laws of society oppose to this liberty of indefinite production; but you will remark that the hypothesis of indefinite liberty is more favourable to your cause, because it is much more difficult to dispose of unlimited produce than that which is restricted; and that the hypothesis of restricted production owing sometimes to one cause and sometimes to another, is more favourable to mine, which supports the doctrine, that these restrictions are the very causes which, by limiting certain productions, impede the purchases which might be made of the only productions which can be indefinitely multiplied.

Upon the hypothesis, then, of perfect liberty, suppose the grower brings to market a sack of corn, which including his profit comes to thirty francs, and the manufacturer brings a piece of stuff which comes to the same price, and consequently these productions will be exchanged at par*. Of these two dealers, if one have gained more than his costs of production, he will draw into his line of business a part of the persons occupied in the production of the other article, until in both arts productive services shall be equally well paid: this is an effect generally allowed.

Here we ought to observe, that upon this supposition, the producers of the piece of stuff have together gained wherewith to repurchase that entire

piece, or to buy any other product of equal value. If, for instance, it amounts to thirty francs, including the profit of the manufacturer at the rate fixed by himself and all other expenses, this sum is distributed amongst all the persons concerned in the production of the piece of stuff; but in unequal shares, according to the nature and amount of the services which they have rendered in the operation of its production. If the piece contain ten yards, he who has received six francs can buy two yards of it; he who has received thirty sous can only buy half a yard: but all of them together can certainly buy the whole piece. If, instead of the stuff, they wish to buy the corn, they are able together to purchase the whole quantity, since its value is the same with that of the stuff; so each of them can purchase, according to their respective occasions, either a part of the piece of stuff, or an equivalent portion of the sack of corn. He who has received for his services in either of these productions six francs, may use three francs in the purchase of a tenth part of the piece of stuff, and three francs in buying a tenth of the corn; in all cases it is clear that the producers possess collectively the means of acquiring the whole of the produce.

Here, Sir, I meet your objections. If commodities increase, or wants diminish, you say, commodities fall to a price too low to pay the labour requisite for their production.

In proceeding to answer this assertion, I wish to premise, that if I consent to employ your word *labour*, which, according to the explanation given in my former letter, is incomplete, I shall comprehend under that denomination, not only the productive services of a workman and his master, but the productive services rendered by capital and land; services which have their price, as well as personal labour, and a price so strictly real, that the capitalist and the landholder live upon it.

This point being understood, I answer you in the first place, that the depression of the price of produce, does not prevent the growers or manufacturers from purchasing the labour requisite for its production, or any other equivalent labour. In the case we have put, suppose by an improved process, the grower to produce a double quantity of corn, and the manufacturer a double quantity of stuffs; and the corn and stuffs to fall to half their prices; what will follow? The producers of corn

* Does not the farmer who sells a sack of corn for thirty francs, and buys a piece of calico at thirty francs, exchange his corn for the stuff; and does not the manufacturer who buys a sack of corn at thirty francs, being the price of his piece of stuff, exchange that piece for a sack of corn?

will receive for the same services as before, two sacks worth only what one sack was before worth. In the exchange called production, the same services will have respectively obtained a double quantity of produce; but these double quantities may be acquired by each other as before, and as easily as ever; so that, without a greater expense in productive services, a nation in which this productive faculty should be thus developed would have double the quantity of commodities for consumption; whether in corn, stuffs, or any other articles; as we have agreed to represent by corn and stuffs, all things of which men stand in need for their support and accommodation. Produce in such an exchange is opposed to productive services; now as in every exchange, the value of one of the terms is greater in proportion to the greater quantity of the other which it obtains, it follows that productive services are increased in value in proportion as the produce is increased in quantity, and diminished in price. This is the reason why the reduction of the price of produce, by increasing the value of the productive funds of a nation and of the revenues derived thence, augments the national wealth. I think this demonstration, which may be seen at length in my *Traité d'Economie Politique* (4th edition, book ii. ch. 3.), has done some service to science, by elucidating what previously had been felt, but not explained; that is to say, that although wealth is an exchangeable value, the general wealth is increased by the low price of commodities and produce of all sorts*.

Probably it never happened that the productive power of labour was suddenly doubled with respect to produce of every kind at once; but a gradual augmentation with respect to many articles, and in various proportions, has undoubtedly

* This demonstration, by the bye, completely overthrows an assertion of Mr. Malthus, that *cheapness is always at the expense of profits* (p. 370), and consequently all the reasoning which he has built on this foundation. It is also fatal to all that part of Mr. Ricardo's doctrine, in which he flatters himself that he has proved, that the costs of production, and not the proportion of supply and demand, regulates the prices of goods. He identifies the costs of production with the produce itself, whereas they are completely opposed to each other, and the former are diminished in proportion to the increase of the latter.

occurred. Among the antients, a purple cloak equal in fineness and size, solidity of texture and beauty of colour, to one of ours, cost unquestionably more than double the modern price; and I have no doubt that the corn paid for labour fell in value at least half at the unknown period of the invention of the plough. These articles of produce, costing less labour, were given for what they cost, without any one being a loser; while all gained in their revenues by the event.

But to return to the first part of your objection. *The growers of corn and makers of stuffs will then produce more corn and stuffs than they can consume.* Ah! my good Sir, after having proved that notwithstanding a fall of one half in the value of produce, the same labour may purchase the whole of it, and thereby procure an increase of as much again in the necessaries and luxuries of life, can it be necessary for me to prove to the justly celebrated author of the *Essay on Population*, that whatever is produced will find consumers, and that among the enjoyments procured by the quantity of produce which men can command, they set some value on the comforts of a home, and the affections of children? After having written three justly admired volumes to prove that population always rises to the level of the means of subsistence, is it possible that you have admitted the case of a great augmentation of produce, with a stationary number of consumers, and wants limited by parsimony? (p. 355.)

In this case, either the author of the "*Essay on Population*," or the author of "*Principles of Political Economy*" must be in the wrong. But every thing convinces us that it is not the former who is mistaken. Experience, as well as reasoning, demonstrates that a production, an article necessary or agreeable to man, is only rejected when people have not the means of paying for it. These means of purchasing are precisely what establish the demand for produce, and give it a price. Not to want an useful thing, is not to be able to buy it. And what occasions this inability to purchase? The privation of that which creates wealth: the privation of industry, land, or capital.

As soon as men are provided with the means of producing, they appropriate their productions to their wants; for production itself is an exchange, in which we offer productive means, and demand in return the thing of which we

are most in need. To create a thing which no one wanted, would be creating something worthless : it would not be production. But the moment it has a value, its author may exchange it for other commodities which he may wish to procure.

This faculty of exchange, peculiar to man among all animals, adapts all sorts of produce to their appropriate demands, and enables man to derive his support, not from the species of his productions, but from their value.

The difficulty, you will say, is to create produce equivalent to the costs of its production. This I well know ; and in my next letter, you will find what I think on the subject. But upon the hypothesis which we have already supposed, of the freedom of industry, permit me to point out that the only difficulty we find in creating produce worth the costs of its production, arises from the high demands of the vendors of productive services. Now the high price of productive services denotes that what is required, exists ; namely, that there are employments the produce of which suffices to repay the costs of production.

You charge those who entertain the same opinions with me, with attaching no consequence to that general and very important influence of man's disposition to indolence and inactivity, (p. 358). You suppose the case that men after having produced the means of satisfying their primary and most urgent wants, would prefer to have nothing farther to do, the love of repose overbalancing in their minds the desire of enjoyment. This supposition is all in my favour. What do I say ? That things are only sold to those who produce. Why are objects of luxury not sold to an idle farmer who chooses to lead an inactive life ? Because he prefers idleness to the trouble of producing the means of purchasing objects of luxury. Whatever be the cause which limits production, whether the want of capital or of population, of diligence or liberty, the effect is, in my opinion, the same ; the productions which are offered on one side are not sold, because sufficient commodities are not produced on the other.

You consider the indolence which refuses to produce as directly impeding the sale of productions, and I entirely agree with you on that point. But then, how can you look on the indolence of those whom you call *unproductive consumers*, as favourable to the same

sale, (c. vii. sect. 9). " It is absolutely necessary," you say, (page 463) " that a country which has great means of production should possess a numerous body of unproductive consumers." How can that unproductive indolence, which is prejudicial to the markets in the former case, be favourable to them in the latter ?

The fact is, this indolence is injurious to them in both cases. Whom do you designate by this numerous body of unproductive consumers, so necessary, according to you, for the sale of produce ? Is it the proprietors of lands and capitals ? Undoubtedly they do not directly produce, but their property does it for them. They consume the value to the production of which their lands and capitals have contributed. They therefore assist in production, and can only make purchases by means of this assistance. If they also contribute their personal services, and join to their profits as capitalists and landholders other profits as labourers, they can, by thus producing more, consume more ; but it is not in their non-productive capacity that they increase the markets for the sale of productions.

Do you allude to public functionaries, the military, and fund-holders ? Still it is not on account of their non-productive quality that they increase the demand for produce. I am far from disputing the legitimacy of the emoluments which they receive ; but I cannot believe that those who are taxed would be much embarrassed with their money even were they deprived of the assistance of these receivers of contributions : either their wants would be more amply satisfied, or they would employ this same money in a reproductive manner. In either case the money would be spent, and would promote the sale of some produce equal in value to what is now bought by those whom you call unproductive consumers. Confess then, Sir, that it is not through the unproductive consumers that sales are promoted, but by the productions of those who contribute to their expenses ; and that even should all the unproductive consumers vanish, which heaven forbid, there would not be a pennyworth the less sold.

I know not on what foundation you decide (page 356), that production cannot continue if the value of the commodities pays for but little labour beyond what they cost. It is by no means necessary to the continuance of produc-

tion that produce should be worth more than the costs of its production. When an undertaking is begun with a capital of a hundred thousand francs, if it produce to the same value, it is sufficient to enable the proprietors to recommence their operations. Where then, say you, are the profits of the producers? The whole capital has served to pay them*; and it is the price which has been paid for them which has formed the revenues of all the producers. If the produce which has been obtained be worth only one hundred thousand francs, there is the capital re-established, and all the producers are paid†.

I do not hesitate to strengthen your objection, by expressing it thus:—"Though each of the commodities may have cost in production the same quantity of labour and capital, and may be equal in value to each other, yet they may both be so abundant that they will not purchase more labour than they have cost. In this case, can production go on? Unquestionably not." And why not, I pray? Why could not farmers and manufacturers, who had produced goods respectively to the amount of sixty francs in cheese and stuffs, and would, as I have demonstrated, be able to purchase the whole of those commodities, sufficient for their wants—why could they not recommence their operations after making such purchases and consuming the articles bought? They would have the same lands, the same capitals, the same industry as before; they would be precisely where they began; and they

* Some people imagine that when capital is employed in an undertaking, the portion of this capital which is employed in purchasing raw materials, is not employed in purchasing productive services. This is an error. Raw material itself is a product, which has no other value than that which has been imparted to it by productive services, which have made it a product, a value. When raw material is of no value, it occupies no part of capital: when it must be paid for, this payment is only to reimburse the productive services which have created its value.

† The profits which are made by a person who carries on any undertaking, are the salary of the labour and talents which he exerts in the business. He only continues this business while it produces such a salary that he cannot expect a better in any other employment. He is one of the necessary producers, and his profits form part of the necessary charges of production,

would have lived and been supported by the sale of their productive services. What more is requisite for the preservation of society? The great phenomenon of production analyzed and viewed in its proper light, explains all.

After the fear which you have testified, Sir, lest the produce of society should exceed in quantity what it can and will consume, it is natural that you should behold with terror its capitals increasing by parsimony; for the endeavour to employ capital causes an augmentation of produce—new sources of accumulation—whence new productions arise: in short you seem to fear that we should be suffocated beneath the overwhelming mass of our riches; which alarming prospect, I confess, I do not perceive.

Was it for you, Sir, to renew the popular prejudices against those who do not expend their incomes in objects of luxury? You allow (p. 351), that no permanent increase of wealth can take place without a previous increase of capital; you allow (p. 352), that those who labour are consumers, as well as the inactive consumers; and yet you fear that if accumulation goes on, it will be impossible to consume the still increasing quantity of commodities produced by these new labourers (p. 353).

It is necessary to annihilate your empty fears; but first permit me one reflection on the subject of modern political economy. It is of a nature to afford some light to guide us on our way.

What is it that distinguishes us from the political economists of the school of Quesnay? It is the scrupulous care with which we observe the concatenation of the facts which relate to wealth: it is the rigorous exactness which we impose on ourselves in describing them. Now, in order to see and to describe clearly, one must to the utmost of one's power remain a passive spectator. Not that we may not, ought not, indeed, sometimes to sigh at those operations pregnant with ruinous effects of which we are often the sad and impotent witnesses: is the philanthropic historian prohibited from indulging in the mournful reflections to which political iniquity continually leads his mind? Our duty to the public is to inform it how and why one fact is the consequence of another. If it approves or fears the consequence, that is sufficient; it knows then what to do; *but no exhortations.*

Accordingly it appears to me, that I

ought by no means to preach up parsimony because I am a follower of Adam Smith; and that you should refrain from boasting the advantages of dissipation, although you think with Lord Lauderdale. Let us confine ourselves to observing the manner in which things succeed, and are connected with each other in the accumulation of capitals.

In the first place, it is to be observed that the greater number of accumulations are necessarily slow in their progress. Every one, whatever be his income, has to live before he can save; and what I here call living, is in general more expensive in proportion to the greater wealth of the party. In most cases and professions the support of a family and its establishment in life demands the whole income, and often the capital besides; and when there are some yearly savings, they are generally in a very small proportion to the capital actually employed. A man of business, with a hundred thousand francs and a calling, gains, in ordinary cases, from twelve to fifteen thousand francs per annum. Now with that capital, and a business of equal value, that is to say, with a fortune of two hundred thousand francs, he is economical if he only spends ten thousand; he then saves annually only five thousand francs, or the twentieth part of his capital.

If this fortune be divided, as it often is, between two persons, one of whom supplies the capital, the other the industry, the saving will be still much less; because in this case two families are to live upon the united profits of the capital and industry, instead of one.* None but very great fortunes, of whatever nature, can allow great savings; and very great fortunes are rare in all countries. Therefore capital can never augment with a rapidity capable of producing sudden revolutions, or shocks in industrious pursuits.

I am insensible of the fears which caused you to say, (p. 357,) "That a country is always exposed to an increase of the funds destined to the support of the laborious class, more rapid than the increase of the laborious class itself." Neither am I afraid of the enormous overgrowth of produce which can result

from the naturally slow increase of capital. On the contrary, I see these new capitals, and the revenues which issue out of them, distribute themselves in the most advantageous way, amongst the persons engaged in production. First, the capitalist, by augmenting his capital, increases his income, which invites him to multiply his enjoyments. A capital increased in the course of the year, purchases the following year a few more industrious services than before. These services being thus more in demand, are a little better paid; a greater number of labourers find employment and reward for their capabilities. They labour, and consume unproductively the produce of their labour; so that, if there is more produce created in consequence of this augmentation of capital, there is also more produce consumed. Now what is this but an increase of prosperity?

You say, (p. 352, 360,) "That if savings are made only with a view to increase capital—if capitalists do not add to their enjoyments by augmenting their incomes, they have no sufficient motive to save; for men do not save merely through philanthropy, and to make industry prosper." This is true, but what conclusion do you wish to draw from hence. If they save, I say that they promote industry and production, and that this increase of produce is distributed in the most advantageous manner to the public. If they do not save, I know not how to help it: but you cannot conclude from this that producers will be better off, for what the capitalists would have saved would nevertheless have been equally spent. In expending it unproductively, the expenditure will not have been increased in amount. As to riches accumulated instead of being reproductively consumed, such as the sums amassed in the miser's coffers, neither Smith nor I, nor any one, undertakes their defence; but they cause very little alarm, being always very inconsiderable, compared with the productive capitals of a nation; and their consumption being only suspended. All treasures get spent at last, productively or otherwise.

I cannot perceive on what account you look upon reproductive expenditure, as that which is occasioned by digging canals, building shipping, constructing machines, paying artists and artisans, as less favourable to produce than unproductive expenditure, or that which has for its object only the per-

* This happens in France much more frequently than in England, where the rate of the profits of industry and interest of capital is too low in ordinary employments, to allow the former without capital to support a family.

sonal gratification of the spender. You say, (p. 363,) "As long as cultivators are disposed to consume the objects of luxury produced by manufacturers, and manufacturers the objects of luxury produced by cultivators, all is well. But if both these classes were disposed to economise, with a view to better their condition and to provide for the establishment of their families, it would be a very different case." That is to say, I presume, that all would go wrong! "The farmer, instead of indulging in ribbons, laces, and velvet, would content himself with the most simple clothing; but his economy would deprive the manufacturer of the means of buying so great a quantity of his produce, and he would no longer find a sale for the produce of lands where no labour or improvement had been spared. If the manufacturer, on his part, instead of gratifying his taste by the consumption of sugar, raisins, and tobacco, wished to hoard up for the future, he would be unable to do it on account of the parsimony of the farmer, and the absence of a demand for manufactures."

And a little farther on, (p. 365,) "The population necessary for supplying clothing to such a society, with the help of machinery, would be reduced to a trifling amount, and would absorb but a small part of the produce of a rich and well-cultivated territory. There would evidently be a general failure of demand both for produce and population. And whilst it is certain that an appropriate desire for consumption (unproductive) would preserve a just proportion between the supply and demand, whatever might be the power of production, it does not seem less clear that a passion for saving must inevitably tend to a production of commodities exceeding what the organization and habits of such a society would allow it to consume."

You go so far as to ask what would become of commodities, if every species of consumption, except that of bread and water, were suspended for only six

months;* and you address this question to me, personally.

In this passage and the foregoing, you assume implicitly as fact, that produce saved is abstracted from every species of consumption; although in all these discussions, in all the writings you attack, in those of Adam Smith, of Mr. Ricardo, in mine, and even in your own,† it is laid down that produce saved is so much subtracted from unproductive consumption to be added to capital, that is to say, to the value that is consumed reproductively. "What would become of commodities, if every species of consumption, except that of bread and water, were suspended for six months?" Why, Sir, there would still be an equal quantity sold; for, after all, what would be thereby added to the sum of capital would buy meat, beer, coats, shirts, shoes, furniture, for that class of producers whose savings had so enabled them to make purchases. But if they were to live on bread and water in order not to use their savings? That is to say, you suppose them to oblige themselves to a general and extravagant fast from mere wantonness, and without any object whatever!

What would you reply, Sir, to him who should place among the derangements that might happen in society, the case of the moon's falling on the earth? The thing is not physically impossible; it would only be requisite that the course of that planet in its orbit should be suspended, or only impeded by meeting with a comet. Nevertheless, I suspect you would be apt to discover something like impertinence in such a proposition; and I must own I think you would be very excusable.

Philosophy, indeed, does not reject the method of carrying principles to their extreme consequences, in order to exaggerate and discover their errors; but this exaggeration itself is an error when the nature of things themselves presents continually increasing obstacles to the supposed excess, and thus renders the supposition inadmissible.

* "What an accumulation of produce! what prodigious markets, according to M. Say, (says Mr. Malthus,) such an event would open!" The learned professor here totally mistakes the meaning of the word accumulation: accumulation is not non-consumption; it is the substitution of reproductive consumption for that which is unproductive. Besides, I never said that a product *saved* was a market opened; I said that a product *made* was a market opened for another product; and that is true, whether the value of it be unproductively consumed, or whether it be added to the savings of its proprietor, that is to say, to the reproductive expenditure which he intends to make.

† It must be allowed that produce annually saved is as regularly consumed as that which is annually expended, but it is consumed by other persons.—*Malthus' Principles of Political Economy*, p. 81.

To the disciples of Adam Smith, who think that saving is beneficial, you oppose the inconveniencies of an excessive saving; but here the excess carries its remedy along with it. Wherever capital becomes too abundant, the interest which capitalists derive from it becomes too small to balance the privations which they incur by their economy. It becomes more and more difficult to find good securities for investing money, which is then placed in foreign securities. The simple course of nature stops many accumulations. A great part of those which occur in families in good circumstances are stopped the moment it becomes necessary to provide for the establishment of children. The incomes of the fathers being reduced by this circumstance, they lose the means of accumulating at the same time that they lose part of the motives which induced them to save. Many accumulations are also stopped at the decease of the proprietor. An estate is divided amongst the heirs and legatees, whose situation is different from that of the deceased, and who often dissipate part of the inheritance instead of increasing it. That portion which the fiscal department seizes is very sure to be dissipated, for the state does not employ it reproductively.

The prodigality and inexperience of many individuals who lose part of their capitals in ill-concerted schemes requires to be balanced by the economy of many others. Every thing tends to convince

us, that in what respects accumulation, as well as other matters, there is much less danger in leaving things to take their natural course, than in endeavouring to give them a forced direction.

You say, (p. 495,) "That in some cases it is contrary to sound principles of political economy to advise saving. I repeat, Sir, that sound political economy is not apt to advise; it shews what a capital judiciously employed adds to the power of industry, in the same manner as sound agricultural knowledge teaches what a well-managed irrigation adds to the power of the soil; and after this it leaves to the world the truths which it demonstrates; of which every one is to avail himself according to his intelligence and capacity.

All that is required, Sir, of a man so enlightened as yourself, is not to propagate the popular error, that prodigality is more favourable to produce than economy.* Mankind is already but too much disposed to sacrifice the future to the present. The principle of all amelioration is, on the contrary, the sacrifice of momentary temptations to future welfare. This is the first foundation of all virtue as well as of all wealth. The man who loses his character by violating a trust; he who ruins his health by giving way to his desires; and he who spends to-day his means of gain for to-morrow, are all equally deficient in economy: hence it has been said, with much reason, that vice is at bottom only a bad calculation.

RECOLLECTIONS.

"There is no man who has not some interesting associations with particular scenes, or airs, or broke, and who does not feel their beauty or sublimity enhanced to him by such connections."—*Alison*.

"WHEN I passed Bakewell," says a German traveller, who was visiting England, "I came by the side of a broad river, to a small eminence, where a fine cultivated field lay before me. This field, all at once, made an indescribable and very pleasing impression on me; which at first I could not account for; till I recollected having seen in my childhood, near the village where I was educated, a situation strikingly similar to that now before me in England." Feelings like these are amongst our

richest and most valuable stores. There are, and there must be, in every man's life, certain periods and incidents, the remembrance of which is full of pleasant and happy sensations. There is not a single person however sullied and tainted with crime and wretchedness he now is, who cannot look back to the time of his early childhood—the days of his innocence and his happiness—with some throbs of anguish indeed when he reflects upon the change, yet with feelings, in the existence of which

* "When there is more capital than is necessary in a country, to recommend saving is contrary to all principles of political economy. It is like recommending marriage to a people perishing with famine." Principles of Political Economy, p. 495. How came Mr. Malthus not to perceive that marriage gives birth to children, and consequently to new wants; whilst capitals have no wants, but on the contrary possess the means of satisfying them.

all the better part of his nature is implicated. To those whose contemplations have not the same alloy, the remembrance of their young days furnishes unmingled satisfaction and delight.

There are however, besides the memory of our childish hours, a thousand sweet recollections which occasionally arise in the mind, of scenes and faces, and feelings, over which we pause and ponder. The practice is excellent, for it makes us both happier and wiser. No pleasures of which vice is the basis can stand the test of time. At the moment of perturbed excitement they may bear the semblance of delight, but in the lapse of years their false plumes will drop away. They will not stand the ordeal of quiet meditation. Our better and more innocent actions, on the contrary, like mountains when we are receding from them, grow more beautiful by distance, and we reflect on them with updiminished satisfaction. Independently however of the true and lasting delight which must always flow from the memory of good deeds, there are certain reminiscences which seem given to us as the heaven in which the shades of our departed joys are to reside, and where they become more pure and more delightful than in their earthly reality—reminiscences, the value of which does not arise from the consciousness of virtuous action, but from the light which some of the sweetest feelings of our nature, even though they should be perished for ever, leave upon our soul. Amongst these the chief are, the memory of our childish days and sports, when the heart was completely gay, the intenser interest of early love, the deep and dearly-valued attachments of relationship, the unalienable bonds of ancient friendship, and lastly, the strange and tender affection which the heart conceives for those inanimate objects to which it has become habituated.

There is something in the character of childhood upon which the heart always dwells with delight. It is then that

—guiltless beyond Hope's imagining,

the purity and innocence of our first parents seems reviving upon earth. In general throughout creation youth is happiness. What is so beautiful as the spring-tide of the year, when the trees are putting forth their tender bright green leaves? What period of the day can be compared with the freshness and soft brilliancy of the morning?—too

often shadowed ere night with clouds and darkness! The young of all animals seem at this time to enjoy a period of perfect felicity, and the gaiety and sprightliness of the lamb and the kitten have passed into a proverb. The spirits of a child are equally light. In every stage of after-life the remembrance of these feelings carries a delight with it which the memory of later days, too often mingled with the consciousness of crime or error, cannot supply. Even the follies and the faults of infancy are of so light a dye that we can look back upon them without sorrow. It is no wonder then, that this period of life should have been so frequently dwelt upon by poets as a theme well suited to draw out all the "linked sweetness" of their art. It is a healthy employment for the heart and the affections to meditate on this part of our lives; for if we love to think of virtue and innocence, it is impossible that we can be entirely the slaves of vice. "Suffer little children to come unto me," says our Saviour, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Yet it cannot be said that there is no suffering in infancy, for the sorrows of the child are to it very severe. A child has many tormentors: nurses—strong and tyrannical play-fellows, who impute their weakness of mind and body, as Edgeworth relates of a schoolfellow of his who seized him and smeared his mouth with some hog's-lard, which he told him was the fat of a dead man—and "last not least" in fear, that awful abstract of authority—the schoolmaster himself! The heart of no human creature ever beats with more terror, than that of a delinquent school-boy beneath the enraged eye of his pedagogue. It is a fine representation of absolute power and unlimited submission. When we attain our majority, however, these terrors leave us like our dread of ghosts; and as we joke and laugh with him in whose presence we formerly trembled, we begin to think our fears were all of them very shadowy and unsubstantial. It is the same with most of the griefs and misfortunes of childhood, which in our graver years make us wonder at the effect which they formerly had on our nerves. The remembrance of such pains and troubles does not therefore detract from the pleasure with which we turn our eyes backwards to our boyish days. Of the peculiar delights of that time it is unnecessary to speak. Every one will recollect his holidays and half-holidays; his little garden, or

his poultry-yard, his rabbits or his singing-birds, and the thousand other harmless amusements and employments which used to make a long summer's day seem only one hour of enjoyment. Nor will it be necessary to mention the names of these ancient games on which the very learned Martinus Scriblerus has left so full a commentary—the *Apodidascinda*, or pass in the corner, the game of chuck-farthing, which Julius Pollux calls *Omilla*, and the building of houses and riding upon sticks, *Ædificare casas, Equitare in arundine longa*, which, says the same learned author, have been used by children in all ages; though he doubts whether the riding on sticks did not come into use after the age of the Centaurs.

Of our next recollection, the highest, and heavenliest of any, we know not whether we can or ought to speak in dull prose; and yet should we touch our lyre, the harping of its strings would, we are afraid, be sadly unworthy of the theme, and, we hope, of the taste of our readers. It is not however a subject which suits with the solid and grave appearance which a closely-printed page of prose wears; and we must therefore entreat pardon if the symmetry of our next page or two should be broken with the number of beautiful quotations which even now begin to hasten from our pen. The "soote season," the May of our life, the time

"When passion first waked a new life through our frame,

And our soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,

Gave out all its sweets to Love's exquisite flame," is the true food for *reverie*, as the French call it, and always continues to be, until the spirit is blighted in the atmosphere of the world, and the world's crimes have "brushed from the grape its soft hue," and left in the place of the purest feelings of our nature vanity, and anguish, and ashes. The writer to whom the above lines belong, is the true poet of youth, with much or most of its follies and giddy-headedness, but with all its sparkling enchantment and bounding life. He knows the windings of a young heart as well as any one, and he tells us that the halloved form of a first love

"Lingering haunts the greenest spot
In memory's waste."

It is indeed a relic of Eden, an *organic remain* of that former world in which innocence and happiness were the portion of humanity. This recollection is

the sweetest of our life. It was not well in a fair authoress to say

"Time steals on in silence to efface
Of early love each pure and holy trace."

But it is vain in us to attempt to describe those feelings of which the human heart and the works of our best poets are full.

Mr. Godwin says that a man's relations ought to find no more favour in his eyes than any one else. For our own part we must say, and we think our readers will agree with us, that there is a something in the heart, call it affection, habit, or prejudice, with which we regard those who have given us life, and those with whom we have enjoyed it, that we are neither able nor willing to transfer to the first man or woman we may happen to meet in Fleet-street; and we must confess that were our father and the archbishop of Canterbury upset in a boat, we should feel very much inclined to save the former at the expense of the latter, even though his Grace's life were of infinitely more importance to the state. Nature has not given us such feelings in vain, and we may safely follow them as the true guides to virtue and happiness. In the indulgence of them indeed some of the finest and purest pleasures of life are to be found. The man who does not remember with tender regret the circle of well-known and cheerful faces which used to assemble round his father's fire-side—the man who has forgotten the countenances of his own kindred, should look well to his heart, for he may depend upon it, that if his memory fail him in this point, all is not well within. The parental and the filial affections are perhaps the most enduring of our nature, embracing as they do all the strong holds, which benefits conferred and received without any worldly sense of obligation to rouse pride or jealousy, are the means of securing. It is an unfortunate feeling of our nature, that we cannot with unmixed pleasure look on the face of a benefactor; the integrity of man revolts at the idea of receiving an obligation which he has not deserved; his pride, his just pride, is roused at enjoying benefits to which his merits have not entitled him; and it is in vain that his generous friend assures him that he does not seek, and will not receive, a return. No high and honourable man can feel a pleasure in reaping where he has not sown; and the most delicately conferred favours are nothing more than

the donations of charity, where the person benefitted is incapable of making a return. But none of these feelings, which are so favourable to independence of character, have place between a father and a son, or where a brother receives a kindness at the hand of a brother. The receiver then accepts it freely, because he knows and feels that he should be equally ready to bestow, and the gift itself is made, in the language of the lawyers, "in consideration of natural love and affection." All the ties of friendship may be dissolved by unkindness or forgetfulness; but the bonds of relationship, however they may be loosened by time or circumstance, can never be wholly broken. We scarcely remember any where a finer picture of maternal tenderness than the story of the Widow and her Son (in the first volume of the Sketch-Book)*, which is a fine portraiture of these beautiful affections of our existence. There is indeed

—"No sanctity of touch like that
Wherewith a father blesses the bent head
Of an affectionate and gentle child."

The recollections of ancient friendship give rise to some of the pleasantest feelings which we are capable of experiencing. Friendship arises out of the resemblance of characters and circumstances, and in general where these are incompatible no true affection can exist. If the truth were to be told, perhaps it might be said that friendship is only an extension of the principle of self-love, and that we are attached to others only because in many points they resemble ourselves. But whatever may be the truth of the case, we shall not enter into a disquisition on the subject at present, or attempt to pass off upon such of our readers as have not been recently at school, a few pages of Cicero de Amicitia as our own composition. We only mean to talk about the pleasures which the memory of long-past friendship is

capable of affording, the existence of which fact there are few whose heads are as grey as ours that can doubt. How feelingly Cowley speaks of the pursuits of his young days, which he enjoyed in the company of a friend—

Say, for ye saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unwearied we have passed the nights!
We spent them not in mirth, or lust, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were
thine.

It was a king of Spain, we believe, who is reported to have said that there were four things to which he was particularly attached, old wine to drink, old wood to burn, old books to read, and old friends to converse with. There certainly is no trusting the characters of others without the test of long experience; and it is impossible that we can feel that sure reliance on the friendship of a new acquaintance which we do when we grasp the hand of an old friend. Time tries all kinds of stability, and none more than that of friendship. He is a rarely fortunate man who can pass through life without check or change of any kind, and he is still more fortunate who finds that every mutation of life serves but to strengthen those bonds of affection which the earnest guilelessness of youth has formed. When we are young, the conviction which we feel in the virtues of others makes us easily trust every semblance of goodness and kindness; and in the hour of youthful enthusiasm we too often swear "an eternal friendship," which evaporates ere the sun goes down. In the lightness of our own volatility we forget our vow, or in the unworthiness of the object we are absolved from it, and we turn with the same trusting simplicity again to offer our heart and to be again deceived. There is no remedy for this misfortune but Time, which teaches us too truly that it is not in every breast that we can repose our gladness and our suffering, and that we are fortunate indeed if we can find one bosom which we can make the sure depository of our own heart. It is only upon a friendship like this that the mind can look back with pleasure; and how few are there to whom fortune has given such a retrospect! With such a friend indeed at one's side, who has shared every sorrow, and doubled every joy, who has been a light to our feet and a comforter to our spirit, how sweet is it to trace back the path of perils and dis-

* This is decidedly one of the best works which we have received from the other side of the Atlantic, though, by the way, we believe the author of it, Mr. Washington Irvine, has long been, and still is, a resident in this country. His reputation as a writer stands very high in America, and it bids fair to do the same in England. There is much both of fine feeling and fine writing in his compositions, although they may perhaps be thought by some rather too flowery. The Sketch-Book is one of the liveliest and pleasantest periodical publications which have been written in the English language for many years.

quietude which we have trodden together, and to muse over pleasures which were more delightful because we both enjoyed them. How sweet it is to think that our friend's worth and virtues have been cherished and promoted by our means, while we acknowledge the reciprocal benefit which studying so pure a heart has conferred upon our own. There can be no friendship amongst the wicked; the bond which holds them together is of sand; and the same abasing self-love which united them, will break the chain of their union whenever the prospect of a greater gratification tempts them to desert their ally. What images does the memory of such friendships present—disgust, and disquiet, and repentance. But in a virtuous friendship, even if death deprives us of the participator of our best feelings, how very sweet are the recollections which in dying he bequeaths to us—of days passed in the activity of virtuous exertion, and in the pure emulation of virtuous purposes, of high aspirations after excellence mutually inspired and cherished, and of one unvarying sentiment of deep but useful affection which could only be extinguished by death.

How fresh and how delightful are the recollections of those scenes in which we have passed hours of innocence and happiness! This attachment to local objects, wound round the heart by a thousand tender associations, gives rise to trains of thought in which melancholy and pleasure are sometimes beautifully blended. The slightest thing—a leaf—a simple flower—a low-breathed air, can raise a creation before our eyes, which we thought had passed away for ever. St. Pierre heard a Frenchman in the Isle of France, sighing over the desolate scene, exclaim, "Could I see but one violet I should die happy!" He remembered amid the blight of nature the verdure of his own flower-clad vallies. The attachment of the Swiss to their country is known to every one, and how at the sound of the "*Rans des Vaches*," the memory of their native mountains overpowers every other feeling. This air, says Rousseau in his Dictionary of Music, was so dear to the Swiss, that it was forbidden under pain of death to be played to the troops; for it made those that listened to it melt into floods of tears, and either desert, or languish till they died, such an ardent desire did it excite in them to return to their native plains. A similar effect is attributed to a Moorish ballad, which

used to cause such immoderate sorrow in all that heard it, that at length it was prohibited. It is said that the *Rans des Vaches*, to the ear of a stranger, possesses very few charms, and that it resembles, in ruggedness, the mountainous country where it had its birth.

There are higher, but not sweeter associations than those which we feel in visiting scenes which have been endeared to us by the gladness or the sorrowing which we have experienced within their precincts—these more dignified associations are connected with the highest moral feelings of our nature, such, for instance, as we feel when we visit the places where the great benefactors of mankind have wrought their works, or where those noble struggles have taken place which are immortal in the hearts of mankind. Such is the plain of Runnymede, where the great charter of our liberties was signed—such is the field of Marathon, and the pass in which the Spartan stood and perished—such are the thousand venerable ruins which Rome presents to the eye of the traveller. "I can neither forget nor express," says Gibbon, "the strong emotions which agitated my breast, as I first approached the Eternal City. After a sleepless night I trod, with a lofty step, the ruins of the Forum; each spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, was present to my sight." It is in associations like these that almost all others are combined; they recal the days of our childhood, when we studied the virtues and the actions of those illustrious men, whose ashes have long been mingled with the common dust, and whose characters have become so familiar to our minds, that a sentiment almost like friendship animates us when we think of them.

What does Alison, in his excellent Essay on Taste, say as to these associations? "There is no man who has not some interesting associations with particular scenes, or airs, or books, and who does not feel their beauty or sublimity enhanced to him by such connections. The view of the house where one was born, of the school where one was educated, and where the gay years of infancy were passed, is indifferent to no man. They recall so many images of past happiness and past affections; they are connected with so many strong or interesting emotions, and lead altogether to so long a train of feelings and recollections, that there is hardly any scene which one ever beholds with so much

rapture. There are songs also which we have heard in our infancy, which, when brought to our remembrance in after years, raise emotions for which we cannot well account, and which, though perhaps very indifferent in themselves, still continue from this association and from the variety of conceptions which they kindle in our minds, to be our favourites through life. The scenes which have been distinguished by the residence of any person, whose memory we admire, produce a similar effect. 'Move-mur enim, nescio quo pacto, locis ipsis in quibus eorum, quos diligimus, aut admiramur, adsunt vestigia.' The scenes themselves may be little beautiful; but the delight with which we recollect the traces of their lives, blends itself insensibly with the emotions which the scenery excites; and the admiration which these recollections afford, seems to give a kind of sanctity to the place where they dwelt, and converts every thing into beauty which appears to have been connected with them."*

There is a great deal both of beauty and truth in this extract. Every one of common sensibility must acknowledge this. And many people must have found, as Alison says, even in the scent of a flower, the memory of happier days.—More frequently, however, these sensations are so dim, that we only experience a vague idea of pleasure—a sort of sentiment of a former existence, which we are not able to analyze into any remnant of past circumstance.

We wish we could get Mr. Rogers and Mr. Campbell together, and make them argue the point whether the Pleasures of Memory or Hope are greater, face to face, in verses like the shepherds

in some of Virgil's eclogues. For our parts, we should be staunch supporters of Mr. Rogers, and for a variety of good reasons. In the first place, Hope is almost sure to disappoint you, for when the object is at length obtained, which has so long been the subject of your contemplation, the reality is sure to be inferior to the mind's beautiful conception of it at a distance; on this account it is very wrong to read descriptions of fine scenery before you visit it, as you cannot help letting your fancy run on it, which will, ten to one, draw a finer picture than the original. Now Memory, on the contrary, throws a hue of beauty over objects which, when we were near them, were, perhaps, little better than disagreeable. With what pleasure do we remember past scenes, even though we may have suffered in them, and how pleasing do even our afflictions and griefs become when they are softened and shadowed by the power of memory. And besides we are sure of memory; but the visions of hope may all deceive and forsake us. The past cannot be annihilated, but what we anticipate for the future may never arrive; and then, again, if it does, we know it is but too probable it will bring disappointment with it. The mind also easily forgets past cares, and remembers only what is delightful and pleasant; while if we look forwards to a mixed scene of joy and sorrow, our eyes commonly rest on the latter. In short, the one is a reality, the other a vision—the one is irrevocably our's, the other never may be so—ten thousand casualties may destroy the "frost-work" of our hopes, but death alone can deprive us of the pleasures which memory gives.

THE FRENCH AND SPANIARDS CONTRASTED.

As powerful states and rival kingdoms, these two countries have long been looked on by the world. Their relative progress in civilization, in science and the arts, has been observed and judged; but it remains to be seen in what *Revo-*

lutionary Spain may differ from Revolutionary France. Guided by the contrast which they have on all great points, and to this hour displayed, we must in the future expect as wide a distinction; and as a sort of data on which

* We have attempted the following free poetical paraphrase of some of the thoughts in the above passage.

SONNET.

The fragrance of those flowers which with delight
Our young hands pluck'd—the shadowy countenance
Of that soul-cherish'd one, whom time and chance
Have sever'd from us (drest in the pale light
Of holy recollection)—those few bright
And soulless sympathies, which so enhance
The value of our days as we advance,

That the soul sinks not in all earthly blight—
The echo of some old friend's long-bush'd voice—
A mother's blessing, and a sister's tear—
The shady spot that was our childhood's choice,
Where we have listen'd with a joy severe
To the harsh winds—in these the thoughts re-
joice,
And to the heart these memories are dear.

to reckon, it may not be uninteresting to trace some of the strongly opposing features in the characters of the two nations. To account for such contraries, on abstract principles, has baffled the speculation of many a philosopher; and if Hippocrates with regard to the Scythians, and Strabo as respecting the Medes and Armenians, laid it down as fact that climate alone produced the wonderful differences or similitudes which are found in various people, we cannot be surprised that weaker reasoners have fallen into the same belief. But Bayle was an observer of a different stamp. He treated the theory as a chimera; and attributed to political interests, and institutions of state, that difference in the characters of nations, which every one can now account for from these same influences.*

Never, perhaps, was there so striking a contrast between neighbouring states as between those of France and Spain. This is so singular and so forcible, as to have obtained, from some writers, the stronger epithet of antipathy. A Spanish doctor, named Carlos Garcia, published, in 1627, a book entitled *Antipatia de los Franceses y Espagnoles*. This work is little flattering to the author's nation, but we must remark that it was printed at Rouen. La Mothe le Vayer, availing himself of this publication, produced a treatise on the same subject, which he gave to the world as a translation from the Italian of Fabricio Campolini; but he afterwards avowed himself the author, and it is to be found in the folio edition of his works, printed in 1662, tom. 1. A pamphlet appeared at Paris in 1809, in which this treatise is republished, but its doctrine denied. The object, however, was sufficiently clear to keep alive the antipathy, if it really existed, or to create one if that was but imaginary. The diffuse and negligent La Mothe has been by some of his countrymen compared to Plutarch. His claim to this distinction finds however little support from the particular work before us, which, as we have mentioned, can be scarcely said to be his own.

He sets out by stating, that, as in the physical world first principles are always opposed one to the other, and that for the common good of the universe, so it was decreed by Divine Providence that the two nations, being the first

principles in the political world, (that is, the chief movers in European affairs,) as France and Spain then were, should experience the same kind of mutual opposition, in order to secure the well-being of empires. Among the alleged proofs of natural repugnances are those remarked between various minerals and metals. The diamond is in dissension with the loadstone, and many others are found to refuse all kind of alliance. Vegetables display their enmities, as well as attachments: the vine shrinks from the cabbage; and, finally, to destroy the fern, it is said that you have only to fix a rush to the shock of your plough—such is the antipathy of those plants, regarded when together as emblems of interminable war. In animals these feelings are less questionable. It is not only with regard to the amount of relative ill which they are enabled to inflict on each other, or the common interests which nature has given them; but it is clear that something concealed from our observation produces unaccountable effects. It is easily understood why the sheep flies from the wolf, or why the sparrow is averse to the hawk; but how are we to explain why the lion trembles at the voice of the cock? why the elephant runs before the ram? or why the horse shudders at the smell of the camel? It is these extraordinary facts that have driven many a great mind to the mysteries of occult research, and to the theory of natural sympathies and dislikes. This is all amusing and instructive both, when confined to the lower scales of nature; but when man becomes the object of speculation, and is attempted to be reduced to this level, it is something more grave than ludicrous; and in the present stage of the world can be scarcely pardoned, even in an author of two centuries back, or rather in the age for which he wrote.

La Mothe, taking his theory for fact, lays it down as such, that between the French and Spanish nations there is the same kind of natural antipathy as between the various objects before-mentioned; and such as he says individual men are prone to with regard to other men, in spite of themselves, and in opposition to the strongest efforts of reason. Without stopping to combat this monstrous, degrading, and, it is to be hoped, exploded doctrine, we shall look to the statements, and pass the reasoning, of this writer.

He says, that if we remark the reciprocal positions of France and Spain,

* Bayle, vol. iii p. 523. edition de la Haye, 1727.

naturally separated by a chain of the highest mountains, one situated to the north-east, the other to the south-west ; Spain, hot and dry ; France, cold, and watered by many rivers ; one rarely subject to storms, the other continually agitated by them ; the first so little refreshed by the rains of heaven, the second so subject to their excess ;—we shall not be astonished that countries so different should produce men so dissimilar. Thus all who have spoken of the manners of the two nations have ever represented the French changeable as the heavens, and light as the winds which rule them : the Spaniards constant as their sky and their seasons. The Frenchman cold and moist as his soil, from whence comes his *fair complexion* ; the Spaniard warm and dry as his, that which bronzes his skin. The French gay, frank, hospitable ; religious without hypocrisy, and polished without affectation ; but trivial, whimsical, great talkers, despising their countrymen when abroad ; fit for the cavalry, but supporting ill the privations of war, in which they are more distinguished by boldness and rapidity, than by artifice or counsel. The Spaniards, on the contrary, deceitful, melancholy, inhospitable, jealous, vindictive, avaricious, superstitious to excess, but constant, thoughtful, and taciturn ; valuing each other when distant from home ; good for the infantry, patient of hunger, thirst, and fatigue ; making war more by stratagem than by open force, and executing more from the head than by the hand.

Taking for granted the justice of these respective characters (absurdly unfair to the Spaniards as we know them to be), we must acknowledge that the summing up is droll enough. “In fact, the Frenchman is tall, the Spaniard short ; the one has the skin generally fair, the other dark ; the one wears long hair, the other short ; the Frenchman eats much and quickly, the Spaniard sparingly and slow ; the Frenchman serves the boiled meat first, the Spaniard the roast ; the Frenchman pours the water on the wine, the Spaniard the wine on the water ; the Frenchman speaks freely at table, the Spaniard does not say a word ; the Frenchman walks after dinner, the Spaniard sits still ; that is, if he does not sleep. The Frenchman, whether on foot or horseback, goes fast through the streets, the Spaniard always goes leisurely : the French lacqueys always follow their masters,

the Spaniard go before : the Frenchman, in order to make a sign to any one to come to him, raises his hand and brings it towards his face ; the Spaniard, for the same object, lowers his, and motions it towards his feet : the Frenchman kisses a lady on saluting her, the Spaniard looks on such a liberty with horror : the Frenchman esteems the favours of his mistress in proportion as they are known, at least by his friends ; the Spaniard values nothing like secrecy in love. The Frenchman reasons but on the present, the Spaniard on the past ; the French ask alms with a thousand submissions of words and gestures, the Spaniards without meanness, and sometimes even with pride. The Frenchman wears his clothes of one fashion and the Spaniard of another, which, taken from head to foot, are totally unlike. The first puts on his doublet after all the rest, the second commences to dress himself by that ; the Frenchman buttons himself from the collar to the waist, the Spaniard begins at the bottom and finishes at the chin ; the Frenchman throws off his doublet to fight a duel, the Spaniard puts on, when he can, a coat-of-mail. The Frenchman frightens his children at the name of a Spaniard, as at that of a monster ; the Spaniard considers the French as pitiful as the *Aguadores* of Madrid, and believes them born to be the mockery of the world. The Frenchman, forced to approve of the wine, the horses, the gloves, and the fire-arms of Spain, adds, that nothing is good there but that which cannot speak ; the Spaniard forced to live on the corn of France, and to use its salt, linen, and cordage, says that it is merely because he disdains to cultivate the earth, and to labour at mechanical arts. The Frenchman, reduced to want, sells every thing but his shirt ; it is the first article that the Spaniard disposes of, keeping his cloak and his sword till the last extremity.”

This is pleasant, but about as rational and as much to the purpose as were the distinctions between the Big and Little-endians. But looking at the subject in its more serious aspects, we cannot avoid seeing the remarkable contrasts in the progress of these nations, as well as in the manners of the people. Contemplating the progressive greatness, and the at one time overwhelming power of France ; and then turning to the rapid and complete decline of Spain ; we must seek for some cause more reasonable than temperature of climate, or in-

dividual antipathies, to account for the change. When Charles the Fifth, retiring to a cloister, placed his crown on the head of a *bigot*, he it was that struck the death-blow to his country's greatness, and traced the path for her decay. Persecution has ever been the bar to Spanish prosperity, and bigotry her bane. All the glories of Ferdinand and Isabella were tarnished by their persecutions: eight hundred thousand Jews expelled the country—nine hundred thousand Moors driven from the fields of their fathers; and the terror excited by these acts were surer means for the depopulation of Spain than wars and pestilence combined; for even after battle or disease, still hope remains to raise new worlds upon the desolation; but when religion takes the sword, and superstition exhales her breath of flame, despair has lighted on the land. It was the boast of Spain in her greatness—for even after this she became great—that she had never admitted heresy upon her shores, nor allied herself with heretics; that the extent of her dominions was the recompense of her zeal; and that Heaven had given her the right to fatten on the riches of the Indies, in gratitude for her having been the first to carry there the mysteries of the faith. The Inquisition was established; and her infamy became complete when torture came in to the aid of hypocrisy. Leagued with Mahomedans and idolaters in Africa and Asia, when gain led to the alliance, she stigmatized the treaties of France with Sweden and Holland as an impious union; and she fomented in England every inclination of rebellion. Avarice, inhumanity, and pride, were her principles of action, and the pretence of religion the cloak for all. "Never is human nature so debased as when superstitious ignorance is armed with power."* Such was the case in Spain at home, and Christianity was the title of the vilest profanations abroad. The massacres of the East, the prodigious horrors of Peru, went hand in hand with domestic misrule; and the Low Countries afforded a fresh example of the atrocious policy which treads on the steps of intolerance. But when Alva

boasted to have destroyed in six years 18,000 men by the hands of the executioners, he forgot that he drove Holland into heresy and happiness at the same time. To this day Flanders had been possessed by Spain, if, in the blindness of her bigotry, she had not, to revenge the destruction of some images by the Reformists, sacrificed, without distinction of sex or age, thousands of the living images of the God, whom she dared to say was honoured by the deed. What now remains of the foreign greatness and foreign wealth of Spain? and what is Spain herself? An infant in the cradle after ages of non-entity! But, regenerate and pure, her attitude is noble. With one hand she is strangling superstition, and with the other revenge; horrible monsters! the first the parent of revolutions; the second their disgrace.—Let her but succeed in destroying these fiends, and then, for the establishment of her fame, for the honour of her national, natural character—which is worthy of honour—then let her throw open her gates to the free entrance of religion, come in what garb it may, whether in the pomp of Romish magnificence or in the poverty of pauperism; invested with splendour, or stripped of show; whether scattering incense to the skies, or sending up its silent adorations—where faith is, let form be disregarded, and then may Spain look forward to that harvest of renown, which grows not in the land that intolerance covers with its envenomed foliage.

She has started grandly in her new career. Never did a nation present a spectacle more sublime. Bursting her chains by philosophical, not physical, force—calling out for freedom with steadiness, not clamour—holding forth the record of her constitution instead of a proscription list—moving onward towards her destiny, calmly, bloodless, and determined! Let but her progress be proportioned to this beginning—let her but march in wisdom, in vigour, and in moderation; and nothing can oppose the consummation of that glory which will shine round Revolutionary Spain as the contrast of Revolutionary France; as the boast of our time, and the model of that which is to come.

T.

* Voltaire, *Essai sur les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Nations*.

INTELLIGIBLE ODES, CHEERFUL ELEGIES, GAY SONNETS,
AND TALES OF NO WONDER.

Virginibus Puerisque Canto.—*Hor.*

MARRIAGE. A SIMILE.

Have you not seen how down the stream
The heaviest barge is drawn with ease,
Provided that the docile team
Will draw just as the drivers please.
Smooth is the path, the burden light :
But should one Horse pull t'other way,
The rest in anger and affright
Would plunge and kick, as well they may.
In marriage it is just the same,
Pulling one way is all the art,
The state itself we should not blame
If John and Mary tug apart.

WRITTEN IN MY STUDY.

Let pedants in huge folios dig,
And with their self-importance big,
Expect the world's applause ;
Alas ! the only meed they share
Are restless nights and daily care,
And pale and lanthorn jaws.
Be mine the wiser student's ease,
To read alone those books that please,
And shun the midnight lamp ;
Full well I know that ceaseless toil
Would soon my tender spirits spoil,
And my poor genius cramp.
When metaphysics I peruse
In learned leaves of S— Reviews,
I find them much too deep ;
Contented then I turn them o'er,
Or very often read no more,
Or oftener still I sleep.
From Monthly scribes some learn to prate
On matters against church and state,
Like Presbyterian sly ;
Let such with civic poison swell,
No *ultra* wig nor infidel,
And no reformer I.

THE WASP AND THE FLY.

A hint to men of more wit than manners.

Wasp.—Well, busy, thirsty, curious Fly,
So still your idle hum you ply,
Uncheck'd, unnotic'd, round the room,
And on your innocence presume.
Whilst all can listen at their ease,
You buz about where'er you please ;
Sometimes upon a lady's hand
I see you now unheeded stand,
Now crawl, without inspiring fear,
About her face, her neck, or hair.
When I approach, with eager eyes
See all the company arise ;
Tis perturbation all round,
And marks my consequence, no doubt.
Fly.—Good Mr. Satirist, you bring,
Where'er you come, your plaguy sting ;

I grant whenever you come in,
'Tis all confusion, fright, and din,
Till some one bolder than the rest
Lays at their feet the common pest ;
And thus your consequence, you see,
Is death to you ; whilst to poor me,
My insignificance commends
A quiet life and easy friends.

A MODERN PHILOSOPHER CONFUTED.

Whilst Fretful declares that he knows very
well
That there are no such things as a devil or
hell,
By daily tormenting his children and wife
He makes his whole family tir'd of life.
Of freedom so fond, this imperious elf
Is determin'd to keep it all snug for himself :
Who can doubt, whilst he aims all his betters
to level,
That ~~his~~ is a hell, and himself is the devil ?

POOR JACK'S CASE.

A SIMILE.

There is a fish, as sailors tell,
That quits the ocean, and will fly
A journey in the air as well
As any bird, but not so high ;
But when the salt drops quit his wing,
And he is dry as any chip,
He would as soon pretend to sing
As to attempt another trip.
So Jack, when his red gills are wet,
Well dipp'd in claret and champagne,
He'll sing, and joke, and swear, and bet,
And all his wit is up amain.
But in the morn Jack's gills grow dry,
His tongue and wit alike are slack ;
You quickly see by his dead eye
No flounder is more flat than Jack.

ON A WICKED MAN WHO DECLARED HE
BELIEVED IN A GOD.

When Cutpurse declar'd he believ'd in a
God,
I star'd—for I thought his expression was
odd ;
A rational believe in a God !—I was loth
To believe his assertion, tho' back'd by an
oath.
Had Cutpurse declar'd he believ'd in the
devil,
Allowing his faith to have then found its
level,
I could not discredit my eye and my ear.
“ For, talk of the devil, his imp. will appear.”

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Méditations Poétiques, par Alphonse De Lamartine. Paris, 1820.

THE fertility of bardic talent which England at present displays, may excuse that fastidious sternness which pauses on the claim of each new candidate. In France, however, the case is different: an utter dearth of poetical production has marked her later annals. Rhymes there have appeared, in every form and every measure—*Épopée* and *Élégie*—Tragedy and Ode; but, with scarcely an exception, since the days of Delille no French poet has had his fame established on this side the channel; and of those now living, but few are known to us even by name.

Now, with the strong national feeling and literary pretension of the French, one might expect that a real poet would find praise on every hand; and, that in the general rejoicing for such a phenomenon, even the demon of political hostility would have "smoothed his wrinkled front," to smile on the efforts of self-evident genius. It is not so. The author of the work before us has had praise; but it is the praise of party. One side of the critical chamber has given its ample award; but the other—the *côté gauche* of literature—finding it impossible with decency to decry, has, without one exception, maintained towards this extraordinary work the most dishonest silence. This notice is traced by no illiberal pen. Disdaining to drag before the world's regard the unworthy grub, that would struggle into day through the crevices of party spirit; we esteem it nothing less than crime in the literary code to throw a veil before the sparks of talent, because kindled in the spirit of politics different from our own. Men of letters belong to a republic: equal rights are their common claim and common safeguard. These cannot be upheld but by common faith. Whenever these fail, "the republic is in danger;" and, whether in England or in France, it shall not be our fault if every aberration from this great principle is not quickly denounced to well-earned execration.

It has been the fate of many a fine production to "work its way to fame." The author of the "*Méditations*" has been spared the agitations and heart-burnings of such an ordeal. He has dropped at once into the full harvest of his honours: but three months have passed since the publication of his book,

and it has already run through four editions. Its merit is, in truth, unique, and we have no hesitation in saying, that since the poetry of Racine, none has been published in France that will bear comparison with this. In the frothy clamour of modern French tragedy, its pompous descriptions and boisterous calamities, the heart is scarcely ever touched. In their ponderous epics the mind is scarcely ever raised. The lighter line of poetry seemed to be the utmost boundary of their success; when the author under consideration suddenly started up; writing at once purely and powerfully, giving elevation to the feelings, and depth to thought: linking together pathos, harmony, and strength; and uniting to this lovely combination philosophy, morality, and religion. His force he has found in the study of British poetry—his tenderness in affliction—his ethics in Nature.

The "*Méditations*" are twenty-six in number: written in different measures, and with various degrees of merit; but all composed under the apparent influence of heartfelt melancholy, and most in the spirit of overpowering woe. Perhaps no state of feeling is so susceptible of poetical expression as this. We are not prepared to assert that actual suffering is a *sine quâ non* in poetical capacity; but such a state is assuredly most propitious, provided the visitings of the Muse are not too frequent or too long. To the inspiration of sorrow we owe the "*Night Thoughts*;" the gloom of grief has been the stimulus of our greatest living bard—but in the tedious extravagance of Young, and the murky murmurings of Byron, the mind looks vainly for repose, which it finds at length is only to be had, by closing its eye on the wearisome record of their complaints. This French writer, throwing aside the bombast of his national style, and the darker solemnity of ours, agitates our deepest sympathy for his distress; but presents us, in the pureness of his philosophy, a resting-place of rare and indescribable delight. He revels in woe: his very sustenance is sorrow: but from the bitterest weeds of wretchedness he has extracted an essence of piety so exquisite, that in its participation even Childe Harold might quench the thirst of his despair.

* ——— Gloire à la fin suprême :
 Qui tira tout de soi, se doit tout à soi-même !
 Jouis, grand artisan, de l'œuvre de tes mains :
 Je suis pour accomplir tes ordres souverains ;
 Dispose, ordonne, agis ; dans les temps, dans l'espace,
 Marque-moi pour ta gloire et mon jour et ma place ;
 Mon être, sans se plaindre, et sans s'interroger,
 De soi-même en silence accourra s'y ranger,
 Comme ces globes d'or qui dans les champs du vide
 Suivent avec amour ton ombre qui les guide,
 Noyé dans la lumière, ou perdu dans la nuit,
 Je marcherai comme eux où ton doigt me conduit ;
 Soit que, choisi par toi pour éclairer les mondes,
 Réfléchissant sur eux les feux dont tu m'honnes,
 Je m'éclaire entouré d'esclaves radieux,
 Et franchisse d'un pas tout l'abyssé des cieux ;
 Soit que me reléguant loin, bien loin de ta vue,
 Tu ne fasses de moi, créature inconnue,
 Qu'un atome oublié sur les bords du néant,
 Ou qu'un grain de poussière emporté par le vent,
 Glorieux de mon sort, puisqu'il est ton ouvrage,
 J'irai par-tout te rendre un même hommage,
 Et d'un égal amour accomplissant ma loi,
 Jusqu'aux bords du néant murmurer : Gloire à toi !

This passage is extracted from the second poem in the series, entitled "L'Homme," and addressed to Lord Byron. The whole of this is most beautiful. It is written in the finest spirit of religion and poetry ; and the heart must be a hard one that could remain insensible to such an appeal. It commences thus :—

† Toi, dont le monde encore ignore le vrai nom,
 Esprit mystérieux, mortel, ange, ou démon,
 Qui que tu sois, Byron, bon ou fatal génie,
 J'aime de tes concerts la sauvage harmonie,
 Comme j'aime le bruit de la foudre et des vents
 Se mêlant dans l'orage à la voix des torrents !

* The following translations of our extracts will afford the English reader a faint idea of the original :—

Praise to the power on high !
 Self-making source of its own majesty.
 Great artist ! thine the triumph of thy hands,
 I am the lowly tool of thy commands.
 Bow'd down before thy might, in time and space
 Let but thy glory mark thy creature's place ;
 My uncomplaining soul will silent fly,
 Nor question him who rules its destiny.—
 But, like Heaven's golden orbs, which wander wide
 Still gladly moving where thy glories guide,—
 Drown'd in the splendour of thy living light,
 Or lost in realms of darkness and of night,
 Like them I'll trace the path thy fingers shew,
 Enlight'ning worlds by fires which round me glow ;
 Rushing along, on wings of radiance driven,
 With light'n'g speed throughout the fields of Heaven.
 Or be it that far-banish'd from thy throne,
 Thou mak'st of me—my nothingness unknown—
 But a mere, nameless atom on Earth's verge,
 Or sand-grain, sport of tempest and of surge,
 Proud of my fate—because the work is thine—
 I'll fly and make the wide-spread world thy shrine,
 Exulting—unabas'd—as nature free—
 And till her last gasp murmur'ing—Praise to thee !

† Thou, whom earth pauses yet to name or scan,
 Mysterious spirit, angel, demon, man,
 Byron ! be what thou may'st, or good or ill,
 Thy wild song wafts me consolation still.

La nuit est ton séjour, l'horreur est ton domaine,
 L'aigle, roi des déserts, dédaigne ainsi la plaine ;
 Il ne veut, comme toi, que des rocs escarpés
 Que l'hiver a blanchis, que la foudre a frappés ;

 Trouvant sa volupté dans les cries de sa proie,
 Bercé par la tempête, il s'endort dans sa joie.
 Et toi, Byron, semblable à ce brigand des airs,
 Les cris du désespoir sont tes plus doux concerts.
 Le mal est ton spectacle, et l'homme est ta victime.
 Ton œil, comme Satan, a mesuré l'abyssé,
 Et ton ame, y plongeant loin du jour et de Dieu,
 A dit à l'espérance un éternel adieu !
 Comme lui, maintenant, régnant dans les ténèbres,
 Ton génie invincible éclate en chants funèbres ;
 Il triomphe, et ta voix, sur un mode infernal,
 Chante l'hymne de gloire au sombre dieu du Mal.

After this opening, the first lines of which remind us too strongly of Hamlet, the poet proceeds, in a strain of beautiful reasoning, to convince the object of his address that he has mistaken his destiny ; that man, escaped from the hand of his creator like dust scattered to the winds, has his place assigned him ; and that, bounded by nature to his narrow limits, "Ignorer et servir, c'est la loi de son être."

‡ Byron, ce mot est dur : long-temps j'en ai douté ;

Mais pourquoi reculer devant la vérité ?
 Ton titre devant Dieu c'est d'être son ouvrage !
 De sentir, d'adorer ton divin esclavage ;
 Dans l'ordre universel sois le atome emporté,
 D'unir à ses desseins ta libre volonté,
 D'avoir été congu par son intelligence,
 De le glorifier par ta seule existence !
 Voilà, voilà ton sort.

I love it—like the thunder and the wind
 With cataract's roar in mighty concert join'd.
 Night is thy home, and horror thy domain.
 The eagle, desert-king, thus scorns the plain,
 And singly throes him on the shivered rock.
 Which winter whitens, and which thunders shock ;
 Banquets voluptuous on his victim's cry,
 And tempest-cradled slumbers in his joy.
 Thou, Byron ! like this outlaw of the skies,
 Delighted list'nest to despair's wild cries ;
 Evil thy feast—humanity thy prey—
 Thine eye, like Lucifer's, the downward way
 Of hell deep fathoming—the while thy mind
 Low plunging there, congenial home to find,
 Relentless murmurs from its drear abode,
 Farewell to hope, to daylight, and to God !
 But Satan-like thou art the monarch there :
 Thy genius triumphs through the blacken'd air,
 Which bears thy loud voice onwards, echoing still
 The hymn of glory to the spirits of ill !

‡ Byron ! this doom seems hard. From early youth

I thought it doubtful, but why shrink from truth ?
 Thou art the work of God—'tis all thou art !
 To own thy Lord and Maker, be thy part ;
 To blend with his design thine own free will—
 Framed by his wisdom—fashion'd by his skill—
 Weak atom in the universal plan,
 To sound his praise in mercy being man !
 This is thy destiny.

But it is not to be imagined that the amiable moralist, who so feelingly exhorts his fellow-bard, and fellow-sufferer, has not had a more minute sympathy with his fate.

* Helas ! tel fut ton sort, telle est ma destinée.
J'ai ridé comme toi la coupe empoisonnée ;
Mes yeux, comme les tiens, sans voir se sont ouverts ;
J'ai cherché vainement le mot de l'univers.
J'ai demandé sa cause à toute la nature,
J'ai demandé sa fin à toute créature ;
Dans l'abyme sans fond mon regard a plongé ;
De l'atome au soleil j'ai tout interrogé ;
J'ai devancé les temps, j'ai remonté les âges.
Tantôt passant les mers pour écouter les sages ;
Mais le monde à l'orgueil est un livre fermé !
Tantôt pour deviner le monde inanimé,
Fuyant avec mon ame au sein de la nature,
J'ai cru trouver un sens à cette langue obscure.
J'étudiai la loi par qui roulent les cieux :
Dans leurs brillans débris Newton guida mes yeux,
Des empires détruits je méditai la cendre :
Dans ses sacrés tombeaux Rome m'a vu descendre ;
Des mânes les plus saints troublant le froid repos,
J'ai pesé dans mes mains la cendre des héros.
Puis-ils redemander à leur vaine poussière
Cette immortalité que tout mortel espère !
Que dis-je ? suspendu sur le lit des mourans
Mes regards la cherchoient dans des yeux expirans,
Sur ces sommets noirs par d'éternels nuages,
Sur ces flots sillonnés par d'éternels orages,
J'appelois, je bravois le choc des éléments.
Semblable à la sibylle en ces emportemens,
J'ai cru que la Nature, en ces rares spectacles,
Laisseroit tomber pour nous quelqu'un de ses oracles ;
J'aimois à m'enfoncer dans ces sombres horreurs,
Mais en vain dans son calme, en vain dans ses fureurs,
Cherchant ce grand secret sans pouvoir le surprendre,
J'ai vu partout un Dieu sans jamais le comprendre !

Seeing around him all the conflicting elements of nature without any apparent rule for their guidance ; finding good

* Alas ! such was thy fate, and such I knew :
Like thee, the poison'd cup I've emptied too !
With open eyes but sightless, madly spurr'd,
Wild-searching still the " universal word."
Throughout creation's bounds I've ask'd its cause ;
Sought for the world's design in Nature's laws ;
In thought and study—head—heart—every where
From the red sun to unsubstantial air !
I've outstripp'd Time in speed—his steps retraced—
To hear the wise, th' expanded waters pass'd—
But earth to pride is but a volume clasp'd !—
In Nature's depths at each fond hope I grasp'd ;
Traversed the lifeless globe from Pole to Pole ;
Studied the laws by which the wide Heav'n's roll,
By Newton led, have ranged their brilliant fields ;
Pluck'd every fruit that hist'ry's harvest yields,—
Rome in her sacred vaults has heard my plaints ;
I've grasp'd the holiest relics of the saints ;
Weigh'd in my hands the ashes of the brave ;
And sought immortal knowledge in the grave !
What say I ? Bending o'er the couch of death,
I've strain'd to catch it from life's latest breath ;
And baffled there—the fluttering spirit fled—
My thirsting soul would snatch it from the dead !
On proud peaks mantled by eternal clouds,
On waves which blackening tempest ever shrouds

and evil confounded together, and too often misplaced ; the poet, like many another superficial reasoner, looking to effects, without being able to trace the cause, scoffed at the wisdom and the power of the Creator ; but his voice expending itself fruitlessly on the air, he had not even the honour of irritating the being he blasphemed. But one day, in the midst of these convulsions of the mind, a sudden illumination seemed to descend on him from heaven, irresistibly impelling him to adore that which he had defied ; and, yielding himself up to the breath of inspiration, he gave vent to his feelings in a hymn, from which the first of our extracts was taken, and which is a strain full of the force of Byron, but brightened by a spirit of holiness, which has not, alas ! yet lighted upon him.

We cannot resist one passage more. It is that which concludes the poem ; and in giving it we are forced to omit one of the most pathetic effusions of mourning sensibility, one of the most touching descriptions of mingled sorrow, despair, and piety, that we have ever seen, at least from the pen of a French poet. Recovering himself and his subject, he thus returns to Lord Byron.

† Fais silence, ô ma lyre ! et toi, qui dans tes mains
Tiens le cœur palpitant des sensibles humains,
Byron, viens en tirer des torrents d'harmonie.
C'est pour la vérité que Dieu fit le génie.
Jette un cri vers le ciel, ô chanfre des enfers !
Le ciel même aux damnés enviera tes concerts !
Peut-être qu'à ta voix, de la vivante flamme
Un rayon descendra dans l'ombre de ton âme.
Peut-être que ton cœur, ému de saints transports,
S'apaisera soi-même à tes propres accords,

I've call'd on—braved the elements rude rage,
Like to the Sibyl!—still wild war to wage
With Nature, hoping in these wondrous scenes
She'd drop the veil which her deep movements
Screens.

I loved to plunge in horror's darkest reign—
Its fury fruitless, as its calm was vain—
Seeking the mighty secret still my lot,
I saw in all things God—but knew him not !

† Be hush'd my lyre ! And thou whose hands
can seize
The quivering chords of human sympathies,
Byron ! the harp awaits thee—strike each string—
God genius made for truth. Come, come then !
sing

A flood of melody—thou bard of hell !
Tow'rd's heaven send up thy song ! Even heaven
might swell

With envy of thy strains. Perchance thy faun
May yet draw down the tide of living flame
In folds of radiance round thy brain to roll,
And light the darken'd shadows of thy soul !
Yet, yet thy heart, by holy transports thrill'd,
May self-consol'd with self-delight be fill'd,

Et qu'un éclair d'en haut perçant ta nuit profonde,
Tu verseras sur nous la clarté qui t'illumine.

Courage ! enfant déchu d'une race divine,
Tu portes sur ton front ta superbe origine !
Tout homme en te voyant reconnaît dans tes yeux
Un rayon éclipsé de la splendeur des cieux !
Roi des chants immortels, reconnais-toi toi-même !
Laisse aux fils de la nuit le doute et le blasphème ;
Dédaigne un faux encens qu'on t'offre de si bas,
La gloire ne peut être où la vertu n'est pas.
Viens reprendre ton rang dans ta splendeur première,
Parmi ces purs enfans de gloire et de lumière,
Que d'un souffle choisis Dieu voulut animer,
Et qu'il fit pour chanter, pour croire et pour aimer !

We have chosen this piece for our extracts, because it gives a fair specimen of the author's powers, united with a subject of strong interest to the English reader. Many of the other poems contain ideas and verses full as beautiful, and all bear the stamp of the same hand. To look for a continued flight of sublimity would be to do a great injustice to the work. These effusions are, in truth, very unequal ; but, in the midst of repetitions and other inaccuracies, some thought, of sterling worth, is ever sure to sparkle through the dross which negligence has left around it. Classical study has furnished Mr. De Lamartine with many allusions and adaptations of former thoughts. For instance, when he tells us, "*J'ai pesé dans mes mains la cendre des héros,*" we cannot forget "*Expende Annibalem, quot li-*

And like the lightnings piercing thy dark night,
Thou'lt cast on us reflection of thy light !

Bear up, thou fallen child of godlike race ;
Thy splendid source upon thy front we trace ;
In seeing thee the wond'ring world must own
A clouded ray from heaven's effulgent throne !
Sovereign of deathless song ! fulfil thy lot,
Leave doubt and blasphemy to things of nought ;
Spurn the false incense which their praise exhales—
Fame never flourishes where virtue fails !—
Take, take thy rank in splendour as at first,
On glory's song let thy full glories burst,
Those whom God's choicest breath has deign'd to
raise,
To trust his power and glorify his ways !

ON THE PLEASURES OF LIVING IN A COUNTRY TOWN.

MAN is an amphibious animal. Two states of existence seem necessary to the complete developement of his civil or social character. The mere cockney is a monster—the fair subject of caricature, the mere man of the country, a clown—an exotic. The distinction yet exists : in former days it was more broadly marked. He that lived pent up in narrow streets, and saw the fields but not

bras in dace summo invenies ?" Juv. Sat. x. ; but while he can give a new turn to an ancient expression, while the aspirations of originality soar beyond the efforts of imitation, we are not inclined to deny this immemorial privilege to any author of native merit. To the *servum pecus*, who not only borrow a style, but live upon the thoughts of others, we can shew no mercy ; but we are far from thinking that every poet who writes in the measure or treats the subject which another may have used, is at once to be classed among the *imitatores*, so obnoxious to Horace, as well as to every critic who has followed him.

Lovers of French literature have long looked in vain for the grand desideratum, a good epic in that language. In the specimen before us there is, we think, great promise for the accomplishment of such a hope. We trust therefore that Mr. De Lamartine, undazzled by public applause, will know that he has not yet performed his duty to the world of letters. From talents like his much is to be expected. He has as yet written only on the subject of private emotions and personal concerns. That is not enough, and should not at any rate be repeated. Although egotism is certainly easiest pardoned in a poet, yet when he gives us too much of self he never fails to satiate. We buy his books to complete our set ; but the fine edge of our interest is soon worn down when each succeeding volume is but the echo of that which came before. Let not then this young and highly gifted author follow the example of his countrymen Parry and Bertin, and give us elegies in praise of his wedded joys, as he has already chaunted to us the song of his sorrows ; but, satisfied with having established for himself an interest far beyond the common, let him indulge his aspirations in their highest flights, and complete the triumph which he has begun for the poetry of his country.

the country, filled that country which he never saw with creatures of his fancy. But Phillis, and Damon, and Strephon, are no more ; he that should now form his cockney poetry of such materials as these, would appear to the present generation as one of the seven sleepers, a relic of the olden time, a fit subject for the Antiquarian Society. But there is a state of being yet remaining which has

neither the simplicity and rusticity of the country, nor the polish of the city—I beg pardon, I mean town.—There is no small portion of the population of this kingdom who enjoy what may be called *urbanity* in *rure*, who live in country towns, and read the London newspapers, and magazines, and novels, and plays, and who sometimes visit London itself once in two, three, five, or ten years, and wonder, when they go to town, what the people are in such a hurry about. These people have pleasures peculiar to themselves. As an ancient monarch promised a great reward to him who should discover or invent some new pleasure, the reward of gratitude, at least, is due to him who performs what is at all events equivalent to this, who points out to their possessors delights and privileges of the existence and value of which they were not before aware. Not less grateful must be the permanent inhabitants of the vast metropolis to him who shews them where they may enjoy pleasures so refined, and by such means induces an emigration that may check that preposterous expansion of one city, which was a matter of lamentation in the days of Elizabeth, and forms a subject of astonishment to us moderns.

But to my subject. The inhabitants of country towns enjoy, in a peculiarly high degree, a *most exquisite sense of their own personal importance*. I think it was King James the First, who, to persuade his nobility to keep themselves more in the country, told one of them, that in London they were like great ships at sea, very insignificant, but in the country, like great ships in the river, objects of importance, shewing their bulk and bravery to great advantage. This royal simile, most happy in itself, may be most happily pursued. So a coal-barge, dancing attendance among its fellows upon a Newcastle collier, looks a mere nothing in the pool; but towed amidst the swans and wherries above Kingston, looks big and consequential. Thus a man whom nobody knows in London, can say to his correspondents, if he lives in a country town, “Oh, merely direct to Mr. —, at —; every body knows me.” It is really quite amusing to hear with what affected disgust and indifference these highly-favoured sons and daughters of notoriety sometimes speak of this their privilege. How wearied will they pretend to be of the eyes that gaze on all their movements, and the tongues that talk of all their actions! How pathetically do they lament that every thing

they do or say must be known to all their neighbours, and how do they affect to envy the retirement and obscurity of the great city, where the left hand scarcely knows what the right hand does! So have we heard of princes, amidst the splendours of royalty and the bustle of a court, bewailing that exalted station which fixes all eyes upon them, and regulates all their looks and words, which leaves them no choice of conduct, or selection of amusement, or quietness of enjoyment; with what pathos have they sighed for retirement, with what beauties has their imagination filled the recesses of solitude! But how few of them have voluntarily relinquished the pomps, and splendours, and publicity of life which with so much affectation they have bewailed. When Pope wrote his “Ode on Solitude,” his little breast was burning for distinction; and when he said,

Thus let me live unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

he would have been very much disappointed even if that stanza had been “unseen, unknown.” I contend, then, that it is no small pleasure to live in such circumstances, that we must be seen and known, and form the topic of conversation; and even though there be deeply blended with that conversation a censorious animadversion on our conduct, yet even this is preferable to obscurity; as I once knew a man far more honest than Pope in the instance above quoted, who plainly said, “I would rather be kicked than not noticed.” People in London may excite the notice of their own small circle; but it is the lot of comparatively few to excite the attention of all. The inhabitant of a country town is known to all; he carries his very history in his face; he sees the opinions which his neighbours entertain of him reflected in their looks; he cannot walk through a single street without a gratification to his pride by a salutation from a superior, or an exercise of his condescension by a well-managed move to an inferior. “What a shocking place is London!” said a lady, who had visited it the first time in her life; “the people pass by one with as much contempt and indifference, as if one was no better than the ground they walk on.” This ruling passion too is strong in death, if I may credit a story I once heard. A lady in her last moments, was consulting with her undertaker con-

cerning the arrangements for her funeral; she insisted that a hearse, rarely seen in that town, should convey the coffin to the church; and paused to ask, "How do you think the procession will look as it passes down the High Street?"

I must not dwell too long on one pleasure when so many demand to be noticed. The great advantage which this mode of life affords for *moral improvement* is not to be overlooked. How many persons may be found whose ignorance of themselves is the only insuperable obstacle to their improvement, and that not only in morals, but in all the graces and elegancies of social life! The pulpits of the metropolis may talk of moral deformities and their remedy; the stage may ridicule eccentricities of behaviour; but what does all this amount to, when nobody knows for whom it is intended, or to whom it is applicable? It is not so in a country town. There we are never at a loss to know ourselves. Some kind, good-natured friend, who has seized, by observation or report, upon some failure or folly in our conduct, and who has not that arrogance and self-conceit which would presume of his own individual judgment to pronounce us right or wrong, first tells the tale to all who love to hear such tales, and thus enriched or elucidated by the commentaries of the whole neighbourhood, it comes home to ourselves, and we have the satisfaction to hear that every body says we are very great rogues, or very great fools. Is not such a condition most admirably adapted for the highest improvements in wisdom and virtue, where the earliest weeds of vice are eradicated, and the first obliquities of folly are corrected? He that lives in a country town is like a bird in a cage set round with open wires, where every flutter is seen, and every twitter is heard. There are indeed some perverse ones who think that this kind of discipline is not best adapted for the benevolent purpose for which it is used; who see nothing but malice and idleness in those who mind the affairs of others for the purpose of censure; who think also that such persons are more delighted with a tale of calumny than with a narrative which does honour to its subject. Preposterous men! How unwisely do they argue! He that should tell us of our good deeds, would be only repeating what we are sufficiently well acquainted with, and ready enough to discover without the assistance of a friend. This would be merely pampering a bloated

vanity, or poisoning the mind with flattery. But he that makes us know our faults, becomes endeared to us by the strongest obligations; and if such feel a pleasure in speaking upon such topics, their love for us must be the greater; for in publishing those faults to all our neighbours, they are thus kindly taking the most effectual steps for our reformation, and why should they not feel pleasure while they are doing good?

But I must proceed with my catalogue of blessings. What fine opportunities are afforded for the study of *human nature*? Could Sir Joseph Banks have studied entomology to any good purpose among the plagues of Egypt, where such myriads of insects must have been fluttering around him and distracting his attention? And who can study human nature amidst the tumult and din of an immense metropolis, where shapes and forms of human mould flit by us, and are gone in an instant? In a country town, on the other hand, we can meditate upon our subject, and see it day after day, and year after year, and watch its growth, and see it in tumult or in calm, in the dishabille of the morning, or the decoration of the evening. Then again in parties—the same periodical arrangements—the same number of card tables—the uniform rejection, or at least speedy evaporation, of every subject of conversation that does not lead directly to the "proper study of mankind;" all these things keep the mind fixed to its great object; and the question is not what, but whom, shall we talk about. It is, in fact, almost an impossibility for any but the most obtuse to be in ignorance, or even in doubt, upon the subject of character. It is not left to individual judgment, or silent meditation, but the information requisite may be gained from every quarter, and there is this farther advantage, that the memory, however treacherous, may be constantly refreshed; for those who are in pursuit of knowledge are patient in its investigation, and will not let the subject pass away by one discussion.

I have in my list another great advantage—a *very nice distinction of ranks*. This is one of the great marks of civilization, and nowhere is it better understood than in country towns. Does not every sensible moralist say that distinction of ranks is one of the indispensable requisites of a well-ordered society? And is not society best ordered when that distinction is most exquisite and delicate? Who does not admire the susceptibility of that lady who most violently reproved

Beau Nash for giving her daughter a linen-draper for her partner, and whose anger was softened by being informed that it was a wholesale linen-draper? The distinction of ranks may be compared to the beautifully blended colours of the rainbow. The broad, plain republican glare of common sunshine is flat and insipid, compared with the variegated light of the rainbow; but how much would the beauty of that celestial arch be improved if, instead of seven, it were melted into seventy shades! Ignorant people may see pride in this; but, on the contrary, it affords most abundant opportunity for condescension. What can be more refreshing to the mind than to think how courteously we have behaved to our inferiors! What more delightful than to tell our equals that we have had a bow or a word from one whose rank entitled him to withhold both! Some inconveniences, however, attend this minute distinction, which it would be unfair not to notice. The ranks too often meet in much too close contact. Theatres, for instance, have no other distinction, than box, pit, and gallery; and so where the distinction is in danger of being forgotten, these lovers of arrangement and beauty in society have kindly invented a plan by which order may be still preserved; they are so shocked to find themselves on the same bench with an inferior, and so tender, that they will not tell him of his distance; and they merely forget him for the time, and kindly contrive not to see him, lest if they should recognize him, they might wound his feelings, and make him blush for assuming to sit among his superiors. Sometimes, indeed, it occurs that very unthinking and arrogant persons who really ought to sit in the pit, will have the impudence to occupy a place in the boxes, and look down with contempt upon their own equals—this is too bad. What situation or condition in life, however, is totally free from all disadvantages? But my object is to point out the pleasures, not the evils, of living in a country town; these latter are, comparatively speaking, very few, and greatly outweighed by the above-named advantages, and countless others, which press for notice, but must be passed over in silence.

One more I will mention—the great facilities and deep interest of conversation. I defy the metropolis, east or west, to produce any thing like it. Who can enter into the most interesting of all discussions, that of man as he is, among

persons to whom he is unknown, and whose business and history he is totally unacquainted with? What a delightful sensation must he experience who should introduce a most exquisitely amusing tale of some lady or gentleman who had not quite strictly preserved the exact line of duty and propriety, and in the midst of his story be interrupted by a little gentleman, with a fierce look, at the opposite corner of the table, calling out, “Sir, that is my sister!” “That is my brother!” A country town obviates all such inconveniences; each knows each, and all are known to all. This knowledge obviates the difficulties which would otherwise be felt, and precludes the necessity of having recourse to those insipid generalities and prosing abstractions which are forced upon mixed companies for want of more piquant and spicy topics of discourse. It is really abominable for any persons pretending to the least degree of polish or civilization, to introduce, or suffer to be introduced, topics of conversation not interesting or not intelligible to all their company. It reminds one of the fable of the Fox and the Crane, where Reynard treats his guest with a broad expanded dish of food, which his own tongue alone was capable of lapping. And who has not seen, when the conversation has been what pedants call ‘interesting,’ one half of the company nearly vapoured to death, or politely pretending to be entertained with what they could not understand; but if a piece of intelligence touching human conduct has been brought forward, how cheerful the attention, how fixed every eye, how silent every tongue; all have listened *arrectis auribus*, and proved the universality of that never-to-be-too-much-applauded maxim of the Roman dramatist—

“Homo sum, et nihil humanum à me alienum puto.”

Here must I unwillingly pause, for I am summoned to attend the first meeting of a club or society—I do not know which we are to call it yet—where we are to have the most interesting of all possible conversation, to the utter exclusion of politics, scandal, and weather. What we shall make of it I cannot conjecture. It looks very chimerical at present; but if any thing worth notice occurs, I will send it for your edification, and give you a list of characters and persons in this new drama. I have made up my mind to be, if possible, merely a hearer and observer. A. L.

STATE OF THE SPANISH EXILES IN FRANCE, AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF
GENERAL MINA.

(IN A LETTER FROM PARIS.)

SINCE a liberal form of government has taken the place of arbitrary power in Spain, most of the Spanish exiles resident here are preparing to return to their emancipated country. Among these exiles were some of the most distinguished men in Spain; and upon the whole there were but few of them who had not attained celebrity either as political or literary characters. But by far the most respectable of their number were the *Constitutionales* or *Liberales*, who, as it is well known, shared the same fate as the *Josephinos* or *Afrancesados*. It was singular enough that the heads of the two great parties, into which the nation had been divided, should have been assembled together for several years in the French capital; but a parity of misfortune had produced no union between them. The *Liberales* retained even in exile a contemptuous pride, founded, however, on the noblest patriotism, towards those who had espoused the cause of the oppressor of Spain, who assisted him in the subjugation of their native land; and were rewarded for it with pensions, while they who had fought or laboured for the independence of their country lived in honourable poverty. Strictly speaking, the Spanish *Afrancesados* originally set out with the same principles as the *Liberales*, to whom they were afterwards opposed as enemies: with the exception of some few, who aspired only to places and distinctions, and cared little or nothing about the welfare of their country, they were desirous of promoting liberal opinions, and emancipating Spain from the mental slavery under which it has groaned ever since the establishment of the Inquisition. Hence they espoused with zeal the party of the usurper, whose preponderating power rendered him master of Spain, and who promised it an intellectual and moral regeneration. They conceived that the fate of the Peninsula was decided, and that it was now their duty to unite with this power which had already subjected great part of Europe, and contribute to the moral and political transformation of their country. So far their notions were excusable, for in other countries enlightened men had entertained the same, and hoped to obtain from a conqueror what they despaired of obtaining from their own governments. When, however, these Spaniards observed, that the whole nation with few exceptions, had spurned the foreign yoke, and taken upon itself the work of regeneration, it should have been their first duty to repent of their error, and to atone for it by rejoining the ranks of their fellow-citizens. But the wily conqueror had already bound them to himself by preferments and honours, and instead of retracing their dishonourable career, they were now compelled to advance along with the French. Even in this track some of them were of service to the country, in striving, as much as possible, to mitigate the execution of the rigid and frequently cruel measures commanded by the French; but these efforts produced scarcely any alleviation of the general calamity, so which they had themselves contributed. The natural consequence was a national antipathy, to which their lives would probably have been sacrificed, had they not quitted Spain with the French army. France granted them pensions, and several, who had relinquished all hopes of being re-admitted into their native land, had enrolled themselves in the number of French citizens. Outcasts from their country, shame impelled some of them to vindicate their conduct in writing. Hence resulted a great number of works, which are any thing but a justification of their authors, which disgust by the charges advanced in them against the independent part of the nation, but nevertheless contain much interesting information, and many historical facts. To this class belong the publications of O'Farill, Amoros, Llorente, Sempere, and others. Several of these works gained the *Josephinos* great applause in France, because they closely coincided with the sentiments of the military party there. Upon the whole these *Josephinos* have experienced a very favourable reception in France, and though their income was not considerable, still they have never wanted the means of subsistence. The most distinguished of them resided in Paris, and others in certain towns in the south of France, which were allotted to them as *dépôts*. Many strove, like the French emigrants at the time of the revolution, to support themselves by their industry and talents; the ecclesiastics by the performance of clerical duties, and others in various ways. Amoros, as it is well known, has set up here for a

teacher of gymnastics. Llorente, who was obstructed by the clergy here in the exercise of his canonical functions, on account of his celebrated work on the Inquisition, taught the Spanish language in the colleges of this city. These two having, as counsellors of state to King Joseph, little to hope for in Spain, remain here for the present, at least till they see how the *Afrancesados* are received by the Spanish people. Some of them, who, as it seems, would cheerfully sacrifice their opinions for a favourable reception, have been thrown into no little embarrassment by what they have formerly written. Thus M. Sempere violently attacked the Cortes of 1812, not supposing that their resolutions, repealed by King Ferdinand, would ever again become the order of the day; but the events of the month of March have made him a little wiser. An ultra-royalist publication here lately played him a provoking trick, by extracting several strong passages from his book by way of supporting its own opinions; on which M. Sempere lost no time in putting forth a protest, in which he says, that "when he wrote his book he did not consider the Cortes as a valid authority, because it was not then recognized by the King; but at present the case is widely different." Another of these *Afrancesados* was just printing a work against the Cortes, when the 9th of March reinstated this national assembly in its functions; the press was immediately stopped, and all the sheets that had been worked off were turned into waste paper.

The exiled *Liberales* were never betrayed into such inconsistencies. They never pestered the public with memoirs and vindications, for they needed no such expedients for their justification. They were conscious that they had done nothing but what the interests of their country commanded; they had carried with them beyond its frontiers the regret of all their fellow-citizens, and waited with patience in a foreign land, till their sovereign should open his eyes to the unhappy state of the kingdom, drive his false advisers from his presence, and act conformably with the general wish. That they never thought of personal revenge is demonstrated by the following fact: There appeared in England a monthly publication in Spanish, under the title of *El Constitucional Español*, which inculcated highly liberal principles, but at the same time attacked, without mercy, the person of

the king of Spain. The principal *Liberales*, who resided in London and Paris, thought it right publicly to declare, that they had no participation whatever in this periodical work—so solicitous were they to preserve the respect of their fellow-citizens and of all Europe.

A third, though very small class of exiles, consisted of those who had of late years rendered themselves formidable by their military enterprises against the then subsisting order of things, and who were obliged to quit Spain, lest they should be punished as criminals. At the head of these was Mina, the most celebrated of all the Spanish exiles resident here. Many erroneous statements have been published respecting this remarkable character, but I can pledge myself for the accuracy of the following particulars:—

Don Francisco Espoz y Mina, descended from a family of some consequence, was born in 1782, at the village of Ydozin, two miles from Pampeluna. When the French commenced their expedition against Spain, his nephew, who was then a student at the university of Saragossa, felt the patriotic impulse to raise a *guerrilla* for the defence of his country, and invited his uncle to join him. Several friends of similar sentiments ranged themselves under their banners, and upon formed a corps of five hundred men; but the nephew unfortunately fell into the hands of the French, in March 1810, and was carried to France, where he was treated by Buonaparte, not as a prisoner of war, but as a state prisoner. The Junta of Valencia then transferred to the uncle the chief command of the *guerrilla*, which gradually increased in number till it became a considerable *corps d'armée*, consisting of three battalions. At the head of this corps, Espoz y Mina displayed extraordinary military talents, which established his fame and excited universal admiration. With the greatest boldness and success his *guerrilla* maintained its post in Navarre and part of Arragon, between the two hostile armies, scouring the country in all directions, taking whole convoys, frequently intercepting the communications between the enemy's generals, and keeping up the spirit of insurrection in every quarter. His country was not ungrateful for the important services which he performed for it: in 1811 he was appointed colonel by the Regency, then resident at Cadiz; in the following year he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and soon

afterwards to that of *mariscal de campo*, or general. In 1813 he was at the head of a division of 11,000 infantry and 2500 cavalry, and had the chief command over Navarre, Upper Arragon, and what are termed the *Provincias Bas-congadas*. With this force he assisted in the reduction of Pampeluna, and took Tafalla, Saragossa, Monzon, Venazque, and Huesca. In 1814, when the allied army under the Duke of Wellington penetrated into France, Mina's troops belonged to the fourth division commanded by General Freyre; he took Jacas, advanced to Oleron, and was besieging St. Jean Pied-de-port, when peace was concluded. His corps, 14,000 in number, was then distributed in Navarre, Arragon, and Biscay; and when the king returned to Madrid, Mina repaired to the capital, and represented to the Monarch, with his native frankness, in what manner Spain ought thenceforward to be treated. His homely truths displeased the parasites and courtiers by whom the King was surrounded since his return, and they determined to be revenged on the honest soldier. When Mina found that no good was to be effected at court, he set out again for Navarre, to resume the command of his division; but the advisers of the King had been beforehand with him, for, on his arrival at Pampeluna, he found himself superseded by General Espeleta, and measures in progress for disbanding his division. It was at the same time that all those who had entitled themselves to the gratitude of their country, but were not dependent on the faction of the *serviles*, were dismissed from the service.

This treatment revolted Mina's soul. With his usual impetuosity he concentrated part of his troops, and marched upon Pampeluna; but a chaplain and some of the officers betrayed and frustrated his design. Attempts were even made to secure his person, and he was obliged to flee with some of his officers to France, to escape the fate which subsequently befel Porlier and Lascy. But he was not yet safe from persecution. The Spanish ambassador, Count de Casa Flores, a creature of the court party, had the presumption to dispatch a French commissary of police to apprehend Mina, and to detain him in prison till farther orders. When Louis XVIII. was informed of this arbitrary proceeding of a foreign ambassador in his dominions, he was justly incensed, and commanded the immediate release of Mina; the commissary lost his place,

and the court of Spain was obliged to recall its ambassador. A pension of 6000 francs was settled on Mina, and 2000 on his secretary. This noble and generous act will reflect everlasting honour on the royal donor. It was not thrown away upon Mina, who in his subsequent conduct manifested his attachment to the Bourbon dynasty. When, in 1815, Buonaparte had suddenly repossessed himself of the throne, he made offers of succour to Mina, who then resided in Champagne, for the purpose of kindling a fresh insurrection in Spain. Mina rejected with disdain the overtures of the oppressor of his country, and quitted the French territory that he might not be subject to Buonaparte's farther caprices. He first fled to Switzerland, and thence proceeded immediately to Ghent, to rejoin the King, with whom he returned after the battle of Waterloo to Paris, where he lived very retired till the national insurrection in Spain at the commencement of the present year. In all probability he then received invitation from his countrymen and companions in arms to co-operate in the re-establishment of the constitution; and his determination was speedily formed. Among other idle tales the newspapers related that the Spanish ambassador employed a young female of his own nation as a spy upon Mina's motions, and that Mina feigned illness, that under this pretext he might steal away unobserved: so much, however, is certain, that from the commencement of the insurrection in Spain he was very closely watched at the instance of the Spanish ambassador, and that he was obliged to use some precautions to get off unmolested. The ultra-royalist journals here were, in consequence, loud in abuse of him, remarking that it well became one who was receiving a pension from a monarch of the house of Bourbon to draw his sword against the Bourbon throne in Spain. Mina knew better than these writers how to serve his country and his king. Since his return to Spain he has addressed an admirable letter to Louis XVIII. thanking him for the favours received at his majesty's hands.

No sooner had he crossed the Pyrenees than his name sufficed to procure him partizans. Though Navarre was still dependent on the court, yet, in the valley where he fixed his abode, he had soon collected round him several hundred men, and, small as this force was, he nevertheless resolved to march with it against Pampeluna, when the inha-

bitants sent a deputation to inform him that the city had accepted the constitution, and to invite him to enter in a peaceable manner. As Mina's object was now accomplished, he dismissed his little corps, and accompanied by a few friends entered the city amid the acclamations of the people. It is publicly known that he has since been appointed to the chief command in Navarre, which he held at the dissolution of the Cortes in 1814.

Mina has passed almost all his life in the country, and in his appearance exactly resembles a rustic. His language is that of the peasants of Navarre, and a well-educated Spaniard often finds it difficult to understand him. He is wholly incapable of writing, and probably not one of his proclamations was composed by himself. He speaks of his achievements with such unaffected modesty, as if he had been only one of the co-operating persons, and not the leader

and conqueror. For the rest, he speaks but little and ill. Mina's genius first displayed itself in the field: there his sagacity, his presence of mind, and his boldness in the formation and execution of plans, were developed with astonishing rapidity. He must have the enemy before him to shew what this lofty genius is capable of performing, and how far his natural military talents extend. At home he is an ordinary man, and in time of peace many a person of inferior capacity would be better fitted for business than this highly-gifted boor. Hence it is not to be expected that he will appear to advantage in his present command; indeed he has already taken some imprudent steps and embroiled himself with the municipal authorities of Pampluna: but should his country once more need his services in the field, it will soon find again in him the celebrated guerilla leader of 1812.

ON TALKING AND TALKERS.

"Conversation should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without conceitedness, novel without falsehood."—*Love's Labour's Lost*.

IT is one of the distinctive characteristics of the animal which naturalists politely call *homo sapiens*, that he has the power of communicating his thoughts by speech. This faculty is peculiar to him, at least he says so, though we have the evidence of the Arabian Tales and Æsop to the contrary. At present however, as we have not the capacity which a certain caliph had of understanding the language of our brother brutes, and feathered relations, we shall confine ourselves to the tongues of our two-legged brethren, the *homines sapientes*.

What a variety of talkers and talk the world affords! We begin to talk before we have any thing to say, and we do not leave off talking though we have said all we had to say. You hear people talking about things they do understand and things they do not understand, in season and out of season, to persons, and of persons, and at persons, nay rather than not talk at all, a man will talk to himself; and so strong is the passion, that he will frequently talk in his sleep. We shall endeavour to enumerate a few of the great variety of talkers.

Beginning *de minimis*, we shall first say a word or two of what may be called the *silent* talkers, people who say very

little, and very frequently have a great deal to say. This class, however, is very small. It is chiefly composed of persons who have had very little to do with the world, and do not care much about it, who are not desirous of shining, and who being too fond of retiring and quiet would rather listen to other people talking nonsense than hear themselves talk sense. They are not generally deficient in talent, but they want courage to display it, and they suffer empty-headed fools to engross all the conversation with the flippant babble of their own vain tongues, instead of boldly excluding them from the field, by putting forth the strength of their own powerful intellects. Amongst this class may in general be reckoned those men of letters who have spent more time in study than in society, and who, as Addison said of himself, are not worth nine pence of ready cash in conversation, but who can draw for thousands in the retirement of their own closets. These are the people whom Cowper mentions when he says,

We sometimes think we could a speech produce
Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose;
But being tied, it dies upon the lip,
Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip
Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

And this is also the case, more or less, with every man on his first entrance into life, unless he be insufferably impudent, when he will not care what he says, nor any body else either.

Just the reverse to these are your *incessant* talkers, who whether they talk sense or nonsense are almost equally annoying. They are people, who in Shakspeare's words have got "the disease of not listening." When you unexpectedly meet with a man of this kind, it is like getting under a shower-bath, and when you expect the pelting stream to cease, finding it still flowing on with unabating violence. There is no safety with such people but in flight. It is in vain to remonstrate, or rather to strive to remonstrate, for you might as well think to cram another hour into the twenty-four, or to stop with your forefinger the whirl of a water-wheel as to interpose a word in such a discourse, or stop it before the speaker's breath is spent. If you endeavour to urge any topic in mitigation of punishment you only add fresh fuel to the flame; if you tell your enemy you have an engagement, he will give you a history of his own, past, present, and to come; if you plead indisposition, he will tell you all about his last influenza and all the doctor said, and all he forgot to say, and all he ought to have said; in short there is not a single topic upon which he will not "discourse most excellent music." Men and women and children of all ranks and ages mingle in this class.

But the worst of all are your *tedious* and *prolix* talkers. This fault, however, is generally confined to those having authority, for other people quickly find that they can get nobody to listen to them. Oh! the horror of being stuck down by the side of some ancient great aunt, or some patronizing friend, and being condemned patiently to keep our ears open to the almost noiseless but uninterrupted flow of rapid words which issue from the respected mouth. The only remedy in such cases is to employ the thoughts about more pleasant matters, but then this is a very hazardous attempt, as it is done at the imminent peril of a discovery, should our patron happen to put his spectacles on and see the wandering looks in our face; and what an agony it is to be detained in this manner when you are burningly eager to pursue some other object, the chance of which every moment and every long drawled-out word are rendering more remote. The remedy which we recommended in the

last case, in this it is impossible to apply, as flight would be the greatest insult in the world. Patience, then, and a nod of the head at every pause, (if there should happen to be any,) are the only things to be recommended; and a person, on the conclusion of his sufferings, should be particularly careful not to let that heavy sigh of relief burst out, which marks the sudden ceasing of pain.

The *imprudent*, or *mal-à-propos* talkers are a very dangerous body of men, and they do more mischief than any other class. They are perpetually, by some infatuation or other, hitting on the only things in the world that ought not to be mentioned in that company, and while they are as innocent as the child unborn, of any intention to offend, they are continually harrowing up the feelings of their friends, or putting them out of countenance. The root of their disease is inattention to the characters and feelings of others: thus they talk of halters and gibbets in the presence of a man whose brother has had the misfortune to be hanged—they dilate on the happiness of a married life before a man who has just buried a young and beautiful wife; and say a thousand other things which scare the company "from their propriety." For this disease there seems no remedy in the world: it is really incurable. In the same class may be placed the *absent* talkers, who speak without knowing what they are saying, and ask questions to which they alone are able to give answers. These inquire after the health of people whose deaths they have seen that morning in the obituary of the newspaper—ask an unmarried lady how all her family do, and hope the parents of an orphan are in good health. With such people, their thoughts have nothing to do with their tongues.

The *vulgar* talker is an intolerable animal. Vulgarity does not depend on the station in life which a man occupies, but is rather a habit of mind, of which the origin cannot often be traced. Amongst many of the lower classes of society, there is the most perfect propriety of language and manner, when they are introduced into the presence of their superiors; while rank, and riches, and fashion, are often accompanied with great vulgarity, not only of mind, but of manner. In whatever rank or company he may be found, the *vulgar* talker is an impenetrable nuisance—he puts every body else out of countenance, when he

alone ought to betray a blush—he makes his auditors feel ashamed for no fault of their own, while he glories in his own offence. It is in vain to oppose him—his eye is too gross to perceive his own inpropriety; and a conversation not seasoned with a touch of his own delightful pleasantry is insipid, and possesses no charms for him. He is a wag at the expense of modesty, a retailer of sayings that had better not be said—a great quotor of proverbs, and a man, in short, who seems to have modelled his style of discourse on “Wagstaffe’s Polite Conversation,” adding, every now and then, some ingenious little piece of vulgarity of his own.

We have scarcely space to enumerate the various other classes of talkers, such as *the timorous*, who seem as if the person they are addressing were about to eat them—*the pert*, who snap out their words like a dog—*the contradictory*, who fly off at a tangent from every assertion which they do not make themselves—*the interrupters*, who never let their friends get through more than half a sentence—and a whole world besides. We shall now proceed from *talking to conversing*, and introduce our readers from individuals into companies—specifying the most appropriate times and opportunities for displaying the genius of different talkers.

As we began with the silent talkers, we think the time best adapted for a display of their abilities is that dismal period which elapses between the assembling of the company at a dinner-party, and the annunciation of the feast. At this time no one is expected to open his lips, by the courtesy of England. The guests sit round the room with depressed spirits, and sombre anxious faces—the quickest spirits yield to the influence of the hour—mirth is banished from the joker’s face, and every one seems in anxious expectation of hearing of some melancholy event. At length, the host endeavours to promote the circulation of a little stream of conversation, which, by some chance or other, begins to flow from the mouth of one of the company, probably some one who has provided himself with a comfortable luncheon, and can afford to employ his thoughts about something else than the dinner *in futuro*; this incipient conversation generally consists of some bold remarks on the weather, and if it have good luck, it grows into a slight disquisition on the passing news of the day—if not, its gradual death ter-

rifies any one else from making a similar experiment. At all events, a silent man is by no means remarkable amongst an expectant dinner-party. It is also extremely useful to be silent in the presence of a great man who delights in talking—many an ingenious parasite has lost all the fruits of his labours from wagging too loose a tongue in the presence of his patron, who likes the sound of his own voice better than that of his dependent. But to higher themes.—The conversation of lovers is often silence, and feelings which cannot be fashioned in the mould of words, and thoughts which lie too deep in the heart to be revealed by the voice, are all told in the eloquent silence which a lover’s soul so well understands. There is a communing of feeling which was never meant to be expressed—a higher flight than poetry itself can reach, tho’ poetry is indeed the true language of love—a sentiment which breathes of heaven, but which words would drag down to earth—a sentiment of which silence alone can be the true interpreter.

What does the great poet of the feelings say of silence in a thousand places?

“Many a man’s tongue,” says he, in *All’s Well that ends Well*, “shakes out his master’s undoing—”

“In silence we may see

“Maids’ mild behaviour and sobriety.”

Taming of the Shrew,

“Talkers are no doers.”

Richard III.

“The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.”

Winter’s Tale.

“Be check’d for silence,
But never tax’d for speech.”

All’s Well that ends Well.

“Silence is the most perfect herald of joy.”

Much Ado about Nothing.

But there are a thousand other passages which we could bring forward from our great dramatist in praise of discreet silence.*

* Can our readers, after these quotations, bear with the following

SONNET,
TO SILENCE.

Full-hearted Spirit! in the passionate stir
And movement of the bosom, who art still
The voice that tells what deepest feelings fill
The chambers of the soul! Interpreter
Of fire-eyed Hope, who pleadest still for her
When the faint breath of words is weak and chill?
Master of the rich tear-drops that distil
From lovers’ eyes! Great feelings’ harbinger!
I do evoke thee from thy deep-hid cell,
And to that sweetest lady of my love,

Nothing is more odious in conversation than *scandal*; and yet it must be confessed, there is a delightfully malignant kind of pleasure in pulling to pieces the characters of one's best friends, which we take to be a portion of original sin. This feeling is very nearly allied to that which makes us laugh when we see a person for whom we entertain the sincerest affection and respect, fall down in the channel during a slippery thaw. The fact seems to be, that, in these cases, our natural love of detraction and of the ridiculous gets the better of our kinder feelings. Scandal-mongers, however, are great nuisances in society, and should be banished "to some distant shore," for they do infinite mischief to their friends. This description of people generally abounds in small inland towns, where there is no great circulation of novelty, and where they are compelled to make up for the dulness in which nature has cruelly placed them, by inventing a few little ingenious anecdotes respecting the frailties and failings of their neighbours. In great cities there are plenty of healthy topics to talk about, without introducing any such morbid substitute. The persons most attached to this style of conversation are (we are sorry to say it) young girls and old women; and the times and places best adapted for practising it are, for the former, when they return to a ball-room, and leave their partners at supper; and for the latter, when they are comfortably seated at a game at whist, which furnishes excellent opportunities between the deals. The door-way of a Dissenting chapel in the country, after service, is also an excellent place for hearing and telling little anecdotes of this kind.

There is nothing more disagreeable than finding one's self in the company of persons who are talking of their own profession or business. How edifying to sit and listen to a little knot of merchants discoursing with the longest and most important faces about prices-current, and exports and imports, and drawbacks, and molasses, and Upland cottons, and pearl-ashes; or a party of detestable stock-jobbers running over the fluctuations which the market has sustained. Exclusive conversation of every kind is, in fact, the destruction of all pleasant society, whatever may be the favourite topic in which a man indulges.

Bid thee in thine own eloquent language tell
The inexpressive thoughts of her which move
Trembling within my heart like some dim spell;
And oh! let not her lips thy tale reprove.

But of all adepts in conversation, men of letters and authors by profession, from whom the most entertainment and instruction might reasonably be expected, are frequently the most intolerable. Oh the self-love of an author, or rather, the love of an author for his intellectual offspring! It surpasses the fondest and most famed instances of maternal affection or paternal kindness. Some parents are delighted with introducing their children to the notice of their friends, and in pointing out their beauty or their talents; but such delight is not to be compared with the rapture which animates the breast of an author as he is haranguing in praise of his own works. Touch upon the subject, and he starts as if galvanized—give him the least encouragement, and he will put his hand into the large roomy pocket of his black coat, and there will follow a roll of paper, large enough to daunt the courage of the bravest listener. There is no retreat, no absconding, no backing-out. An author never even grows hoarse with reading his own works. Page follows page, leaf leaf, yet how slowly the pile seems to decrease! Every now and then the delighted parent stops to receive your praises and congratulations—and if his offspring be weak, ugly, and deformed, how can you tell him so to his face? A person must indeed have a strong sense of moral duty, who would dare to tell an author the truth to his face. Horace tells us of a rigid creditor, who used to take out his demands by compelling his debtors to listen to his compositions, "*amaras historias*," we think he calls them. Certainly this mode of receiving satisfaction of a debt was very little better than the provisions of the ancient Roman law *de debitore secundo*, by which, it is said, a creditor was allowed to cut his debtor into pieces if he did not pay him. For our parts, save us from the hands of an author in an empty room, and with a full pocket!

As to what is generally called literary, or *blue stocking* conversation, such as would suit the drawing-room of an Edinburgh lady, the talent for it is easily acquired. Skim Sir Walter's last novel—dip into Lord Byron's last poem, and commit two consecutive lines to memory—attend two lectures on geology, and fix a few of the hardest names, if you can, in your head. Never mention a book without using some adjective of praise or dispraise at the same time—and when you speak of authors,

always give the name at full length, christian and surname, which looks as if you knew them. Magazine reading is very useful to qualify a man for this society, especially if he adds to it a perusal of the *Edinburgh and Quarterly*—but this would really make him a very accomplished man, and perhaps make him appear rather too learned—which is a fault not easily forgiven.

But the most important branch of our subject still remains unnoticed—we mean the science of *small-talk*; a science the difficulty of mastering which is equal to the value of the acquisition. There cannot be a person in the world that has not felt the necessity of this accomplishment. How painful it is to see a company of perhaps half a dozen persons sitting round the room, silently tracing with their eyes the pattern of the carpet, as if they were in hopes of discovering by that means some food to resuscitate the fainting conversation! Or to be one of a dinner-party, when the movement of the bottle is the only symptom of vitality amongst the statues which surround the table! *Small-talk*, however, is an art not depending in any manner on knowledge or information. People who have nothing to say, and who moreover know nothing, are very frequently the best professors of it, and really are able to keep up a lively and pleasant conversation, when scholars and philosophers would sit in a cold and languid silence. The talent is, perhaps, partly constitutional. Women are better *small-talkers* than men; the Irish, as a nation, better than the English; and the French better than either. A true *small-talker* can discourse about any thing, and the lighter and more trifling a subject is, the better he will handle it. He is never at a loss; a flower, a leaf, a straw, are materials on which he will bestow his emptiness for an hour; and rather than not have something to say, he will talk about himself, which, by the way, is not always the last subject he touches upon. A really accomplished *small-talker* will never recur to the weather for assistance.

It may perhaps be expected that we should lay down a few rules by which this valuable science may be acquired; but independently of our being limited in space, which would be a sufficient excuse, we are also able to plead another very plausible reason for forbearing to do this at present. The fact is, we have long had serious thoughts of writ-

ing a volume on the subject, which, if executed in the manner we contemplate, would be a great acquisition to those who wish to excel in the practice of this amiable and useful accomplishment. The design of our work is to give a series of conversations on all the most trite and approved subjects, dividing them under various heads, with variations and additions, fitting them for persons of different characters, ages, and humours. The great characteristic excellence of these dialogues would be, that by dealing entirely in generals, and carefully framing each observation and sentence, whether question, answer, or remark, so as to be, if we may so express ourselves, a picture of itself, every person, by exerting only a small degree of ingenuity and reasoning, may be able to introduce, at any pause in conversation, some neat and apposite remark, which, from the nature of its contrivance, must necessarily lead to some farther observation, and this, in the hands of a person who had studied the work, would be gradually led and fostered into a sprightly and brilliant conversation. To young persons more particularly whose timidity often prevents them from hazarding any opinion of their own, a work of this nature would be found particularly valuable, as they could not feel any hesitation in introducing the elegant sentences which would be found in our intended publication. The work should not, however, be entirely confined to giving precedents of such conversations as are fitted for general company, but it should also embrace dialogues in delicate situations—as between a young man and a rich uncle in a bad state of health—the proper formula of words on receiving or conferring a favour—or on condoling with a friend on a loss in his family—and lastly, we intend that it should contain a series of *declarations*, adapted, like the conversations to every age, and condition, for the use of all gentlemen who wish to enter into the married state. This last portion will, we imagine, be the most valuable part of the volume; for it is well known what difficulties a gentleman sometimes lies under in revealing his tender attachment, and how fearful he is that he shall not be sufficiently impressive in the communication. At a time too when the spirits are so much fluttered, and the mind in general disturbed, it surely must be thought a great acquisition to be able to choose a form of words and expres-

sion, which, with the mere trouble of committing them to memory, must necessarily have a much greater effect than a few rapid half-uttered crude sentences, breathed forth in tribulation and disturbance of heart, and which, after all, are scarcely distinct enough to convey the speaker's meaning. The lady too, if well versed in our volume, would be able to give an appropriate and elegant reply—and the declarations and acceptance thus expressed, might actually be inserted, as spoken, in any novel. A very full index would be added to the volume, so that a man would not have the least difficulty in finding a fit speech in a moment. Thus, under the word *LOVER*, there would be, *general conversation of—young—old—in a morning—in an evening—at dinner—dancing—declaration by—passionate—tender—respectful—timid, &c.—quarrels between—reconciliation—&c. &c. &c.*

Now it must be clear to the meanest capacity that an undertaking of this kind, embracing all that is polished in manners, brilliant in wit, lively in re-

partee, and sound and valuable in sense, will require talents of a very extended and various order. It will be a very difficult task for the proprietors to attempt such an arduous work without the promise of some support from the most ingenious and polished of their friends; for this purpose they have applied to several ladies of consideration and fashion, of their acquaintance, who have kindly promised to keep small note-books, and on their return from routs and conversations, to report the particulars of all the most interesting conversations which they have had or heard; and what is a still more valuable acquisition, they have undertaken to add notes of their own, pointing out the deficiencies or superabundances which they have observed, and marking that part of the conversation which to them appeared most agreeable. By means like these, and by the most unremitting attention, the proprietors hope to render the work worthy of public patronage. A specimen may probably be given in a future number.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION JUDGED BY ITS RESULTS.

A THOUSAND years of slavery had thrown their shadow over France. From Charles the Great to *Louis le Grand*, the happiness of the many was ever overlooked in the aggrandisement of the few; and in the struggles of the nobles, the clergy, and the kings, the rights of the people were disregarded, and even to themselves unknown.

A rapid view of the history of this great nation appears necessary to the contemplation of the object before us; and, without attempting to penetrate the obscurity which covers the origin of early Gaul, we may slightly notice the most prominent of those striking contrasts which her later annals every where present. The memory of the days, when in literature and civilisation she rivalled the renown of Athens and of Rome; the powerful effects of that sublime eloquence which, in the early ages of Christianity, flowed irresistibly from the lips of St. Ambrose, St. Martin, and their illustrious coadjutors; the dazzling glories of Clovis, the founder of their monarchy; all were gradually sunk in the degeneracy of his successors: science expired under the burning glance of military fame; learning was buried in the cloisters; and religion, despoiled of its simplicity, became the terror of the superstitious, and the tool of power.

The momentary glory, which raised itself upon the ruins of the Merovingian race, was but the glory of a single family; and the victories of the house of Heristal only prepared the path for the coming of that mighty conqueror, whose very name carries sovereignty in its sound; the splendour of whose character outshines the congregated glories of his ancestors; and whose greatness is magnified by the dense obscurity which the neighbouring nations threw around him. CHARLEMAGNE was certainly a hero. Not stainless, but still astonishing. Overpowering, by the majesty of his virtues, the censure which his failings would provoke; and looking grandly from an eminence, in all the dignity of knowledge, upon a chaos of ignorance, barbarity, and superstition. In gazing on his greatness, we forget all by which he was preceded. He stands like a barrier between past and present time; and we love to look at him as belonging to ourselves, in spite of the veneration that would consign him to the ages of antiquity. He was alike the father of France and the enlightener of Europe; giving solidity to the one and emulation to the other. He founded the honour of his people on the culture of their minds. From Italy, England, and Ireland, he procured them learned instructors. The

elementary principles of knowledge required at his command. The love of science, the thirst of fame, the pride of country, were emanations from his genius, and shed their lustre over the world. He died; and France, no longer sustained by his support, could not bear the weight of the celebrity she inherited from him; but the stamp of that character which he imprinted on her still remained. Domestic aggrandisement and foreign conquest took the lead by turns; ambition, faction, and revolt, rioted in the spoils of piety and learning; chivalry, like a beautiful meteor, blazed awhile in dazzling but factitious lustre; aristocracy succeeded despotism, and was in its turn subdued; religion, raising her head from her debasement, lost quickly, in the madness of the crusades, the loveliness of that enthusiasm to which they owed their impulse: the darkness of feudality was occasionally enlightened by the casual glimpse of knowledge; tyranny fixed firm its chains on independence; conquests were made and abandoned; battles lost and gained, monarchs assassinated or canonized; dynasties established and overthrown:—but still the print of Charlemagne's genius was deep upon the national character. Through every age, every reign, and every convulsion, not one of them resembling that by which it was preceded or followed, the elements of that character seemed preserved by the magic of his creation; and we see learning, science, courage, and ambition, though frequently obscured, still never extinguished, but blending their shades with folly and crime in astonishing combinations of consistent frivolity. Such was the continued march of French events, when, by regular gradations, the minds of men began anew to develop their powers; when present experience, and the memory of the past, flashed their united lights to illuminate mankind, and to arouse them from the torpor of submission. Feudal tyranny and royal despotism had for ages performed their silent task of brutalizing, by degrading the people; and the national religion, sublimely mysterious to the most enlightened, but to the uninformed incomprehensible, gave its powerful aid to the formation of that chain, which bearing hard and long upon the giant mind of man, was finally corroded by its own rust; and snapped asunder at the application of the volatile essence which the fermenting hand of genius so skillfully applied. But to trace the pro-

gress of modern philosophy to catalogize the talents of its disciples, or to lament their errors, is not within the compass of this design. The causes are sufficiently known; we have but to treat of the effects of that mighty, that monstrous revolution, which in its magnificent dawning scattered light and brightness with such beautiful profusion; but which, mounting too fiercely in its course, warmed into life the whole creation of reptile passion; drew after it the noxious exhalations of human depravity; and sinking soon into the ocean of time, showed us the tracks of its career covered awhile by a veil of radiance, that softened down the horror of their aspect. Nearly an age has passed since the completion of that great catastrophe. We now begin to recover from its early agitations. The generation which acted in its opening scenes is sinking fast into the grave; and the passions of those who survive, experience hourly that mental interment which hides them from the world. At this distance then, the rising race may contemplate the past with tempers tolerably composed, and a vision sufficiently clear. We may contrast the state of France in the eighth century, when the wisdom of Charlemagne, like the wand of an enchanter, raised her to a pitch of unparalleled renown, with her condition in the eighteenth, when Louis lost his empire and his life; when the monarchy of so many ages was merged in the gulf of revolutionary fanaticism, and the veneration for the sacred name of king, so interwoven in the feelings of Frenchmen, faded before the imagined splendour of republican virtue.

Look at the Revolution from whatever side we will, the object that strikes us first and strongest is its crimes. They have stamped upon the name of France for ever and ever a stigma, by each new shade of vice made more indelible, and which centuries of remorse and virtue could never wipe away. This is a grievous bequest to posterity, and in days to come will be acknowledged by many a retrospective curse. Yet these crimes, deep and complicated as they were, are not to be attributed to natural depravity. Whoever has studied the French character, has perceived the high rank which humanity holds among its virtues. Charity to beggars, kindness to children, and good treatment of domestic animals, can be seen by the very travellers on their highways. We must then look to other causes to discover the source of

their revolutionary guilt ; and those who will not believe that the system of their tyranny was sufficient to produce it, must attribute it to the terrible excitement of sudden liberty acting on the passions of an ignorant population. The quickness of French intellect can seize an object with rapidity, but is little capable of discussing it with depth. The people saw they were enfranchised, and in the former gaolers of their minds they fancied they perceived the causes of their imprisonment. Revenge hurried them blindly on ; and royalty, priesthood, and nobility, suffered, in their representatives, the punishment that, could it have been fairly apportioned, would have been sent back upon the tyranny of ages. But whatever the particular causes might be, the public mind became familiarized with horror, and tinged with a shocking ferocity. Thirty years have softened down this feeling in those remote from the bustle of political life. At this moment the mass of the people, the peasantry and the small proprietors, are, in their rural retreats, a model of independence with civility, and humanity with courage. But this unfortunately is not the class that gives the tone to national peculiarities ; the contagion has still left its stain upon the towns, and is incalculably the greatest evil of the revolution.

The military spirit which so deeply pervaded France, and bore her victorious armies o'er the earth, is generally ascribed to the Revolution. This is a short-sighted view of a feeling which has existed since France became a nation. It was ever her distinguishing trait. In all ages and in all circumstances it was displayed, proportioned in its vigour to her political situation. The difference is, that freemen fight better than slaves ; and though under the monarchy her efforts were probably less vigorous than of late, yet if we compare the enthusiasm of the republic with the fanaticism of the crusades (which latter arose from a revolution in feeling not less striking than the other), we shall see the same energies, the same excesses, the same infatuation. But in one case the impulse was religion, in the other, liberty ; the hostility in the 11th century was against the foes of their faith, that of the 18th, against the opponents of their politics. It is not then the passion for conquest, but the spirit in which it was waged, that we must rank high on the list of revolutionary ills. Republican France made war like a thirsting tiger. She seemed to fight for

food, not fame. Blood was the aliment of her ambition, and when satiated with that of her foes, she turned homewards for a fresh supply. The force of her example was infectious and far-spreading. Her tactics were adopted ; her atrocities retaliated ; Europe became a military school ; "death was on every head, and vengeance in every heart ;*" and if "war, in its fairest form, implies a perpetual violation of humanity,†" what execration is sufficiently strong for those who displayed it to the world in its foulest aspect ? The contests of the Revolution, and those arising from it, have fixed, by their virulence as well as their duration, a warlike feeling in every country within the circuit of its action, and entailed it upon them from generation to generation. This, as a general evil, is felt by the world at large ; its peculiar effect on France herself was to check the blossoms of her freedom, and fit the land for chains. A military government is ever the cradle of despotism. Each convulsion of the state but rocks the growing monster into strength, till he springs, like the sons of Callirhoe, at once from infancy to manhood, ready to strike and able to enslave. Look to France—observe her opening struggles, her early breathings of enfranchisement, her vows, her sacrifices, her victories !—How long did their accumulated triumphs last ? In what did they end ? Ten years of independence, bloody, chequered, and imperfect—sunk into a slavery far worse than that she had shaken off, because the one was the imperceptible growth of centuries, formed against the will of the people, and unable to resist their power ; the other was of their own creation, built upon their weakness and cemented with their blood. Chance shook the yoke from off their shoulders. The idol they had set up fell from its own weight. France received a new king, and gained a glorious constitution ; the first of which she has the folly to decry, and the second the absurdity to call a benefit of her own making.

The atrocities inflicted on religion and its ministers, come next to be considered ; but it was long doubtful whether religion in the abstract was injured, or the contrary. All the abuses of the church at once uprooted ; the degrading superstitions thus destroyed ; the emancipation of the mind thus effected ; from

* Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis, speaking of the wars of savage Greece. † Gibbon.

these what mighty good might not the world have fairly looked for? But when all form and all faith was openly abused; when religion was trampled under foot, and profligate impiety placed upon her pedestals; the earth to its remotest ends rung with reproach, and shrunk with horror. The hopes of philosophy were lost in contemplating these fearful scenes; and all sects, in every country, joined in the belief that religion in France was for ever overthrown. Look to the result. The phrenetic convulsion soon passed by, and religion re-entered her temples in triumph. Unhumiliated by her disgrace, untaught by her calamities, she came not in the meekness of reform, but rushed back in all the pride of ceremony and procession; took her stand upon the base of her former corruption; and defied the lights of reason and of truth. Had Buonaparte established the Reformed religion instead of that of Rome, (and it is certain that he would have done so had one been as good an *instrument* as the other,) the benefits accruing from the revolution would have perhaps overbalanced its evils. But we see that France has abandoned that hope. We see her relapsed into that faith, whose leading dictates are blind belief and unquestioning submission; and we have nothing finally to expect for this fickle country, but a probable return to her former servitude, with a recurrence of the frightful means that must attend a fresh emancipation. Coming to such a conclusion as this, one would naturally exclaim, "What have been the benefits of this highly-vaunted event? In what has France been a gainer, or how has the world been improved?" The advantages to France were nevertheless immense, had she known how to preserve them. The distribution of property, though effected by much individual injustice; the consequent independence and comparative wealth of the peasantry; the spreading of education; the encouragement of manufactures; the overthrow of prejudice—these were the manifold and mighty results effected by the revolution; but a wide distinction exists between this enumeration and the blessings she now enjoys. These, arising solely from the abuse of those which the revolution gave her, and from the conquest of the country by the other powers of Europe, are, the return of a family, who, let faction clamour as it may, must feel themselves more than any other fully identified with France. If the

Bourbons are false to France, on whom can she depend? If the pride, the pleasure, the glory of being for centuries identified with her, cannot keep the current clear in the blood of her hereditary rulers, in what upstart adventurer is she to look for purity? Political equality; trial by jury; a representative government! these are her present blessings. Had she them under the republic? Had she them under the Emperor? These self-answering questions lead but to others. What does she require? How is she to be improved? What nation is so happy, so rich, so unincumbered, so soon to be great?

It is then clear that the invaluable goods which she now possesses—her king, her charter, and the associated host of happiness which surrounds them—are far from being the actual results of the revolution. They arose from her conquest, and might have been had without the cost of oceans of blood and years of degradation. The chief benefits of the revolution were temporary to France. She murdered her mild and merciful monarch, to erect a cold usurper in his stead; she plunged religion in the depths of disgrace, to return to the sway of a superstitious creed; she revelled in the drunkenness of disbelief, and awoke to the embraces of intolerance. The momentary freedom which she won, was bartered soon for the chains of Imperial despotism; the independence of her people was thrown at the feet of her tyrant; the incipient cultivation of their minds was sacrificed to his policy; their bodies were offered in hecatombs at the shrine of his ambition; and but for his fall, they would at this day have been ground down in ignorance and thralldom. But one splendid advantage arose from the revolution; one noble gift to France, to Europe, to the world; one blessing, alike the property of us, and the unimpaired, inevitable birthright of posterity—its *EXAMPLE*. Not that of shaking off the yoke of tyranny—that was not new to men, nor wanting to the world; but that terrible example of excess, that hideous spectacle of horror, which terrifies mankind from trusting to the impulse of their passions, and makes nations pause upon the threshold of revolt. This is no fanciful assertion. It has been already acted on. Spain has arisen, but she has not bathed herself in blood. Naples has awoken, but not in an attitude of terror. Germany has threatened revolution; but has she not been

held back by the fear of following that of France? France herself is threatened monthly, weekly, hourly—Why does she not act? We too have our threateners! Who among them would dare the trial even with the prospect of success? We trust, not one; and we are convinced that the feeling which has guided the honourable advance of Spain, which leads the present progress of events in Naples, which stays the steps of German innovation, gives France tranquillity, and England hope, is the dread which all men and all nations feel

at venturing upon the path reddened by the stains of that bloodiest of revolutions.

We trust that the example may not be lost; not half effective, but entirely so. That princes, as well as people, may feel its influence sink deep into their hearts. That while the governed, thinking themselves distressed, will rather bend to the servility of supplication, than try force for their relief, the rulers will weigh well the value of complaint, and know that unsatisfied distress must ever lead to desperation.

NOCTES ATTICÆ.—REVERIES IN A GARRET.

CONTAINING SHORT AND ORIGINAL REMARKS ON MEN AND BOOKS, &c.

BY PAUL PONDER, GENT.

Nubes et inania captat.

PROSERS.

THERE are men, often of inaccurate mind, but fond of talk, and when their memories fail they borrow of their imaginations. A shepherd lad told his master that he had seen a hundred and five crows in one of his fields. You cannot count so many, replied the farmer; possibly not, Sir, replied the boy, but I counted five, and I dare say there were an hundred beside.

RUMFORD STOVES.

Though these inclosed fire-places certainly save a deal of fuel, by reflecting the heat and preventing its escape, yet they must be prejudicial to health. The contrivance can only be defended on the same principles which the gentleman made use of to some robbers (in the suspense of his reasoning powers through alarm) "My good friends, pray spare my money and take my life."

HINTS TO LADIES OF FASHION.

How many useful lessons in life may we receive from observing the instincts and habits of animals to whom we deny reason. Many a splendid beauty, thus instructed, would quit the ball-room before midnight with great advantage to the freshness of her bloom and the lustre of her eyes, if she were told that the glow-worm is never seen to shine after eleven o'clock p. m.

THE SAME.

Many a grave doctor in both universities seems to have taken a lesson from the exterior and habits of the Athenian bird sitting in an ivy-bush. A bushy

wig, an occasional harsh snapping of the beak, with most solemn gravity of countenance, have given them an air of importance which nature, unassisted, would never have bestowed.

LOVE OF ROMANCES.

Nothing proves the discontent of mankind so clearly as the love of those tales which bring them into a new world. The readers of romances wish for magicians to build and furnish the palaces, angels to live in them, and fairies to be always within call to execute every command of whim and caprice.

GRUMBLERS.

The late Gilbert Wakefield, in a life written by himself, says, on such a day I entered this planet. Poor man, it seems he mistook his way, as he never was satisfied with the place or its inhabitants. Now, all grumblers seem in the same predicament: a man whose genius and disposition qualified him to inhabit the planet Saturn, might have by ill chance entered that of Venus &c. ;

And so when mortals go astray,
The stars are more in fault than thy.

COURTSHIP.

Should a man in purchasing an horse praise it up to the skies, could he then expect to have it at his own valuation? would not the seller raise his? So in courtship, when the poor lover overrates the charms of his mistress by flattery and exaggerated praise, can he wonder that the lady does not think that he bids high enough for so much excellence? and does not take sighs and tears as part of the purchase?

* White's History of Selborne.

PARTIES OF PLEASURE.

Some modern philosophers assert very roundly that what is true in theory must prove true also in practice. These sages never planned or executed a party of pleasure, or they would soon have discovered how well-designed and plausible theories terminate in most unfortunate results of practice. The felicity-hunter soon finds the truth of the poet's words—

The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promised largeness.

Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida.

ILL-TEMPERS.

Sullen and morose persons are seldom attracted by persons of gentle and elegant tempers, but seem more naturally attached to men of gloomy and sour dispositions, and choose such for their friends and companions. Philosophers have discovered that the hard flint can only be dissolved by an acid.

MEMORY.

Wise men and fools often appear to have the same quantity of memory, and differ only in the quality of the things remembered. An equal quantity of coins and counters would appear numerically the same in the eyes, though not in the estimation, of the calculator. The truly wise and reflecting man is the real coin.

His learning favours not the school-like gloss,
That most consists in echoing words and terms,
And soonest wins a man an empty name;
But a direct and analytic sum
Of all the worth and first effects of art.

B. Jonson's Poetaster.

PEDANT, WITS, AND MEN OF GENIUS.

Lilly, the grammarian, represents learning by the symbol of a tree, which we all in youth have gazed at with delight. Let us pursue the imagery in describing the above characters. The pedant goes no farther than the leaves, the wit arrives at the blossoms, but the man of genius alone, by diligence and perseverance, obtains the fruit.

HUMILITY.

I do not know a more persuasive argument to a man of reflection in favour of this virtue, than the fact that pride is the favourite passion of those who have lost their senses. Mad Tom calls his stick a sceptre, his ragged hat his crown, and his miserable straw cell his room of audience.

He that is proud eats up himself; pride is
His own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle,
And whatever praises itself but in
The deed, devours the deed in praise.

Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida.

VANITY AND PRIDE.

These qualities of the mind, though easily distinguished, are often confounded in common speech. The vain man cannot live without the praises or admiration of those around him. Even fools must admire him, or he dies. The proud man affects to despise all praise which he cannot extort by his superior talents or station. The vain man, like the monkey, uses a thousand arts and grimaces to gain your attention. The proud man, like the lion, roars to inspire you with awe and terror.

THE SAME.

If there were less vanity and more pride, the world would lose much of its unhappiness and disquiet. Pope was a vain man, and Dean Swift a proud one. The pamphlets which were levelled against Pope's reputation, and which made him feel all the horrors of irritated and injured vanity, would have had no effect on the haughty mind of the Dean of St. Patrick's. Swift did not wish to court, but command, the approbation of the world.

ARGUMENT.

We often find persons in conversation take up their opponent's illustration, and make it the ground of their argument. This seems an error not less ridiculous than he would commit who should attempt to shave the chin he sees reflected or illustrated in the glass instead of his own. It is dangerous to play with edged tools or sharp disputants.

EPITAPHS.

I have often wished these false records of the deceased were written upon oath. We should then have less falsehood in compositions wherein truth would be so desirable and useful, and our churches that boast of symmetry and good architecture, would not be so often disgraced by these sublime panegyrics. I have heard a friend, who loved punning even on such grave subjects, declare, that the only assertions which epitaphs in general could boast as true, were the initial words "Here lieth."

SELF-FLATTERY.

Men who flatter themselves by talking of their own virtues, their valour, their talents, &c. may be justly called

the parrots of society, for their usual language is the same. Pretty pretty Poll, scratch my head, &c. Rich men can buy praises and have scratching in abundance for their money; but poor wits and scholars must "flatter themselves"—a thing they are all very apt to do, and even in sweet dedications to their patrons their beginning generally is, "I flatter myself that your lordship," &c.

DULL MEN

Do well in society. They cement the various characters, and keep them close together, as they never raise suspicions of exerting any finesse to effect their purposes. Lead, the heaviest of metals, is made use of to join together and solder the varieties of metals which require an ornament superior to what lead itself could aspire to.

MINOR SCHOLARS.

Persons of this description supply their lack of real parts and wisdom by abundance of cunning. They are careful of displaying their erudition, unless they meet with persons who are totally devoid of it. The glow-worm is known to shine with the greater success by the advantage of surrounding darkness.

OLD MEN.

I never knew an old man differ very widely from the essential parts of his youthful character. Naturalists observe that the grand characteristics of all trees are to be discovered in their germs by the use of microscopes. The same close and minute observations of the boy will pourtray the future man—

Men are but children of a larger growth.

Dryden.

THE FOUR ÆRAS OF LIFE.

Children think with timidity, young persons with vivacity, middle-aged persons with solidity, and old men with inefficacy, if at all. Thus the spring produces buds, the summer blossoms, the autumn fruit, and the winter nothing at all.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

Two eminent writers and critics, possessed of ample and improved territories, inveigh with great severity against the snug, trim, and comfortable style of the late Mr. Brown in garden-

ing, yet surely with injustice. A judge encompassed with his professional amplitude of flowing wig, would be thought uncandid in condemning the snug scratch of the attorney. Gardens and territories require a very different dress.

SINGULAR ABUSE.

And play their God an engine on their foe.

Pope.

Men are very apt to abuse the religious opinions of those with whom they chance to have any quarrel. I remember a man who underwent a *dry* beating from his adversary, and called him an Anabaptist rascal ever afterwards. Would it not have been more appositely said, if he had suffered a *ducking* from him?

FALSETTO.

Some women affect tones of excessive softness mixed with a good deal of what is called a whine. These often prove great scolds and tyrants to their husbands and children. Some naturalists tell us that the hyæna and the crocodile absolutely shed tears when they whine over the dying carcases that they are then preying upon. Perhaps shedding tears may be an addition, and the noise they make may resemble the falsetto abovementioned.

MUSIC AND PAINTING.

The strong analogy between these, which appeal to the two different faculties of seeing and hearing, is yet very manifest. Some German pieces of music which introduce a deep and growling base in order to set off a gay air, remind us of a picture of Rembrandt, where a small light peeping out of the broad shadows of surrounding darkness, brings to view a little old woman spinning by a small window in a large room.

HATCHMENTS (CORRUPTED FROM ACHIEVEMENTS.)

When in passing a noisy narrow street in London, I have seen this fatal sign of the lamented death of Mr. Alderman, to which the usual motto *In Cælo Quies* is affixed, I could scarce withhold a smile, when I considered what a consolation this motto must hold out to all the surviving inhabitants of the street who could read it, though it might stop the sale of the house to those who preferred quietness to wealth.

STATE OF LITERATURE AND PUBLIC EDUCATION AMONG THE MODERN GREEKS.

(From the "Allgemeine Zeitung.")

LORD GUILFORD, who spent the whole of last winter in Italy and the Ionian Isles, has been actively engaged in making preparations for the establishment of an Ionian university, where he proposes to maintain professors, at his own expense. He has sent several young Greeks, of promising ability, to finish their education at German universities, as his lordship has a high opinion of the system of education adopted in the public institutions of Germany. It is proposed that these students shall deliver lectures on the most important branches of science at the new Ionian university. Lord Guilford intends to travel through Germany on his way back to England. In the course of the present summer he is expected at Leipsick, to visit Professor Spohn, with whom he has for a long period maintained a literary correspondence. According to the plan of Lord Guilford, the Ionian university will be divided into several faculties—students will be received from the various public schools of Greece and the Archipelago, and furnished with stipends,—and prize questions will be proposed after the plan of the English universities.

The public schools established at Smyrna and Chios have hitherto been attended with the happiest success. The great College of Chios is particularly distinguished, and students flock to it from all parts of Greece. Its three most celebrated professors are Bardalochos, Seleri, and Bambas. Bardalochos has published a compendium of experimental philosophy, and an essay on Greek pronunciation, in which the modern Greek etacism is treated with more than usual leniency. Professor Seleri has nearly ready for the press, a Manual of Mathematics, selected from his lectures. Bambas, who for a long period studied mathematics, philosophy, and natural history, in Paris, is now about to publish, in the modern Greek language, an elementary book on chemistry from Thenard. His compendium of rhetoric has already had an extensive circulation. Some time ago, a new printing-office was established at Chios, the whole apparatus for which was brought from Paris. A German, named Bayrhofer, is at the head of this establishment. The speech which Professor Bambas delivered at the opening of his

lectures, has been printed here in a style of elegance that may rival the productions of any European press.

Chios at present enjoys perfect tranquillity, for in consequence of an agreement entered into with the Turks, it is governed entirely by Greek magistrates. In the meanwhile large sums are devoted to the maintenance of public institutions—a library is forming under the superintendence of the celebrated Greek scholar, Coray of Paris; through the liberality of private individuals, about 30,000 volumes are already collected. The College of Chios at present contains about 700 students, and their numbers are constantly augmenting. Professor Kaumus is at the head of the College of Smyrna; he has published a System of Philosophy, in 4 volumes, modelled after the system of Professor Krug, of Leipsick. The work is dedicated to Coray.

The grand object of all these undertakings is to multiply and circulate the works of the ancient Greek authors, and gradually to improve the Romain or Modern Greek language. It is only by such means that blind priestcraft and deep-rooted superstition can be effectually opposed. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the meritorious exertions of the two brothers Zosimas, the eldest of whom resides in Moscow. They have established an excellent school at Janina, their native city, and subscribed liberal sums to assist the indefatigable Coray in the publication of the Greek classics. They have also formed at Moscow a collection of antiquities, which they intend, at some future period, to transport to Greece. The Empress Maria, the mother of the Emperor Alexander, during her last visit to Moscow publicly pronounced the most flattering eulogiums on these two brothers. They may indeed be ranked among the noblest benefactors of their native country, which by no means deserves to be viewed in the equivocal light in which it is represented in Hope's Romance of *Anastasius*; for the author, to render his work piquant, has not scrupled to introduce individual singularities and errors as characteristic traits of the whole people.

These improvements among the Modern Greeks must naturally tend to render their language popular through-

out Europe. Weigel, the bookseller of Leipsick, has published an excellent dictionary and a Modern Greek grammar by Professor Schneider; and in England there has lately appeared a very useful little grammar of the Modern Greek language, by Dr. Robertson, who is a member of the Philomusæ Society of Athens, and of the Ionian Academy. The stereotyped editions of the Greek authors published by Tauchnitz of Leipsick, are extensively circulated throughout Greece on account of their cheapness. Weigel is also engaged in preparing a corrected edition of the principal Greek prose writers and poets, which is to be published under the general title of the *Bibliotheca Græca*; it will no doubt be eagerly sought after in Greece. Even the observations on Greek geography are gradually acquiring fresh accuracy. The learned Sir William Gell has lately written on this subject. His topographical works on Argolis, Ithaca and Morea, may justly be styled classical. He has lately published an *Itinerary of Greece*, departing from Corinth and tra-

versing Attica in every direction, and describing the longitude and the situations of places with the utmost accuracy. From Attica he proceeds to Boeotia, Phocis, Locris, and Thessaly; his plan also embraces the islands Ægina and Salamis. He is at present, in conjunction with Colonel Leake, occupied in drawing up a map of the whole of Greece on the scale of a foot to every degree. The Athenian Society of the Philomusæ, which was instituted by the Vienna Congress in 1815, proposes sending four young Greeks to Italy and Germany to complete their education: the society consists of 300 members, most of whom are foreigners. According to letters from Mr. Robert Pinkerton, that active agent of the British Bible Society, it appears that a society for the promulgation of the Gospel has been established at Athens. The Archbishop residing at Constantinople has been chosen President, and the British consul, Logotheti, together with Mr. Tirnaviti, are vice-presidents.

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE FROM PARIS TO ST. CLOUD.

(Continued from p. 316.)

"Oh, my mother!" I exclaimed, "at this moment you and my aunts are disquieted about me; would that I could find some winged messenger, to speed his flight towards the shores of Paris, and give you intelligence respecting me! Alas! my cat and my goldfinch, do they still exist, or have they expired in despair of seeing me again? How vast is the world! seas roar around me, and yet I am not above half way on my route. O sea, where are thy limits! canst thou extend so far, and yet can cod-fish be so dear at Paris!" These words brought to my mind a beautiful song in the last comic opera, beginning "Boundless ocean;" I was just quavering the words out, when I saw towards the west a vessel somewhat resembling ours, but much larger, bearing down full sail upon us. I fully thought we were done for; I saw it was no merchantman by the number of people who were in the hold and looking through the windows, like Noah's ark. Neither could I imagine it to be a man-of-war, as I saw neither canons, nor patereros, nor gun-stocks; but I imagined it might nevertheless be a corsair, who would endeavour to board us, and rush upon us with swords and bayonets—no wonder

then that I was alarmed, when I saw a number of men all drawn up in order upon deck. My first thought was to draw my *couteau de chasse*, but I reflected that the sea air might rust it; I therefore, only took out my glass to see what flag the enemy carried, that I might form some idea of the worst which might befall us. I was somewhat tranquillized, however, by perceiving that our own crew were all quiet, and the passengers not at all uneasy; in fact, we passed quickly by within a stone's throw of each other, without any thing occurring. I even thought that our vessel, which might have been afraid of the other, quickened her course as she drew near without venturing to attack us; and as for us, we had so much of our way to make that we could not stop merely to amuse ourselves. We kept to the larboard, and they to the starboard; the sailors touched their caps and the passengers exchanged a few jokes, but for my part I saluted them very politely, and with all my heart; and was congratulating myself on the escape we had had, when the pilot suddenly turned the helm and made towards a sort of cape or promontory, which I took at first for the Cape of Good Hope, but I was told

it was the harbour of the famous city of Anteuil, which we had just before been speaking of. We cast anchor, a plank was put out from the vessel to the shore, and about thirty passengers who were not going any farther, took their leave of us.

A little adventure kept us here somewhat longer than we had at first intended. The jetty was so steep, and the ascent to it so difficult, that a young girl rolled into the sea, and pulled along with her an abbé, who was handing her up. Two of our sailors plunged in to rescue them: I then was eye-witness to the truth of the remark, that drowning people will catch at any thing within their reach, and never leave hold; for the girl in falling had caught hold of the abbé's right leg, and was clinging fast to it when she was picked up, and the abbé who was thrown upon her neck by the suddenness of her movement, was seen still tightly embracing her, even whilst he was in the water. The young lady lost her bonnet and fan, and the abbé his hat and his violet silk parasol. When the danger was all over, we allowed ourselves a laugh at their expense; but our attention was presently diverted by the captain's wife, who came round to gather the passage-money. She first addressed herself to a capuchin, who drew forth a large rosary, and paid his share of the reckoning with it. She then came to me, and I gave her the sum required: she was immediately followed by a pious sailor, who took upon himself to collect offerings for St. Nicholas, who is the Neptune of modern days; and as I was anxious to have my share in the prayers that were to be put up to him, I contributed my part towards a fit offering to him.

Upon the opposite shore towards the south-west, is a little insulated ruin, the beautiful though retired situation of which seems to mark it as one of the retreats formerly chosen by holy anchorites, when, disgusted with the world, they became anxious to withdraw from it entirely, and give themselves wholly up to the contemplation of celestial things. In the midst of trees unpruned and planted at random, rises a humble dwelling, the only ornament of which is its simplicity. Art appears to have had nothing to do with the decoration of this place; all is nature: and I am greatly mistaken, if the spot itself is not the very same in which St. Anthony was formerly tormented by the evil one, and beset with the temptations which Callot

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has engraved to the very life; for there is still to be seen, at a little distance, the mill which the holy man commanded to come from Montmartre, expressly for the use of himself and his household, and below is his pigsty still remaining: it is altogether so delightful a spot, that I believe if ever the Magdalen should take it into her head to revisit the earth, and come this way, she would without any hesitation prefer it to St. Baume. One of the passengers who saw the eagerness with which I examined a place which I regretted to lose sight of, said, 'What! Sir, you are taking a survey of this famous place, formerly in such request, when love came from Cythera, expressly for the accommodation of Paris, to establish a manufacture of gallantries at the expense of the reputation of the middling classes. It was there that Scylla and Charybdis lifted up rocks for the shipwreck of virtue, and spread snares for the feet of vestals. It was the very temple of impurity, and in that small space the vices of all nations seemed to be assembled. But now it is very different: Breant is dead, and the mill of Javelle which you now see, is only the shadow of that which I have seen in my time.' 'What,' said I, 'is that mill the same that I have seen at the theatre at Paris?' 'Yes, Sir,' he replied, 'it is the same which is exhibited on the stage, to inspire young people with a horror of the excesses committed there.'

Whilst we thus conversed, I had not perceived that our vessel had thrown out a rope to a fisherman's boat on the shore, and by a sudden jerk of the latter, I was thrown forward, and should have inevitably gone head foremost into the sea, if I had not caught hold of the mast, and thus escaped with the loss of my hat and wig, which were borne in an instant far from me, on the waves, and seemed in haste to return to Paris. Alas! if my mother should see them, said I, she will instantly recognize my hat from Nagatz, and my wig from the three pigeons. The property will be restored to her, but she will make herself certain that I am drowned, and she will drown herself also. I ran to my travelling trunk to repair my disaster. The unfortunate are always ridiculed; no wonder then that every body laughed at me. Some wanted to look at my tarred breeches, but I had put them at the bottom of my trunk. When I went again upon deck, I reconnoitred with my glass two cities, not far from each other, on the slope of a hill, upon the

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summit of which stood the remains of a wind-mill. I asked the names of them from the cabin-boy, who happened to be near me. He told me they were Vaugirard and Issy. He had no sooner pronounced the words than my bowels yearned, I changed colour, and was so overcome that I was forced to sit down. The passengers asked me what I ailed, whether I was frightened or sick; some laughed at me, others pitied me; one however drew my smelling-bottle from my pocket, and rubbed my temples with some of its contents. "Ah Sir!" cried I, feebly pushing him away, "let nature take her course, I am agitated by contending emotions; ah beloved Vaugirard! ah cruel Issy! ah dear Julia!" At these last words, which I did not get out without difficulty, I fainted. A mortal chill froze the tears which I had before shed in abundance; and I certainly never should have recovered had it not been for my *eau sans pareille*. My benefactor begged me to explain the meaning of the words that had escaped me, but I affected not to recollect them, and in order to turn the conversation I raised my glass, and attentively surveyed some fields and cottages, which were covered with slender trees apparently supported by something like broomsticks. I asked what they were, and was informed that they were vines, that vines bore grapes, and that grapes made wine. It is probable that the Champagne and Burgundy which we prize so much at Paris are made here, and that one reason for their being so dear is the distance they have to be sent.

Scarcely had I taken credit to myself for this reflection, and rejoiced in the idea of the benefit my mind, already pretty well formed, would derive from my travels, when, looking from the poop of the vessel towards the prow, I discovered a second island, much larger than the other. I computed that it must be surrounded by water on all sides, because it stood in the middle of the sea. I saw on it neither inhabitants, cattle, houses, nor even a steeple. I thought it might probably be one of the islands of the Ægean sea, which are so full of serpents and venomous creatures, that Paul Lucas himself had not the courage to go on shore then. I saw very plainly a great many wild partridges, and some little animals about the size of cats, who when we looked at them ran into holes which they had made among the bushes, on the shore of this island; the parrots were black, with yellow

beaks. We then came to a kind of narrow passage, which led to some detached houses on the opposite shore: any other person than myself might have taken it for the Straits of Gibraltar, or at least of Calais; but when one has studied geography a little, one is not liable to be deceived. I saw there several men, in their shirts, drawing up sand from the bottom of the sea, and then bringing it to land in boats; and here our boat quitted us, to force a passage through the straits, by means of oars; it was filled with passengers, some of whom were going to the chateau Gaillardin, some to Molinaux, some to Meudon, and some with children to Clermont, where, as I was informed, there is a school celebrated for the education of youth. We next came in sight of a pretty place, called Billancourt by the people in these parts. I remarked nothing in it which could excite the curiosity of a traveller, except that the place itself appeared very thinly inhabited; indeed I only saw a single person; but to make amends for that, I perceived a number of sheep, variously marked with red on the nose, and who were walking tamely about the shore. The man had a dog with him, and a crook in his hand: I therefore judged him to be a shepherd, and immediately recollecting Virgil's apostrophe to one, I exclaimed *Tityre, tu patula, &c.*

This man might in fact be this very Tityrus himself, for he was lying exactly in the attitude Virgil mentions, at the foot of a walnut-tree, which is the same as the beech-tree of that time, and he was playing on his pipe, and enjoying the fresh air precisely in the way the poet describes. We were going along very pleasantly, when a dark cloud of smoke arose from the summit of a mountain to our left, and I thought it probable that it might proceed from the famous Mount Vesuvius, of which I recollected to have heard mention, and which vomits flames and throws out stones as far as the city of Naples, though it is a distance of full two miles. A smell of pitch and brimstone confirmed me in this idea; but on imparting my suspicion to a person near me, and asking him if he did not think we were exposed to considerable danger by being so near, he told me that I was mistaken as to the source of the vapour which gave rise to my fears, for that it proceeded from a glass-house. This remark reminded me, that in proportion as I got farther and farther from Paris,

the sun became more and more powerful, until at last I imagined we must have got nearly under the line. In fact I could bear the heat no longer, and was just thinking of going below, when I perceived a noble bridge with several carriages passing over it. At first I took it for the famous Euxine bridge; but whilst I was looking for my map and my compasses, to ascertain whereabouts we were, I heard a confused noise among the passengers and men, we suddenly came close to land, a plank was put out, and every body hastened to get on shore. I asked if this was the city of St. Cloud, and was informed that it was the port of Sèvres, but that St. Cloud was not far off, and in fact they shewed it to me. I then took leave of the captain and his wife, and was the last person who left the vessel. My heart turned round as soon as I put my foot upon Terra firma, and I still felt exactly as if I was on board the ship. I walked across the bridge, however, as steadily as I could, and found at the end of it a chapel where a venerable capuchin was ready to perform a mass for our safe arrival. I had heard mass at Paris in the morning, nevertheless I readily joined in this, in gratitude for my preservation from all dangers. I then went into a house in order that I might write to my mother without further delay. I saw nothing in this port worthy of observation, except three or four shops, which were pretty good. I hired two porters for my luggage, and one guide to conduct me. He brought me through a forest of considerable length, at the end of which we came into the town, and after crossing several streets we at last arrived at the house of my friend. The charming Henrietta opened the door to us herself; I threw my arms round her neck, and remained for some minutes speechless with delight, nor did she appear less transported. She then introduced me to her father and brother, who were waiting with a large party of their friends to receive me. After a volley of compliments on all sides, I begged leave to retire, in order that I might equip myself in a style fit for my company. When I had changed every thing from head to foot, I returned to the dining-room, and acquitted myself so well at table, that every body complimented me on my politeness. One great charm of a sea-faring life is, that as soon as danger is passed it is likewise forgotten. I thought no more of all the perils I had gone through, than to make them sub-

servient to the amusement of the company, who seemed wonderfully entertained with my narration.

After dinner, a walk in the park was proposed, in order that I might see the water-works, which were to play that day. Accordingly I offered my arm to my dear Henrietta; we all sallied forth, and soon after arrived at the palace, the exterior of which amazed me. My friend had been one of the choristers, he consequently knew the organist at the palace (for all musical people know each other), and through his interest we were admitted to see the interior also of this noble building, which truly transported me beyond myself. They shewed me Paris, in a glass, which greatly delighted me; insomuch that with looking at it, and at the fine furniture and beautiful paintings, I lost sight of Henrietta, and all the rest of the party, and had some difficulty in finding them again; but I did at last discover them in the orange-walks, where they were looking at the water-works, which had already begun to play, and surely never was any thing in the world so pretty. Here two river-gods, negligently reclining on reeds and rushes, leaned over urns, from which flowed crystal streams, which formed cascades, and filled innumerable basins around. There the affrighted naiads tried to hide themselves beneath the waves from the pursuit of the more youthful marine deities, who were enamoured of their charms. On one side is a sheet of water whereon swans disport, and which represents to the life the spot chosen by Diana when she was surprised by Actæon; and on the other are sea nymphs, who, only half hidden amidst the rushes, seem to love to throw out lures to the curious. Here lakes permit their sparkling waters to be swallowed up one moment by the earth, in order that the next may see them thrown into the air;—here paths are wound through groves that the eye cannot pierce—beds of a thousand flowers, cultivated by Flora herself, charm the sight with their innumerable dyes; enchanted bowers, sacred to the zephyrs, afford a retreat for birds, whose varied songs delight the ear; and fauns and dryads scattered through the woods, seem to do the honours of them, and to invite the passers-by to take refuge with them in their leafy shades from the ardour of the sun. Not far from the house we came to a stone bridge, somewhat long and narrow; from its apparent antiquity, I took it for one of the

aqueducts which are still preserved as a remnant of the greatness of former ages. At each side of this bridge there were long poles, and logs of wood, with strings crossing from one side to the other, so as completely to form a kind of net-work before the arches. I thought this might be to prevent the approaches of pirates from Cherbourg, who, if they should obstinately persist in forcing a passage, might find themselves caught, as Mars, that corsair among husbands, was formerly in the net woven by Vulcan; or that it might be hung up for the cod or herring fishery;—but my friend, who was as eager as his sister to give me every kind of information, told me, that neither cod nor herrings were caught in the sea hereabouts; that the miller hung out the nets to catch the smaller fresh-water fish, such as carp, pike, barbel, gudgeons, smelts, and so forth; and that, very often, things which had been lost at Paris had been found by means of these nets. I recollected having often heard of the snares of St. Cloud, and I concluded that it was to such incidents they owed their reputation. I immediately bethought me of the hat and wig which I had lost on my voyage from Paris; and I begged my friend would accompany me to the miller's, in order that we might inquire after them. We found only the miller's daughter at home; but this was quite enough for us, as she was pretty and polite, and savoured little of the clack of the mill, wherein she had been brought up. As soon as we had described to her the articles of which we were in search, she opened a large wardrobe full of all sorts of things; however I could not find my hat among them, though there were abundance of one sort or other. I likewise turned over a whole stack of wigs, both of doctors and lawyers, without finding my own among them. I counted, however, in the course of my search, a hundred and twelve bonnets, a hundred and eighty caps belonging to the actresses, sixteen cloaks belonging to abbés, eighteen great coats, twenty-two hoods, and a hundred and fifty frocks belonging to different orders of monks, besides an infinite number of books, which probably the purchaser, indignant at their contents, had thrown into the water. Our farther search being hopeless, we took leave of the miller's pretty daughter, and crossed a spacious plain, intermixed with gravel walks: the road through it was bordered on both sides with peas,

beans, and vines, and brought us to a great gate, through which we went into a wood, cut into different avenues, and planted with wild trees, which bore neither flowers nor fruit. I should have been somewhat uncomfortable had I found myself alone in a place so dreary and of such extent, but I took care to keep close to my companion, and never quitted him for an instant until I saw a little bird pop out from under a tree, and which was so exactly like my goldfinch, that I thought it was himself who had escaped from his prison, and flown to St. Cloud, on purpose to meet me. Under this idea, I called him by all the endearing names I was in the habit of lavishing on him, and ran after him to take him up, but I found that he was a wild bird, who had been brought up in the woods, and not in a cage like mine, for he ran away, and evidently did not like the thought of being handled. Whilst I was in pursuit of him, I perceived a violent agitation amidst some bushes, and I had the curiosity to go nearer to see what it could be caused by; but having heard that wild beasts prowled in forests, I had the precaution to draw a pistol from my pocket, and with that in one hand, and my naked sword in the other, I advanced as softly as possible; but, O ye gods! what was my surprise, when I heard the cries of human beings, to whom I had given, very unintentionally, a mortal alarm by the sight of my weapons! In vain I strove to re-assure them: the nearer I drew in order to explain myself, the more they called to me to stand off, and bawled out 'thieves! robbers!' with all their might. At the first glance of them I imagined they must be a faun and dryad, so very slightly were they attired; but on looking towards the middle of the thicket, I saw a black gown and short cloak of the same colour, and a plain round hat upon them, whilst a little farther off lay a pelisse and petticoat of blue silk; a violet-coloured parasol, a muslin cap, a pair of rose-coloured gloves, and a bottle half emptied of Neuilly ratafia, with a cup which had apparently served to drink out of; from all which appearances, I concluded this thicket could not be the resort of the divinities of the woods, as they are satisfied with Nature in her simplest modes. Unfortunately for the fugitives, three of the park-keepers were brought to the spot by their cries: off set the faun and the dryad at the sight of them; away went the park-keepers after them, and

after a warm chase, hunted them down precisely in the place whence they set off, and where we were waiting, ready to expire with laughter at the singular spectacle they afforded.

They seemed much humbled at their situation; but my friend, who knew the oldest of the park-keepers, undertook to plead their cause, and to prove that they had come there with no evil design upon the game. Whilst he was thus employed I took a nearer survey of the parties, and found the faun in his velvet breeches, and the dryad, in her flounced muslin petticoat, to be no other than the abbé and the young lady who fell into the water together in landing at Auteuil, and who were so immoderately entertained with my mishap in sitting on the coil of tarry rope. It was now my turn to triumph, but I make it a rule never to insult the unfortunate; I therefore remained silent, and saw, not without concern, the luckless pair marched off under the care of the park-keepers, who, I understood, were going to take them as far as Madrid,* there to give the best account they could of themselves.

Nine days I passed at St. Cloud in pleasures that were ever increasing, ever new. Henrietta shewed me the kitchen-gardens, the vineyards, the orchards, the fields, the meadows; I learnt how vegetables grew, how wine was made, how corn was sown and ground, how grass was cut; in short, nothing escaped me. It must be acknowledged that women have a most delightful manner of imparting. There is no better teacher for a young man than a young woman. I learned more from Henrietta in nine days than I had done from my tutor in nine years. But, alas! those nine days fled as if they had been only nine moments—so short is the duration of pleasures here below! Henrietta had promised to be in Paris on a particular day; my mother and aunts were expecting me with as much impatience and curiosity as if I had been the wandering Jew; and, in short, the Fates would have it that we must depart; that we must leave the delightful scene which I might well call the cradle of my instruction—the beautiful meadows, the delicious little bower where Henrietta and I sat in an evening, only just large enough to hold us both, side by side; the exquisite home-made muffins, one dozen of which

* One of the buildings in the park, so called probably from its architecture, being in the Spanish style.

I ate every morning for my breakfast; all the pure pleasures of country life! I was called upon to quit them all. Still the thought that I quitted them with Henrietta for my companion, sustained me, and I began to make preparations for my departure. As it was uncertain how long I might be detained on the road, I wrote a letter of eight pages to my mother, in which, after describing every thing that I had seen at St. Cloud, I told her, that "ignorant of the duration of my travels, and consequently unable to fix the precise time of my arrival, I had the honour to take the earliest opportunity to calm her anxiety respecting me; begging leave to remind her, that under the care of Mademoiselle Henrietta no mischance could befall me; that if I had escaped the danger of whales and crocodiles at sea, there was every reason to hope I might elude the attacks of tigers and lions on shore; and that however the desire of seeing the world might seduce her son for a time from her, yet that his heart was still with her, even whilst the earth itself was extending before his eyes, and that whether far or near he should still always have the honour of feeling himself her most dutiful son, and most devoted humble servant, &c." dated from St. Cloud. In this letter I enclosed two others, full of kind expressions, for my two aunts; and after having carefully sealed my packet, I took it with my own hands, the evening before my departure, to the captain of a vessel which was to sail the next day for Paris, and implored him to see himself, that it should be delivered according to the direction upon it; representing to him, that by any negligence on his part, in this respect, he might cause the death of a mother and two aunts. I had the precaution, moreover, to make duplicates of these letters, which I entrusted to a rich banker at St. Cloud, to be sent by the first vessel which might sail for Paris; and I then thought that I might, without presumption, make myself pretty certain that one or the other of the packets would arrive safe. Henrietta engaged to have the whole management of our party, which consisted of herself, her brother, a lawyer, a naval officer, and myself. The next morning, before day-break, she summoned us all; and herself, more lovely than Aurora, conducted us to the shore, where two sailors were waiting with a small boat to take us over the expanse of water at our feet, which she

informed me, with a smile fraught with encouragement, was the Pacific Ocean; and indeed it was impossible to feel any alarm whilst looking on its smooth surface, which I was assured was never agitated into waves. The sun rose soon after we had got into the boat, and distinctly shewed us the surrounding country. On the left I saw a place of considerable extent, which had all the appearance of a flourishing city. I was told it was Boulogne; I therefore concluded we were now in the Straits. The naval officer, who had often doubled these coasts whilst he was on service in Catalonia, gave us so unfavourable an account of the landing, that we did not endeavour to effect one; but whilst I am on the subject of Boulogne I ought to remark, that all travellers who have described it speak of Tour Neuve and of Tour de l'Ordre. I know not where they may have found these two towers, but for my own part I must confess I saw nothing of the kind, except a single spire, which was tolerably lofty. The shore to the left is bordered with superb seats; one in particular is distinguished by a long avenue. The sailors told me it was the place where the Elector of Bavaria used to come to enjoy the pleasures of the country. I was delighted to find from this that we were in Germany, and I immediately took out my tablets to note down whatever I might find remarkable in the country. Among other things I observed, that the sea which washes these shores is remarkably calm, that the banks are covered with a soft green turf, and that if mountains were cultivated here they would grow extremely well, as was evident from the great number of little heaps or hills which were scattered all around. I remarked also that the climate is serene; inasmuch, that all the time I was there it neither rained, nor thundered, nor snowed. As we proceeded in our route we saw a small building, as it appeared, floating on the water, and from out of which looked three beautiful faces, with their hair flowing over their naked ivory shoulders, which were exhibited to our view by every playful zephyr. I instantly recollected a passage in Homer, where Ulysses is warned of the sirens. My tutor had then explained to me that there were sirens in every stage of life; and sure enough when I heard the mellifluous tones, the vivacious laugh of these lovely creatures, as they asked us if we would stop and bathe, I found that my safety consisted

in resolutely stopping my ears and shutting my eyes, and drawing closer to Henrietta, who, with a thousand fears for my preservation, exhorted me not to cast a single look upon those dangerous, though fascinating, monsters of the deep. When we had got far enough from them, Henrietta, in her turn, was willing to set forth her powers of charming, and began to sing to her brother's accompaniment in such tones as soon put all other sounds out of my head. After that the lawyer took the violin, and played most of the operas of the Pont Neuf, setting off his songs with contortions and gesticulations which might have made the very stones laugh. The navy officer amused us with an account of the engagements he had been in, the storms he had weathered, the dangers he had run—nothing escaped him—even the discharges of cannon were all numbered by him. Nestor had not seen half so much; Xerxes and Miltiades were mere subalterns to him;—without doubt, if he had lived in the time of the Romans, he would have been made marshal of France.

Amidst the pleasures of the eyes and the ears, we still contrived to attend to the necessities of the stomach. Indeed we thought it prudent to lighten as much as possible that part of our cargo which was of a perishable nature; accordingly we attacked our provisions with such zeal and industry, that we only just left enough for our sailors to finish, and then proceeded on our way as much lighter in spirits as we were heavier in the stomach. It was well we had thus fortified ourselves, for when we landed, we had need of all our courage and resolution. We found ourselves, in short, upon a vast plain, bounded on one side by the sea, on the other by a long wall, through which there appeared not the smallest aperture. There was, however, no other road to take, unless we chose to return, and as the day was already far advanced, that would have been still more dangerous. Another difficulty yet more perplexing was, the total want we were in of carriages of any description. There was nothing for us but travelling on foot, and ill could I bear to see Henrietta exposed to such fatigue. A fortunate incident, however, relieved us from this part of our embarrassment. Whilst we were earnestly debating how to proceed, we saw a troop of small cavalry approaching. They were Jerusalem ponies, loaded with linen most probably from

Holland, and were apparently bound for Mecca. Henrietta immediately requested the commander of the caravan to lend her some assistance, and he, who had imbibed on the frontiers of Paris the true French politeness, immediately granted it: he removed his own luggage upon the backs of the beasts, and put our's on instead; he then gave up that on which he was riding to Henrietta, and having left his people to guard the treasures of the caravan, he accompanied us himself as our guide, and we followed Henrietta on foot.

The animal which carried Henrietta is sufficiently curious to deserve a more particular description in this place. It is not nearly so large as a horse, though it resembles him greatly in the chest. Its carriage is more humble and modest, if I may so express myself; its ears are long and upright; it is much used in this country for burdens, and it is therefore called a domestic animal. Its pace is so easy that it seems formed for the service of the softer sex. Its walk is slow, though light; it rarely stumbles, and when it feels that it is about to fall, it gradually bends its knees, and comes gently down, without throwing off its rider. The only fault with which he is reproached is that when he comes near water he plunges voluptuously into the midst of it, either to cool his feet, or to look at his own amiable features. We were told that formerly even the daughters of kings have made use of these animals in parties of pleasure. And so it is that, in travelling through foreign countries, we become acquainted with what passes in our own!

Whilst Henrietta thus journeyed on at her ease, we continued along the side of the wall, which I at last recognized as the famous wall of China, separating it from Tartary, and expressly raised to protect the powerful state of Asia from the insults of the Calmucks and Moguls. At last, however, we perceived a confused mass of buildings, from the midst of which rose a spire, and I was delighted to see such a trace of the Christian religion in an idolatrous country, for the next day was Sunday. We asked our conductor what place it might be, and were told it was the royal Abbey of Longchamp, founded in the time of that pious king St. Louis, who had himself laid the first stone, and that it was at present inhabited by votaries of the female sex, who were only admitted by taking three vows—to see men without falling in love with them, to possess

wealth without being attached to it, and to have inclinations without gratifying them. I judged that the place had been founded during the time of the crusades, and it was indeed a fine thought to raise such a monument of religion in a country which had never been taught any thing of it before but from conquering armies.

The sun was now resigning his fiery track to the milder radiance of the stars; our provisions were all consumed; the ignorance in which we were as to the roads, our fear of falling into the hands of the Antipodes, and innumerable other thoughts of danger which naturally oppress the human mind at the approach of darkness, all determined us to pass the night where we were; still, however, we could only look for shelter to the royal Abbey, though we were given to understand it was not to be approached by the feet of man. Nevertheless, a report reached its walls that strangers from France were in its vicinity, and an ambassador was forthwith dispatched to offer accommodations to us for the night. We made some difficulty at first of accepting the proposition, in order to appear of more consequence, and the plan succeeded admirably; we therefore followed it up, by transforming Henrietta into a princess, as she well deserved to be, her brother into a duke, the lawyer into a judge, the navy captain into an admiral, and myself into a young nobleman on his travels, and of course eager after every species of information. No wonder then that under our new characters we had every degree of attention shewn us by the pious sisters, whom I found greatly to resemble my own countrywomen, as far as I could judge from their faces and hands, all the rest of their persons being enveloped in a sort of sack, which however they contrived to look pretty well in, and to shew off a few coquetties, as if they were not over and above enamoured with their solitary way of life.

When we retired for the night, and I began to reflect upon our route, I could not hide from myself that Henrietta was taking us a very round-about way to Paris; but I should not have cared for this, had I not been afraid that we might, in our wanderings, find ourselves at Constantinople; and if, in that case, the grand seignor were to happen to cast his eyes upon Henrietta, he would most certainly make himself happy, without asking my leave. The next

day, as soon as we had attended mass, and paid our parting compliments, we proceeded on our way. Happily we at last found a breach in this endless wall. We went through it, and seemed transported to another quarter of the globe. We saw no longer either plains or mountains, shores or seas, cities or castles; nothing but a confused assemblage of trees, the matted foliage of which seemed absolutely to shut out the rays of the sun.

We wandered about a long time in this vast desert, which seemed to afford nothing but wild beasts and trunks of trees, tall enough for masts for the largest vessels. It is singular, however, that such great trees should produce only a very small fruit, which is hard, oval, and somewhat green, inclosed in a hard shell, rough on the outside, and smooth within, which made me take them at first for cocoa-nuts. There are few animals in these forests; indeed I remarked only two species;—one is called the cuckoo. It is rarely seen, although continually heard. It incessantly repeats its own name and nothing else, and that too in a melancholy and monotonous tone, which produced a very unpleasant effect on my spirits; and I was told that on married men, in particular, it had a disagreeable influence. The other animal is the fawn, which stands on four slender legs, has a light form, carries its head erect, is quick of hearing, and vigilant of sight. Well may it be said that Nature is whimsical in her productions! The most beautiful part of this animal is the tip of his tail, which forms a kind of black and velvety ring: he is so vain of this perfection that as soon as ever he sees persons, he turns to shew it to them. He is swift of foot, and affords pleasure in the chase; but though undoubtedly of the stag kind, he yet has no horns: and now that I mention horns, I will beg leave to relate in this place an anecdote, which was communicated to me by means of an authentic manuscript. "This vast forest," says the historian, "was formerly peopled with stags, but at the request of all the married people in the towns round about, who had taken an unconquerable aversion to the anslers with which the heads of these creatures are adorned, the king had them eniurely extirpated, and supplied their place with fawns. Since that time husbands have no longer had the mortification of seeing their own images; but if their eyes have been relieved, their ears have nevertheless continued to be

offended with the cries of the cuckoo, whom it was found impossible to exile, and who incessantly repeat their own ill-omened name."

After having wandered about this immense forest for a length of time, we saw a vast pile of building, which I was certain must be the abode of royalty, itself. I was not mistaken: Henrietta told me it was Madrid. My readers will imagine my delight at being thus enabled with my own eyes to judge of the capital of Spain. As soon as we arrived, we took care to get some refreshment, which we stood in great need of. We then went to see the palace, which we had a good opportunity of doing as we found the court were absent at that time. The apartments are spacious but not magnificent: the style of architecture exactly what I should have expected to see in Spain. I wished much to be shewn the place where Charles V. kept our admirable monarch Francis I. prisoner; at last I thought I discovered it, and I was so affected by the idea of what he must have felt in his captivity, that I sought about as eagerly for means of escape as if he were still there. At last I found a window, which by wrenching four bars away, would admit of getting out of it into a narrow passage, which led into a little garden, which opened upon the forest. All the company were delighted with my discovery, and told me it was a pity that I had not been in Spain at the same time with the good King Francis.

We were told that though the court were absent just then, there was nevertheless a vast concourse of the nobility who came here for the sake of the air; and in fact I saw a great number of equipages, full of persons elegantly dressed, as also many who were on foot, all intent on seeing and being seen. Some, however, wholly free from such vanity, plunged into the thickest of the wood. I observed that these lovers of retirement always went in pairs of male and female. At first I thought it was a kind of misanthropic humour which thus detached them from the gayer part of the community; but I soon found that they were as gay as the best of them, and that after passing a quarter of an hour in laughing and romping together, they returned very contentedly to the common centre of attraction. But not all the assemblage of beauty, magnificence, and fashion, that passed before us, as we sat beneath the shade of some delightful trees, Henrietta war-

bling a song, and the lawyer accompanying her on his flute, surprised me so much, as hearing French spoken by every one. I thought it was only at Paris that this language was in use, and that every where else Latin was the common tongue; indeed it was only on this principle that I accounted for the perseverance with which it is instilled into youth, during so many of the most precious years of their life; nevertheless my veneration for my native country was not a little increased at thus finding her language in request in all the courts of Europe.

It would be endless to describe the pleasures and attractions of this part of Spain; the beauty of the ladies, the courtesy of the cavaliers; but we were forced to quit them all, for Henrietta, impatient to reach Paris at the time she had promised, hastened our departure; and a carriage being procured for us, we set off exactly in the same way that we should have travelled in France.

I had not been long in the carriage when I felt overcome by drowsiness. I thought I only closed my eyes for a few minutes, nevertheless I was told when I awoke, to my great astonishment, that I had been asleep for twenty-four hours. Well may the old proverb say,

He who sleeps, dines; for most certainly I felt no want of any thing. I was told that the town we had last come through was Passy, that we were just opposite to the convent *des Bons Hommes*, and consequently not far from Paris. In short, Chaillot soon appeared; then the *Petits Cours*; then the Thuilleries; and at last the Pont Royal itself!"

And thus ends the excursion itself of our hero, though the raptures excited by his return, and his eager anticipations of the honour of becoming an author, are all related by him with abundant humour; but perhaps after all there is nothing more truly ludicrous in his whole account, than the recommendation of it, which is seriously given by a late tourist, one of our own countrymen, who says, "*All persons who are going to visit St. Cloud ought to provide themselves at their bookseller's, with the 'Voyage de Paris à St. Cloud par mer, et Retour de St. Cloud à Paris, par terre.'*" We should like this worthy traveller to guide us through Spain in the same manner with the aid of Don Quixote's wanderings therein, and particularly of that part of his journey which he performs on the wooden horse, at the request of the afflicted Lady Trifaldi.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

HAVING heard that you are always willing to increase the resources of the New Monthly Magazine, I beg that you will please to take into immediate consideration my pretensions to become a contributor to that amusing miscellany. With respect to my school education, that is neither here nor there; colleges, you know, are growing every day more and more out of fashion. The world is beginning to find out, with the Citizen in the play, that drawing bills in Greek and Latin will not render them negotiable; and that Virgil and Horace both together would not bail off a ten-pound writ. What we want now-a-days is real, tangible, touch-and-go, ready-penny knowledge; and provided a man possesses this, nobody but the college of physicians will ask from what store he has taken his *pecunium*. I do not say this in disparagement of the two lumi-

naries of England; but when a man happens not to possess any given accomplishment or advantage, he may be allowed to hold it a little cheap in his own defence. Not, however, that my sources of information are either few or contemptible. I have served as mate in a whaler; as assistant-surgeon in a marching regiment; I have been a methodist-preacher; a writing clerk to an eminent attorney; president of a debating club; a strolling actor; a corrector of the press; a book-keeper in a counting-house; an itinerant lecturer in natural philosophy; ciceroni to Polito's caravan; and a composer of poetical advertisements for the patent blacking. Having seen so much of the world, and dipped so deeply into the sciences, I think it a mere sin to hide so much light under a bushel, and am determined to devote myself wholly to literature. My first attempt, I must own, was a perfect failure. I engaged

* Vide Two Sketches of France, Belgium, and Spa, in two Tours during the Summers of 1771 and 1816.

with a certain editor of a newspaper to write down all the literature he disliked either upon personal or public grounds; but though in my youth I had studied rhetoric under the first female professors in Billingsgate and the Strand, and was almost a match for B—— D—— himself, I could not write up, or rather down, to the standard of my employer, and was dismissed accordingly as unfit for service. My next engagement was a contract for the alphabetical part of a new Encyclopedia, to be published in sixpenny numbers; but letters A and C being pre-occupied, I grew disgusted with the narrow sphere of my occupation, and after doing three other letters, I withdrew from the concern. You may perceive then, Sir, that the sphere of my utility is not circumscribed;—law, physic, divinity, and trade, are equally within my compass. In theatrical criticism I am quite at home, having once written a tragedy myself—(by the bye, no one who has not done so can know the talent and labour that go to write even a bad one.) The best judges thought my play not without merit; but as it abounded neither in metaphysics nor in supernatural agency, nor made sufficient use of the *materiel* of the modern Melpomene, traps, thunder, and great bells; as the style moreover was neither Ossian in metre, nor prose run mad, the managers refused it. Disgusted with this ill success, and tired, perhaps, of the tragedy of real life of my last twelve years, I have now bid a long and a lasting adieu to the Muse. As far, however, as a song or a satire, a sonnet or a charade, I am the humble servant of your poetical sheet. With these qualifications I flatter myself that I am the very man you want. I could, Sir, without loss of time, furnish a very pretty series of articles—such as “Letters from the Circuit,” “Evenings in Warwick-lane,” or “Horæ Apostolicæ;” or, if you prefer the fashionable line of mysticism and transcendentalism, what think you of “A Correspondence with a German Philosopher on Mesmerism,” or “Imperial Letters to Mad. Krudener”? Then, Sir, among my MSS. I have “Remarks on the War of the Peninsula,”—a capital article, which, if Austria marches against Naples, will, *mutatis mutandis*, answer to a T. During the season I could engage for a series of observations on the Royal Academy and Water-colour exhibitions; and though with respect to painting I am, like

Epictetus, more a writer of receipts than a real cook, yet by dint of a little eye-dropping in the rooms to pick up the artists’ opinions of each other’s performances, I could not fail to compose a few peppery papers, which (if you are not afraid of libel) would throw Peter Pindar into a perfect shade. I have likewise in my portfolio, Notes for a Voyage to the North Pole, which might be ready against the return of the expedition; sixty skeleton Homilies, a most ingenious case of Sermons, divided by compartments into openings, main bodies, and tail-pieces, so contrived that any one opening will dovetail with any one middle part, and that again with any termination. With the help of a concordance for new texts, you may with this machine have a different sermon for every week of the year. This, Sir, was part of my properties in field-preaching, and might suit those who have more zeal than talent; and it should be parted with at a reasonable rate. I have begun, some time back, a complete course of criticism on the *Musæ ambulantes* of England, including a Dissertation on the Origin and Antiquities of Street Ballads, with anecdotes of the most eminent singers and writers in that line; and an appendix, embracing the literature of Vauxhall: this could be finished and shaded to any political colour you please at a short notice. A series of letters from a country town would furnish a good vehicle for abusing any political or religious party—for crying down one set of men, and raising another; and it has besides the advantage of allowing one to puff one’s nearest friends and relations—if, alas! I had any:—this part, however, I can dedicate to yourself. Comme il n’est pas nécessaire de tenir les choses pour en raisonner, as Figaro says, you will not think me presumptuous in boasting of my “Letter to an East India Director on Paper Currency,” in which I can clearly prove that money is not necessary to pay debts; and that if twice two be not five, it may, by a little dexterity, be made to exceed four. This you might publish, divided into six successive numbers, and it would add great weight to your Magazine by the profundity of its argument, and its coincidence with some of our most accredited economists. By the bye, Sir, if on approving these suggestions, you would discharge a small matter that is out against me, it would give me a freer access to

yourself, and the haunts of this metropolis, where interesting matter is to be picked up for your use. The favour of a line, addressed to A. B. at

the ——— coffee-house, will greatly oblige,

Sir, your most devoted and faithful Servant, A. B.

FESTIVALS AND CEREMONIES OF THE JAPANESE.

The Japanese have five grand festival days in the course of the year. They are considered as fortunate days, and were instituted by the 40th Daïri, *Ten-mooten-o*, in the 6th year *Fak-fō*, or the year 677.

The following are a few curious particulars respecting these festivals:—

The first festival day is called in the learned language *Zin-zits*, or the day of man; and in the vulgar language *Nanooka Djogooats*, which signifies the 7th day of the 1st month.

In the second year *Kooan-pe* (890) it was customary to serve up to the Daïri a dish of potage, called *Nanakoosa*, consisting of baked rice and seven different kinds of roots or vegetables.

It subsequently, however, became the custom merely to present seven kinds of vegetables to the Daïri.

The work entitled *Lifo-o-no-ki* states, that *Moorakami-ten-o*, on this festival day, was in the habit of receiving from his wife an offering of the first herbs.

Sutok-in, the 75th Daïri, composed the following lines on the subject of the potage made of rice and vegetables; the stanza consists of thirty-one characters.

Ki mi ga ta mo
Na na tsoo na o sa no
Na na koo sa ni
Na o tsoo mi so ye noo
Yo ro tsoo no no fa roo.

“May it continue to be the custom
“ten thousand years hence, to gather
“seven sorts of vegetables on the morn-
“ing of the 7th day of the first month,
“for the use of the prince!”

Such is the origin of the festival which is celebrated, not only in the palace of the Daïri, but throughout the whole empire. People regale their friends with the potage above described, and wish them a long and happy life.

The second festival day is called *Shok-djoo-no-in* and *Djosi*. *Djo* signifies above, first, or beginning, and *si* means serpent: it is therefore the festival of the first day of the serpent of the third month. The third month was properly the month of the dragon; but this denomination has been altered, and that sign of the zodiac which immediately succeeds it has been adopted, to designate the month in which the Japanese are accustomed to wish their friends a con-

tinuance of good health and happiness. This festival, though fixed for the first day of the serpent of the 3d month, was formerly celebrated on different days, owing to the continual variation of the Japanese calculations. It has since been determined that it shall be celebrated on the 3d day, which is called *Tcho-san*, twice three, or the 3d of the 3d month. It is also called the *festival of dolls*.

It is principally intended for the amusement of young girls, and hence it receives the name of *Onago-no-sekoo*, or the *festival of women*. In all houses, whether belonging to the poor or the rich, a little stage is erected about the height of a table; it is covered with a red carpet or some coloured material, of such value as the family are able to afford. On this stage figures and decorations are placed, representing the court of the Daïri, temples, buildings, the Daïri himself, his wives who are called *Daïri-Bina*, and other distinguished persons of both sexes: these images are called *Vina-uingio*, or children's dolls. Different kinds of dishes are served up to the figures, with the same ceremony as is observed in the palace of the Daïri, and the houses of people of rank: in short, they represent the whole interior of a house, with all that is necessary in the kitchen, &c. By this kind of amusement girls are instructed, from their earliest childhood, how to become good and useful managers of a family.

An ancient Japanese work mentions, that these dolls used to be given to young girls as playthings; and that it was customary to blame them for any little fault committed by the children, with the view of giving the latter an indirect lesson.

From the most distant period it has been a practice, on the day of this festival, to make little cakes of rice and the green leaves of the plant called mugwort, which are supposed to be efficacious in preserving the health. The Japanese also drink *saki* distilled from peach-leaves, as peaches are accounted to possess the quality of resisting all sorts of infections.

The third grand festival day is the 5th of the 5th month, and is called *Tango-no-sekoo*, or *Cho-go-no-sekoo*: *tan* means

first, go a horse, and *seko* a festival day; the name therefore signifies the feast of the first day of the month of the horse. *Cho* means double, go five, and *Cho-go* the fifth of the fifth month.

This festival is to boys what the *Ona-go-no-sekoo* is to girls. From the first to the sixth day of the month, it is the practice to fasten flags of silk, cloth, or paper, to pieces of bamboo: they are usually ornamented with the arms of a prince, or of some distinguished officer or famous soldier.

At the court of the Daïri, and in all capital cities, these bamboos are fixed upon bastions and bulwarks, and in front of the palaces. At Naugasaki and some other cities, two of these flags are fixed up in front of every house, where the family consists of boys; they are called *No-bori* or *standards of war*. Over the doors of the houses it is also customary to hang cutlasses, helmets, bows and arrows, guns, pikes, and other arms, made of wood or bamboo, covered with paper and varnished. In the apartments are ranged the figures of men famous for their courage, or knights in full armour: these figures are made of wood, and are dressed in silk or gold, silver or coloured cloth.

Boys receive, by way of playthings, sabres, swords, pikes, bows and arrows, and other weapons made of wood or bamboo, in order to inspire them, at an early period of life, with courage and a taste for the military service; and to fire their young hearts with the recollection of the glorious achievements of their ancestors.

The swords, which every one may have made according to his fancy, are called *Siobokatana*. The word *Sioboo* has a double meaning: it is the name of the plant which we call *sword-grass*, and if the word be divided, it will be found to consist of *sio*, signifying *to conquer*, and *boo* to be *conquered*. *Katana* is the common word for sabre.

The fourth festival is called by the Japanese *Sits-sek*, the seventh evening, or *Seisek*, the evening of the stars. This festival is held on the 7th evening of the 7th month. It was established in honour of two constellations; namely, *Tana-bata*, *Siok-djo*, or *Ori-fime*, (the spinner, the sempstress, the virgin), *In-kaï* the feeder of dogs, or *Ken-giou*, the cow-herd. It is founded on a Chinese fiction, from which the author of the *Djoo-tsi-kie* has selected the following particulars.

On the east of the milky way, called

by the Chinese: *Tuga*, and by the Japanese *Ama-no-gawa*, or the River of Heaven, lived *Siok-djo*, or *Tana-bata*, a lady of exquisite beauty, and the daughter of the Emperor of Heaven. In her solitude she employed herself in spinning a fine kind of cloth, called by the Japanese *Womonoo-siok-no-harumi*, the stuff of vapours or clouds; for she did not waste her time in idle amusements, or in decorating her person. The emperor, at length, displeased with her solitary life, married her to the genius of the constellation *Inkaï* or *Ken-giou*, who lived on the north of the milky way. Her new mode of life so pleased her, that she soon neglected her work. This excited the emperor's anger, and he separated her from her husband; but, at the same time, granted them permission to meet once a year, namely, on the 7th night of the 7th month. These two constellations are still supposed to preside over the welfare of the world, and are held in great veneration by the Chinese and Japanese, who invoke them to obtain the blessing of Heaven, long-life, riches, and advancement in the arts and sciences. Pregnant women solicit their aid in childbirth; young girls pray that they will assist them in their needle-work and embroidery; and boys in their mechanical labours, studies, &c. They present to them offerings of water, fire, incense, flowers, *saki*, sweetmeats, fruits, needles, marriage-hymns, sonnets and pieces of ornamental writing, according to the custom of the country.

At the court of the Daïri, on the 7th night of the month, four tables are laid out in the open air. They are covered with offerings of various kinds; together with a vase of pure water, and nine chandeliers with wax tapers, which are burnt all night. The well-informed part of the Japanese consider this Chinese fiction as derogatory from the respect due to God; but, in general, they consider the two constellations above mentioned as having great influence over the world.

On this festival day, it was formerly the custom at the court of the Daïri to write poems consisting of thirty-one characters, on oblong or square pieces of coloured paper, which were fastened to branches of green bamboo; and the constellations received offerings of fire, water, scented wax candles, sweetmeats, melons, &c.

The fifth festival day is the 9th of the 9th month; it is called *Tchocho-no-sekoo*,

or double nine. At the court of the *Dairi* it is customary to drink saki, distilled from the flowers of the motherwort, which is supposed to have the effect of prolonging life.

At Naugasaky a fair is held, called by the Japanese *Matsoori*. Children superbly dressed perform dances in the principal streets in honour of *O-soo-ama*, the god of the *Sintos*. The priests, followed by an immense crowd, convey the statue of the deity to a particular quarter of the city, where a grand building is erected for its reception.

Besides the five grand festivals above mentioned, another is celebrated on the 15th of the 7th month, called in the learned language *Wooran-bon*, and in the vulgar language, simply *bon*, which signifies a dish or plate. At this festival the Japanese make offerings to the souls of their deceased relations; it is connected with the religion of *Shakia*, which was introduced from China to Japan.

The book of hymns, entitled *Boutssetsu-wooran-bon-ko*, which has been translated from the Hindoo language into the Chinese, contains the following:—

The mother of the priest *Mokren-beckoo*, who was a disciple of *Shakia*, after her death descended into hell to expiate her sins; there she was doomed to endure the severest hunger. Her son, who by his great learning had acquired a knowledge of the past and the future, as well as of all that was doing both in heaven and hell, succeeded in conveying her a plate of rice. No sooner, however, had she raised it to her lips, than it was converted into burning coals. Her son then consulted *Shakia* on the means of releasing her from the punishment which she had incurred through her impiety, and he received the following answer:—"Your mother died in a state of revolution against the *Fotoke*, or gods; your own efforts are not sufficient to effect her deliverance; but, on the 15th day of the 7th month, assemble the priests toge-

ther, sing hymns with them, and prepare an offering of one hundred different kinds of meat for the gods." *Mokren* obeyed, and succeeded in releasing his mother.

On the evenings of the 14th and 15th, the Japanese hang lanterns on the tombs of their deceased relations. At Naugasaki the festival commences by offering up prayers for the souls of the deceased. Green mats are laid down, and upon them are placed ears of corn and millet, baked roots, vegetables, and fruits, such as beans, radishes, figs, pears, nuts, &c. In the centre stands a small vase in which perfumed wood is burnt, and also a bowl of clear water. Another vase is filled with branches of the tree called *Fauna-siba*, and other beautiful flowers.

In the evening lanterns are lighted in the church-yard in front of every *see-sek* or tomb-stone. They are hung on long pieces of bamboo, and are allowed to burn till ten o'clock. A little stone dish, filled with pure water, is placed in front of the tomb-stone, and on either side a goblet either of stone or bamboo, with a little green branch of the *Fauna-siba* tree; sweetmeats and delicacies of various kinds are also placed on the tomb.

The offerings are conveyed to the burial-places in little straw boats, with sails of paper, silk, or linen; and at Naugasaki these boats are launched on the water, with lanterns, or pieces of lighted bamboo, fastened to them.

This festival produces an extremely picturesque effect on the outside of the city, and at night, during a fresh breeze, the illuminated boats, continually in motion on the water, form a charming picture. In spite of the vigilance of the guards, thousands of poor people plunge into the water to collect the *sepikkes* (little copper coins), and other objects which are deposited in the boats. Next morning any articles of value that remain are taken out, the tide carries the boats down to the sea, and thus the ceremony ends.

THE ABBOT.*

HERE is another of the delightful creations of the Scottish novelist—breathing in the same reality—imbued with the same gentle spirit—and touched and softened by the same poetical

grace, which have charmed us in his former romances. Like the best of these, it interweaves a tale of private fortunes with the events of true, but most romantic, history. There is in

* The "Abbot," by the author of "Waverley." In three volumes; Edinburgh and London. 1820.

this course, at least as it is pursued by our author, much to elevate, to delight, and to soften. We do not, as in contemplating the stately narratives of the historian, seem to look on the great occurrences of the elder time from a philosophic eminence, whence we can discern only the vast masses, the deep shadows, and the magnificent confusion of the scene which he discloses. We live in the eventful days, and mingle among the breathing persons—tread the green sward and sweetly-chequered path of private existence, and thence look up the statelier avenues on its sides, and catch glimpses of the wondrous and ever-varying prospect through the graceful boughs, which overhang its antique, yet living, verdure. Some disadvantages must, however, be admitted as necessarily attendant on this mode of blending truth with fiction. The chief of these is, that the tale can seldom be wound up by a catastrophe on which our sympathies may repose. If all terminates happily, for the historic as well as the invented characters, we too often know that the bliss of the former was transient, and that the tale is but a piece cut out, as it were, from a series of events proceeding to a tragical or a dreary close. Still less are our feelings satisfied when the novelist displays the wreck of glorious hopes, and the failure of romantic darings, and amidst the wide-spread desolation seeks only to build up a little fairy bower of private happiness, for the lowlier and less interesting of his characters.

"*The Abbot*" is professedly a continuation of "*The Monastery*,"—which we do not think an advantage. Its story is essentially independent of its predecessor, and would have been as well conducted with entirely new characters. There is something painful in the acquaintance which it forces us to renew with old favourites, at an advanced and less graceful period of their existence, instead of suffering us to think on them as flourishing for ever in youth, and beauty, and joy. It makes us feel as though we ourselves had grown old with them. Instead of the Halbert Glendinning of the Monastery, the high-souled, and enterprising peasant, fresh in hope and exulting in the first taste of love, we have here the prosperous knight, after ten years of married life, with a stern air, sobered prospects, and enthusiasm chilled into mere prudence and resolve. Authors should not thus dissolve the charms which they spread

around us. Who wishes that Richardson had left us a romance introducing Sir Charles Grandison in his old age, and the divine Clementina as a super-annuated devotee? It was a piece of witty malice in Fielding to bring Pamela as Mrs. B. into Joseph Andrews, with haughty airs and sickly affectations of aristocratic prejudice. The heroes and heroines of novels are to us for ever in the honeymoon, where their authors leave them. Their course may be to us ever beginning afresh—and they stand delighted on the margin of happy existence. Their re-introduction in the wane of life gives us something of the pain which St. Leon felt on his second visit to his children. To think on them as yet flourishing in the spring-time of felicity, is to experience a return of our old sensations when first we became acquainted with them; to see them brought before us suddenly altered with the changes of years, is to feel more intensely the real sadnesses of our frail and transitory being.

The romance before us shews us Sir Halbert and his lady settled in the lake-girdled castle of Avenel, in the tenth year since their marriage. Two circumstances cast a shade over their domestic comfort—the long and frequent absences of the knight from home, in consequence of the troubles of the times and his connection with the Earl of Murray, and the want of children. As the lady of Avenel, in one of her seasons of loneliness, walked pensively on the battlements of a range of buildings which form the front of the castle, gazing on the quiet and golden lake, her attention is attracted by a group of sportive children, who were launching a rustic ship on the water. Their joyous voices and lightly-bounding forms press on her in her childless condition, and while she caresses a noble stag-hound by her side, she can scarcely help expressing aloud the desire she cherishes for some higher object on which her affections might be dilated. At this moment a shriek is heard from the playful group; a boy, about ten years of age, had plunged into the water to extricate the ship from tufts of the water lily, and, after swimming fearlessly for a time, screamed aloud, and appeared in danger of sinking. While the child is painfully struggling, the dog swims to his aid, and tows him safely to the boat, which had been sent to relieve him. He is taken into the castle, and there affectionately tended by the lady of Avenel,

who captivated by his exceeding beauty, and rejoicing to find a child to tend and to love, resolves to bring him up in the castle. But, Magdalen Græme his grandmother, a tall and stately woman, though clad in poor vestments, waits to ascertain his safety. An interview between this lofty sibyl and the lady of Avenel ensues, which we give at length, on account of the vivid idea it affords of the former. The lady having asked after her name and birth—

“Magdalen Græme is my name,” said the woman: “I come of the Græmes of Heathergill, in Nicol-forest, a people of ancient blood.”

“And what make you,” continued the lady, “so far distant from your home?”

“I have no home,” said Magdalen Græme, “it was burnt by your Border-riders—my husband and my son were slain—there is not a drop’s blood left in the veins of any one which is of kin to mine.”

“That is no uncommon fate in these wild times, and in this unsettled land,” said the lady; “the English hands have been as deeply dyed in our blood as ever those of Scotsmen have been in yours.”

“You have right to say it, lady,” answered Magdalen Græme; “for men tell of a time when this castle was not strong enough to save your father’s life, or to afford your mother and her infant a place of refuge.—And why ask ye me, then, wherefore I dwell not in mine own home, and with my own people?”

“It was indeed an idle question, where misery so often makes wanderers: but wherefore take refuge in a hostile country?”

“My neighbours were Popish and mass-mongers,” said the old woman; “it has pleased Heaven to give me a clearer sight of the gospel, and I have tarried here to enjoy the ministry of that worthy man Henry Warden, who, to the praise and comfort of many, teacheth the Evangel in truth and in sincerity.”

“Are you poor?” again demanded the Lady of Avenel.

“You hear me ask alms of no one,” answered the Englishwoman.

Here there was a pause. The manner of the woman was, if not disrespectful, at least much less than gracious; and she appeared to give no encouragement to farther communication. The Lady of Avenel renewed the conversation on a different topic.

“You have heard of the danger in which your boy has been placed?”

“I have, lady, and how by an especial providence he was rescued from death. May Heaven make him thankful, and me!”

“What relation do you bear to him?”

“I am his grandmother, lady, if it so please you; the only relation he hath left upon earth to take charge of him.”

“The burthen of his maintenance must necessarily be grievous to you in your deserted situation,” pursued the lady.

“I have complained of it to no one,” said Magdalen Græme, with the same unmoved, dry, and unconcerned tone of voice in which she had answered all the former questions.

“If,” said the Lady of Avenel, “your grand-child could be received into a noble family, would it not advantage both him and you?”

“Received into a noble family!” said the old woman, drawing herself up, and bending her brows until her forehead was wrinkled into a frown of unusual severity; “and for what purpose, I pray you?—to be my lady’s page, or my lord’s jackman, to eat broken victuals and contend with other menials for the remnants of the master’s meal? Would you have him to fan the flies from my lady’s face while she sleeps, to carry her train while she walks, to hand her trencher when she feeds, to ride before her on horseback, to walk after her on foot, to sing when she lists, and to be silent when she bids?—a very weathercock, which, though furnished in appearance with wings and plumage, cannot soar into the air—cannot fly from the spot where it is perched, but receives all its impulses, and performs all its revolutions, obedient to the changeful breath of a vain woman? When the eagle of Helvellyn perches on the tower of Lanercost, and turns and changes to shew how the wind sits, Roland Græme shall be what you would make him.”

The woman spoke with a rapidity and vehemence which seemed to have in it a touch of insanity; and a sudden sense of the danger to which the child must necessarily be exposed in the charge of such a keeper, increased the lady’s desire to keep him in the castle if possible.

“You mistake me, dame,” she said, addressing the old woman in a soothing manner; “I do not wish your boy to be in attendance on myself, but upon the good knight, my husband. Were he himself the son of a belted earl, he could not better be trained to arms, and all that befits a gentleman, than by the instructions and discipline of Sir Halbert Glendinning.”

“Ay,” answered the old woman in the same style of bitter irony, “I know the wages of that service;—a curse when the corslet is not sufficiently brightened,—a blow when the girth is not tightly drawn,—to be beaten because the bounds are at fault,—to be reviled because the foray is unsuccessful,—to stain his hands, for the master’s bidding, in the blood alike of beast and of man,—to be a butcher of harmless deer, a murderer and defacer of God’s own image, not at his own pleasure, but at that of his lord; to live a brawling ruffian, and a common stabber,—exposed to heat, to cold, to want of food, to all the privations of an an-

choret, not for the love of God, but for the service of Satan,—to die by the gibbet, or in some obscure skirmish,—to sleep out his life in carnal security, and to awake in the eternal fire, which is never quenched.”

“Nay,” said the Lady of Avenel, “but to such unhallowed course of life your grandson will not be here exposed. My husband is just and kind to those who live under his banner; and you yourself well know, that youth have here a strict as well as a good preceptor in the person of our chaplain.”

The old woman appeared to pause.

“You have named,” she said, “the only circumstance which can move me. I must soon onward, the vision has said it—I must not tarry in the same spot—I must on—I must on, it is my weird.—Swear, then, that you will protect the boy as if he were your own, until I return hither and claim him, and I will consent for a space to part with him. But especially swear, he shall not lack the instruction of the godly man who hath placed the gospel-truth high above these idolatrous shavelings, the monks and friars.”

“Be satisfied, dame,” said the Lady of Avenel; “the boy shall have as much care as if he were born of my own blood. Will you see him now?”

“No,” answered the old woman, sternly; “to part is enough. I go forth on my own mission. I will not soften my heart by useless tears and wallings, as one that is not called to a duty.”

“Will you not accept of something to aid you in your pilgrimage?” said the Lady of Avenel, putting into her hand two crowns of the sun. The old woman flung them down on the table.

“Am I of the race of Cain,” she said, “proud lady, that you offer me gold in exchange for my own flesh and blood?”

“I had no such meaning,” said the lady gently; “nor am I the proud woman you term me. Alas! my own fortunes might have taught me humility, even had it not been born with me.”

The old woman seemed somewhat to relax her tone of severity.

“You are of gentle blood,” she said, “else we had not parleyed thus long together.—You are of gentle blood, and to such,” she added, drawing up her tall form as she spoke, “pride is as graceful as is the plume upon the bonnet. But, for these pieces of gold, lady, you must needs resume them. I need not money. I am well provided; and I may not care for myself, nor think how, or by whom, I shall be sustained. Farewell, and keep your word. Cause your gates to be opened, and your bridges to be lowered. I will set forward this very night. When I come again, I will demand from you a strict account, for I have left with you the jewel of my life! Sleep will visit me but in snatches, food will not refresh me, rest will not restore my strength,

until I see Roland Græme. Once more, farewell.”

“Make your obeisance, dame,” said Lilius to Magdalen Græme, as she retired, “make your obeisance to her ladyship, and thank her for her goodness, as is but fitting and right.”

The old woman turned short round on the officious waiting-maid. “Let her make her obeisance to me then, and I will return it. Why should I bend to her?—is it because her kirtle is of silk, and mine of blue lockram?—Go to, my lady’s waiting-woman. Know that the rank of the man rates that of the wife, and that she who marries a churl’s son, were she a king’s daughter, is but a peasant’s bride.”

Roland Græme, the child thus introduced to the castle, grows up in favour of the lady, but with little shew of regard from her husband. Thus he passed his boyhood, attending on his lady as a page, with little regular instruction or controul, proud, gallant, and adventurous, envied and disliked by the servants, and admired by the surrounding peasantry. An irruption of his insolent petulance brings on a quarrel between him and Adam Woodcock the falconer, which incites Henry Warden, who resides at the castle as chaplain, to give a public rebuke to the impetuous page. This produces no beneficial impression on the youth, who rushes from his seat, hastily crosses the chapel, and violently throws the door after him. He is shortly after summoned to attend his mistress; when his fate is decided by an interview, the account of which we will extract as one of the most vivid scenes which our author has set before us.

“Roland Græme entered the apartment with a loftier mien, and somewhat a higher colour than his wont; there was embarrassment in his manner, but it was neither that of fear nor of penitence.

“Young man,” said the lady, “what trow you am I to think of your conduct this day?”

“If it has offended you, madam, I am deeply grieved,” replied the youth.

“To have offended me alone,” replied the lady, “were but little.—You have been guilty of conduct which will highly offend your master—of violence to your fellow-servants, and of disrespect to God himself, in the person of his ambassador.”

“Permit me again to reply,” said the page, “that if I have offended my only mistress, friend, and benefactress, it includes the sum of my guilt, and deserves the sum of my penitence.—Sir Halbert Glendianing calls me not servant, nor do I call him master—he is not entitled to blame me for chie-

tising an insolent groom—nor do I fear the wrath of heaven for treating with scorn the unauthorized interference of a meddling preacher."

The Lady of Avenel had before this seen symptoms in her favourite of boyish petulance, and of impatience of censure or reproof. But his present demeanour was of a graver and more determined character, and she was for a moment at a loss how she should treat the youth, who seemed to have at once assumed the character not only of a man, but of a bold and determined one. She paused an instant, and then assuming the dignity which was natural to her, she said, "Is it to me, Roland, that you hold this language? Is it for the purpose of making me repeat the favour I have shewn you, that you declare yourself independent, both of an earthly and a heavenly master? Have you forgotten what you were, and to what the loss of my protection would speedily again reduce you?"

"Lady," said the page, "I have forgot nothing. I remember but too much. I know, that but for you, I should have perished in yon blue waves," pointing as he spoke to the lake, which was seen through the window, agitated by the western wind. "Your goodness has gone farther, madam—you have protected me against the malice of others, and against my own folly. You are free, if you are willing, to abandon the orphan you have reared. You have left nothing undone by him, and he complains of nothing. And yet, lady, do not think I have been ungrateful—I have endured something on my part, which I would have borne for the sake of no one but my benefactress."

"For my sake!" said the lady; "and what is it that I can have subjected you to endure, which can be remembered with other feelings than those of thanks and gratitude?"

"You are too just, madam, to require me to be thankful for the cold neglect with which your husband has uniformly treated me—neglect not unmingled with fixed aversion. You are too just, madam, to require me to be grateful for the constant and unceasing marks of scorn and malevolence with which I have been treated by others, or for such a homily as that with which your reverend chaplain has, at my expense, this very day regaled the assembled household."

"Heard mortal ears the like of this!" said the waiting-maid, with her hands expanded, and her eyes turned up to heaven; "he speaks as if he were son of an earl, or of a belted knight the least penny."

The page glanced on her a look of supreme contempt, but vouchsafed no other answer. His mistress, who began to feel herself seriously offended, and yet sorry for the youth's folly, took up the same tone.

"Indeed, Roland, you forget yourself so

strangely," said she, "that you will tempt me to take serious measures to lower you in your own opinion, by reducing you to your proper station in society."

"And that," added Lilius, "would be best done by turning him out the same beggar's brat that your ladyship took him in."

"Lilius speaks too rudely," continued the lady, "but she has spoken the truth, young man; nor do I think I ought to spare that pride which hath so completely turned your head. You have been tricked up with fine garments, and treated like the son of a gentleman, until you have forgot the fountain of your churlish blood."

"Craving your pardon, most honourable madam, Lilius hath not spoken truth, nor does your ladyship know aught of my descent, which should entitle you to treat it with such decided scorn. I am no beggar's brat—my grandmother begged from no one, here nor elsewhere—she would have perished sooner on the bare moor. We were harried out and driven from our home—a chance which has happened elsewhere, and to others. Avenel Castle, with its lake and its towers, was not at all times able to protect its inhabitants from want and desolation."

"Hear but his assurance!" said Lilius, "he upbraids my lady with the distresses of her family!"

"It had indeed been a theme more gratefully spared," said the lady, affected nevertheless with the allusion.

"It was necessary, madam, for my vindication," said the page, "or I had not even hinted at a word that might give you pain. But believe, honoured lady, I am of no churl's blood. My proper descent I know not; but my only relation has said, and my heart has echoed it back and attested the truth, that I am sprung of gentle blood, and deserve gentle usage."

"And upon an assurance so vague as this," said the lady, "do you propose to expect all the regard, all the privileges, due to high rank and to distinguished birth, and become a contender for privileges which are only due to the noble? Go to, sir, know yourself, or the master of the household shall make you know you are liable to the scourge as a malapert boy. You have tasted too little the discipline fit for your age and station."

"The master of the household shall taste of my dagger, ere I taste of his discipline," said the page, giving way to his restrained passion. "Lady, I have been too long the vassal of a pantoufle, and the slave of a silver whistle. You must find some other to answer your call; and let him be of birth and spirit mean enough to brook the scorn of your menials, and to call a church vassal his master."

"I have deserved this insult," said the lady, colouring deeply, "for so long enduring and fostering your petulance. Be gone, sir. Leave this castle to-night—I will

send you the means of subsisting yourself till you find some honest mode of support, though I fear your imaginary grandeur will be above all others, save those of rapine and violence. Begone, sir, and see my face no more."

The page threw himself at her feet in an agony of sorrow. "My dear and honoured mistress—" he said, but was unable to bring out another syllable.

"Arise, sir," said the lady, "and let go my mantle—hypocrisy is a poor cloak for ingratitude."

"I am incapable of either, madam," said the page, springing up with the exchange of passion which belonged to his rapid and impetuous temper. "Think not I meant to implore permission to reside here; it has been long my determination to leave Avenel, and I will never forgive myself for having permitted you to say the word *begone*, ere I said, 'I leave you.' I did but kneel to ask your forgiveness for an ill-considered word used in the height of my displeasure, but which ill became my mouth, as addressed to you. Other grace I asked not—you have done much for me—but I repeat, that you better know what you yourself have done, than what I have suffered."

"Roland," said the lady, somewhat appeased and relenting towards her favourite, "you had me to appeal to when you were aggrieved. You were neither called upon to suffer wrong, nor entitled to resent it, when you were under my protection."

"And what," said the youth, "if I sustained wrong from those you loved and favoured, was I to disturb your peace with idle tale-bearings and eternal complaints? No, madam; I have borne my own burden in silence, and without disturbing you with murmurs; and the respect which you accuse me of wanting, furnishes the only reason why I have neither appealed to you, nor taken vengeance at my own hand in a manner far more effectual. It is well, however, that we part. I was not born to be a sticciary, favoured by his mistress, until ruined by the calumnies of others. May Heaven multiply its choicest blessings on your honoured head; and, for your sake, upon all that are dear to you!"

He was about to leave the apartment, when the lady called on him to return. He stood still, while she thus addressed him: "It was not my intention, nor would it be just, even in the height of my displeasure, to dismiss you without the means of support; take this purse of gold."

"Forgive me, lady," said the boy, "and let me go hence with the consciousness that I have not been degraded to the point of accepting alms. If my poor services can be placed against the expense of my apparel and my maintenance, I only remain debtor to you for my life, and that alone is a debt which I can never repay; put up then that

purse, and only say, instead, that you do not part from me in anger."

"No, not in anger," said the lady, "in sorrow rather for your wilfulness; but take the gold, you cannot but need it."

"May God evermore bless you for the kind tone and the kind word; but the gold I cannot take. I am able of body, and do not lack friends so wholly as you may think; for the time may come that I may yet shew myself more thankful than by mere words." He threw himself on his knees, kissed the hand which she did not withdraw, and then hastily left the apartment.

Lilias, for a moment or two, kept her eye fixed on her mistress, who looked so unusually pale, that she seemed about to faint; but the lady instantly recovered herself, and declining the assistance which her attendant offered her, walked to her own apartment.

Roland quits the castle, and leaves a string of golden beads behind, which discloses his secret attachment to the catholic faith. This his mysterious grandmother had exhorted him secretly to cherish, and he had obeyed her rather in dislike to the straitlaced puritanism of Henry Warden, than from any deeply-rooted love to the elder creed. Now, at once forlorn and free, he seeks the well of St. Cuthbert, where a holy man was wont to reside, from whom he hoped protection, until he could send to the monastery, where Edward Glendinning, under the name of Father Ambrose, still resided. He finds this little sanctuary deserted and spoiled by violence—the spring half choked—the altar thrown down—the huge stone crucifix broken in pieces—and the whole spot covered with the marks of recent desolation. He determines, at least, to raise the fragments of the holy emblem, and succeeds better than his hopes. While he is engaged in this pious office, Magdalen Græme suddenly appears, and rejoices thus to meet again the grand-child from whom she had so long been parted. She addresses him in mysterious language, as one destined for some high and perilous mission; and while she tends him with maternal fondness, asserts a claim to his unquestioning acquiescence in her will, which he is ill-disposed to yield. He suffers her, however, to guide him, on the following day, to an old convent, where the abbess and her niece yet lingered, after the forcible dispersion of the rest of the sisterhood. The two old women express the strange design of leaving the youth and maiden together to become

better acquainted, as they are to be fellow-labourers in the same cause; and accordingly the page is suffered to talk with Catherine Seyton, a strange laughing and bantering girl, who proves the heroine of the tale. In the morning, Roland leaves the convent with his aged guide, for the monastery of Kennaquhair, sustained by the hope of seeing Catherine Seyton at Edinburgh, whither they were afterwards to travel. When they reach the monastery, they find its few inmates installing "with maimed rites" father Ambrose in the dignity of abbot, Eustace having recently died, and the office being of far more peril than authority or grandeur. While they are thus piously attempting to sustain their persecuted religion, a band of peasants rush in wild uproar, with grotesque masks and strange habiliments, to burlesque the ceremony, not so much in Protestant bigotry, as in the spirit of old frolics, which had been unwisely permitted by the Roman church in the plenitude of its power. During the confusion, Sir Halbert Glendinning arrives—commands his vassals to make merry elsewhere—and recognizes Roland, whom he bespeaks with kindness, and dismisses with Adam Woodcock to Edinburgh, on a commission to his patron, Murray, then Regent of Scotland. Light of heart, Roland arrives at Edinburgh, where he has the good fortune to rescue the Earl of Seyton from an affray, and to see Catherine, for an instant, in her father's house, whither he had rashly pursued her. He has also a strange encounter at the hostelry of St. Michael's, with a youth whom he firmly believes to be Catherine Seyton in disguise, and from whom he receives a short but beautifully wrought sword, with an injunction that he shall not unsheath it until commanded by his rightful sovereign. At length he is sent by Murray to Lochleven—the castle of the Douglasses, where Mary of Scotland was confined—ostensibly to serve that unhappy lady as a page, but really as a spy on her actions. At Lochleven he meets Catherine attendant on the queen, and witnesses the deeply interesting scenes in which Mary resigns her crown, to which she is directed by a scroll concealed within the sheath of Roland's mysterious sword. The following is the picture of the first audience of the messengers from the Regent with the Queen whom they were commissioned to depose:—

"At this moment the door of the inner apartment opened, and Queen Mary presented herself, advancing with an air of peculiar grace and majesty, and seeming totally unruffled, either by the visit, or by the rude manner in which it had been enforced. Her dress was a robe of black velvet; a small ruff, open in front, gave a full view of her beautifully formed chin and neck, but veiled the bosom. On her head she wore a small cap of lace, and a transparent white veil hung from her shoulders over the long black robe, in large loose folds, so that it could be drawn at pleasure over the face and person. She wore a cross of gold around her neck, and had her rosary of gold and ebony hanging from her girdle. She was closely followed by her two ladies, who remained standing behind her during the conference. Even Lord Lindsay, though the rudest noble of that rude age, was surprised into something like respect by the unconcerned and majestic mien of her, whom he had expected to find frantic with impotent passion, or dissolved in useless and vain sorrow, or overwhelmed with the fears likely in such a situation to assail fallen royalty.

"We fear we have detained you, my Lord of Lindsay," said the Queen, while she courted with dignity in answer to his reluctant obeisance; "but a female does not willingly receive her visitors without some minutes spent at the toilette. Men, my lord, are less dependent on such ceremonies."

Lord Lindsay, casting his eye down on his own travel-stained and disordered dress, muttered something of a hasty journey, and the Queen paid her greeting to Sir Robert Melville with courtesy, and even, as it seemed, with kindness. There was then a dead pause, during which Lindsay looked towards the door, as if expecting with impatience the colleague of their embassy. The Queen alone was entirely unembarrassed, and, as if to break the silence, she addressed Lord Lindsay, with a glance at the large and cumbrous sword which he wore, as already mentioned, hanging from his neck.

"You have there a trusty and a weighty travelling companion, my lord. I trust you expected to meet with no enemy here, against whom such a formidable weapon could be necessary? It is, methinks, somewhat a singular ornament for a court, though I am, as I well need to be, too much of a Stuart to fear a sword."

"It is not the first time, madam," replied Lindsay, bringing round the weapon so as to rest its point on the ground, and leaning one hand on the huge cross-handle, "it is not the first time that this weapon has intruded itself into the presence of the House of Stuart."

"Possibly, my lord," replied the Queen, "it may have done service to my ancestors—Your ancestors were men of loyalty."

"Ay, madam," replied he, "service it

hath done; but such as kings love neither to acknowledge nor to reward. It was the service which the knife renders to the tree when trimming it to the quick, and depriving it of the superfluous growth of rank and unfruitful suckers, which rob it of nourishment."

"You talk riddles, my lord," said Mary; "I will hope the explanation carries nothing insulting with it."

"You shall judge, madam," answered Lindesay. "With this good sword was Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, girded on the memorable day when he acquired the name of Bell-the-Cat, for dragging from the presence of your great-grandfather, the third James of the race, a crew of minions, flatterers, and favourites, whom he hanged over the bridge of Lauder, as a warning to such reptiles how they approach a Scottish throne. With this same weapon, the same inflexible champion of Scottish honour and nobility slew at one blow Spens of Kilspindie, a courtier of your grandfather James the Fourth, who had dared to speak lightly of him in the royal presence. They fought near the brook of Fala; and Bell-the-Cat, with this blade, sheared through the thigh of his opponent, and lopped the limb as easily as a shepherd's boy slices a twig from a sapling."

"My lord," replied the Queen, reddening, "my nerves are too good to be alarmed even by this terrible history.—May I ask how a blade so illustrious passed from the House of Douglas to that of Lindesay?—Methinks it should have been preserved as a consecrated relique, by a family who have held all that they could do against their king, to be done in favour of their country."

"Nay, madam," said Melville, anxiously interfering, "ask not that question of Lord Lindesay.—And you, my lord, for shame—for decency—forebear to reply to it."

"It is time that this lady should hear the truth," replied Lindesay.

"And be assured that she will be moved to anger by none that you can tell her, my lord. There are cases in which just scorn has always the mastery over just anger."

"Then know," said Lindesay, "that upon the field of Carberry-hill, when that false and infamous traitor and murderer, James, sometime Earl of Bothwell, and nick-named Duke of Orkney, offered to do personal battle with any of the associated nobles who came to drag him to justice, I accepted his challenge, and was by the noble Earl of Morton gifted with this good sword that I might therewith fight it out—Ah! so help me heaven, had his presumption been one grain more, or his cowardice one grain less, I should have done such work with this good steel on his traitorous corpse, that the hounds and carrion-crows should have found their morsels daintily carved to their use!"

The Queen's courage well nigh gave way

to the mention of Bothwell's name—a name connected with such a train of guilt, shame, and disaster. But the prolonged boast of Lindesay gave her time to rally herself, and to answer with an appearance of cold contempt—"It is easy to slay an enemy who enters not the lists. But had Mary Stuart inherited her father's sword as well as his sceptre, the boldest of her rebels should not upon that day have complained that they had no one to cope withal. Your lordship will forgive me if I abridge this conference. A brief description of a bloody fight is long enough to satisfy a lady's curiosity; and unless my Lord of Lindesay has something more important to tell us than of the deeds which old Bell-the-Cat achieved, and how he would himself have emulated them, had time and tide permitted, we will retire to our private apartment, and you, Fleming, shall finish reading to us yonder little treatise *Des Rhodomantades Espagnolles*."

"Tarry, madam," said Lindesay, his complexion reddening in his turn; "I know your quick wit too well of old to have sought an interview that you might sharpen its edge at the expense of my honour. Lord Ruthven and myself, with Sir Robert Melville as a concurrent, come to your Grace on the part of the Secret Council, to tender to you what much concerns the safety of your own life and the welfare of the State."

"The Secret Council?" said the Queen; "by what powers can it subsist or act, while I, from whom it holds its character, am here detained under unjust restraint? But it matters not—what concerns the welfare of Scotland shall be acceptable to Mary Stuart, come from whatsoever quarter it will—and for what concerns her own life, she has lived long enough to be weary of it, even at the age of twenty-five.—Where is your colleague, my lord—why taries he?"

"He comes, madam," said Melville, and Lord Ruthven entered at the instant, holding in his hand a packet. As the Queen returned his salutation she became deadly pale, but instantly recovered herself by dint of strong and sudden resolution, just as the noble, whose appearance seemed to excite such emotions in her bosom, entered the apartment in company with George Douglas, the youngest son of the Knight of Lochleven, who, during the absence of his father and brethren, acted as Seneschal of the Castle, under the direction of the elder Lady Lochleven, his father's mother.

Roland soon finds himself in a situation which would have embarrassed a youth of principle. He is not, however, greatly distressed by conflicting duties, but urged by pity for the Queen, and love for her attendant, becomes a party to her plans of escape. These, aided by George Douglas, the grandson of

the Lady of Lochleven, who cherishes a deep, though hopeless passion for the lovely captive, are finally successful, chiefly through the ingenuity of Roland. After the escape, the novel follows the fortunes of Mary until the defeat of her army and her flight into England, where she was to meet with so wretched a fate. The inferior persons, however, are made happy. Roland is discovered to be the legitimate son of Julian Avenel—is recognised as the heir of Sir Halbert Glendinning—and is married to Catherine, whose liveliest pranks appear to have been played off by her brother Henry, who resembles her as Sebastian does Viola. After this union, the White Lady of Avenel—whom our readers will remember in the *Monastery*,—"is seen to sport by her haunted well, with a zone of gold around her bosom as broad as the baldric of an earl."

This is, we are aware, but a meagre sketch of the plot of *The Abbot*—but we regret our defects the less, as most of our readers have doubtless read it for themselves; and a little will suffice to recal its principal features to their memory. The work is, we think, on the whole, more equable than most of the productions of its author. It has fewer either of stoopings or uprisings—less of merely wearisome detail, and scarcely any of those grand and forgotten scenes which chequer his earlier romances. It has nothing in it at all comparable to the sublime and affecting scenes at Carlisle in *Waverley*—to the pictures in *Guy Mannering*, which *Meg Merrilies* dignifies—to the coming in of the sea, or the last moments of *Elsbeth*, in *The Antiquary*—to the romantic majesties and humanities of *Rob Roy*—to the battle of *Loudon-hill*, or the perils of *Morton* among the *Covenanters*, in *Old Mortality*—to the sweet heroism of *Jenny Deans*, or the natural loveliness of the lily of *St. Leonard's*, in *The Heart of Mid Lothian*—or to the magnificently awful scenes with which *The Bride of Lammermuir* closes. Perhaps even *The Monastery* has features of more "mark and likelihood" than *The Abbot*, in the frank-hearted *Mysie Happer*, and the delicate fantasies breathed forth by the *White Lady of Avenel*. But there is in this novel an interest more gentle, more continuous, and more unbroken, than in any by which it has been preceded. Its style, in the narrative and reflective passages, has more of elegance than its author has

hitherto deigned to preserve. While he acknowledges the practical benefits of the Reformation, he dwells fondly and pensively on the decaying symbols of the Catholic religion, and treats with due philosophic gentleness the ancient and wide-spread errors of his species. No one has better exemplified the truth that man does not live alone on that which satisfies his reason, but requires objects on which he may repose his imagination and his affections. He looks tenderly on all that man has venerated; and ever finds in it something to excite new love and veneration, if not for the objects of respect, at least for their reverers.

The Abbot is perhaps scarcely equal to most of its predecessors in the spirit and reality of its persons. There is, indeed, great skill, and singular forbearance, in the manner in which it treats the character of the lovely and ill-fated Queen. This celebrated woman has had so many incorrigible foes and tedious champions—has given occasion to so much wretched sophistry and wearisome display of antiquarian research—that her name seemed rather fitted to "point a moral" than to "adorn a tale." But our author has managed her introduction so exquisitely—has been so chary of the glimpses which he has permitted us to snatch of her antique loveliness—and has breathed around her so sweet and feminine a grace, that she seems as fresh to us as though we now were first acquainted with her beauty and her sufferings. She captivates here in spite of her controversial advocates. We know not any modern work which gives with so little seeming effort, the feeling of grace so womanly, and of beauty so unspeakably ravishing. We treat the stories of her guilt as idle tales, without desiring other conviction than that which we feel in her looks—confiding in the truth of nature—and certain that she would not so err from herself, as to "embower the spirit of a fiend, in mortal paradise of such sweet flesh." Catherine Seyton, the regular heroine, is very inferior. She is a strange problem, and not worth the solving. The author vexes us by attributing to her wild extravagances, and then explaining that they were really played off by her twin brother. We suspect this solution to be an after-thought, and think any one who attentively examines the story will agree that this is probable. The novelist, we conceive, had formed a vague idea of an original character,

whose female softness and modesty should be overcome by high enthusiasm and singular fortune, and who, thus unhinged, should seek refuge in a boisterous vivacity, and affected manliness of demeanour. But wanting the power, or the time, to finish off the nice and reconciling shades of his portraiture, he had recourse to attributing to the brother all which he could not readily explain in the sister. The scene at the rustic fair, in particular, could scarcely have been planned with the idea that the dancer in a female dress, who, though with a face concealed, was taken for a beautiful woman, was really a daring and impetuous soldier. Whether our conjecture be correct or otherwise, the scenes as at present explained, are very unpleasant blemishes. Roland Græme is one of the least admirable of heroes. He is froward, insolent, and imperious, without any of the gentleness of humanity to atone for the want of rigid and unbending principle. Yet he is one of the most vivid of the author's portraits, full of the spirit of lusty life, of youth rejoicing in its strength, and of hope which fortune has no power to destroy. We seem to behold him with the holy branch in his cap, light and careless as the feather on the breeze, bounding on from novelty to novelty, incapable of remorse for the past or dread of the future. Magdalen Græme, though scarcely a character, is a very striking figure in the romance—always appearing with great theatrical effect, and in a picturesque attitude—and thrilling us by her passionate lamentations over the decay of her faith, which are softened by her fond affection for her foster child. She is not, however, at all comparable to Elspeth or Meg Merrilies. Adam Woodcock is very slightly marked—the Abbot not at all, though he gives the work its title. George Douglas is a noble sketch, but it is no more. Surely the author might have found a source of the highest interest in the still and deep passion of that Scottish noble, which led

him, the contemplative, the reserved, and the proud, joyfully to resign family, fortune, life, and renown, for the deliverance of a Queen from whom he had no hope of requital!

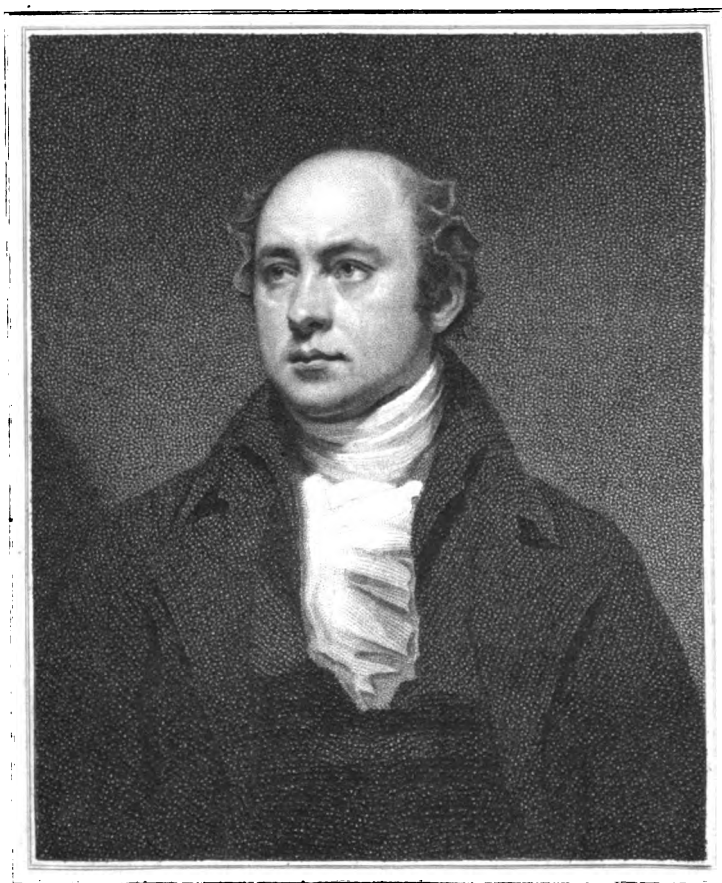
Rare as is our author's faculty of observation, and felicitously as he employs its results, we think his power of creating and vivifying characters, has sometimes been the subject of excessive eulogy. He has been compared, in this plastic art, to Shakspeare, as though he were only inferior to him in wanting the graces of poetry. This appears to us an error, which even national partialities can hardly excuse. The very strict *keeping* of all the persons in the romances—the very marked characteristic features of all their speeches, even on trifling occasions—which seems so palpably to define them—are proofs of the vast inferiority of their author to the poet with whom some have dared to compare him: There is nothing of this singleness either in the moral or the physical creations of nature. There is more of colours and lines which are universal—more intermixture of shade with shade—more of gentle connexion and all-pervading harmony throughout every scene—than the novelist can afford to suffer. He is compelled perpetually to discriminate his persons by fear lest his readers should confound them. They always seem conscious of their vocation, and appear almost as if they were acting parts, and anxious at every moment not to forget their cue, or deviate from the peculiarities allotted to them. Shakspeare had not need of this wearisome jealousy. He could permit each trait gradually to spread over the surface of the character, without fear that it would lose its colouring. He did not tremble lest his persons should lose their individuality, by the predominance of universal qualities. His persons, therefore, while they can never be confounded, appear in the easy negligence of nature—partake largely in general qualities—and excite universal sympathies.

MEMOIR OF FRANCIS CHANTREY, ESQ. R. A.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

AMONG the great names which do honour to their country, none are more entitled to its admiration and gratitude than those of the men who have invented or restored useful or agreeable arts. The most skilful professors who have excelled in reducing to practice

those principles which they found established, must be content to rank in our admiration second to the creative minds which taught them this use of their faculties. But the individual whose powerful genius discovers and removes the errors and prejudices which impede the



Engraved by Thomson from a Portrait by Raeburn

FRANCIS CHANTREY, ESQ., R.A.

London Published 1847 2^d 1851 by Henry Colburn & Co. Strand Street

progress of a noble art—who clears its path and leads it into the broad highway of truth and simplicity, is entitled to universal applause: to the gratitude of his country, nay, of the world—for the fine arts speak an universal language and are at peace with all nations—for discovering and opening new sources of pure pleasure and instruction: and to the particular veneration of those who profess his art, for raising its importance and increasing its attractions by adapting it to the taste, the philosophy, and feelings of the age. Such improvements have in our time been effected in the art of SCULPTURE; and we are indebted for them to CHANTREY.

The very high degree of excellence to which this art was carried by the Greeks is to be attributed to the universal demand for fine works of sculpture which, from various causes, existed amongst them. Their worship, their politics, their manners, and the state of other arts in those times, were all favourable to the increase and improvement of sculpture; and the works which were produced in those auspicious times are consequently characterized by those circumstances. They relate to ideas of which we are ignorant, to feelings with which we cannot sympathize, to superstition which to us appears contemptible, and to purposes which we effect more readily by other arts of modern invention. But the antient sculpture retains our admiration by the beauty of its execution alone. After the revival of the arts in Italy, the gorgeous pomp of the Roman Catholic worship called forth anew the powers of sculpture, and the discovery of many fine works of the ancients produced the taste to which we owe the works of Michelangelo and his disciples. Still it was in general to the eye only that sculptors thought of appealing; and they were as frequently employed on the figures of Venus, Cupid, and Mercury, as on those of the prophets and saints. By an easy transition this taste degenerated into the insipidities of Bernini and his followers, and the affected vagaries of the French school of the age of Louis the Fourteenth.

In our English cathedrals we find many beautiful statues, recumbent and kneeling figures, of a date earlier than the Reformation; some of which are known, and most are supposed to be, the work of foreign artists. The appropriate solemnity of these works is far superior to the vain flutter of clouds, cherubim, and seraphim, which was

subsequently imported; but they did not afford sufficient scope to develop the capabilities of the art. After the Reformation, the pictures and images in churches were destroyed, and sculpture was thenceforth confined to monumental representations, in which every species of bad taste was abundantly introduced.

A new impulse was at length given to the arts by the discoveries made by the King of Naples, in clearing the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the excavations which were afterwards eagerly prosecuted in Rome. These researches fortunately recovered from oblivion innumerable pieces of exquisite sculpture, which excited universal attention, and comparison of modern works with these relics of antiquity. Enormous prices were paid for these antiques, and for many wretched counterfeits of them; and while an important advance in taste and judgment was actually made, we must not be surprised that many wealthy men affected *virtù*, and readily paid whatever was demanded for a genuine antique, in the hope of being numbered among the cognoscenti. All this, however, brought in a new and severer mode of study among the artists, with a more diligent attention to nature and the antique, and has enabled some of them to exhibit performances much more on a level with the merit of those works than the insensible can feel, or the interested choose to own. The establishment of the Royal Academy settled a course of study both at home and abroad, which developed the powers of English genius, till then unknown to the natives, and denied by foreigners.*

But notwithstanding the respectable advance thus made by the English in art, it must be allowed that little progress was made by any of its numerous eminent sculptors towards adapting sculpture to our own times, by freeing it from the dull devices and frigid conceits which effectually separated it from all human feelings, until the appearance of the subject of this memoir; one whose only school was nature, whose course of study was acute observation and diligent labour, and who by the unassisted vigour of his own powers has changed the course into which the current of his

* Cursory Strictures on Modern Art, and particularly Sculpture, in England, previously to the establishment of the Royal Academy in 1769. By Mr. Flaxman, R. A. *The Artist, No. XII.*

art had been misdirected, and conducted it into a new channel, in which it is recognized on all hands as a source of delight and benefit. We shall endeavour to trace the progress of this original genius, from the earliest consciousness of power and first ambitious wish to excel, to the enviable pinnacle of success and reputation on which he stands established by his meritorious exertions.

Mr. Chantrey was born at Norton, a small village on the borders of Derbyshire, on the 7th of April 1782. His ancestors were in respectable circumstances, and engaged in agricultural pursuits. He was very young when he lost his father, and being an only child, was brought up with great tenderness and care by his mother, (who is still living to rejoice in his success,) until he was old enough to adopt a profession, when that of the law was fixed upon, and it was resolved to place him in the office of a respectable solicitor at Sheffield. He had previously attended the school at Norton, and in his intervals of leisure had amused himself with modelling in clay. We never heard, however, that his works were then very wonderful, or that, like the late worthy president of the academy, he was accounted a prodigy in childhood.

On the day appointed for the commencement of those legal pursuits from which he has so providentially escaped, he arrived at Sheffield an hour before the time his friends had appointed for meeting him. In the course of his endeavours to pass this tedious, anxious hour, he stopped to look at some figures in the window of one Ramsay, a carver and gilder. Whilst he gazed on these, with simple admiration, he resolved to become an artist; and forgot in a moment the chancellor, his woollack, and all the train of dignities with which the young fry of lawyers regale their imaginations. His determination was fortunate for his country, which has never wanted attorneys, barristers, or judges, but really stood in need of such a sculptor. He was soon established with Ramsay as an apprentice, but the employment which he found in his service was little calculated to advance his progress in sculpture. His ardour was however indefatigable: all his leisure time was devoted to drawing and modelling, and he omitted no opportunity of studying from nature. Much of this study was necessarily secret, on account of the envy or ill humour of his master: the approbation of his mother was long

his only encouragement; but at length the merit of the groups and figures which he produced attracted some notice. He continued three years with Ramsay, and then purchased the remainder of his engagement; they separated with mutual satisfaction.

By the advice of his more judicious friends, particularly of Mr. Raphael Smith, he came to London in 1802, and began to apply himself diligently to the study of sculpture. But in the same year he commenced an intended tour through Ireland and Scotland, which, however, extended no farther than Dublin, where his progress was stopped by a dangerous fever. Upon his recovery he returned to London, and recommenced his studies with renewed ardour. His application was rewarded with rapid and important attainments. Already he conceived those unerring principles of art on which his present reputation is so solidly founded. The bust of his friend Raphael Smith, one of his earliest productions, evinces, by its free and natural style, a hand guided by truth. The bust of Horne Tooke also belongs to this period, and is remarkable for its expressions of acuteness and profundity. In 1810 Mr. Chantrey fixed his residence in Pimlico. The easy, natural, and expressive style of his busts immediately obtained for him extensive employment. In this department it is generally admitted that he stands unrivalled. He soon afterwards presented, in public competition, a design for a statue of the King, for the City, which was approved in preference to all the others; and he accordingly executed that fine statue now in Guildhall.

The county-committee for erecting a monument to commemorate the public services of the late Lord Nelson, having invited designs for a monument to be raised in the sea at Yarmouth, near the shore of the hero's native county, Mr. Chantrey furnished a design which evinces the boldness and originality of his genius. On the extremity of a winding mole, considerably advanced in the sea, he proposed to erect a colossal statue of the great admiral one hundred and thirty feet high. Beneath his feet, and so composed as to form an extensive base, were to be seen the prows of the ships taken by him from the enemy. The star on his left breast was to be illuminated during the night as a Pharos for mariners. The sublimity of these ideas was quite beyond the comprehension of the committee, who committed

the lamentable error of dedicating an Athenian Doric column to the memory of a British admiral.

But the sublimity of Chantrey's conceptions was first developed in all its splendour in the celebrated monument to the memory of Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. Johnes of Hafod. This simple, unaffected, pathetic composition, represents the melancholy incident of a lovely, affectionate, accomplished maiden expiring in the arms of her afflicted parents. What is there in ancient art to affect us like this heart-rending scene?—The agonized mother presses to her lips the hand of the beautiful sufferer, thus nearly concealing her own face; while the father, in calmer but not less profound grief, bends over his child, and supports her dying head. Her pallet and pencils, indicative of the cultivated elegance of her mind, lie abandoned by her side, with a roll of music, on which appears the appropriate inscription—

"Angels ever bright and fair

"Take, oh take me to your care!"

This group invariably costs the spectator a tear: and when had English sculpture this power till Chantrey gave it?

Mr. Chantrey availed himself of the first opportunity afforded by circumstances, to examine the great works of art abroad; and this opportunity occurred in 1814; when the fall of Buonaparte had placed within the reach of our inquisitive countrymen the spoils with which that plunderer had enriched the Louvre at the expense of the enemies of France. He again viewed these works in 1815, previously to their partial restoration to their owners. It was on his return from this second tour, that he modelled the famous monument of the two female children of the Rev. W. Robinson and Ellen Jane, his widow, now in Lichfield cathedral, a work sufficient alone to immortalize its author. Never shall we forget the sensation which it produced when first exhibited at Somerset-house: many a tear did these lovely sisters call forth, and many a parental heart they reminded of irreparable loss. The public discovered with surprise, that marble could affect their feelings; and the fame of Chantrey was widely and rapidly spread.

The following observations of a judicious critic on this exquisite work were penned, as he assures us, in Lichfield cathedral, on a fine summer's evening, with the monument directly before him.

"These are not common-place forms, nor imitations of *Venuses*, *Graces*, and

Hebes; but they faithfully and feelingly resemble the persons of young and lovely maidens. These are represented as lying, on a couch: the head of the eldest impressing the downy pillow; and that of the youngest reclining on the other's bosom. One of her arms is beneath her sister's head, and the other extends over the body. In one hand is a bunch of snow-drops, the blossoms of which are apparently just broken off, but not withered. The faces of both incline towards each other with apparent affection;—the eyelids are closed, and every muscle seems lulled into still and serene sleep: all the other bodily members partake of the same serenity and repose. The arms and the legs, the fingers, the very toes, are all alike equally slumbering: the drapery is also smooth and unruffled, and is strictly in unison and harmony with every other part of the design. The whole expression seems to induce silence, caution, and almost breathless solicitude in the observer. A fascinating and pathetic sympathy is excited;—at least these were the effects and sentiments produced on myself in contemplating it alone, and towards the close of day. Analyzing it as a work of art, and endeavouring to estimate its claims to novelty, beauty, and excellence, I must own that all my powers of criticism were at length subdued by the more impressive impulses of the heart. With these sensations, and with mingled emotions of admiration at the probable effects of English art, and the appeals of nature through this medium, I was turning away from the fascinating group, when the plaintive song of a robin which had perched in the adjoining window, diverted the train of reflection, but touched another chord of the heart, which vibrated in perfect harmony."*

Another admirable production of this master is in the chancel of Caverswell church, in Staffordshire. It is a kneeling figure of Lady St. Vincent, delightfully simple and unaffected in its devotional expression. The statue of Lady Louisa Russell, one of the daughters of the Duke of Bedford, is also a most happy effort. This pretty sprightly child stands on tiptoe, fondly cherishing a dove in her bosom; a beautiful personification of innocence, grace, and simplicity. This statue is now at Woburn Abbey in com-

* Britton's Lichfield Cathedral, pp. 50, 51. Pl. xvi. is a very clever representation of this beautiful monument, engraved by Le Keux, after Mackenzie.

pany with a group of the Graces from the chisel of Canova; an association which affords no inadequate estimate of the two artists. The Graces may attract our admiration, but the child will interest our hearts. We owe this most lively figure to the artist's determination to refute the puny critics who pretended to think he could not represent a child *awake*. The monument of the two children at Lichfield procured Mr. Chantrey several commissions for similar subjects. Perhaps no representation of a lost child can be so grateful to the eyes, so soothing to the heart of a mourning parent, as the sleeping figure, which records the melancholy separation of affectionate hearts in the gentlest manner, and suggests the consolatory hope that the beloved object shall hereafter awake to eternal happiness. A beautiful figure of this description, the infant daughter of Sir T. Acland, was this year exhibited at Somerset-house, and is noticed in our last volume, (p. 716.) We think it superior to either of the Lichfield figures taken separately; but there is a charm in the combination of these, a sentiment in their sisterly fellowship, their union in death, most propitious for the artist who knew so well how to avail himself of the ideas it suggested. The sleeping child of Mr. Boswell of Auchynleck, is another delightful personification of infant innocence, beauty, and repose. In all these recumbent figures, the attitudes are varied so judiciously, naturally, and gracefully, that when viewed altogether in the sculptor's room, nothing is farther from the spectator's mind than any impression of monotony or repetition.

It was not till the year 1818, that this great artist was elected a Royal Academician. We know that great bodies move slowly, and that the mere act of incorporation frequently benumbs the faculties of individuals; otherwise we should find it difficult to account for the impolitic conduct of the academicians in neglecting so long to strengthen their corps (exposed as it has frequently been to annoying attacks) by such an accession of talents.

In 1818, he visited Rome, Venice, and Florence, and many other places in Italy, to examine the choice works of art which they contain. It is pleasing to observe the warmth of admiration with which he speaks of his great competitor Canova, who is said to be equally 'ust to his English friend. "Above all modern art in Rome," writes Mr. Chantrey, "Canova's works are the chief at-

tractions. His latter productions are of a far more natural and exalted character than his earlier works; and his fame is wronged by his masterly statues which are now common in England. He is excelling in simplicity and in grace every day. An *Endymion*, for the Duke of Devonshire, a *Magdalen*, for Lord Liverpool, and a *Nymph*, are his latest works, and his best. There is also a noble equestrian statue of the King of Naples—the revolutions of its head have kept pace with those of the kingdom. A poet in Rome has published a book of sonnets on Canova's works; each production has its particular sonnet—of their excellence I can give you no information."

Our limits will not permit us to describe minutely the excellent statues of President Blair, Lord Melville, Dr. Anderson, Mr. Horner, and others, in which, relying on truth and nature, on characteristic resemblance, and dignified and easy attitudes, he has represented British dignitaries, statesmen, and philosophers, in their British dresses, without derogation from the dignity which other artists have imagined to be exclusively imparted by Greek and Roman costume. His monument in St. Paul's to Major-gen. Haughton is generally known; and he has others in great forwardness in memory of Generals Bowes and Gillespie, and Col. Cadogan, destined for the same national repository. Among his busts, those of John Rennie, the civil engineer, of Professor Playfair, and West, and his models for Wordsworth and Walter Scott, are selected by some connoisseurs as superior; but they are all so natural, easy, expressive, and characteristic, that we believe a preference can only be founded on the subject, not the manner in which it is executed.

Several commissions have been given to Mr. Chantrey for poetic groups and figures of his own choice, and we confidently anticipate from some of these, works which will rival the most famous performances of the ancient sculptors. Warned by our decreasing space, we reluctantly quit this subject; and if we have refrained from touching on the private character of this distinguished individual, it is because he is yet living, and will, we hope and believe, long remain amongst us. The public has little to do with the private lives of artists; but every spectator of Chantrey's works must feel that the artist possesses a heart, and many will own with us that it cannot be a bad one.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

MR. KEAN'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES—(concluded from last month.)—The next of Mr. Kean's performances after those which we noticed in our last was Reuben Glenroy in *Town and Country*. To the larger portion of this fantastical character his powers are decidedly unfitted. He has no majesty of person to shine through a coarse or a rustic garb—no pomp of utterance to give importance to trite sentiment—no dignity of manner which can preserve distinction to its possessor among the familiar scenes of modern existence. He cannot look like a deity in broad-cloth—nor make common-place seem oracular wisdom—nor gracefully wave vulgarity aside—like the great actor for whom this part was written. Yet it has two scenes of terrific passion, and several little touches of real pathos scattered amidst its dull moralities, in which he amply vindicated the truth of nature, and his own intimate communion with her sanctities. Nothing could be more heart-searching than the manner in which he told the story of his wrongs to their author, or more affecting than his gentle way of stopping the elder Glenroy from making any inquiries which might touch on the cause of his own miseries. The piece—with the signal exceptions of Kean and Munden—was miserably cast; and has not been repeated.

Mr. Kean's approaching departure occasioned the revival of *Macbeth*—a tragedy seldom of late acted at this theatre. The idea of this play, as we first saw it acted, has a vaster space in our memories than that of any other, and we go to its representation with an ever-recurring yet ever disappointed hope of seeing again some dim image of what we remember. We contemplate the vast sweep of the green curtain, as we were wont to look on it with greedy eyes, and prepare ourselves for a visual gaze on that majestic crime and suffering—that iron majesty of the North in the olden time—which once awed and thrilled our souls. The curtain rises—the blasted heath is discovered—the music plays among the hills, approaching nearer and nearer, to usher in the hero—and we feel our old sensations reviving. But the illusion is dissipated, at once, on the appearance of the principal actors. Except in Mr. Macready's *Macbeth*, which was unsupported by

any “worthy partner of his greatness,” we have seen no performer in this play who did not shock all our recollections and sympathies, since that forgotten night when Kemble and Mrs. Siddons last appeared together on the scene. The greater part of Mr. Kean's performance was butchery. There was nothing in him for supernatural solicitings to work on—no sensibility to unearthly impulses—no eye for things unseen by ordinary vision. The glory and the dream of the character were gone, and he was left a common murderer. He started at the air-drawn dagger, as if it had been real and wielded by a mortal hand; spoke of the “jump” from “this end and shoal of time” to “the life to come,” as though it were a leap for harlequin; played tricks with the soliloquy on life; and fiercely contested with the ghost of Banquo, as with an enemy of flesh and blood. The scene after the assassination of Duncan is a noble exception to the general censure;—and, indeed, when we think on it, we are almost ashamed to have spoken slightly of any piece of acting which includes so awful and tear-moving a picture. The voice heard on the stair-case half-choaked with guilt and terror, which we feel at once to be a recent murderer's—the wild eagerness of the entrance with the daggers—the frightful stupor in which he almost mechanically replies to Lady Macbeth's questions—the more frightful recurrence to sense, when agonizing recollections rush on him as he looks at his bloody hands—his instinctive stopping at the word “prayers” in his description of the attendants, as though he felt his utter divorce from all holy things—and his bitter expression, “I could not say Amen, when they did say God bless us,” every syllable of which seems to fall in strange distinctness on the soul—are unequivocal proofs of that genius which Mr. Kean, in his least successful efforts, never suffers to be doubtful.—Mr. Elliston's performance of Macduff highly pleased us. It was truly energetic, spirited, and affecting. As this old favourite has not of late been thought able to perform tragedy—in which he once divided public opinion with the best of the serious actors—we were extremely glad to see this idea so well refuted. There is nothing more pleasant than to find one whom we long have admired thus coming out, as it were afresh, to

prove that his spirit is unsubdued, and his heart as young as ever. It is a personal consolation to us, who see in the decline of those who have excited the warmest delight in our bosoms, the visible remembrances of our own decay, and in their continued and renewing vigour, repair our own energies, and feel the spirit of boyhood vigorous and undecaying within us.

Mr. Kean's Brutus, like his Macbeth, was rather a performance marvellous in detached passages, than harmonious in its general impression. This, however, was not his fault, but that of the author, or rather compiler of the tragedy. There are no links of connexion, however subtle, between the Brutus of the first act, and the Brutus of the last, unless general expressions of a love to freedom be regarded as sufficiently discriminating character. His ideocy in the early scenes is not so much like wisely assumed madness, as real but intermittent folly. He one moment stings his oppressors by the most caustic sarcasm, which could only tend to the discovery of the cheat; the next relapses into seeming forgetfulness; and anon tells, without the least motive, the trick by which he had fulfilled the Delphic oracle, and derived an omen of his attaining the regal power. His meeting with Sextus on the other hand, hearing the story of his outrage, pouring out curses on the miserable ravisher, and casting off for ever the veil of madness, are conceived with singular felicity, and executed with great skill. But again, his speech from the rostrum—which in the historians is so pregnant, so passionate, so characteristic of a mind arisen from its long restraints, and so potent to awaken the souls of a people from their moral sepulchre—is elaborately poor and tawdry, impossible to have proceeded from the lips of Brutus, or to have touched one fibre of a Roman bosom. Instead of dwelling on the wrong, he speaks but little except of the individual misery, and gives a long and affected description of Lucretia's beauty and virtues. We can conceive of nothing worse in the millinery stile of oratory—more flimsy, artificial, and frigid—than this speech, which is attributed to a mind first expanding itself to execute long-cherished plans of vengeance, and to deliver a people from their chains. The fearful conspiracy of the sons of Brutus—originating in the darkest spirit, and cemented by the most horrid rites—is softened into the

weakness of an enamoured youth who attempts to fly with the king's daughter; and thus leaves the sentence of Brutus a murder instead of a sacrifice. Indeed, it would appear as though the true motive for his rigidity were not love for Rome, but a desire for his own renown; for when Publicola dissuades him from his purpose, he replies by giving an elaborate description of the house which he had thrown down, to remove the jealousies of the people—asks “shall no one but Valerius love his country?”—and boasts that he can shew as much firmness as his colleague. Mr. Kean's representation of the fool is clever, though he appears far too apprehensive ever to have been spared by the Tarquins. By far the finest part of his performance is his exultation over the fall of the royal statue—his casting off the last vestiges of disguise—his proudly stepping forth as in newly-recovered life—his hardly-suppressed indignation while he listens to the tale of Sextus, and his terrific turning on him with curses, every word of which seems to blast and to wither. It is the grandest conceivable picture of a soul, set free after long compression, walking forth in all the terrible majesty of its nature, and feeling even in its rage, contempt, and anguish, a strange joy from the exercise of its renewed energies. The latter scenes are exceedingly inferior. Nothing but classic dignity and grace, of which he is wholly destitute, can reconcile us to a deed which would not be possible if it were not Roman. We cannot imagine Brutus torn and distracted by contending emotions. The struggle makes his conduct the more monstrous. A true stoic must see nothing but patriotism and duty—his course must be straightforward, without doubt, or relenting—nature must not be admitted to a moment's hearing, or the artificial man would give way to the natural. Brutus, doubtless, went on unshaken, “heaved no sigh, and shed no tear,” proceeded through his work as a judge, with singleness of purpose, and thus set an example of a stern disregard of affection, when patriotism demanded it, which gave to the Roman republic its savage, unbending air, and enabled its sons first to conquer nature, and then to subdue the world. Mr. Kean can give no grand image of this stoic heroism—in the trial he could only appear cold and unfeeling, and therefore he wisely does not often attempt it. But then he should play not Brutus, who

certainly was not given to hysterics.—A young gentleman, with a voice of much sweetness, but little power, an elegant cast of features, and graceful action, made his first appearance as Titus; and, especially in the tenderer passages, was very successful.

There were several very beautiful touches in Mr. Kean's Octavian—especially in his fond lingering over the image of Floranthe, and the bursting forth of his rapturous surprise on the discovery that she had lived only for him—but the wild ranting did not become his lips, nor the rags his person. Mr. Kemble was the more picturesque savage, but Mr. Kean the gentler lover.

Mr. Kean's Richard the Second, which he performed once to a scanty audience, has more of quiet beauty than any other of his characters. He speaks of kingly reverses, of blighted hopes, of graves, and worms, and epitaphs, in the sweetest tones we ever heard. Nothing can be more affecting than his resignation of the crown, in which bitter sarcasm mingles so finely with the sorrow—or his vain attempt to look at the paper where his faults are registered—or his dashing down the glass, because it does not shew his face altered in accordance with his fortunes. The play, though more thickly studded with poetic beauties than almost any other, is, as a whole, very tedious in the acting.

We did not greatly admire Mr. Kean's Leon, in the gross and absurd play of *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, which has surely no recommendation but the names of its authors. His assumed folly was as thin a disguise as in Brutus. His assertion of his rights, however, was spirited and manly; though the transition from abjectness to masterdom, was not so striking as in Luke, where it seemed like the change of an Arabian tale. We hoped to have seen him in this part, which he chose for his first benefit, and which elicited one or two of the brightest flashes of his genius. But he did not play it, nor Sir Edward Mortimer, which is one of the most complete and masterly of his performances. He repeated several of his characters more than once—Othello five times—encouraged by houses which, though not generally crowded, were, on the whole, extremely well attended for the season. On Saturday the 16th, he took his leave, after acting Richard the Third with even more than usual energy. The sympathy and admiration of the house broke forth on every opportunity

throughout the piece, and was almost overwhelming at its close. After loud calls, Mr. Kean came forward, pale and agitated, and in a low, but very sweet tone, delivered an unaffected and pleasing address of farewell. The applause on his retirement was universal and long protracted, and was crowned with cheers nine times heartily repeated. Most earnestly do we wish him health and prosperity—a succession of brilliant and happy nights while he is from us—and a welcome on his return, as full-hearted as grateful remembrance can offer.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

This beautiful theatre was re-opened for the winter season on Monday the 18th of September, after having undergone fresh embellishments, according to the liberal custom of its managers. The prevailing ground of the front of the boxes, of the ceiling, and of the proscenium, is now a soft green, which is set off by slips of pale yellow, while the national decorations of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, remain as before, except that their gilding is refreshed and brightened, so as to harmonize with the fresh colouring. A new chandelier, in an urn-like shape, with the King's arms at the bottom, and a circle of roses about the middle, lighted with brilliant gas burners, and surmounted by a rich canopy studded with crystal drops, is suspended from the centre of the roof. A strip of dark green, painted to resemble festoons, and richly gilded, descends from the top of the stage, to be elevated or depressed as scenic effect may require; and a magnificent drop scene, representing a curtain of green damask, falls from immediately behind it, and completes a scene of soft and unwearied brilliancy. The only deduction from our pleasure in contemplating this renewed interior, is the dingy red of the back of the boxes, which was offensive last season, and now is rendered more conspicuous by the neatness and the beauty of the decorations which have been lavished on every other part of the theatre.

The first performance of the season was *Romeo and Juliet*, the sweetest of tragedies, which cannot be read or seen too often. Miss Wensley, the fascinating Rosalind of last season, appeared for the first time in the lovely and intense character of its heroine. Notwithstanding the usual disadvantages of a first appearance in a new line of character, and more than usual interruption from the galleries, she displayed singular tender-

ness, grace, and energy. Nothing could be more delicious than her way of stopping her lover—"I know thou wilt say, aye;" or the fullness of heart with which she added—"and I will take thy word"—in the exquisite scene in the garden. She threw into the whole of the scene more of serious beauty, and therefore played it more in the true spirit of the poet than even Miss O'Neil, who infused into her performance too much of a graceful coquetry, inconsistent with the fervid and deep emotions of Juliet. Her scenes with the nurse were beautifully playful. In the higher tragic scenes she displayed great capability for the intensest order of acting; and if her attitudes sometimes appeared overstrained, and her voice was too loudly exerted for its strength, it was easy to perceive a principle of beauty and grace in the very error, which proved what she will do when she becomes accustomed to the tragic scene. Mr. C. Kemble's Romeo was as gallant, as passionate, and as gentle as it was wont to be—and more we cannot desire.

The *Beggar's Opera*, sadly curtailed of fair proportion, introduced Miss Greene, who has been greatly admired at Bath and Dublin, to a London audience, in the sweet character of Polly. Her figure is elegant, her eyes dark and expressive, and her manners lady-like and engaging. Her voice is clear and powerful, her ear correct, and her style of singing un-borrowed from any of her rivals. A slight occasional harshness alone interferes with the pleasure of her hearers. She has not that volume of sweetness which Miss Stephens pours ever forth; and perhaps her difference from that best favourite of the public, in their most brilliant passages, is not unlike that between an exquisite crystallization of clear water and a limpid and living stream. She brings a great addition to the musical strength of the house, which now only wants a first-rate male singer to complete an operatic excellence unrivalled within our memory. Why does not Mr. Sinclair come back, and bid England rival Italy?

The managers of this theatre, with the copious liberality which characterizes even their failures, have engaged the dancers from the Opera-house, whence they have been so sadly excluded. The audience, however, on the first night, did not relish the novelty. The ballet of *Jocunde*, which is founded on one of La Fontaine's most exceptionable tales,

though divested of indecencies of plot, and graced by the best twirls of the French school, did not please. The eye was too lavishly and the ear too scantily fed. The middling classes who fill an English theatre desire a deeper interest than mere dancing can give, and a greater attention to propriety of costume than French dancers are usually required to observe.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

A new piece, in three acts, founded on the celebrated story of *Trenck*, has been produced at this theatre with great success; yet the peculiar interest of the memoir is widely removed from the dramatic. It arises not from striking and crowded incidents, but from long progression, and, instead of being concentrated in a point, is spread over sad and silent years. It is, indeed, the very want of varied action which gives the air of awful loneliness to the narrative. We are subdued to the sameness of the dungeon, so that it does not weary us, as the eye of the heroic prisoner became accustomed to its gloom. The slightest vibration is audible amidst its stillness. A little earth moved away—an indication of softer mould—a stone beginning to loosen—seem events as momentous as the strangest turns of fortune. We seem to have measured years, as we read on—and to have participated in all the long endurance of the noble struggler against the horrors of a living grave. We feel the truth of the poet's exclamation—

"Action is momentary—

The motion of a muscle this way or that;
Suffering is long, obscure, and infinite."

But the "long, obscure, and infinite," cannot be exhibited on the stage. It is surprising, therefore, that the dramatist should have succeeded so well with such materials. *Trenck*, in his piece, is represented as thrown into prison by the machinations of a rival in love, who, by a forged letter, causes him to be suspected of sending intelligence to the enemy. The interest is excited by his efforts to escape, which are twice frustrated, when on the point of success—the last time, after he has worked his way through a subterranean passage to the outside of the garrison. But, happily, a grateful youth, whose life he had saved, discovers the villainy of his foe, steals a letter from the wretch's belt which contains full proof of the victim's innocence, and rushes in with the king's pardon at the moment when *Trenck*, after his stupendous toil, is about to be con-

signed again to his dungeon. This mode of treating the chilling subject unfortunately screens from execration the real author of Trenck's unparalleled suffering—the vain and hollow-hearted Frederick, sometimes, as in contempt of humanity, denominated “Great”—the free-thinking despot—the philosophic slave-master—to whom religion was matter for a sneer, and human beings machines to play with. The language, however, of the drama is good, the situations well contrived, and the music diversified and pleasing. The scenery is admirably conceived and painted. The scene of the dungeon, where the pale captive is seen through the massive bars, gradually loosens the stupendous weight of iron from his limbs, and lets it fall heavily on the earth, and then climbs the walls to a fearful chasm, at the extremity of which he is working his way to light and freedom—has a reality which is almost painful. We feel the icy chill of the place running through our veins, and giving way only to the throb of intense anxiety for the success of the prisoner's toils. T. P. Cooke looks and acts the unconquerable sufferer to the life—and Miss Carew acts feelingly and sings bewitchingly as his mistress—but the charm of the piece is Miss Kelly's performance of Lionel Schell, the boy who discovers the forgery of Trenck's enemies, and procures his pardon. How full of life and animal spirits—how sweetly jocund—how gaily and thoughtlessly happy—does she appear, before a weight of care and gratitude comes over the young heart! How sparkingly does the spirit of hope and pleasure rise up afterwards in spite of anxiety, and disappointment, and peril! What a freshness she throws into a common-place, as she tosses her piece of gold in the air less and less blithely while she listens to a tale of sorrow, and at last catches it, with desperate resolution, and puts it, half afraid of herself, into the Savoyard's hand! With how intense an earnestness does she listen to Trenck's labours beneath the earth, and strive to warn him of his danger! With what a face of hypocritical penitence she kneels to the villain, and sings a song of plaintive cant, while she filches the letter from his belt and substitutes the apple-woman's bill! And with how captivating an archness does she triumph in her honest roguery! It is the best we have ever seen of those *double-entendres* of acting, where the per-

former is to shew one face to the party deceived, and another to the spectators.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The performances of this theatre have been much livelier and pleasanter since our last notice. One of the airiest and most vivacious of them is a revived piece of the elder Colman, entitled *The Suicide*. This sounds paradoxical, but it is true. Life, we have often heard, is a jest, but death in its most awful form seems no subject for laughter. The idea of making the stage a Court of Ease to the Old Bailey, suggested in *The Critic*, is improved on by an author who offers his services as an assistant to the corner's functions. The truth is, however, that the piece seems scarcely to have been designed as serious; the *Suicide* being little more in earnest than his hoaxing friends, and the whole having the air of a fantastical masquerade. “They do but jest—poison in jest—no offence in the world.” A young linen-draper, bolder even than John Gilpin, calmly resolves to dissipate all his fortune in luxurious excesses, and then to bid adieu to the world when it is exhausted. A sentimental lady, who loves him, assumes male attire to preserve him from himself, becomes one of his gay companions, and is consulted as to the best mode of bravely dying. She advises poison, and gives him a dose of harmless medicine as a deadly potion; which he drinks, after making himself completely intoxicated with wine and brandy. When he recovers his senses, he is frightened a little, and at last relieved by a confession which restores him to life, and love, and virtue. The piece, notwithstanding its appalling title, is a mere extravagant fancy, light as the gossamer, and extremely well suited to summer spectators. Charles Kemble's acting as the hero is exquisite, and completes the midsummer masquerade. It is as hard to believe him a retailer of tapes and ribbons, as to conceive a haberdasher calmly resolving to measure out his days and cut the thread of his existence. He gets drunk with the most gentlemanly grace in the world. Among his companions are an author and a player, copied very happily from Joseph Andrews, and very happily embodied by Williams and J. Russell. Their quarrel, recriminations, and embraces, are wrought up to the highest pitch of the ludicrous. The prodigal has also another precious pair of asso-

ciates, two most amusing varieties of cowardice, a starch blusterer and a vapouring bully, represented by Connor and Farley to the life. Their duel scene, with its reiterated kickings, passes the bounds of decorum, and would gain "by losing all its grossness." Mrs. Mardyn looks very beautifully, and plays very spiritedly as the pretended Dick Rattle. There is a lively catch, beginning "'Twas you, Sir," performed by Tobine's companions, which has more the air of being really sung by a jovial party than any we have heard on the stage.

The new comedy of *The Dog Days in Bond Street*, is of a purer water than *The Diamond Ring*. Its plot is, indeed, slight and simple; but not on that account unsuitable to the taste of Haymarket spectators. They seem to have no idea of intrigue—at least behind the curtain. They enjoy two comedies and a farce in one evening, which contain, upon a fair average, two incidents and a half. A few broadly ludicrous situations—a few spirited outlines of character—a few palpable hits at the reigning extravagancies of fashion—and a few neat puns and well-sounding patriotic sentiments—make a comedy in three acts, which is sure to receive their applauses. Most of the pieces, like this and the last, exhibit something very like a hoax, which the audience enjoy as if they were parties to the jest. The new comedy turns entirely on the scheme of a young man at an hotel in Bond Street, to relieve his friend from the consequences of his extravagancies, by writing to his uncle an account of his decease, which brings money for funeral expenses, and the old gentleman up to town to arrange the affairs of his lamented nephew. The uncle, with his daughter, who is disconsolate for the imaginary loss of the youth whom she had loved, arrive at the very hotel where the nephew and his friend are residing. A series of amusing lies, laughable perplexities, and whimsical situations, arise out of this juxtaposition, terminated in the usual way by discovery, forgiveness, and marriage. According to the prologue, the piece is written by a lady resident in Jamaica, from her recollections of the manners of her native land; and some familiar allusions to tornadoes and hurricanes seem to justify the assertion. The language is, in general, neat and pointed, though the jokes are more practical than intellectual. Parts of the dialogue, and the song relating, after the fashion of the age, to pu-

gilism, must surely have been supplied by some male friend of the author. They are as tiresome and vulgar as any thing of the kind out of Belsher's tap or Blackwood's Magazine. With the exception of these—and a long speech about an oak and a honeysuckle, which is fit only for the Irish bar—the piece is an elegant and spirited trifle. The cool impudence of Jones, who performs the hoaxing friend, is singularly happy. Mrs. Mardyn is interesting in spite of sables and sentiment, neither of which usually become her; and Mr. Liston, though his great power is in the stupid, contrives to throw into the part of a clever knave no small number of his own indescribable graces.

This theatre has been encroaching a little on the province of the English Opera, by the performance of musical pieces, and the engagement of the first of English singers. But the manager of the latter establishment has no right to complain—for he suffers it to err from its original purpose, when he neglects to engage the first-rate vocalists, and depends on lively little farces and interesting melodramas for attraction. This theatre—though made delightful by Miss Kelly, the most delightful of actresses, and her ingenious associates—is not quite what it should be. We would rather hear Mr. Braham there, supported by Pearman and Miss Carew, and an admirable orchestra, than at the Haymarket, where there are none of these; but we would rather hear him under all disadvantages at the last, than not at all. His noble and richly-cultivated voice—his power to enchant with Italian grace, or to melt by plaintive simplicity at will—the enthusiasm and almost inspiration with which he pours forth a glorious sentiment, or expresses an heroic passion—will ever insure him a deep as well as widely-extended admiration, in spite of the occasional infelicities of his manner, and the dreary tricks of art in which he too often indulges. He has appeared as Henry Bertram in the charming melodramatic opera of Guy Mannering, to most full and most delighted houses. The smallness of the theatre allows the rare treat of catching every delicate turn of the voice in accordance with the sentiment, and of drinking in the rich stream of sound with luxurious facility; but is very unfavourable to the general effect of a drama so varied and romantic. The piece is addressed almost as much to the eye as to the ear—the national music gives

reality to the scenery, and the scenery aids the influences of the music—and their blended charm transports us to the land of mountain and rock, to stupendous caves and the shores of the ocean, and thrills us with the wild superstitions, or delights us with the grotesque peculiarities, of the inhabitants of the rugged yet beautiful region. We painfully miss, therefore, the rude and dim pieces of vast heath—the masses of overhanging rock stained with a thousand storms—and the lovely view of Ellangowan Castle glittering in the evening sunshine above the luxuriantly wooded shores of the bay, with the blue waves tenderly rippling to the bushes and fragments of rock—which we have so often gazed on at Covent Garden, and thought it pleasure enough so to gaze; and can scarcely reconcile ourselves to the Haymarket “pictures in little.” The piece, however, is exceedingly well supported, considering that this is not professedly an operatic company. There is Liston, the *prodigious* Domine—Mrs. Garrick, unaffected, as Lucy Bertram, who sings the ballad of *O rest thee, babe*, very pleasingly—Miss Corri, with foreign airs and graces, as Julia Manning—Russell, more endurable in Dandie Dinmont than any one could be expected to be after Emery—and Mrs. Dalton, a respectable sketch of Meg Merrilies in water-colouring. The only very unpleasant circumstance in the arrangement of the piece is the introduction of a number of singularly inappropriate songs. This in general is of little consequence, as most operas “have no character at all,” and, if the airs are good, we care little for the appositeness of their position. But there is an atmosphere of sentiment over Guy Manning, which should not be dissipated by foreign melody. “Love’s young dream,” indeed, with its collocation of words so exquisitely Horatian, and its soft breathing of luxurious melancholy, can scarcely be out of place anywhere, when so tastefully sung by Braham; but a bravura from Cerentola is absolute discord among the Scottish hills. We hope that Miss R. Corri will not insist on repeat-

ing this description of elegant offence on any future occasion.

SURREY THEATRE.

Two new pieces, one of a serious and the other of a ludicrous description, have been produced at this interesting theatre since our last, and have been very often repeated. The first, entitled *The Victim*, is a judicious alteration from Miss Bailie’s tragedy of *Rayner*, which is rich with the “sad embroidery” of her fancy. There is one scene conceived in the purest spirit of tragedy. A lady whose lover is condemned to die for a crime which another has committed, tries to move the mother of the true criminal, now at the point of death, to procure a confession from him which may save the guiltless. The opposition thus produced between the deepest affections of human nature—their struggles in their utmost force, and agony, and sweetness—is one of the most interesting which the heart can conceive. There is also a speech where the same earnestly affectionate girl describes to her lover how she will soothe his captivity, which seems written to make us feel at once all the pure gentleness which belong to woman. To this beautiful expression of feeling, and to the entreaties addressed to the mother, Miss Taylor gives more adequate expression than we believe could be attained by any actress of the larger theatres.

The other novelty—called *Stop Thief, or the Horrors of the Forest*—is a pleasant piece of extravagance, founded on the idea of a rustic mistaking a company of strolling players, whose caravan has broken down in a wood, for a band of robbers. The performers act players as well as might be expected. Miss Copeland is very lively as the manager’s daughter; and a little boy, one of the Master Ridgways, who is supposed to have been trained to make apologetical speeches, and who introduces them on all occasions, gives one or two specimens of his art, in a tone of theatrical humility which does high credit to his instructors.

FINE ARTS.

WE understand that his Majesty and the noble Directors of the *British Institution* have left most of the finest portraits comprised in the exhibition which lately closed, particularly those by Vanduyck, in the Gallery for some weeks, as examples of excellence in *portrait*, to be

copied, for the improvement of the students—properly the protégés of these illustrious patrons.

There is something in the execution of these portraits, as well as those by Rubens, that British art has hitherto been unable to reach. Our painters can

give force, character, breadth, and every thing but that rich transparent colouring which so much resembles life, and for which the Flemish masters are so justly celebrated. It is to be hoped the present opportunity may lead to some improvement in this respect.

Brighton Gallery.—A gallery of Paintings has been opened at Brighton, which contains several fine works: among which are, a "Moses striking the Rock," by Nicolo Poussin, formerly in the Houghton Gallery, and combining all the well-known beauties of design and colouring peculiar to that great master; an original "Marriage of St. Catherine," by Parmigiano, painted for the Grand Duke of Tuscany, which, for harmony of composition and richness of colouring, deserves equally the encomium of the connoisseur and the admiration of those less experienced; an exquisitely finished portrait of Mengs, by himself; and a "Cupid in Vulcan's Forge," by Domenichino—the Cupid is particularly beautiful; the expression of countenance, and grace of the head, as he archly shews his mother the sharpened point of his arrow, and the ease and repose of the whole contour of the figure, are sweetly wrought, which, with the deep shade enveloping the back ground, and throwing a softness over the colouring, affords one of the most voluptuous evidences of the magic of the *chiaro oscuro*. This painting combines so finely the masterly disposition of light and soft colouring of Corregio, with the beauties of expression produced by Domenichino, that it is a contested point, to which of these great artists it is to be attributed. In addition to these are numerous specimens of the Italian, Dutch, English, and French schools; and perhaps the most splendid collection of De Louthembourg extant, comprising thirty-one paintings.

Siderography.—A French artist, M. Guillot, ex-director of assignats, has claimed for his countrymen the invention of Messrs. Perkins, Fairman and Heath, evidently without having ascertained the nature of their process. M. Guillot lays "claim to the priority of the invention of engraving *in relief on copper*, by the pressure of a plate engraved by incision (*en creux*) on steel." The inventors of this valuable art do not claim the discovery of engraving *in relief on copper*; it constitutes no part of their process of multiplying copper or steel

engravings. The method adopted by the French artists to multiply engravings is not practicable, and is acknowledged by M. Guillot to have been abandoned long since. What practical man could suppose that copper, having been pressed into a steel engraving, although made harder by the operation, could indent, by its relief, another copper plate, without enlarging each, and thereby distorting and injuring the engraving? M. Guillot, after claiming for his countrymen this invention, says it is worth nothing, and points out the reason why. He says (and we perfectly agree with him), "copper, when strongly pressed, experiences in all its parts an extension proportioned to its degree of annealing, and to its thickness. The difference between two impressions in copper has been found to amount, in the eagle and in the figure of liberty, to two centimeters 25-100ths (a line): hence the identity is destroyed." M. Guillot has, we think, fairly proved, that although the French artists long ago conceived the idea that engravings might be multiplied, yet they could not put their ideas into practice, and, after many experiments, it was given up.

Sir Thomas Picton.—The monument voted by Parliament as a testimony of national gratitude for the eminent services of this truly distinguished and gallant officer, has just been completed. It is erected on the north side of the great dome, in the cathedral church of St. Paul, and is near that of the brave Admiral Hood. The monument itself is at once highly honourable to the national character, and justly descriptive of the merits of the illustrious deceased. On a pedestal of white marble is a finely executed bust of the gallant General, which is admitted by all who knew him to be an admirable likeness. On the left is the figure of a veteran soldier, as large as life, exulting in the ever-memorable success of the British army on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of June, 1815, while his countenance at the same time shews his anguish of heart for the loss of this brave officer. On the right, Britannia, holding a palm of victory in her right hand, points out the hero to the spectator as a proper object of imitation, while Fame is about to crown him with a wreath of laurel. The monument is admirably executed, and does great credit to the talents of Mr. Gahagan, the sculptor.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

SONNET, TO MIRANDA.

How fair and lovely on her virgin leaf
 Yon blushing Rose, the queen of every flower,
 Breathes her sweet spirit on the summer hour,
 And seems to mourn her bright reign is so brief.
 Do thou, Miranda ! spare her tender grief,
 And kindly pluck the beauty from the bower,
 So on thy breast, with sweet reviving power,
 She still may bloom, of every flower the chief.—
 Blest be that hand ! ungather'd, she had died,
 Wasting her fragrance on the chilly night,
 And unenjoy'd—so, pure and heavenly bright,
 Thy charms shall fade, and Love thee too deride,
 If thou thy beauty to Love's hand deny,
 To grace his breast, sweet-blooming, ere it die.

SONNET.

I saw thee in thy young years blossoming,
 A fair unfolding rose, that to the rays
 And breath of heaven yet timidly displays
 Its growing bosom—beauteous was thy Spring.
 And now, that infant season on the wing,
 Pleased we behold thee in the Summer blaze
 Of ripen'd beauty—blushing at the praise
 That eager hearts to virgin-altars bring.
 O, like the eye of morning in the east,
 That strikes admiring votaries to the earth
 In adoration—Beauty, hail to thee !
 In the chaste homage of our souls carnest,
 Bloom on, fair flower, thy time of love and worth,
 Then pour thy fragrance on eternity.

STANZAS TO ———.

By the Author of "Astarte" and "Melancholy Hours."

Yes !—Thou art wed !—I know it all—
 Yet why remind me of my pain ?—
 Why let that magic smile recal
 Hopes that must never bloom again ?

Vain is the wish, that "Time's cold wing
 May all the griefs I feel remove ;"—
 Since future years no balm can bring,
 To heal the pangs of slighted love !

No !—*now*, life's fairest scenes must be
 A weary waste of tedious hours ;—
 A gloomy, cheerless blank to me,
 Where thorns usurp the place of flowers !

The *past* ;—it now might almost seem
 The phantom of a fever'd brain—
 But that to prove 'twas *not* a dream,
 Thine image and my griefs remain !

The *future* ;—'tis a cheerless gloom,
 That has no ray of hope for me—
 Save what is veil'd beyond the tomb,
 And shrouded in eternity !

Then do not tell me "I shall live
 To think on *thee* without regret ;"
 Though Time may teach me to *forgive*,
 It cannot teach me to *forget* !

Say not, "when Love has ceased to burn,
 When Reason shall my passion end ;
 In calmer hours I may return,
 And claim the sacred name of—Friend !"

No, never !—friendship such as *mine*
 Were like the fatal Simoom's breath
 To souls as good and pure as thine,
 Blasting the flower it loves with death !

We'll meet no more !—may smiling years
 Still o'er thy path new blessings shower :
 And may the memory of my tears
 Ne'er rise to damp one festive hour !

THE AGED LOVER.

What tho' the power that boyhood gives
 To Beauty's beam,
 No more within this bosom lives
 To gild its dream :
 It was a dream, a fitful ray,
 That well deserved to fade away.

And yet the trance was passing sweet,
 Like music's strain
 To him whose ear shall never greet
 Her notes again :
 So dearly o'er my memory steals
 The joy no future hour reveals.

Oh, Ellen ! Fancy's wildest dress
 Was wove for thee,
 And stol'n her brightest powers to bless
 Thy infancy :
 But youth soon ceased the cheat to hide,
 And manhood cast her garb aside.

The charm is pass'd—thy loveliest smile
 Fades on my soul :
 No more thy looks my fears beguile,
 My tears controul :
 Raptures cease to thrill my breast,
 Time has bid desire rest.

But yet, tho' passion burns no more,
 I *love* thee still—
 Tho' Fancy's glowing reign is o'er,
 And my heart chill
 With worldly frost and wintry care,
 Oh, Ellen ! *Love* still lingers there.

Then let Life's storm of sorrow still
 Unceasing rage,
 Hope's last unblighted blossom kill,
 And mock my age
 With visions of my youthful day,
 And joys that with it pass'd away :—
 Still, still I love !—years cannot roll
 So grimly past,
 That they shall fright it from my soul :
 Warm, bright, at last
 The spark shall burn—my guide o'er Time's
 dark sea,
 And my soul's treasure—in eternity.

J. P. K.

SONNET.

There's a language that's mute, there's a silence
 that speaks,
 There is something that cannot be told,
 There are words that can only be read on the
 cheeks,
 And thoughts but the eyes can unfold.

There's a look so expressive, so timid, so kind,
 So conscious, so quick to impart;
 Tho' dumb, in an instant it speaks out the mind,
 And strikes in an instant the heart.

This eloquent silence, this converse of soul,
 In vain we attempt to suppress:
 More prompt it appears from the wish to controul,
 More apt the fond truth to express.

And oh the delights in the features that shine,
 The raptures the bosom that melt,
 When blest with each other this converse divine
 Is mutually spoken and felt! T.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE POEM OF
 MARCIAN COLONNA.

Hail! star of promise, hail! whose radiance bright
 Shines 'mongst the brightest with the loveliest
 light:

Fain would this weak and tributary lay
 That homage to thy wondrous genius pay,
 Which sure from sterner hearts thy vorse would
 steal;

For where's the heart but must its influence
 feel?

When chilling fear reproves the vain desire,
 And whispers, still be silent and admire,
 Then grateful memory brings to mind the hours
 Enliven'd, cheer'd, instructed by thy powers,
 And bids me, tho' unknown, undaunted raise
 The voice of warm, sincere and ardent praise.
 Sacred and dear for aye that hour shall be
 Held in the annals of sweet poesy,
 When on the ear of favour'd England first
 The magic music of thy numbers burst:

With sound like that half mournful, and half gay,
 Some meek brook murmurs as it rolls away
 Beneath the placid moon-beam, who the while
 Illumes its surface with her silver smile.
 Still tho' the beauty of thy early song
 Gave promise fair of nobler themes ere long,
 Yet none nor deem'd, nor hop'd, so soon you'd
 twine

*A lay so grand, so tender and divine,
 That it alone would wreath thy brows with fame,
 And with our proudest bards enroll thy name.
 Go on, and with a genuine poet's fire
 Still sweep the chords of thy enchanted lyre:
 And could I tell what chord thou strik'st the best,
 I'd bid thee touch it oft'ner than the rest;
 But it was easier, when on high we view
 The rainbow's painted arch, to say what hue
 Looks to the eye most lovely, than to tell
 When most you shine, and where you most excel.

ELLEN JANET.

London, Sept. 1820.

THE EVENING HOUR.

By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.

This is the hour when memory wakes
 Visions of joys that could not last;—
 This is the hour when fancy takes
 A survey of the past!

She brings before the pensive mind
 The hallow'd scenes of earlier years;
 And friends who long have been consign'd
 To silence and to tears!

The few we liked—the one we loved—
 A sacred band!—come stealing on;
 And many a form far hence remov'd,
 And many a pleasure gone!

* Marcian Colonna.

Friendships that now in death are hush'd;
 And young affection's broken chain;
 And hopes that fate too quickly crush'd,
 In memory bloom again!

Few watch the fading gleams of day,
 But muse on hopes as quickly flown;—
 Tint after tint, they died away,
 Till all at last were gone!

This is the hour when fancy wreaths
 Her spells round joys that could not last;
 This is the hour when memory breathes
 A sigh to pleasures past!

August, 1820.

A METATHALAMIAM,*
 OR, THIRTY MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

Written in 1772.

The praises why should I withhold
 Of one unused to tend the fold,
 And eke with shepherds dally;
 Yet aid me, shepherds, to rehearse,
 In strains Arcadian, neat and terse,
 The praise that's due to Sally.

She is at least as much divine
 As Harriot, Lucy, Caroline,
 As Julia, Bell, or Sophy;
 Nor will the Muse withhold her aid,
 But soon you'll see my bride array'd
 In many a tuneful trophy.

Ye poets all, go tell the Muse,
 Her choicest phrases she should use
 With such a theme to tally;
 And should she glide into the room,
 And ask me, what was beauty's bloom?
 I'd bid her look on Sally.

Full thirty years or more have seen
 My Love, who never tript on green,
 Nor danced o'er hill and valley,
 Yet still she's dearer than before,
 Tho' thirty waning moons, or more,
 I've call'd her now my Sally.

Attend, ye married dames, the lay,
 While further it presumes to say,
 Nor fears to be mistaken,
 That, were we to set off just now
 The Lord o'th' Manor of Dunmow
 Would scarcely "save his bacon."†

STREPHON.‡

* Metathalamium is used to signify post-hymeneal, as Aristotle entitled a book of his *Metaphysics* from its coming *after* his *Physics*. Poets in general have been fond of Epithalamiums, and one of them (Spenser, I think) has a Prothalamium; but surely a Metathalamium must be more gratifying, and appear as a more propitious omen.

† Our late beloved Sovereign is said to have jocularly proposed this journey to his Queen, as soon as he became acquainted with the meaning of it. Personal graces, indeed, are necessarily short-lived. It is pretty well known that old Lady Sunderland, once Lady Dorothy Sidney, and the Sacharissa of Waller, meeting the poet in company many years afterwards, asked him, in raillery as it is said, "Pray, Mr. W. when will you write fine verses upon me again?" "When you are young again, Madam," said the poet. It may be observed, however, that true piety, virtue, and amiableness of manners, are always young.—These then are the better parts of beauty, because they are not liable to depreciation, or decay.

‡ The Greek Strephon is tantamount to a name which is far from being uncommon in England.

VARIETIES.

GREAT BRITAIN.

CONGRESS OF WELSH BARDS.

An *Eisteddfod* (or sitting of Bards) was held on the 13th and 14th of September, at Wrexham in Denbighshire, under the patronage of the *Cymmrodorion* in Powys, Sir W. W. Wynn, bart. president: the object of which was to rescue from oblivion the ancient lore of Cambria, and to encourage living merit, by awarding prizes and premiums for the best poems and essays on various subjects. A great concourse of people flocked from all parts of the principality and the adjoining English counties. At eleven o'clock on the 13th a large assemblage of rank, beauty, wealth, and talent, welcomed Sir Watkin to the Town-hall, who declared the object of the meeting in a very patriotic address, which was followed by a very able appeal to the feelings of the company, by the Rev. Walter Davies, rector of Manafon. The learned gentleman observed, that at the great *Eisteddfod*, held in the reign of Edward IV. at Carmarthen, the following question was put to the Bards:—"What is the purpose and end of holding an *Eisteddfod*?"—when David-ab-Edward, a Flintshire gentleman, immediately replied—"Remembrance of the *past*, consideration of what is, and judgment of what should be in *future*." Speaking of the ancient British language, Mr. Davies observed, "Few living languages have undergone such trying vicissitudes as our own, and yet surviving all! It has survived the revolutions of ages unknown; it has survived the exterminating mandates of relentless foes, as well as the freezing apathy of its own sons."

The Bards were then requested to recite any stanzas which they might have written on the occasion; when many a simple rustic stood up, and both delighted and astonished the audience by their modesty and poetic talent.

The successful candidate for the first prize, on "*Pa beth yw Awen?*" (What is Poetical Genius?) was requested to declare himself—(here an interesting pause occurred, and all eyes looked towards the place where the Bards sat,)—no one answered—the seal was broken, and the author proved to be Griffith James of Dolgellau, but now a harper at Oxford: Mr. W. Davies read the *Englyn*, (or Epigram), which was highly approved of.—There were nearly 50 others on the same subject.

The second prize—"Hiraeth Cymro am ei wlad mewn bro estronawl," which cannot be properly translated—it literally means "The longing of a Welshman for his native land when in a foreign country." On this subject there were several excellent poems—by the Rev. E. Hughes of Bodfary; Thomas Jones of Liverpool; and the late J. Jones of Denbigh; but the one written by Evan Evans of Trevriw, Carnarvonshire, was de-

clared the best. The same anxiety prevailed when the author was called upon to declare himself. Mr. Evans was present, and stood up, amid the loud plaudits of the company. He is a very young man. He was requested to recite his Ode, which he did in a manner that greatly affected all those who understood the language.

The third and grand prize, on "*Marwolaeth ein diwedder Frenin Sior III.*" (The death of our late Sovereign George III.) was next introduced, when Robert Davies of Nantglyn, near Denbigh, was declared the successful candidate: on this subject, too, the Rev. E. Hughes, Mr. Thomas Jones, of Long Acre, London, and several others, wrote excellent poems. Robert Davies was desired to ascend the platform, where an elegant *Bardie chair* was placed. The Rev. W. Davies addressed him in a very appropriate speech, and seated him, then put around his neck a beautiful medal (representing the Chair). The Bard recited his Ode in a very impressive manner.

Two Essays in the English language, on "The Ancient History of Britain, and the Life of Arthur," gained each a premium: the first by the Rev. J. W. Rees of Cascoeb, Radnor, (who being present read it;) and the other by the Rev. J. Hughes of Brecon. Between the recitations the Welsh harpers performed, relieved by the Royal Denbigh band. In the evening a Concert was given at the Assembly Room, which was crowded to an excess. The vocal compositions were well executed by Mrs. Corran, Miss Hall, Master Clough, Mr. C. Smith, of Liverpool, and Mr. Parry, editor of the *Welsh Melodies*, assisted on the harps by Mr. E. Jones, Mr. Cunnah, Mr. H. Humphreys, Mr. W. Hughes, &c. &c.

On Thursday morning, the 14th, the Town-hall was literally thronged at an early hour, to witness the competition for the *Silver Harp*. Ten harpers sent in their names; but the contest ran betwixt Richard Roberts of Carnarvon (blind and lame) and B. Cunnah of Rhuabon, who were obliged to exhibit three times before it could be decided. The feeling of the audience was however decidedly in favour of the poor blind man, who was at length declared the best; and he was invested by the fair hands of Mrs. Cunliffe (Lord Crewe's daughter) with the silver harp in miniature. It is impossible to describe the rapturous acclamations which followed; and the grateful heart of the minstrel bespoke his feelings—he said, "I claim no merit to myself, for all talent flows from God." The *Dadger-nizid*, or Cambro-Vocalists, were called upon to sing *Pennillion* (or stanzas) for a medal, accompanied on the harp by Rich. Roberts: this was quite a novel scene, and excited much mirth and entertainment.—*Lewis Maentwrog* was declared by the umpire

(Mr. Parry) to be the best; and he was presented by the President with a silver medal.

Charles W. Wynn, esq. M. P. the Rev. R. Heber, and many other gentlemen, addressed the meeting in a very energetic manner, recommending that the *Eisteddfod* should be encouraged, as it would tend to improve the morals, and enlighten the minds of the loyal and brave natives of Cambria.

In the evening another concert was given, chiefly selected from Welsh Melodies, arranged with English words, for the occasion, by Mr. Parry. Nothing could surpass the delight which prevailed in the room, particularly when the Cambro-Vocalist sung with the harp, and Mr. Parry gave a translation (written by the editor of the *Cambro-Briton*), after the manner of the Ancient Britons.

On the Friday morning the committee met to grant gratuities to Bards and Minstrels, Charles W. Wynn, esq. in the chair; when a handsome piece of plate was voted to Mr. Parry, for his zeal in the cause of Cambrian literature in general, and for his indefatigable exertions in managing the Congress.

In the afternoon Sir W. W. Wynn gave a dinner to nearly 500 persons, being his Annual Agricultural Meeting at Wynnstay.

Thus concluded a meeting, which reflects the greatest credit on all those who patronized it. We should not be doing justice, were we to omit mentioning the Rev. J. Jenkins of Kerry, the Rev. Walter Davies, the Rev. J. W. Rees of Cascob, the Rev. D. Richards of Llansilin (secretary), the Rev. Thomas Richards of Berreiw, Mr. Thomas Jones of Long Acre, London, and Mr. Lewis of Wrexham, who all exerted themselves to promote the interest of the *Eisteddfod*.* Both the morning and evening meetings closed with—God save the King.

Discovery of Classical MSS.—The Abbé Amadeus Peyron, professor of Oriental languages in the University of Turin, has discovered some fragments of Cicero in a MS. from the Monastery of St. Colomban di Bobbio, a town on the Trebia, in the king of Sardinia's dominions. This MS. contains important new readings of orations already known, and confirms the identity of several texts which have been cruelly tortured by indiscreet critics. It contains, besides, fragments of the orations, Pro Scauro, pro M. Tullio, in Clodium, orations which are unfortunately lost. Some of these fragments had been already published by M. Mai, after a MS. of the same library of St. Colomban, preserved in the Ambrosian library at Milan; so that at the first sight those two MSS. would appear to have originally made but one. But the difference of the writing, that of the parchment, the circumstance that one of these MSS. is written in three columns

and the other in two, as well as that several deficiencies in the Ambrosian MS. are supplied by that of Turin, leave no room to doubt of their being copies essentially different.

Method of unrolling the Herculean MSS.—We learn that the numerous experiments of Sir Humphrey Davy to unroll these manuscripts have proved unsuccessful. The following is the method which has long been pursued, and by which many manuscripts have already been unrolled. It is performed in a manner at once very simple and very ingenious (qualities which are usually found combined in the most useful inventions.) Every manuscript looks exactly like a piece of charcoal cut into the shape of an ancient *volumen*, and it requires the greatest care to prevent it from crumbling into mere coal-dust. For this purpose, the outer part is covered with very small pieces of skin applied to it with a light glue or liquid gum. The roll is suspended on two ribbons, fastened to an upper board, which, with two parallel supporters, forms a sort of frame, of the shape of a Greek π (π). The roll is, moreover, tied with two small threads to two pegs, which, being gently turned, unfold it by very slow degrees. As far as the whole of what was seen outside has been covered with skin, and glued together, to prevent its falling to pieces. The pegs are of course fastened on the upper board also, and the beginning of the volume is drawn upwards by them, so as always to leave the unexplored part of it resting on the ribbons by means of its own weight. The side-boards have no other use than that of supporting the upper one. I wish I could make this description quite clear to those who have not seen the thing itself; but the simplest machinery is often very difficult to be described.

“It is impossible to avoid the loss of some parts of the manuscripts, which the violent action of the heat, combined with other accidents, has either melted together, or so completely fastened, that they cannot be drawn asunder entire; but these blanks are not nearly so numerous as might be expected. The writing of the Grecian manuscripts is so uncommonly beautiful, that it makes the task of decyphering them, as fast as they are unrolled, comparatively easy; the Latin ones are much more difficult. The whole of the inside of the rolls is black; but a slight difference of shade renders the ink sufficiently perceptible. The invention does the highest honour to the man who first conceived the possibility of unrolling a piece of charcoal. Millions of well-informed men would have thought it absurd to undertake it.

“There are in all seventeen hundred manuscripts in the Studio, of which three hundred are already unrolled. The eyes of all the amateurs of classics are anxiously turned to the discoveries which may be made by

* The next will be held at Carnarvon (1821); but it is rumoured that a Congress will be held in London.

these means, and they are justly impatient to see the result. Hitherto, the most valuable of the works which have been unrolled, are a treatise by Epicurus, and several others by his disciple Philodemus, on music, rhetoric, virtue and vice."

The First Chain Bridge in Great Britain.

—Captain S. Brown, R. N. has just completed the chain-bridge across the river Tweed, and it is now open for the passage of carts and carriages of all descriptions. The river is 437 feet from bank to bank, and the bridge across it is without any central support, to the astonishment of the beholders. Its appearance is at once extraordinary and magnificent; and if found to answer the purpose, as it is confidently expected to do, its application to other rivers must be productive of great benefit to the country at large. We understand the expense is moderate, and that the builder, Capt. Brown, undertakes to maintain it for many years free of expense. We mention the work as the first of the kind in this or any other country; and the magnitude of the design and concern; will render it worthy of being recorded as unexampled. Captain S. Brown is the manufacturer of chain-cables, of the improved kind, at Limehouse, which have become so very general in the navy.

Electric Fluid.—An extraordinary phenomenon was lately observed at Thorncliffe Ironworks, near Sheffield. During a tremendous thunder-storm the workmen, in presence of all the resident proprietors, were casting a tilt-shaft, about 5 tons weight, in a perpendicular mould: when the casting was nearly complete, the liquid mass suddenly shot up, like a cataract of fire from the orifice of a volcano, and, mingled with clouds of heated sand, fell in red-hot flakes on every side. Of about 40 persons present 22 were burnt more or less severely, nine of whom are since dead. The immediate cause of this unparalleled catastrophe seems beyond ascertainment. From any failure of the cast-iron moulds it could not be—they were found perfect after the accident: from moisture within the pit seems nearly as impossible, the casting having been comparatively completed before the eruption. It is the opinion of the proprietors that some communication took place between the electric fluid, with which the atmosphere was highly charged at the time, and the dense sulphurous vapour arising from the upright column of molten mineral in its matrix, whereby an explosion, resembling an earthquake in violence and noise, was occasioned.

Magnetic Electricity.—The celebrated Danish naturalist, Oersted, has discovered a method of producing magnetical effects by means of electricity. The apparatus employed for this purpose is so powerful, that it can melt an iron wire 6 inches long and 1-175th of an inch in diameter. The experiments have proved that electricity has

a great influence upon metals: and that the magnetic needle may be made to vary 60 min. by its influence. These effects seem to indicate laws of magnetism entirely unknown hitherto. M. Oersted continues his experiments on this interesting subject.

Botanical Curiosity.—About two years ago the newspapers announced the arrival of a considerable botanical curiosity in the University of Cambridge, namely, the Tree Pink, from the island of Seriphos, in Greece; sent, in a living state, to the botanical garden of that university, by Mr. Rawson, of Halifax. This plant, the *Dianthus fruticosus* of Linnæus, is now in full power at Cambridge. It blossomed for the first time upon the 17th ult. in the evening. This beautiful shrub, promising so great an ornament to the green-houses of this country, has already attained the height of two feet. The stem is twisted, woody, brittle, and hard, covered with a dark cloven bark; the leaves grow in tufts, and the flowers, which are numerous, are solitary. The petals are shorter than when the plant flowers in its native country, but exhibit a very beautiful appearance.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Reaping Corn.—The French claim the merit of a new discovery of great importance to agriculture and public economy, in the advantages which, according to them, result from the practice of *reaping corn before it is perfectly ripe*. This theory, which has just been promulgated by Mr. Cadet de Vaux, originates with M. Salles, of the Agricultural Society of Beziers. The following are the particulars:—Corn, reaped eight days before the usual time, is, in the first place, secured from the dangers which threaten it at that time: this is only accidental; but a positive advantage is, that the grain is fuller, larger, finer, and that it is never attacked by the weevil. The truth of these assertions has been proved by the most conclusive comparative experiments upon a piece of corn, one half of which was reaped before the usual time, and the other half at the degree of maturity fixed by the ordinary practice. The first portion gave a hectolitre of corn more for half a hectare of land. Afterwards an equal quantity of flour from the wheat of each portion was made into bread; that of the corn reaped green gave seven pounds of bread more than the other in six decalitres. Lastly, the weevil attacked the corn which was cut ripe; the other was exempt from it. The proper time for reaping is that when the grain, on being pressed between the fingers, has a doughy appearance, like the crumb of bread just hot from the oven, when pressed in the same manner.

Mulberry Trees.—In an historical account of Fruits lately published under the title of "Pomarium Britannicum," is an interesting description of the Mulberry-tree, to which the author adds, "Should a few spirited

land-proprietors make the experiment of grubbing up their hedge-rows, and planting fences of mulberry-trees, I have no doubt but that in a few years they would reap as good a profit from their hedges as from their corn. It would find immediate employ for many labourers, and would in time require the assistance of thousands of the lower classes to gather the leaves, and attend to the breeding and feeding of the silk-worms, the winding of the silk, &c. Indeed, the whole process is calculated as an employ for the aged and the infirm, who being unable to do laborious work, must now, of necessity, add to the weight of the parochial taxes. I am (says Phillips) fully of opinion that it would be the foundation of a permanent reduction in the poor-rates, which must continue to augment, unless employ be found equal to the increase of the population.

Felling of Timber.—Mr. T. A. Knight has ascertained, by direct experiment, that there is a striking difference between the properties of spring and winter felled timber; the former absorbing much more moisture than the other. He is of opinion, that oak-timber would be much improved if the tree, after being barked in the spring, was permitted to stand till the following winter.

Preservation of Fruit Trees.—To prevent gumming, or that spontaneous exudation which injures the growth of the tree, horse-dung, clay, sand, and pitch-tar, form a composition, with which, after the fruit-trees are

cleaned and tied up, their trunks and stems are to be completely covered.

Elder.—The leaves of the elder-tree are often put into the subterraneous paths of the moles, to drive them from the garden. If fruit-trees, flowering shrubs, corn, or vegetables, be wiped with the green leaves of elder branches, insects will not attach to them. An infusion of these leaves in water is good to sprinkle over rose-buds and other flowers, subject to blights and the devastations of caterpillars.

New Era in Agriculture!—Major-General Beaton, on a farm of 300 acres at Knowle, Tunbridge Wells, since the year 1813, says he has proved, that by light or *shallow* ploughing, on a *stiff* soil with one horse, without lime or dung, and without *fallow*, he can raise crops of wheat and other grain, at the expense of 5*l.* an acre, equal or superior to those of his neighbours, in expense, in *lime*, and labour of cattle, of 16*l.* an acre.

To destroy Caterpillars.—A gardener at Glasgow has a mode of destroying caterpillars, which he discovered by accident. A piece of woollen rag had been blown by the wind into a currant-bush, and when taken out was found covered with these leaf-devouring insects. He immediately placed pieces of woollen cloth in every bush, in his garden, and found the next day that the caterpillars had universally taken to them for shelter. In this way he destroys many thousands every morning.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

FRANCE.

Miracle.—At the church of St. Gervais, in Paris, a mass, called the *Hostie enlevée*, is performed every Friday. Respecting the origin of this custom, the following curious story is related. A thief stole the vessel containing the host from the church of St. Gervais. On arriving near St. Denis, he opened the cup, when the host flew out, and fluttered around him, without his being able to catch it. He was tried and condemned, on the prosecution of the Abbé of St. Denis. A lawsuit afterwards ensued between the Abbé and the Bishop of Paris, respecting the possession of the miraculous host; and it was finally agreed that it should be delivered up to the curate of St. Gervais, who had consecrated it; but on the express condition that the mass above-mentioned should be regularly celebrated.

Fashion.—“Every thing is reversed from former times,” says the *Journal des Modes*, “in the male attire. They formerly wore large coats and tight breeches—now they wear wide pantaloons and tight coats. Formerly they were booted up to the knees and shod with iron—now they wear only half-boots, the soles of which are as soft as gloves. Formerly they wore black waistcoats and white frills—now they wear white waistcoats and black cravats, which are made to fall low down, and form a frill.”

Grand Map.—On the summit of the mountain of Ménil-la-Horgne, in the department of the Meuse, there is at present an establishment of geographic engineers, appointed to draw up a grand map of France. At night fires are kindled, which correspond with other points, and serve for the trigonometrical measurement.

Asiatic Languages.—The King of France, has issued an ordinance authorising the Secretaries of the *Académie Française*, and the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*, to accept the legacy of 24,000 francs bequeathed to them by the late Count Chaptal, baron de Volney, with the view of exciting the philosophic study of languages, and encouraging every undertaking that may tend to put in practice a method invented by the testator for transcribing the Asiatic languages, in European characters.

Grand Canal.—To secure a supply of water, in dry seasons, for the Canal of Languedoc, which connects the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, a basin has been constructed at Ferrol, which is perhaps the most extraordinary part of the whole undertaking. The immense reservoir, built of granite, is an English mile in length, about half that distance in breadth, and contains an area of 595 acres, collecting the waters of the various springs which rise in the Black Mountain.

ITALY.

Canova's Horses.—The celebrated Canova, who, by the admirable work of two lions which adorn the Mausoleum of Pope Clement XIII. in St. Peter's Church, had proved that he was no less skilful in representing animals than in producing the finest forms of the human body, has just given a new specimen of his ability in this branch of his art. It is now some years since he made the model of a horse of colossal size, it being the largest in Europe. This work excited the admiration of all the judges of the art, and of all those who have particularly studied this noble and spirited quadruped. This model has been cast in bronze at Naples, with complete success. Meantime Canova has been employed on another model of the same animal, but in an attitude different from the first; and though it seemed impossible that the artist should excel himself, he has found means to introduce into this new work so many new beauties, that one is never tired of admiring this *chef-d'œuvre*. Every part is finished—every part is worthy of a sculptor, all whose designs are at once pleasing and learned, accompanied with perfection in the execution. The limbs of the courser are full of life and motion; but the head, in particular, seems to move, to breathe, and to neigh. This model is to serve as a companion to that of which we have spoken above; and both will adorn the grand square of the magnificent temple of Saint Francis de Paule, which is at this moment building at Naples, with truly royal splendour, after the designs of the architect Bianchi.—(From the *Diario di Roma*.)

The English on the Continent.—At the Campo di Marte, near Naples, there was a regular double-wicket cricket match—Eton against the World; and the World was beaten in one innings! This disposition to carry the amusements of their own country along with them, is a striking characteristic of the English. One of them imports a pack of hounds from England to Rome, and hunts regularly during the season, to the great astonishment of the natives. At Florence, they establish races on the Cascine, after the English manner, and ride their own horses, with the caps and jackets of English jockeys; and they universally make themselves independent of the natives, and rather provide entertainment for themselves, than seek it from the same sources with the people amongst whom they happen to be.

The Pantheon.—The busts of celebrated Italians, which have hitherto adorned the Pantheon at Rome, were lately removed to a gallery prepared for that purpose in the Capitol, where it is in contemplation to form a museum of all the celebrated men that Italy has produced.

Pasquinade.—At all the religious festivals in Rome, travellers of whatever religion, and especially British, obtain admission in preference to the native Catholics. *A bon mot*

has appeared on this custom. Pasquin asks Marforio, "Where are you going, brother, dressed in black, and a sword at your side?"—*M.* "To the Sixtine Chapel, to hear the Miserere."—*P.* "You go in vain. The Swiss Guards will push you away, and the Papal cavaliers politely refuse you admission."—*M.* "Don't be afraid; I shall get in, for I turned heretic yesterday."

SWITZERLAND.

English Literature on the Continent.—Among the new circumstances of these times of international peace which come under this denomination, we have to notice the curious fact of a course of lectures on English literature being delivered at Geneva! The lecturer, Thomas Mulock, Esq. (late of Magdalen-hall, and known to the British public by several political and theological works, as well as by his taste in the *Belles Lettres*), commenced this course on the 7th ult., and the Genevese are so earnest in the cultivation of our literature, that his success has been very great. The auditory of the five lectures up to the 17th, consisted of Germans, Italians, Genevese, and English; and nine discourses yet remained to be delivered of the proposed series, which was divided into four chronological eras, and embraced a comprehensive view of the subject, interspersed with criticisms, from the dawning of letters in Britain, to the close of the last reign. Independent of the novelty of the circumstance of hearing the English language propagating English letters in the midst of so many tongues, we may fairly reckon it a matter of national concern, that so able an apostle as Mr. Mulock has assumed the literary cross.

GREECE.

It is curious to observe the gradual disuse of Greek among the Greeks, produced by the change of their residence. In Greece the Turks speak only Greek; in Constantinople the Greeks speak both Greek and Turkish, but only the former to each other; in Asia Minor, along the coast, they can speak Greek when addressed in it, but talk Turkish to each other. And in the interior parts of Asia Minor, they know no other language than Turkish.

SWEDEN.

National Reward to meritorious Science.—Nothing does greater honour to a nation than a proper sense of merit, and attention to reward it; because, from the public, or from any considerable part of the public, a reward is honorary, as well as pecuniary. Undoubtedly, the benefits lately conferred by the science of chemistry on various branches of industry are of the first importance; and they have been felt as such by the ironmasters of Sweden, who have settled an annuity of five hundred crowns on M. Berzelius, in consideration of the services he has rendered to the arts dependent on chemistry, and to manufactures of several kinds, by his discoveries and communications.

NETHERLANDS.

Rein-deer imported and established.—Two rein-deer, a male and a female, brought from Lapland in the month of November last, are now living at liberty, in a gentleman's park, two leagues from the city of Ghent. Not only have they supported the change of climate extremely well, but the female has lately produced a young one, which it is hoped will live: this is the first instance of the kind, it is said, in a temperate climate; and is the more remarkable, as a number (fourteen) were some years ago brought into Scotland, a climate and country apparently more suitable for them, yet all of them, progressively, dropped off, and the endeavour to naturalize them completely failed.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Science cultivated and patronized.—It is with pleasure we take occasion to observe, that the war of politics and of arms has not so totally absorbed the talents of the South Americans, but that science has a share of their attention. In the year 1819 was published, at Buenos Ayres, a "Memorial (or Essay) on the progressive Dilatation of the Air of the Atmosphere," by Dr. Joseph Redhead. The name of the author seems to infer British origin; but, no doubt, he expected to find readers among the native

Spaniards. The work is printed at the press of the Independency; which shews that the Government is not insensible to the claims of science, nor reluctant to afford its patronage.

HAÏTI.

Republican History, versus Royal History.—The different statements of parties is one of the most certain means of eliciting truth: they afford points of comparison, from which the ingenuous and the intelligent may derive much information: we are not, therefore, displeased that the *Essay on the causes of the revolution and the civil wars of Haïti*, which was published under the sanction of Christophe, (or King Henry I.) should be met by "An Examination" on the part of the Haïtian republic. M. Colombel has lately published such a work, at Port au Prince; in which he defends the late president of the Republic Petion, and the present president, Boyer, with others of his compatriots. It might have been thought, that both divisions of the negro empire being children of misfortune, and connected by origin, blood, and colour, they would have consolidated their interests; but the fact is not so. We need not say, to whom this disunion, as a matter of policy, affords a source of satisfaction, because of safety.

USEFUL ARTS.

NEW INVENTIONS.

Dyeing Cloth in the Piece.—It is universally known, that when cloth is dyed in the piece, the colour only fixes itself on the two surfaces, and hardly penetrates the middle of the cloth, so that when it is cut, the inner part appears white, or, at most, only faintly coloured, which is an incontestable proof that it has been dyed in the piece. Some colours—the cochineal scarlet, for example—can only be properly given to the cloth after it is manufactured, because the operations of carding, spinning, and fulling, would destroy the beauty of the dye: on this account the cochineal scarlet is the dye which sinks the least into the texture of the cloth, and shews the white seam very distinctly. The Count de la Boulaye-Marsillon, director and professor in the school of the Gobelins, has contrived a very simple and ingenious process for remedying this inconvenience. He supposes that the water with which the cloth is soaked before it is immersed in the dye vat, resists the introduction of the colouring matter within its fibres, and compels it to remain and be fixed on the surface. The author of this invention proceeds in the following manner: he fixes at the bottom of the boiler a kind of rolling press, the two cylinders of which are parallel to each other, and of course are as long as the breadth of the cloth to be dyed, and may be fixed at any requisite distance from each other, according to the thickness of the cloth. The

cylinders are entirely immersed in the colour-bath. At opposite extremities of the boiler are fixed two winches, the axes of which are parallel to those of the cylinder. The piece of cloth is then fixed round one of the winches, and is wound off to the other, passing in its way through the cylinders of the rolling press, which are set so close to each other as to press the cloth considerably. This operation is continued backwards and forwards, from one winch to the other, till the dye is of sufficient intensity. The effect produced by this contrivance is obvious; the pressure of the cylinders forces out of the cloth the water which it had imbibed, and the colouring matter being instantly presented to it, meets with no obstacle to its thorough penetration.

Copper-plate Printing.—The following is from the report of the Central Jury, on the productions of French industry exhibited in the Louvre, in 1819:—"M. Gonord exhibited, in 1806, porcelain on which copper-plate engraving had been transferred by mechanical means. He has again appeared at the exhibition of 1819, with some specimens of the same art perfected. He has arrived at a singular but undoubted result. An engraved copper-plate being given, he will use it for the decoration of pieces of different dimensions, and, by an expeditious mechanical process, enlarge or reduce the design in proportion to the piece, without changing the plate. The certainty of the process has been corroborated by the Jury,

who were admitted by M. Gonord into his works. In consequence of their report, the Jury decreed a gold medal to M. Gonord."—*Annales de Chim.* XIII. p. 94.

Improved Cooking Apparatus.—M. Lemare, director of the Athenæum of Languages, has invented an utensil, which he calls *autoclave*. M. Lemare engages to dress his dinner in less than half an hour, and lately made the experiment with complete success before a numerous company. He had put into the vessel a piece of meat, vegetables, and as much water as is necessary for a dish for five persons. The vessel was placed over a fire which was kept up with some pieces of charcoal. In 36 minutes the vessel was taken off, and left a few minutes to cool; and the reporter affirms that the broth was excellent, and the meat thoroughly done. It is not necessary to open the pot to skim it, so much as once during the boiling, for at the end of the operation the scum is found at the bottom of the vessel, and does not mix with the broth. The advantage of this *autoclavian* cookery are, 1st. that the soup is excellent, which is very natural, because the apparatus is hermetically closed, and nothing therefore is lost; 2d. that produce is much increased by the quantity of jelly yielded by the bones; 3d. that the cookery is far more expeditious than in the ordinary kettles, &c. This mode of cookery will be highly advantageous to the poor, in particular.

NEW PATENTS.

IZRAEL GUNDY, *Gent.* EDWARD NEAVE, and JOSIAH NEAVE, *Shopkeepers*, all of *Gillingham*, in the county of *Dorset*; for an *Application of various Gases or Vapours to certain useful Purposes*. November 1, 1819.

This invention has already been shortly noticed in p. 587 of our last volume. By the specification now published, it appears to consist of, 1st, a method of working a piston or pistons in a barrel or barrels, by means of factitious gases, either pure, or mixed with vapours of various kinds; and by which a mechanical first mover or power is produced, capable of driving wheels or other machinery; 2dly, the forcing of water, or any other liquid, by means of such gases pressing thereon by their elastic power.

In many chemical and manufacturing processes, such as the distillation of coal, the production of inflammable gas from oil, also in the burning of lime-stone, a large quantity of gas, mixed more or less with vapours of various kinds, is generated or liberated by the action of heat on the substances employed. These gases are in some instances, as in the burning of lime-stone, allowed to escape into the common air, without any use being made of them: in other cases, as in the distillation of coal, or of oil, they are collected for the purposes of illumination. It is now proposed to apply the gases so generated or

liberated to the purpose of working a piston in a barrel, and thereby producing a mechanical first mover or power, capable of driving wheels or other machinery; or to the purpose of forcing water, or any other liquid, by means of such gases pressing thereon by their elastic power.

After the gas shall have produced its effect, it may be suffered to pass out of the barrel or barrels, in the one case, and out of the forcing apparatus, in the other case, into the open air, if the gas be not wanted for any other purpose; but if it be so wanted, it is to be made to pass into a gasometer, or other proper receiving vessel or vessels, in order to be purified, or to be stored, as its destined use may require.

The gases which may be most profitably employed, are the inflammable gases produced by the distillation of coal, or of oil; for it is found that after these gases have effected the purposes which are the subject of the said letters patent, they are still perfectly applicable to the ulterior purposes of illumination.

SAMUEL CLEGG, of *Westminster*, *Engineer*; for an *improved Gasometer or Gasholder*. July 24, 1818.

This invention is intended to reduce the expense of gas-light establishments, so as to make them practicable in small towns. Upon this plan, it is asserted that a gasholder containing 30,000 cubic feet, can be erected for 800*l.*, whereas upon the old plan, it would cost 2300*l.*

WILLIAM DAVIS, of *Royal Oak Yard*, *Bermondsey-street*, *Engineer*, for a *Machine for chopping Meat for Sausages, and other like purposes*. August 7, 1811.

Many of these machines are working in the pork-shops in London, and are driven by a steam-engine in Oxford-street, by horse in Holborn, and by hand in several other places: this is the first machine ever invented for cutting sausage-meat, tallow, &c. that answered the purpose well, although several attempts have been made. All the machines made by the inventor have his name and the number of the machine upon an oval plate on the top of them.

JOHN ROBERTS, of *Llanelly*, *Carmarthenshire*, *Merchant*, for certain *Apparatus for preventing Stage-coaches, and other wheeled Carriages, from overturning*. January 15, 1819.

Mr. Roberts's apparatus for preventing stage-coaches and other wheeled carriages from overturning, consists of a transverse bar, with spring-box at each end thereof, and a locker or catch to each spring-box, to lock the same fast occasionally; also a gravitating slider, to run upon the bar when the carriage is inclined, to which apparatus the wheel-horns are attached by means of traces or webs.

By means of this apparatus, the gravity, weight, or power, of the horses, or one of the horses, drawing a stage-coach or other carriage, is brought into action, to prevent such carriage being overturned, whenever the carriage inclines so far sideways as to be in danger of oversetting; in that case, the weight or power of one of the horses is made to act on that side of the carriage which is rising from the ground, in such manner as to prevent the carriage being overturned.

EDWARD HEARD, of Brighton, in the county of Sussex, Chemist; for certain Processes, Means, or Methods of hardening and improving Tallow, and other Animal Fats and Oils, so as to manufacture therewith Candles of a superior Quality to those at present made from Tallow. Feb. 12, 1819.

The first operation is to render the tallow, or other animal fat or oil, capable of sustaining a higher temperature without melting; this may be effected by the addition of either nitric acid, nitrous acid, or nitromuriatic acid, which must be added to the tallow, fat, or oil, when in a melted state, in a certain proportion. The tallow or fat is then to be subjected to the operation of a powerful press.

PATENTS LATELY GRANTED.

JOHN HAGUE, of Great Pearl-street, Spitalfields, Middlesex, Engineer; for certain improvements in the making and constructing of steam-engines. June 3, 1820.

JOHN WAKEFIELD, of Ancott's-place, Manchester, Lancashire, Engineer; for certain improvements in the construction of furnaces for boilers of various descriptions, and in the mode of feeding the same with fuel: which improvements are calculated to lessen the consumption of fuel, and to burn the smoke. June 6, 1820.

WILLIAM KENDRICK, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Chemist; for the manufacture of a liquid from materials now considered useless for that purpose, and the application of the same liquid to the tanning of hides, and other articles requiring such process. June 6, 1820.

JONATHAN BROWNELL, of Sheffield, Yorkshire, Table-knife-cutter; for a method for better securing the blades of table-knives and forks in the handles, by means of caps being soldered upon the tangs, whether of iron, steel, or other material, after the handles are upon them. June 8, 1820.

SAMUEL PARKER, of Argyle-street, Middlesex, Bronzist; for an improved lamp. June 15, 1820.

WILLIAM ERSKINE COCHRANE, of Somerset-street, Portman-square, Middlesex, Esq.; for an improvement in the construction of lamps. June 17, 1820.

JOSEPH WOOLLAMS, of Wells, Somersetshire, Land Agent; for certain improvements in the teeth or cogs formed on, or applied to, wheels, pinions, and other mechanical agents, for communicating or restraining motion. June 20, 1820.

JOHN BUTTER LODGE and **JOHN BILLESTON**, junior, both of the Strand, Middlesex, Truss-makers; for certain improvements in the construction and application of spring-trusses or bandages for the cure of hernia. June 20, 1820.

JOHN VALLANCE, of Brighton, Sussex, Brewer; for a method and apparatus for freeing rooms and buildings (whether public or private) from the distressing heat sometimes experienced in them, and of keeping them constantly cool, or of a pleasant temperature, whether they are crowded to excess or empty, and also whether the weather be hot or cold. June 20, 1820.

JOHN VALLANCE, of Brighton, Sussex, Brewer; for a method and apparatus for packing and preserving hops. June 20, 1820.

JOHN SHAW, of Mary-street, Fitzroy-square, Middlesex, Watch-maker; for a new method of making bricks by machinery. June 21, 1820.

JAMES HARCOURT, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Brass-founder; for an improvement in castors applicable to tables and other articles. June 21, 1820.

JOB RIDER, of Belfast Foundry, Iron-monger; for certain improvements which produce a concentric and revolving eccentric motion, applicable to steam-engines, water-pumps, mills, and other machinery. July 20, 1820.

WILLIAM DELL, of Southampton, Auctioneer; for an improvement in gun-barrels. July 20, 1820.

HENRY BOTFIELD THOMASON, son of Edward Thomason, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Manufacturer; for certain improvements in the making and manufacturing of cutlery, viz. that class of cutlery called or styled table-knives, dessert-knives, fruit-knives, pocket-knives, scissors, razors, and surgical instruments. July 20, 1820.

JOHN HUDSWELL, of Addele-street, London, Wafer-manufacturer; for an improvement in the manufacture of wafers. July 20, 1820.

JAMES HARVIE, late of Berbice, now in Glasgow, Engineer; for improvements in the construction of machines, commonly called ginning machines, and which are employed in separating cotton-wool from the seeds. Communicated to him by certain persons residing abroad. August 18, 1820.

GEORGE MILLICAP, of Worcester, Coach-maker; for an improvement on axletrees and boxes. August 18, 1820.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Gregor McGregor, and the other Chieftains; including Narratives of all their Expeditions, and new Views of the Commerce of South America. By Colonel Rafter. Containing views of Rio de la Hache, Porto Bello, Aux Cayes, and Kingston, portraits of McGregor, Bolivar, Macirone, and Miranda, and a map. 8vo. 14s.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

Carmina Homerica, Ilias et Odyssea; à Rhapsodorum interpolationibus repurgata et in pristinam formam quatenus recuperanda esset, tam è veterum monumentorum fide et auctoritate, quam ex antiqui sermonis indole ac ratione, redacta; cum Notis ac Prolegomenis, &c. Opera et studio Richardi Payne Knight. Royal 8vo. with two maps. 1820, 11. 5s.

Cicero de Officiis; or his Treatise concerning the Moral Duties of Mankind. To which are subjoined, his Moral Paradoxes; the Vision of Scipio; concerning a future State; and his Letter on the Duties of a Magistrate. With Notes, Historical and Explanatory. Translated by Wm. Guthrie, Esq. 8vo. 7s. boards.

Thesaurus Græcæ Linguae ab H. Stephano constructus. Editio auctior et emendatior. Pars VIII. i. e. No. X. Lond. Valpy.

The established reputation of the Greek Thesaurus of H. Stephens, its importance to every student of Greek literature, the enormous price which the few marketable copies bore in catalogues, and the increased mass of criticism which has been elaborated by scholars since the time of the original author, rendered a new edition one of the desiderata of the age. We feel happy that, after several abortive attempts on the Continent for that purpose, our own country has at last the honour of the work. It is, however, to be regretted, that an undertaking so laudable, requiring such kind and fostering care of every scholar, should have met with any hostility. This we are constrained to notice from the well-known article in the Quarterly Review, and the replies which it has called forth from the editors, and their well-wishers. The Reply to the Quarterly Reviewer of Stephens' Greek Thesaurus, which accompanies this last Number, most amply answers the apparently substantial objections to the work; and we, who may be supposed to know something of the spirit of reviewers, cannot think contemptibly of a work which extorts from an avowed enemy such a confession as this:—"To their (the editors) multifarious reading and diligence of research, we are most ready to do justice; and freely acknowledge, that, in point of quantity, very little which is requisite to the illustration of the Greek language, is omitted in the present edition of the Thesaurus." (p. 238.) To this, and much more than this, we can bear testimony, from having not slightly examined the work in its progress through the press. How far the editors have done well in limiting their plan, and refusing to admit any more elaborate criticism, is between themselves and their subscribers. Those criticisms, however, which have been inserted in the earlier Numbers, instead of diminishing, increase the value of the work—and though they may be inconsistent with

the character of a Dictionary, render the work more entitled to the name of "Thesaurus." The advantages of this new edition appear to be many: among them we notice the following:—

1. The incorporation of almost every important addition to the stores of Greek criticism since the days of H. Stephens.
2. The correction of several errors in the original.
3. The transferring of many articles from the Index to the body of the work.
4. The addition of several short but valuable treatises, essential to the formation of a Thesaurus.
5. And, to say no more, a correct and elegant typography.

The editors by their last notice promise to complete their undertaking in five years, and to bring it into the compass of 39 Numbers, including the ten already published. We may envy them the reputation they will acquire, but we do not envy them their labour and anxiety.

It may not be amiss here to notice the reply of Mr. E. H. Barker to the Quarterly Review. His pamphlet, entitled *Aristarchus Anti-Blomfieldianus*, though too angry for a scholar, is powerful in its arguments; and, possessing such means as he does to weaken the critics authority, it might have been as well to let those arguments have their full force unencumbered with severe language. The editors of Stephens' Thesaurus will be remembered and respected, when these angry quarrels are forgotten.

EDUCATION.

Hamoniere's New Pocket Dictionary, French and English, and English and French, revised by C. P. Whittaker, formerly of the University of Gottingen. 8s. bound.

Nizolius, sive Lexicon Ciceronianum, cura Facciolati. 3 vol. 8vo. boards, 21. 12s. 6d.; large paper, 31. 13s. 6d.

Principles of Education, Intellectual, Moral and Physical. By the Rev. Lant Carpenter, LL. D. 8vo. 12s. boards.

FINE ARTS.

Sketches representing the Native Tribes, Animals, and Scenery of Southern Africa, from drawings made by the late Mr. S. Daniell, engraved by W. Daniell. Royal 4to. 31. 3s. boards, or 41. 4s. with the plates on India paper. Twenty copies only, the first impressions, have been printed, of an extra size, 61. 6s. boards.

Select Fables, with cuts, designed and engraved by Thomas and John Bewick and others, previous to 1784; together with a Memoir and a descriptive Catalogue of the Works of Messrs. Bewick. 8vo. 15s. boards; royal 8vo. 11. 1s.; imperial, 11. 11s. 6d.

HISTORY.

Recollections and Reflections, Personal and Political, as connected with Public Affairs during the reign of George III. By John Nichols, Esq. 8vo. pp. 408.

At the age of 76, Mr. Nichols has thought proper to communicate to the world the political information acquired in the course of his parliamentary career, and by other opportunities. He is a zealous Foxite, and bespatters all the great names of his opponents without mercy; indeed, he scarcely allows common honesty to men of any party. Many

of his anecdotes are curious; but, in general, they rest only on his own authority, which would have been more satisfactory, if a violent party spirit had not predominated throughout the work.

The Naval and Military Exploits which have distinguished the Reign of George III., accurately described and methodically arranged. By Jehoshaphat Aspin. 18mo. with numerous plates, 14s. boards; 15s. bound.

A Statistical, Historical, and Political Description of the Colony of New South Wales, and its dependent Settlements on Van Diemen's Land. By W. C. Wentworth, a Native of the Colony. 2d edit. enlarged. 16s.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

A Sketch of the History and Cure of Febrile Diseases, more particularly as they appear in the West Indies among the Soldiers of the British Army. By Robert Jackson, M. D. 2 vols. 8vo. the second edition, with many additions.

An Essay on Mercury; wherein are presented formulæ for some Preparations of this Metal, including Practical Remarks on the safest and most effectual Methods of administering them. By David Davies, M. D. 2s. 6d.

A History of the High Operation for the Stone, by Incision above the Pubis, with Observations on the advantages attending it. By T. C. Carpue, F. R. S., Member of the College of Surgeons, and formerly Surgeon to the York Hospital. 8s. 6d. boards.

Le Dentiste de la Jeunesse, or the way to have sound and beautiful Teeth, preceded by the Advice of the Ancient Poets upon the Preservation of the Teeth. By T. R. Duval, Dentist. Translated and supplied with Notes, by John Atkinson, Surgeon-Dentist, &c.

MINERALOGY.

The Characters of the Classes, Orders, Genera, and Species; or, the Characteristic of the Natural History System of Mineralogy; intended to enable Students to discriminate Minerals on principles similar to those of Botany and Zoology. By Frederick Mohs, Professor of Mineralogy, Freiberg. 8vo. 6s. 6d. boards.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Remarks on a publication by James Loch, Esq., entitled, "An Account of the Improvements on the Estates of the Marquess of Stafford." By Thomas Bakewell, of Spring Vale, near Stone.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

The Contested Election; or, a Courtier's Promise. (Dedicated by permission to the Duke of Leinster.) By A. M. Ennis, Author of "Ireland, or the Montague Family." 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.

The Abbot. By the Author of Waverley, &c.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Iona. A Poem.

Andromache; or, the Fall of Troy: a Tragedy, in 5 acts. By Thomas Paine. 3s.

Exchange no Robbery; or, The Diamond

Ring: a Comedy, in Three Acts, as performed with unbounded applause at the Theatre-Royal, Haymarket, Aug. 12, 1820. By the Author of "Killing no Murder," "Pigeons and Crows," &c.

The Angel of the World; an Arabian Tale: Sebastian, a Spanish Tale: with other Poems. By the Rev. George Croly, A.M. Royal 8vo. 1820.

Mr. Croly is, we think, the most gorgeous of our living poets. We do not mean that he has only a chill splendour which does not warm while it sparkles, and still less that he excels only in the pomp of language; but that there is in his writings a bounteous magnificence of description, and a rich clustering of golden fantasies, which gives them an air of oriental luxury. If he affords any ground of complaint, it is that his prospects are almost too lavishly crimsoned over, and that he does not leave enough of more sober hue for the dazzled thought to repose on.

Thus gifted, he might well be expected to succeed in an Arabian tale. And in his poem of "The Angel of the World," though there is not that infinite variety of scenery through which we are carried as by enchantment in some of the Arabian fictions, there is all the spirit and life—all the deep and supernatural beauty—and all the delicious enchantment of those wondrous narratives. Its plot is taken from the story told by the great prophet of Mahometans to warn them against the use of wine. The guardian Angel of the World is tempted by a demon in the shape of a beautiful female, who seduces him to drink wine, and then, in the state of joyous excitation which follows, to reveal the words which raise men to angels. A succession of awful warnings in the most tremendous phenomena of the east—the mirage, the shooting stars, the simoom, the Aurora Borealis, and the sand-storm—appear to warn him, but in vain. His doom, however, is mitigated from the austerity of the koran, in accordance with our gentler feelings towards an indulgence in wine; and he is not consigned to the regions of torment, but condemned to be a wanderer on the earth, until the hour of its destruction. This piece is written in the Spenserian stanza, which we do not think the author manages quite so well as some other of our living bards. The circumstance of a large proportion of the stanzas setting off as it were afresh with the definite article, gives a prosaic air to the work, when it receives, what it merits so well, a continuous and attentive perusal.

Sebastian is a Spanish tale—not Spanish merely in the scene of its plot and the names of its persons—but in its very texture and essence. It seems as though it had been composed beneath the thick groves of chesnut, and amidst the rich atmosphere of the old land of romantic love and high enterprise. Its story is that of a young maiden of noble birth, who secretly loves the destined bridegroom of her sister, and who takes the veil, in order to bury her misery and her love in the seclusion of a convent; but that sister dying on her wedding day, elopes from her cell, follows the object of her affections in disguise, and deceived into a belief that he hates her, returns to her paternal roof to die, but discovers her mistake before it is too late, is absolved from her vows, and united to her Sebastian. The whole is very fervently and intensely told until the winding up of the poem, when a slight tinge of levity, in the style of Don Juan, breaks a little fantastically the deep and gentle current of our emotions. The minor poems are very graceful

and pleasing, and confirm the desire which "The Angel of the World" excites, that the author would give us an extended poem—or series of poems—in the true spirit of Arabian fiction.

The Second Tour of Doctor Syntax, in search of Consolation; a Poem. Volume Second. Royal 8vo.

We rejoice to find our old and highly respected friend Doctor Syntax "himself again," after having been pestered by several impudent pretenders to his exquisite gravity and humour. The volume before us celebrates his Travels in search of Consolation after the death of his wife, who, we regret to inform our readers, departed this life at the moment when, misled by the apothecary, he believed her about to present him with an accession to his happiness. He is for some time inconsolable for his loss, but at last, by persuasion of his friends, sets out to seek comfort in the variety of another tour, attended by a humorous Irishman as his squire. He meets with many pleasant adventures, and is guilty only of two very silly things in the course of his travel—his making an amatory visit to a widow at York, by whom he is scurvily treated, and his delivery of a long speech at a dinner in Freemasons'-hall. The plates are in the most ingenious and characteristic style of Rowlandson, and the poetry is fully equal to that of the first volume. The author of these delightful works, on the borders of four-score, gives no symptoms of decaying intellect, nor is his genial vivacity abated. He even now, we are happy to find, meditates a third work, under the title of "Doctor Syntax in search of a Wife," which we anticipate with no small pleasure.

Julia Alpinula; with the Captive of Stamboul, and other Poems. By J. H. Wiffen, Author of Aonian Hours. foolscap 8vo. 1820.

The first poem of this pleasing volume is founded on the old and sweet story to which Lord Byron, in one of his gentler moods, so touchingly alludes both in the text and the notes of the Third Canto of his *Childe Harold*. It is here told very gracefully on the whole, but with rather more of poetical embellishment than its own natural simplicity allows. The setting is too cumbrous and magnificent for so gentle a picture. Indeed, the only important fault of Mr. Wiffen's poetry is the too bounteous display of his art, and the overpowering profusion of his ornaments, which sometimes impair the symmetry of his fairest creations. The "Captive of Stamboul," taken from an anecdote related by Gibbon, though in some degree disfigured by the same fault, is a poem of romantic interest and deep and serious beauty. The author is unquestionably a poet of great promise; and as his defects are those of genius, we may venture to predict that he will hereafter attain a goodly station among the poets of his age.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns. No. 4. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D. Minister of St. John's Church, Glasgow. 1s.

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The Rebellion of Absalom; a Discourse, preached at Kirkcudbright, on the 30th July last, before the Stewartry Gentlemen Yeomanry Cavalry; with a Preface, explanatory of the extraordinary Circumstances under which the Author was arrested for praying for the Queen. By the Rev. William Gillispie, Minister of Kell. 1s. 6d.

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LITERARY REPORT.

Mr. ACKERMANN announces for publication, by subscription, a Picturesque Tour of the Seine from Paris to the Sea, embracing the greater part of Normandy, a province peculiarly interesting to the English traveller; for its natural beauties, antiquarian curiosities, and historical recollections. The work will be comprised in six monthly parts, containing twenty-four highly coloured engravings, and will correspond in the general style of its execution with the numerous illustrated works produced by the same publisher.

Mr. ACKERMANN has also in the press, the Third and last Tour of Dr. Syntax in search of a Wife, a subject which promises a degree of interest, vivacity, and entertainment, equalling, if not surpassing, that of the two preceding popular Tours. Like them, it will form a distinct volume, consisting of eight monthly numbers.

The Rev. T. H. HORN is preparing a new edition of his Introduction to the Critical Study of the Holy Scriptures, revised, corrected, and enlarged, in four octavo vols. with maps, and fac-similes of Biblical Manuscripts.

We are informed that the best illustration of the Divorce Transactions and Court Proceedings in the time of Henry VIII. is to be found in "Strype's Memorials of the Reformation," which gives the Original Papers and Records; and contains also, Memoirs of the two English Cardinals Wolsey and Pole. An edition of this work, of 250 copies only, has been lately printed.

The Rev. W. HUTTON will shortly publish, in one vol. duodecimo, The Book of Nature laid open, in a popular Survey of the Phenomena and Constitution of the Universe, and the appearances of Nature during each month of the year.

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An Appendix to the Midland Flora; comprising also corrections and additions referring to the two former volumes, and occasional observations tending to elucidate the Study of the British Fungi; concluding with a Generic and Specific Index to the whole Work, and a general Index of Synonyms. By T. PURTON, Surgeon, Alcester. With numerous coloured Engravings, by JAMES SOWERBY, F. L. S.

DIGEST OF POLITICAL EVENTS.

Since our last there has been a suspension of that inquiry, whose overwhelming interest has now, for above three months, absorbed every other subject of political and of domestic interest. The case for the prosecution, or rather that case which the Attorney General felt it his duty in the first instance to make out by evidence, closed on Thursday, the 7th of September. On the preceding day, indeed, the learned gentleman called his last witness, but announced his intention of submitting to their lordships on the following day a request for a short delay, to allow time for the arrival of other witnesses, who had precipitately returned to Italy upon hearing the partly true, and partly exaggerated, accounts of the treatment which some of their countrymen had experienced on their arrival at Dover. Dispatches, however, which reached this country from Milan on the 7th, announced that a longer delay would intervene before these witnesses could reach London, than was at first expected; and, in consequence, the Attorney General waved his intended application.

The next point to be settled was, as to the course which the defence should take. It was intimated to her Majesty's counsel that whatever delay they might deem necessary would be cheerfully granted. This spontaneous act of justice on the part of the august tribunal before whom the cause was trying, was met by the learned counsel of her Majesty in the following way. Mr. Brougham wished to be allowed to make his opening speech, in defence, and then to postpone calling witnesses in support of that speech till a future period. Now, whoever recollects the allowable latitude which every lawyer assumes in defending a client, will at once feel the manifest impropriety of such a request. The most unequivocal assertions, the most inflammatory statements might have been made, and left to operate upon the public mind for weeks, while, perhaps, when the evidence came to be examined, not one of those assertions, or those statements, would have been substantiated. To say the least of it, this course would not have been consistent with strict and impartial justice. It was urged, in reply, that the case against her Majesty was allowed to remain for weeks operating against her Majesty: this view of the question, however, was not quite a fair one. The Attorney General was not allowed to

make his speech—to array his charges—and there to leave them. He proceeded, *instantly*, to substantiate what he had asserted, and the country was required, not to believe what the Attorney General said, but what he proved:—*nay*, every impartial mind in the empire will refuse to believe even what he has proved, until the defence has been made, and until it shall be ascertained whether the accusations are capable of disproof. These principles were so obviously the only ones which could, in fairness, be recognized by their lordships, that they refused to grant the permission to the Queen's Attorney General; and it was finally fixed that the defence should commence on Tuesday the 3d of October, and be proceeded in *de die in diem*. Before our next, therefore, we shall probably know the full extent of the defence which her Majesty has to offer.

Meanwhile, certain persons, who possess the intuitive faculty of knowing at once that all the charges are false, have continued to address the Queen in the strong language of congratulation. We shall not now inquire into the origin or motives of these addresses; they speak sufficiently for themselves. Under any circumstances, we know not how such approbation could add dignity or worth to a Queen of England.

The only new topic of domestic politics, which seems to require any mention, are the trials for high treason at York. Two and twenty persons, implicated in the treasonable enterprise, which was meditated against Huddersfield, and one or two other places in the north, last spring, were arraigned, but humanely suffered to plead guilty; by which their, otherwise, forfeited lives were saved. Our readers probably recollect, that this attempt to march on Huddersfield, and surprise it, was connected with the insurrection in Scotland, on the 1st of April; some of the actors in which have since been tried and executed at Stirling and Glasgow. Let us hope that the lenity of the Crown will not be useless, but that the deluded wretches, who are mere instruments in the hands of designing knaves, will learn to love and support a government which thus shows mercy to be among its virtues.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

SINCE our last, another revolution—another *military* revolution, has taken place. Portugal, too near the theatre of

Spanish and Neapolitan rebellions not to be tainted with the prevailing contagion, has raised its voice, and demanded a Constitution. It is the very error of the times, and it is an error which, in its progress, we fear, will inflict much misery. We have on former occasions condemned the preposterous notion, that to proclaim a constitution is at once to bestow freedom; or that to enjoy liberty upon parchment, is the same thing as its practical application to all the great and minor purposes of life. Least of all do we regard that liberty as worth receiving which is bestowed by the sword and bayonet. We do not say that freedom can always be acquired without drawing the sword; but we make a wide distinction between the sword which is wielded by a nation impatient of its wrongs and determined to redress them, and the sword which is pointed by a rebellious soldiery against an existing frame of government. In the former case, it is the popular will which acts, and whenever that will is honestly and truly set in motion, it must and it ought to prevail; in the latter, it is the voice of faction or of treason that is heard, and woe to the country whose councils are changed or swayed by that voice! We confess we have no affection for *military freedom*: we like not to see soldiers, legislators: we shrink from the civil politics of camps and barracks. The armed force that rebels to-day against tyranny,—supposing it to be a tyranny which is overthrown, may to-morrow be marshalled in support of it. All the habits, feelings, and even prejudices of soldiers, have a decided tendency to make them instruments in the hands of others; and of course, as instruments, their value and utility will always depend more upon the skill and integrity of those by whom they are wielded, than upon any intrinsic qualities of their own. We have witnessed, within the last six or seven months, three revolutions effected purely by soldiers. We will not now argue whether Spain, Naples, and Portugal, are better or worse for these revolutions; but we are sure every Englishman who has a just sense of the sort of liberty which his ancestors have handed down to him, will be ready to acknowledge that it would not have been transmitted with the same purity, if its origin could be traced to a military insurrection.

The Portuguese revolution seems to have broken forth unexpectedly; and down to the latest advices from that country, it does not appear to have

diffused itself very extensively. On the 24th of August, the following proclamations announced the project to the people of Oporto:—

“PROCLAMATION.

“SOLDIERS!—Let one will unite us—let us commence the salvation of our country. There are no evils which Portugal does not suffer—there are no sufferings which the Portuguese have not borne. The Portuguese, without security for their persons and property, ask our support—they wish liberty directed by laws. Yourself, victims of common evils, have lost the consideration which your bravery and virtues merited.

“A reform is necessary, but this reform must be guided by reason and justice, and not by licentiousness. Adhere to order; refrain from tumult and anarchy. We desire a Provisional Government, in which we may place confidence. It shall convene the Cortes, which shall be the organ of the nation. They shall prepare a Constitution which may secure our rights. Our good and worthy King, as the lover of his people, who adore him, will bless our labours. Live our good King—Live the Cortes—and, with them, the Constitution!”

“Oporto, in a Military Council,
August 24, 1820.

“SOLDIERS!—Our suffering shall cease. The country is in fetters, and your consideration lost. Our sacrifices are in vain. The Portuguese soldier almost reduced to asking alms. Soldiers! this is the moment. Let us fly to the salvation of the country.—Let us fly to our own salvation. Comrades, follow me—let us go, with our brothers in arms, to organize a Provisional Government. Let it call the Cortes to make a Constitution, the want of which is the origin of all our evils. It is unnecessary to explain them, for each of you feels them.

“It is in the name and consecrating our august sovereign Don John the Sixth, that the country shall be governed. Our Holy Religion shall be observed; as our efforts are pure and virtuous, God will bless them; the soldiers who compose the brave Portuguese army will hasten to embrace our cause, since it is equally their own.

“Soldiers! Force is on our side, we must therefore avoid disorder. If the country owes its salvation to each of us, the nation likewise owes to us its security and tranquillity. Confide in a Chief who never taught you but the paths of honour.

“Soldiers! You must not measure the magnitude of the cause by the simplicity of our discourse—learned men will explain, on a future day, this fact, better than a thousand victories. Let us sanctify this day, and henceforth let the cry of our hearts be—‘Live the King, Don John the Sixth!’—‘Live the Portuguese Army!’—‘Live the Cortes, and, with them, the National Constitution!’”

When the news of this insurrection reached Lisbon, the Council of Regency in whose name the affairs of the government were carried on, deemed it prudent to attempt to check its progress by an appeal to the people. They accordingly issued the following address, or manifesto, on the 29th of August. It is a spirited composition, and contains some just views of the real motives of the revolutionists:—

“Portuguese!—The terrible crime of rebellion against the power and legitimate authority of our august Sovereign the King our Master, has just been committed in the city of Oporto. A few ill-intentioned individuals, deceiving the officers of the corps of troops in that city, were unhappily able to induce them, covering themselves with opprobrium, to violate, on the 24th of this month, the oath of fidelity to their King, and to their colours; and to dare to constitute, of their own authority, in that city, a Government, to which they gave the name of the Supreme Government of the Kingdom.

“The wretches who contrived this conspiracy well knew that they could not mislead Portuguese hearts but by concealing from them, under the appearance of an illusory oath of love and fidelity to the Sovereign, the tremendous step which they made them take towards the abyss of revolution, the consequences of which may be the subversion of the monarchy, and the subjection of a nation, always jealous of its independence, to the ignominy of a foreign yoke.

“Do not then be deluded, faithful and valiant Portuguese, by such appearances; it is an evident contradiction when the revolted, protesting obedience to the King our Sovereign while they withdraw themselves from the authority of the Government lawfully established by his Majesty, propose, as the intruders (*intrusos*) declare, to constitute themselves under the title of Supreme Government of the Kingdom, to convoke Cortes, which would be always illegal if not called by the Sovereign, and announce changes and alterations, which they ought to content themselves with soliciting, because they cannot emanate in a legitimate and permanent manner except by the Royal consent.

“Our Sovereign has never ceased to yield to just solicitations, the object of which is the good and the prosperity of his subjects. Even now, by the ship of war which has entered this port to-day, regulations have been received, which will be speedily made public, proving the truly paternal solicitude with which he deigns to attend to the good of this kingdom, and which, if possible, increases the horror which all ought to feel at the crime committed in the city of Oporto.

“The Governors of this kingdom are taking, and will continue to take, all the measures which such circumstances imper-

iously dictate, and which are prescribed to them by the most sacred duties of these offices.

“If, however, any causes of complaint and just representations shall be laid before them, they will hasten to forward them respectfully to the Royal Prince, flattering themselves that the same individuals now implicated in so criminal an insurrection, will reflect upon the evils into which they are going to precipitate themselves, and will, repenting, return to obedience to their Sovereign, confiding in the unalterable clemency of the most merciful of monarchs.

“Meantime, the Governors of the kingdom hope that this most faithful nation may constantly preserve that loyalty which was always its most precious distinction; that the Army, whose heroism was but lately admired by all Europe, will hasten to efface the blot with which its honour is threatened by the misconduct of those few corps who have inconsiderately suffered themselves to be deceived, and that the majority of the Portuguese army will preserve, together with the reputation of its inflexible valour, the equally distinguished virtue of its fidelity.

“Portuguese! The preservation of implicit obedience to the King, our Sovereign, is the most important obligation upon us all, at the same time that it is our most evident interest. Thus, then, firmness in these principles is requisite—let all classes concur to maintain the public tranquillity, and you will promptly see order restored, which the ill-intentioned rashly attempt to disturb.—This is what is recommended to you, in the name of our adored Sovereign, by the Governors of the kingdom.

“Lisbon, in the Palace of the Government, August 29, 1820.

(Signed) “The CARDINAL PATRIARCH,
“Marquis de BARBA,
“Conde de PENICHE,
“Conde de FERRA,
“ANTONIO GOMEZ RIBEIRO.”

This appeal does not seem to have been made in vain, for not only had Lisbon remained tranquil up to the last accounts from that city, but it does not appear that any decided manifestation in favour of the Oporto rebels had been made in any other part of Portugal. It must be mentioned, however, that at a period subsequent to the above appeal, the vice-regal authorities of the kingdom themselves issued a proclamation, convoking the assembly of the Cortes, according to the ancient principles of the monarchy. This was a wise and prudent step; for if the Portuguese people wished for a constitutional assembly, this convocation of the Cortes would meet that wish, and diminish in proportion the influence of the revolutionists: if, on the contrary, the people should be indifferent

on the subject, as we suspect they are, the test would be supplied by which that indifference could be ascertained.

In turning our view towards Spain, we are almost tempted to express the belief that constitutional liberty is likely to thrive there.—The people are quiet, the king is popular, and the Cortes are diligent. But the country is not beyond the collision of events which may yet produce mischief. The finances are in a dilapidated state, and the army,—that army which coerced the Monarch, is now half disposed to dispute with him his sovereignty. Its leaders, Quiroga and Riego, refuse to disband it till some farther securities are obtained; and if these should be granted, we see nothing to protect the throne from fresh demands. It is true, indeed, that the Cortes seem disposed to support the monarch against the incroachments of the army; but if the army be resolute, the Cortes and the Monarch must obey.

What is to be done with the South American colonies, does not yet appear. The probability is, they will be disposed to negotiate with the Cortes, and to accept terms which, while they would hold them in some degree of connexion with the mother country, would still leave them a large share of independence. This would clearly be their wisest course. They have not yet arrived at that state of political maturity which qualifies a nation to throw aside all the means by which it gradually advanced from infancy.

The events which have occurred at Naples since our last, have not tended to throw any light upon the real origin of the revolution there. We strongly suspect it was not wholly unconnected with family intrigues. The old king has withdrawn from the fatigues of government, and transferred the sovereign authority to the hands of his son, the Duke of Calabria, who, according to some accounts, was privy to the transactions which imposed upon his father the necessity of such transfer. The whole affair has evidently been one of military insubordination. The soldiers alone produced the revolution; the people took no part in it, at least not until after it had partially proceeded. It is a question however, of no small interest, what course Austria will pursue with respect to Naples; whether she will act merely on the defensive, and protect her own Italian possessions from the revolutionary contagion, or whether she will actively interfere to suppress its results in the Neapolitan

dominions. It is generally thought she will confine herself to the former policy; which, indeed, would be the more prudent, if not the more enlightened and beneficial.

We regret to add, that in Sicily, when the news of the revolution arrived, the most calamitous scenes of massacre and bloodshed took place; scenes which we cannot better describe than in the words of the writer of the following letter from Palermo, dated July 21st:—

On the 14th instant, the vessel sent by the Hereditary Prince Vicar-General to the Duke of Calabria, to announce the happy news of his Majesty having sworn to the Constitution, arrived at Palermo. Joy spread throughout the city. The tri-coloured cockade, the signal of the reform in our civil government, was in a moment universally displayed. In the evening, a yellow cockade was united to the tri-coloured one. Opinions were now expressed in favour of the Constitution, and a desire was manifested to have a different National Parliament for Sicily. Some persons wore on their breast the yellow riband, with the figure of the Sicilian Eagle.

On the morning of the 15th every one was required to wear the national cockade; in the evening, however, the yellow riband was added to it; even the Neapolitans were compelled to wear yellow.

On the 15th a religious festival was celebrated:—His Excellency the Lieutenant-General proceeded to the Cathedral, where grand mass was performed: he was received by the cries of *Viva la Costituzione! Viva l'Indipendenza!* These cries accompanied the Lieutenant on his return from the Cathedral, and also when he proceeded to the Government-house to assist in the duties of the evening. The religious ceremony being ended, his excellency proceeded to the Senate-house, where he had left General Church, Brigadier Coglitore, and some other persons. The two Generals went out together to walk. General Church, who is foreign to us both by birth and sentiments, in a fit of passion, which, to say the least of it, was folly, tore the yellow riband from the breast of a peaceable citizen. This was the signal for a general disturbance. General Coglitore advised his indiscreet companion in arms to fly; but the unfortunate man himself received two blows intended for General Church, who then fled. It is not known what has become of him. The populace, irritated by the insult which had been offered to a citizen, repaired to the hotel where Church lodged. The guard, which was composed of troops of the foreign regiments, repulsed the people by firing on them; several persons were wounded. Marshal Pastore arrived in the midst of the conflict, and put an end to it by withdrawing the guard.

A short time after, the residence of Church was plundered, and every thing found in it

was burnt in the Piazza della Marina. Indignation alone, and not the love of plunder, compelled the people to this excess. On receiving information of this, the Lieutenant-General recommended to the good citizens the care of calming the turbulent spirits of the people and of restoring tranquillity. A civic guard was appointed; it was determined that two squadrons of the second cavalry regiment of the guard should parade the principal streets, and that the other two squadrons should be posted along the Piazza della Marina: it was ordered that the regiment should retire as soon as tranquillity should be restored. The safe custody of the convicts was also provided for. These measures, however, did not produce the desired good effect. The forts of Sanita and Castellamare were assailed, and being suddenly attacked, and defended only by new Sicilian conscripts, were taken; the arms and ammunition were carried off. The Governor, Rota, and the Captain of Artillery, Anfossi, made a courageous resistance, to prevent the convicts from escaping. The fort of the Palazzo Reale experienced the same fate as the other two.

Those who deplored the infatuation of the authors of these disorders demanded a Provisional Junta, for the purpose of tranquillizing the turbulent spirits. The Prince of Villafranca, the Marshal de Ruggiero Settimo, Prince D. Gaetano Buonanni, the Provost P. Palermo, the Marquis Raddusa, Colonel D. Emanuele Requesenze, and D. Giuseppe Tortorici, were appointed for this purpose. Several wise resolutions were adopted, and in their execution some officers of superior courage, and consummate devotion to the constitution and the welfare of the country, distinguished themselves, but without being able to triumph over all the opposing evil.

On the night of the 16th, General O'Faris, General Pastore, and the Commandant of the Province, presented themselves before the assembled Junta, and proposed, that the whole of the forces should be posted in the Piazzas of the Royal Palace and Santa Teresa, to act in case of need, in combination with that part of the people who were animated with a true love of their country, and a desire for the re-establishment of order and tranquillity.

The proposition was adopted, and the Generals received instructions to carry it into execution. At daybreak, the troops assembled at the appointed place; but, too weak to oppose a vigorous resistance to the factious, they served only by their presence to increase the irritation.

We wish we could draw the veil over the remainder of that unhappy day. Seven hundred prisoners were released from the prisons at ten o'clock in the morning: then the villains began their work. The troops were attacked, and many brave fellows, worthy of a better fate, fell victims to an unjust fury, directed against them in revenge for the insult received from a rash foreigner.

In the midst of this tumult, a detachment

of the regiment Regina, and some cavalry posted at the arsenal, displayed the most noble firmness, and did not permit any of the prisoners to escape. Two lancers, posted by General Staitie opposite the arsenal, co-operated with great activity in preventing their escape. About half-past four on the same day, the populace surrounded and attacked the house of the Lieutenant, who thought it prudent to confide the government of the capital to a Junta, hoping to be thereby enabled the more easily to restore tranquillity. General Naselli states, that the troops gave proof of their love and fidelity to the country and the King, and of their courage and humanity, virtues which add lustre to military valour, and which will cause us eternally to deplore the loss of so many brave men, who fell victims to a frenzy which broke out on that very day when the people of Sicily celebrated the recovery of their liberty. We should have been happy to have published the names of the officers who distinguished themselves in this unhappy affair. Those Neapolitans who had not the honour to serve in the army, and who did not join in the conflict, were permitted to remain neutral.

The disturbance in Palermo would not have been attended by such fatal consequences, had not a parricidal hand liberated the convicts. This would not have happened but for the imprudence of General Church, who presumed to insult a peaceable citizen. This unfortunate affair will certainly prove a lesson to those restless men, who, disregarding the interests of the common country, were the first to circulate among the people those reports which led to the desire of having a National Parliament distinct from that of Naples. It is to be lamented that the madness of a few should have proved the sad cause of the ruin of many."

Such are some among the evils which too commonly attend the premature struggles of liberty. We love freedom ourselves too well not to wish that every nation should enjoy it, where there exists the capacity for so doing; but we know that where the capacity does not exist, the name of freedom becomes the mere watch-word of a few desperate adventurers, who use it to promote their own ambitious views. With respect to the future condition of Sicily, there is every reason to believe that it will eventually separate itself from all political connexion with Naples.

Another attempt, but happily a fruitless one, has been made in Paris, to produce anarchy. A feeble plot seems to have been organized for the purpose of deposing Louis XVIII. and placing on the vacant throne a member of the Buonaparte family! The madness and

absurdity of this scheme are obvious: but mad and absurd as it is, it is yet deplorable to think that there are twenty persons in France who dream of the possibility of subverting the existing government. The allied powers of Europe are pledged to the maintenance of that government; nor will they suffer the whole of those benefits which were purchased by the loss of so much blood and treasure, to be destroyed by the machinations of a few desperate Buonapartists. The extent and objects of this plot, which had wider ramifications in the provinces than were at first suspected, will be better understood from the following official details upon the subject, published in the *Moniteur*:—

“The conspirators, in the dread of being discovered, and suspecting that the public authorities were upon the traces of their machinations, took the desperate resolution of trying a *coup de main* on the night between the 19th and 20th of August. At midnight men of trust were to secure the superior officers of each corps, and despatch them in case of resistance. The officers in the secret were at the same time to repair to their respective barracks, make the soldiers take arms, and announce to the assembled troops that the king was dead. They calculated that with the help of the confusion caused by this and other false reports spread by them, they might mislead the fidelity of the troops, make them proclaim the son of Buonaparte, and lead them to attack the palace and the royal family. It is worthy of remark, that some days before the day appointed, the report of the King's death prevailed in a great number of departments; for instance, at Metz, Lyon, and Bourdeaux, &c.

The government furnished with this information, thought it now time to arrest the factions, and thus prevent their drawing into the path of sedition a greater number of deluded men. At nine in the evening, the marked criminals were seized and given into the hands of justice. Those in the barracks were arrested at the first order of the commanding officers of their respective corps, by the officers and soldiers, all eager to remove from their ranks men who had falsified their oaths. The rest were arrested by the *gendarmes*. No one attempted resistance.

The persons conducted into the prisons of the capital on the night between the 19th and 20th, are, as we are assured, in number 22, viz:—

The Sieurs, Lascher, sub-lieutenant; Dolamarre, adjutant-sub-officer; Gaillard, id.; Robert, id.—of the Legion of La Meurthe.

Bonnaric, captain; Barbe, id.; O'Brien, id.; Dequevauvilliers, id.; Fesnaud, lieutenant; Jacot, id.; Loritz, id.; Bredart, sub-lieutenant; Lecontre, id.; Foucart, id.; Auvray, serjeant-major; Modwick, adjutant-

sub-officer; Seuffort, id.—of the Legion of the North.

Cochet, captain; De la Verderie, id.; Villemejeanne, id.; Trogoff, id. adjutant-major; Hutteau, lieutenant—of the 2d of the Guard; Jacob, adjutant-sub-officer; Hezzogge, id.—of the Legion of Lower Rhine.

Captain Nantili, pointed out as the ring-leader of the conspirators of the legion of La Meurthe, has absconded, and hitherto eluded the pursuit of justice.

Since those primary arrests, the depositions received, and the papers seized at the domiciles of the suspected, have rendered further arrests necessary. Warrants have been issued and executed against the Sieurs Dentzel, lieutenant-colonel on half-pay; Clevener, apothecary; Gisoar, on the Staff of Paris; Capes, captain; Despieris, serjeant-major; Charpenel, idem; Eymard, idem—of the Legion of La Meurthe.

The Sieur L'Advocat, sub-lieutenant, escaped the execution of the warrant against him by flight.

What passed at Cambrai is known. Several officers of the legion of the Seine had formed the project of drawing in the legion, and leading it to Paris, to aid the insurrection.—Nine of those officers, viz. De la Mothe, captain; Pegulu, lieutenant, Desbordes, idem, Grandot-Paquet, idem; Devaret, sub-lieutenant, Bruc, idem, Remy, idem, Cordier, idem, Dutoya, idem—fled upon learning that the plot had failed. Three others were arrested, viz.—Varlet, captain; Leigeret, lieutenant; Marlet, sub-lieutenant. Warrants of arrest had been made out against the Sieur Mazian, lieutenant-colonel on half-pay, ex-commandant of a squadron in the Chasseurs of the Imperial Guard, and against the Sieur Thevenin, disbanded captain of the Legion of the Seine, some months back. Both frequently passed from Paris to Cambrai, and appear to have seduced the officers, who unhappily entered into the plot. Captain Thevenin has just been arrested at Cambrai. Lieut.-colonel Mazian has absconded.

A few days before the schemes conducted in the dark were brought to light at Paris and Cambrai, they manifested themselves in the department of Vosges. The Sieur Caron, lieutenant-colonel, on half-pay, who usually inhabits Colmar, dared to present himself on the 16th of August before M. d'Etang, commandant of a squadron of dragoons of the Seine, in garrison at Epinal, and to propose to enter into the plan of insurrection. That brave and loyal officer, indignant at such a proposition, had the emissary of revolt instantly arrested, and he is now in course of trial before the Chamber of Peers. We learn that several officers more of the legion of La Meurthe have been arrested at Avesne, whither the legion proceeded from Paris.

After having narrated these afflicting details, it is our duty to call attention to what

should give confidence to all good citizens. Every where the military corps are eager to manifest, on learning this deplorable plot, the sentiments of attachment to their King and country, by which they are animated. The factious must perceive, that however they may be able to delude some individuals, their efforts would fail against the fidelity of

the immense majority of the officers and soldiers, who will always listen to the call of honour and duty.

Mr. Ravez, President of the Chamber of Deputies, is appointed to the functions of attorney-general in the Court of Peers, during the trial of the conspirators."

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

WITH the exception of Beans and Buck-wheat, the harvesting of grain has universally ended in the most satisfactory manner, and without a single drawback from atmospheric influence: the former are still in the fields, but as they are less liable to injury from wet than other grain, there is no reason to suppose but that these also will eventually be secured in fair condition.

The samples of both Wheat and Barley are more variable in quality than we at first anticipated; much of the former is dwindling in the kernel, from the effect of mildew, and the latter from being lodged in the grass, i. e. before the grain had filled, and, in some instances, before the ear was formed; still however a considerable portion of the whole produce of the kingdom is of the best quality imaginable, full, sound, and dry; such as will keep with safety any length of time, or may be transported to any distance.

The long continuance of drought has injured the Turnips beyond redemption, and the failure of that valuable root is most extensive and alarming; it is now decidedly impossible that any tolerable proportion of whole crop should ever attain either that size or be of that quality which is requisite for grazing.

The feeding lands have also become parched for want of moisture, and the rowen and aftermath grasses will afford but little relief, even with the advantage it may be expected they will derive from the late invigorating rains.

The second crop of Hay is principally secured in good order, which, together with the abundance of the first, and the unusual bulk of straw with which the rick-yards are stored, will in some measure supply the deficiency in the turnip crop and the scarcity of autumnal feed.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Lloyd's Coffee House, September 20, 1820.

THE general aspect of Commercial affairs is more favourable than it has been; and the balance of the national deliveries and receptions is turning the right way. Standard silver in bars is below five shillings per oz., which shews that the stock of the precious metals increases among our dealers: the price of gold is fixed by the Bank; and, consequently, remains where it was. The course of exchange agrees with these indications; and it may be hoped that nothing will occur to becloud the pleasing prospect. The benefits must eventually diffuse themselves in every quarter.

There has, indeed, been a kind of a rumour—of an expectation—of a supposition—of a probability, that Britain may find it to be her duty and policy to fit out a few ships of war, under existing circumstances: this has been improved on the Stock Exchange, till *Omnium* declined to a discount of *four and a half per cent.* Nor was this all: for the dealers—or rather the speculators—in Hemp, took the alarm,—the demand has revived—the prices are full *ten shillings* higher; and the holders are gaping after another ten shillings, to be realized as soon as possible. Such is the effect of Political speculation on Commercial speculators!

In the mean while, Naval stores, that is to say, pitch, tar, and turpentine, are heavy; and, indeed, are scarcely saleable at any price. The private demand is a mere nullity, at the moment; and the public sales have dragged on with little alteration, and less spirit.

A considerable contract has been recently made for PROVISIONS; not less than ten thousand barrels of beef and pork, together; but, it has had little or no effect on the market, taken generally; which shews the ample supply that may be obtained from British resources, with the ample capitals engaged in this branch of business.

We have formerly hinted our opinion that the Corn Harvest would afford occasion of different judgments, and conclusions. Hitherto, the quality of the grain brought to Mark Lane has not been of the superior description: this is nothing very new, so soon after the harvest; as the prime samples are, of course, in hands which are not pressed to bring them forward with all possible speed. Nor will they deteriorate by keeping a while; whereas, the middling qualities are best disposed of as soon as may be: the price has been on the whole *two or three shillings* lower; but the buyers were cautious, to say the least; for the sellers called them "very shy." The arrivals of OATS continue to be extensive; from 30,000 to 33,000 qts. per week. Notwithstanding this ample supply, the sales are tolerably brisk, and extensive, also; the fine samples fully supporting the previous currency.

The article *Hops*, as we have occasionally stated, is an absolute lottery; the pickings have generally commenced in the hop counties; the reports are far from favourable, taking the whole together, and the estimate of the duty has fallen from 100,000 to 25,000. The quality, as well as the quantity, is inferior; very few choice pockets are expected; at least, such is the inference drawn from what samples have hitherto appeared.

As to articles of import, from the Colonies, principally, they have had their fluctuations, and some sufficiently striking. *Coffee*, for instance, fell 2s. or 2s. per cwt. with the expectation of falling half as much more; but that did not take place: and though very considerable sales were somewhat suddenly brought forward, yet in consequence of favourable accounts from *Hamburg*, where the market had risen 2s. or 3s., the prices remained a point above what they have stood at for many years. Reports from the Netherlands also state the markets to continue firm, and rather to be looking upward; so that the prospect of considerable demands before the winter sets in, had a most beneficial effect on the property vested in this article: all thoughts of depression were abandoned, and the holders made almost their own terms; which, if not excessive, were fully realized.

SUGAR has followed *Coffee*: *Hamburg* continues to give extensive commissions for refined goods especially; and now the Mediterranean trade appears to be improving, nor does the home consumption diminish; so that the market may be pronounced steady. In short, the deliveries from the warehouses have been so extensive this year compared with the last, that the importers have not failed to make their remarks on it; and they talk of a probable great deficiency before the year is out. As usual, where interest is concerned, some have endeavoured by "accurate statements," and "the best information possible," to evince the correctness of this inference; not without adding another—"our prices will certainly rise in proportion." Ah! the Stock-Exchange is not the only great house that harbours Bulls and Bears.

West India articles are certainly in favourable request. *RUM* has very recently experienced a demand which is thought to be only the forerunner of a still greater. The deliveries from the warehouses last week amount to no less than two thousand one hundred puncheons; which is unprecedented, except on occasions of government contracts, which ought not to be taken into a fair estimate of weekly averages. But what further distinguishes this delivery is, that upwards of eighteen hundred puncheons were for exportation. This being known, and other probabilities anticipated, had a considerable effect on the market; the holders are not only firm, but they assure themselves of higher prices and extensive dealings. It is, therefore, every way likely, that the late low prices of the article will eventually prove favourable to its introduction and preference in many places, where, otherwise, it would not have become popular.

What may be the result of the reported discovery of new lands far in the southern hemisphere, it is too early as yet to determine; if it be true that they abound in whales, seals, and other articles for which our adventurous mariners roam the ocean, it may, eventually, more than compensate for any deficiency of supply felt in the northern regions, where slaughter has been going on for ages. This season, however, no such deficiency has been felt: the Fishery has been the most productive known during many years. The produce of the season is reported to be nearly sixteen thousand tons of oil, a quantity altogether unusual. The stock on hand was, it is understood, reduced to next to nothing; so that the article will meet a ready sale, and come to a good market, especially if a few spirited commissions from abroad should happen to meet each other in the market. The present prices are not unreasonable; and the purchases in progress are considerable.

The internal trade of the country is certainly affected by the direction of the public mind at the present period; yet if we may trust to appearances, it is not altogether in that depressed state which some affect to believe. The various branches of our staple articles afford employment to their able workmen; though we confess our surprise at the discounts allowed on some of them to purchasers. They have gradually increased to nearly double what they were a few years ago. And this, at the same time that it shews the wonderful power of production of Britain, acts as a temptation to individual enjoyment at home, and to foreigners intent on obtaining enjoyments of the same kind, which they can find in no market whatever, on terms equally liberal.

It would seem like flattering ourselves and our country, should we say all that suggests itself to our opinion on this subject—we therefore forbear; but if it be true, that after the experience of several succeeding years, our customers find that they can no where else supply themselves equally to their satisfaction, all things considered, notwithstanding the many promises and protestations to the contrary, then we have every reason to hope and trust that they will gradually relinquish their expectations of superiority—that our rivals themselves will do justice to our real merits, and will direct their industry to more profitable channels than of late—to those of compensation, not of competition; to those of immediate and local circulation, not to those which demand credit all but unlimited, and capitals all but incalculable.

Our foreign intelligence affords the following information:—

"*St. Petersburg*, 13-25 August.—We have now an over-supply of coffee, much being brought by the Americans. Above 100,000 poods are now here; and more yet expected

From America. All cotton goods are selling well at the fair; which has caused an advance on the price of yarn. The import of indigo is too large; and it does not fetch cost prices. Russian goods are slack."

"*Mulla, 22d August.*—The demand for money for the Ionian Islands to pay for fruit, is great; and dollars are scarce. Currants, we hear, are extravagantly high at Zante, and the neighbourhood: we do not believe that any will be shipped to cost less than 100s. per cwt. in London. Oil is very dull and without demand.

Daily Prices of STOCKS, from the 25th August, to the 23d Sept. 1890, inclusive.

Days. 1890.	Bank Stock.	3 per Ct. Reduced.	3 per Ct. Consols.	4 per Ct. Consols.	5 per Ct. Navy.	Long Annuities	Imperial 3 per Ct.	India Stock.	South Sea Stock.	4 p Ct. Ind. Bnd.	Ex. Bills, 2d pr. Day
Aug. 25	220	68½	68 7	86½	7 103½	18 1/16	67½	215½ 216		22 pm.	3 5 pm.
26	221	68½	67½	86 87	103½	18 1/16				22 pm.	3 5 pm.
28	221	68½	68 7	86½	7 103½	18 1/16					3 5 pm.
29	221	68½	67½	86½	7 103½	18 1/16		215½		22 pm.	3 5 pm.
30	221	68½	67½	86½	7 103½	18 1/16	67½			22 pm.	3 5 pm.
31	221	68½	67½	87 6½	102½	18 1/16				21 pm.	4 5 pm.
Sept. 1	221½	68½	67½	87 6½	103½	18 1/16	67½		74½	22 pm.	4 2 pm.
2											
4	221	68½	67½	86½	7 103½	18 1/16				22 pm.	2 4 pm.
5	221½	68½	67½	86½	103½			216	74½	22 pm.	2 4 pm.
6			67½		103½		67½		75½	22 pm.	4 1 pm.
7			67½		103½						3 1 pm.
8			67½		103½		67½			20 pm.	1 3 pm.
9			67½		103½					18 pm.	1 3 pm.
11			67½		103½		67			19 pm.	3 pm. par.
12			67½		103½		66½	214		19 pm.	par. 2 pm.
13			67½		103½		66½	215			1 3 pm.
14			67½	7	102½			215 214	74½	20 pm.	2 3 pm.
15			67½	6½	102½		65½	214½ 214		20 pm.	2 4 pm.
16			66½		102½			213½ 214		19 pm.	5 3 pm.
18			66½	5	102½			213 212½		19 pm.	3 4 pm.
19			66½		102½					20 pm.	4 2 pm.
20			66½		102½		65½	213½	73½	20 pm.	3 5 pm.
21			66½		102½					20 pm.	4 5 pm.
22			66½		102½			213½		20 pm.	3 5 pm.
23			66½		102½					21 pm.	4 5 pm.

*. * All Exchequer Bills dated prior to October, 1818, have been advertised to be paid off.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE, from the 25th August to the 22d September, 1890.

Amsterdam, c. f.	12 0	12 7	Barcelona	33½
Ditto at sight	12 8	12 4	Seville	33½
Rotterdam	12 7	12 8	Gibraltar	30
Antwerp	12 8	12 9	Leghorn	46½
Hamburg	37 6	37 7	Genoa	48½
Altona	37 7	37 8	Venice, Italian Liv.	27 60
Paris, three days' sight ...	25 70	25 80	Malta	45
Ditto	26	26 10	Naples	89
Bordeaux	26	26 10	Palermo, per oz.	115d.
Frankfort-on-the-Maine ..	156		Lisbon	49
Vienna Ef. 3m. flo.	10 15		Oporto	40½
Trieste, Ditto	10 15		Rio Janeiro	54
Madrid	34½		Bahia	58
Cadiz	34½	34	Dublin	7
Bilboa	34½	34	Cork	8

PRICE OF BULLION, at per Ounce.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Foreign Gold in Bars . .	8	17	10½	0	0	0	New Dollars	0	4	10½	0	0	0
New Doubloons	8	14	6	3	16	0	Silver in Bars, stand .	0	4	11½	0	0	0

BANKRUPTS,

FROM AUGUST 19 TO SEPTEMBER 19, 1890, INCLUSIVE.

N. B. In Bankruptcies in and about London, the Attorneys are to be understood to reside in London; and in Country Bankruptcies at the Residence of the Bankrupt, except otherwise expressed.

The Solicitors' Names are between parentheses.

- ALWAY, T. Tetherington, Gloucestershire, farmer. (Adlington & Co. London)
- Aubanson, C. W. F. otherwise C. W. Feuillade, patent aid-form maker, Geo. St. Hanover sq. (Parkett & Son)
- Aze, G. Stamford, draper. (Walker, 29, Lincoln's Inn Fields)
- Bennett, J. Chester, druggist. (Battye, Chancery-lane)
- Birch, T. Brosely, iron-master. (Luckett, London)
- Bishop, C. Leicester, hoailer. (Pilkington, jun. London)
- Bolt, J. & G. Jones, Bath, grocers. (Knight, Banughall-street)
- Briggs, J. Lakenham, victualler. (Taylor, Temple)
- Cornfield, C. W. Norwich, carrier. (Taylor, Featherstone-buildings)
- Cowl, W. Larkhall, Cambridgeshire, dealer. (Toone, Lincoln's Inn Fields)
- Cowan, S. Barbican, pawnbroker. (Stevens & Co.)
- Copp, W. & A. Exeter, linen-draper. (Burrton, Broad-st.)
- Cox, T. C. Gloucestershire, victualler. (Chilton, Lincoln's Inn)
- Craichank, W. London-street, merchant. (Cranch)
- Cutler, J. Bath, woollen-draper. (Carpenter, Farnival's-lane)
- Dickenson, E. W. Liverpool, merchant. (Lowe and Bower, London)
- Drummond, J. P. London-street, merchant. (Cranch)
- Eddington, W. E. Birmingham, dealer. (Clarke, Chancery-lane)
- Emet, H. Liverpool, paint and colour manufacturer. (Chester, Lane)
- Evans, J. Bristol, hatter. (Clark, Chancery-lane)
- Evans, T. Birmingham, builder. (Smith, Basinghall-street)
- Eyes, E. Liverpool, dealer. (Lowe, Temple)
- Farlow, T. Manchester, builder. (Hurd, Temple)
- Gasday, G. Snaresboro, maltster. (Prier, Lincoln's Inn)
- Gardner, D. M. Magnus, & B. Benjamin, Bushill-row, merchants. (Twitt & Co.)
- Garlick, G. Westport, tanner. (Dox, Galford-street)
- Glover, J. Walsall, iron-founder. (Wheeler, Castle-street)
- Greaves, J. Nottingham, grocer. (Taylor, Gray's Inn)
- Hair, J. San-street, tobacconist. (Gellibrand)
- Hadfield, J. Whitfield, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner. (Willson, Greenville-street)
- Hall, C. B. & T. Alldridge, Barbican, linen-draper. (Lang)
- Hassell, J. Richard-street, Islington. (Beckett)
- Hullah, R. A. New Kent-road, victualler. (Stevens & Co.)
- Hutton, G. Birmingham, dealer in pictures, &c. (James, Ed. Place)
- Jones, W. Holywell, Flintshire, tobacconist. (Chester, Staple Inn)
- Jones, R. A. Tottenham-court-road, linen-draper. (Nelson)
- Larham, W. Great Yarmouth, coach-master. (Taylor, Featherstone-buildings)
- Maymon, E. Blackburn, cotton-manufacturer. (Blakelock)
- Miller, J. Norwich, chymist. (Goodwin)
- Mills, J. Water-lane, Tower-street, wine-merchant. (Lang)
- Page, W. F. High Holborn, linen-draper. (Willis)
- Parker, J. Litt. St. Mary Axe, painter. (Clutton)
- Payant, W. Manchester, wine-merchant. (Appleby, Gray's Inn)
- Pescopp, T. Liverpool, wine-merchant. (Lowe, South-lampton Buildings)
- Raine, E. Liverpool, merchant. (Masey)
- Ramsden, J. Quarryhill, Aldmondbury, fancy-cloth manufacturer. (Battye)
- Reid, D. Prince-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer. (Barrow & Co.)
- Russian, E. Bath, Jeweller. (Easton, Southwark-bldg.)
- Stead, W. Quarryhill, Aldmondbury, fancy-cloth manufacturer. (Battye)
- Stott, W. Liverpool, linen-draper. (Low, Southampton Buildings)
- Stubbs, J. Castle-street, Leicester-square, Jeweller. (May)
- Summerland, T. Bristol, iron-founder. (Hedra, Staple Inn)
- Sykes, P. Manchester, cooper. (Ellis, Chancery-lane)
- Thomas, J. Carpenter's Buildings, London Wall, merchant. (Richardson)
- Tollervey, E. Westbourne, miller. (Kirkman, Cloak-lane)
- Trueman, T. Goldsmith-street, horse-dealer. (Clarke)
- Wall, W. Oxford, carver. (Torries, Lincoln's Inn Fields)
- Warner, S. Ashford, Kent, ship-owner. (Grimald, Copthall-court)
- Ward, T. Tower-street, lace-dealer. (Clarke, Bishopsgate Church-yard)
- Warren, G. Bath, cheese-factor. (Williams & White)
- Weaver, G. Alceburgh, lace-sourcher. (Edye)
- Wilson, W. C. London-street, merchant. (Cranch)
- Wood, J. Liverpool, porter-dealer. (Wheeler, Castle-street)

DIVIDENDS.

- ACKLAND, T. sen. Greenwich, Sep. 11
- Adams, G. & T. Nash, Gloucester, Sep. 16
- Barkler, J. Newman-street, Sep. 23
- Baker, T. York, Sep. 18
- Barfield, E. Bristol, Oct. 7
- Barrett, A. Lisle-street, Sep. 11
- Barker, J. Stratford, Sep. 16
- Barfoot, J. Arand-el-street, Sep. 23
- Bartells, J. Aldersgate-street, Oct. 7
- Barlow, J. Manchester, Nov. 6
- Bates, J. Leybourne, Sep. 30
- Beck, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Sep. 19
- Bever, W. Greenwich, Sep. 14
- Bowler, W. Chesapeake, Oct. 4
- Bowen, C. Hackney-road, Sep. 19
- Boyes, J. jun. Wauford, Sep. 19
- Boyes, G. F. & J. Boyes, jun. Kingston-upon-Hull, Sep. 19
- Bryant, E. Old Broad-street, Sep. 19
- Cawled, R. Armitay, Sep. 13
- Chambers, S. Bordenley, Sep. 19
- Chapman, R. Hammersmith, Sep. 19, Nov. 25
- Chesney, H. High Holborn, Sep. 18
- Clarke, M. jun. Colchester-st. Oct. 28
- Cockburn, S. High-street, Mary-le-bone, Sep. 16
- Cook, R. & R. Sutton, Burton, Lincolnshire, Sep. 25
- Cook, W. Chapel-street, New-road, Sep. 23
- Cope, J. L. Hall, Sep. 23
- Croft, J. Poll-street, Ratcliffe, Sep. 16
- Davenport, S. & R. Pale, Manchester, Sep. 20
- Dawson, J. New Windsor, Oct. 7
- Dutton, S. & J. Dunn, Liverpool, Sep. 29
- Elworthy, J. E. Plymouth Dock, Sep. 11
- Farrer, J. Skinner-street, Sep. 23
- Fisher, T. & J. Ashmore, Cheltenham, Sep. 27
- Fittin, J. Preston, Sep. 19
- Flinders, W. Boston, Oct. 4
- Flowers, J. G. Leadenhall-st. Sep. 23
- Garard, D. Old Cavenham-st. Sep. 20
- Gibbons, J. & W. Sherwood, Liverpool, Oct. 10
- Goddard, S. Cornhill, Sep. 9
- Goldney, T. Chippensham, Sep. 13
- Goodchild, J. sen. & Co. Low Pallion, Oct. 7
- Gray, G. Hammersmith, Sep. 18
- Green, W. Allion-place, Kingsland, Sep. 20
- Gutch, W. Hop Gardens, St. Martin's-lane, Sep. 30
- Haines, N. T. Nottingham, Sep. 19
- Hale, T. Reading, Oct. 9
- Hamilton, W. & M. Agar, Riches-court, Lime-street, Sep. 30
- Hanley, M. C. Miro-cro-Fleet-st. Sep. 30
- Henderson, J. Ludgate-hill, Sep. 10
- Hitchson, J. H. Kidderminster, Oct. 9
- Holtrum, W. Long-lane, Bermondsey, Sep. 13
- Hornaby, T. Cornhill, Sep. 30
- Hughes, J. & E. Challen, Storrington, Sep. 13
- Hughes, B. Bristol, Oct. 9
- Hunt, R. Sheffield, Oct. 5
- Hunt, R. & J. Sharp, Lombard-street, Oct. 10
- Hull, J. Nunston, Oct. 19
- Jackson, D. Castle-court, Birchin-lane, Sep. 13
- Johnson, R. Tottenham-court-road, Sep. 13
- Jones, J. Worcester, Oct. 9
- Kearney, P. Manchester, Sep. 19
- Keating, A. Strand, Sep. 13
- Kerrison, T. A. Norwich, Sep. 26
- Labrow, V. St. John's-street, Oct. 7
- Latham, D. I. & J. Parry, Devonshire-square, Sep. 23
- Lawrinson, P. Manchester, Oct. 4
- Le Chevalier, T. W. Couton-ender-Edge, Sep. 11
- Levi, J. Wells, Norfolk, Oct. 9
- Lewis, J. Mincing-lane, Sep. 16
- Lownes, W., J. Robinson, & H. Neild, Manchester, Oct. 11
- McCarthy, C. Long-lane, Bermondsey, Sep. 13
- McNae, T. Queen-square, Oct. 14
- Mann, S. Hull, Oct. 3
- Marsden, E. Bolton-le-moors, Oct. 6
- Martins, M. D. Burlington Arcade, Sep. 26
- Mavne, J. Camomile-street, Sep. 13
- Millichip, T. Whitton, Sep. 18
- Miller, W. Brown's Coffee-house, ditto-court, Fleet-street, merchant, Sep. 23
- Milner, J. Morley, Oct. 20
- Mitchin, T. A. Portsmouth, Sep. 28
- Moates, B. W. Birmingham, Sep. 27
- Morris, T. Bristol, Oct. 9
- Moston, J. Warrington, Sep. 15
- Mottley, T. Portsmouth, Oct. 5 & 13
- Moxon, R. W. G. Moxon, & J. Moxon, Hull, Oct. 20
- Neilson, W. Liverpool, (since deceased) Sep. 21
- Nightingale, J. Howden, Oct. 13
- Nott, T. Bristol, Oct. 19
- Pannell, J. sen. Wyke, Sep. 19
- Peet, J. Carlisle, Oct. 13
- Peters, J. Dorking, Sep. 21
- Phillips, A. Slough, Sep. 21
- Potter, G. High-street, Poplar, Sep. 23
- Powell, T. & W. Browne, Liverpool, Sep. 20
- Prent, W. Laurence Pountney-lane, Oct. 10
- Prickett, H. R. Lancaster, Sep. 27
- Pritchard, J. D. Tipton, Sep. 30
- Pugh, J. Red-lion-street, Sep. 16
- Read, A. Lower Grosvenor-st. Sep. 14
- Richards, W. Penzance, Sep. 19
- Ritchie, J. & T. Moffat, Liverpool, Oct. 4
- Richmond, T. Nottingham, Oct. 14
- Roberts, C. Gurney Slade, Somerset Sep. 14
- Robinson, D. Branstion, Sep. 18
- Sansom, M. Clapham-road, Sep. 19, Nov. 23
- Scott, A. John-street, Commercial-road, Sep. 27
- Self, J. Downton, Oct. 7
- Setree, H. John-street, Holborn, Sep. 14
- Shoobridge, W. Marple, Sep. 14
- Simmons, T. Orange-street, Sep. 16
- Smell, T. Lewin-street, Sep. 14
- Smith, D. Waverley, Sep. 14

Stonhill, W. Stukely, Oct. 6
 Sougry, J. W. A. Lime-street, Sep. 16
 Steel, J. Sheffield, Oct. 5
 Swinerton, W. Filowley, Oct. 12
 Sykes, J. & G. Sykes, Carrier's-hall-court, Sep. 16
 Thackray, T. & R. Bottrell, Greenwich, Sep. 16
 Taylor, P. M. & J. T. Smedley, Liverpool, Oct. 4

Taylor, J. Shewsbury, Oct. 21
 Thompson, E. Rotherhithe, Nov. 4
 Tison, W. Christchurch, Southamp-ton, Oct. 7
 Tipping, T. Warrington, Sep. 15
 Trokes, M. Liverpool, Oct. 4
 Warwick, T. Hitchin, Sep. 16
 Wattam, T. Great Grimaby, Sep. 20
 Webster, F. St. Austell, Sep. 18
 Weise, W. P. Tooley-street, Sep. 16

Wheldon, G. Boneall, Sep. 25
 White, S. Calver, Derbyshire, Oct. 4
 Williams, W. Amen-corner, Oct. 7
 Wilson, D. & A. Gredale, Manchester, Sep. 12
 Worth, T. Talbot-court, Gmcechurch-street, Nov. 4
 Wright, J. Doncaster, Sep. 15
 Wrightson, G. sen. Maryport, Oct. 3
 Wrightson, G. jun. do. Oct. 5
 Zimmer, J. Welbeck-street, Sep. 16

INCIDENTS, APPOINTMENTS, BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, &c. IN LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.

With Biographical Accounts of Distinguished Persons.

Country Bank Notes.—There can be no doubt, that whenever the Bank of England Notes are, by the new issue, rendered more secure against imitation, the ingenuity of the forger will be directed against the Country Bank Notes, which are now in a very defenceless state. It is a source of much satisfaction to us, therefore, to have learnt, that a plan for the protection of the Country Bank Notes has been adopted by the Government, which will, by an immediate operation, secure the whole of the provincial banks from forgery, without requiring any change of their present plates, which would necessarily be a work of much time. A stamp of great difficulty of imitation has been contrived, and preparations are making at the stamp-office for stamping all the Country Bank Notes with this stamp, after the new year, by which means the revenue collected on Country Bank Notes will be secured, while the notes themselves will be protected from the forger—because he cannot forge the note without also forging the stamp.

This stamp is combined with beautiful coloured printing, intended nearly to cover the back of the note, so as to preclude the necessity, and also to save the expense at present incurred by many country bankers in printing a back to their notes by way of security, that security being thus given them by the Government gratis.

It is proposed also to connect this with a change in the paper for the Country Bank Notes, by substituting a description of paper, the water-mark and appearance of which can only be produced in its first construction at the paper-mill; whereas there are various ways of forging the present water-mark in ordinary paper, which may be purchased in any stationer's shop.

The most important features in this plan, are—first, the expedition with which the country banks will thus be secured against forgery. And, secondly, the economy, as it requires no change whatever in their present plates.

Civic Innovations.—Mr. Alderman Waithman has, we understand, with the concurrence of his colleague, determined to abandon the old custom of the sheriffs to entertain the City officers with repeated feasts;

and has also resolved to use his own private coach upon all occasions.

Drury Lane Theatre.—Drury-lane theatre, previous to its opening for the winter season, is to undergo a variety of judicious alterations. The ceiling is to be lowered at least eight feet, which will exclude from the audience part of the house, the present upper gallery and the slip boxes. The two shilling gallery is to be formed into the upper one; and the boxes under, into the lower gallery. The theatre is also to be new painted and ornamented.

The Regent's Canal.—A few days ago the basin of the Regent's Canal, at Limehouse, was opened for the reception of ships, when a collier was taken in, and unloaded her coals upon the jetties. The utility of this work is now manifest, since it will be seen that the colliers can deliver their cargoes into waggons, without the intervention of barges, by which not only a certain and large expense is saved, but the plunder which is unavoidable on the river, is wholly prevented, and all casualties from storms, and from vessels running foul, are avoided.

Abstract of the Will of Sir Joseph Banks.—The late Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. one of his Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Council, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Hon. Military Order of the Bath, and President of the Royal Society, by his will expressly desires that his body be interred in the most private manner in the church or church-yard of the parish in which he shall happen to die, and entreats his dear relatives to spare themselves the affliction of attending the ceremony, and earnestly requests that they will not erect any monument to his memory. His house at Spring-grove, Heston, Middlesex, he gives to his wife, Dame Dorothea Banks, with the furniture, plate, &c. &c. His real estates to his wife for life, or widowhood: after her death or marriage, those that are situate in the county of Lincoln to the Hon. James Hamilton Stanhope, and Sir Henry Hawley, Bart. subject to provisions and conditions: the remainder of his estates to Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart. his heir and assigns, subject to conditions and provisos. The leasehold estates (except his house in Soho-square) to John Parkinson, Esq. The residue of his

personal estate to his wife, for her own absolute use and benefit. He appoints his wife, the said James Hamilton Stanhope, Sir Henry Hawley, and Sir Edward Knatchbull, executors. Will dated Jan. 7, 1820.

By the 1st codicil, dated 21st Jan. 1820, he gives to his indefatigable and intelligent librarian, Robert Brown, Esq. an annuity of 200l. and also the use and enjoyment during life of the library, herbarium, manuscripts, drawings, copper-plates engraved, and every thing else that is contained in his collections, usually kept in the back building of his house in Soho-square; and after the decease of the said Robert Brown, then he gives the same to the trustees, for the time being, of the British Museum; or, if it be the desire of the said trustees, and the said Robert Brown shall consent to have the same removed to the British Museum in his lifetime, he shall be at liberty to do so; and the said Robert Brown to be provided with the proper means of access thereto for himself and his friends. And he declares that the aforesaid bequests, in favour of the said Robert Brown, are upon condition that he continue to use his library as his chief place of study in the manner he now does, and that he assists the superintendent of the Royal Botanic gardens at Kew, and continues to reside in London, and does not undertake any new charge that may employ his time. His leasehold house in Soho-square, with the appurtenances, to his wife during her life; and after her decease, or giving up possession thereof, then to the said Robert Brown, subject to the aforesaid conditions.

To Mr. Frederick Bauer, of Kew-green, who has been employed by Sir Joseph as a draughtsman for thirty years, an annuity of 800l. upon condition that he continues to reside at Kew-green, and employs himself in making drawings of plants that flower in the collection at Kew, in the same manner as he has hitherto done; and the drawings which he shall so make be added to the collection now in his hands, and which revert to Sir Joseph or his representatives at the time of his death, as appears by an agreement entered into between them; and it is his wish that if any doubts should arise as to his meaning in the conditions imposed on the said Robert Brown and Frederick Bauer, the same should be construed in a manner so as to be most favourable to them.

By the 2d codicil, (dated 7th of March, 1820,) he declares, that with every feeling of that dutiful homage and humble attention justly due from a loyal subject to a most gracious Sovereign, he gives to his Majesty, for the use of the establishment of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew, all the drawings and sketches of plants that have grown in the said gardens, and have been made at his expense by Mr. Bauer, and which are now deposited in his custody, deeply impressed with an opinion, which he still continues to hold, and believes to be founded in truth,

that the establishment of a Botanic Garden cannot be complete unless a resident draughtsman be constantly employed in making sketches and finished drawings of all new plants that perfect their flowers or fruits in it; and declares that he long ago determined to fix such a person at Kew, and maintain him at his own expense, and he accordingly engaged Mr. Bauer, whose collection of drawings and sketches, he trusts, will prove a valuable addition to the important science of natural history; that he did this under a hope that the truth of his opinion would in due time become manifest, and that the charge of maintaining Mr. Bauer would then be transferred from him, and placed on the establishment of the garden. This hope, he declares, is still warmly cherished, and receives ample support from the well-known and often-experienced love of science which makes a part of the character of our beloved King; but in case of its being deemed inexpedient by his Majesty's advisers to make this small addition to the establishment, he charges the annuity of 800l. to Mr. Bauer on his Lincolnshire estates.—He requests his relation, Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart. to examine his papers and things at his house in Soho-square, and destroy those he may think proper. The papers respecting the Royal Society to be sent to the Royal Society; those respecting the Mint or coinage, to the Mint; his foreign correspondence to be sent to the British Museum.

His personal property sworn under 40,000l.

London Bridge.—We need not inform our readers that the very dangerous and inconvenient state of London-bridge has of late engaged the attention of the Committee of the Bridge-house Estates; and from the proceedings of that Board, it is believed that an application will be made to Parliament, in the ensuing session, for a Bill to enable them either to rebuild the bridge, or greatly to enlarge the water-way, by throwing two of the arches, on each side of the centre arch, into one.

Our Agricultural Poor.—The following has been circulated by the Committee sitting at the King's Head, Poultry:

"The Provisional Committee for encouragement of industry, and reduction of poor-rates, having received some communications which require to be noticed, think it desirable, on an object so important, thus publicly to offer a reply to objections against the proposal of relieving the distress of the labouring classes, thereby to promote our home-trade and commerce, through the cultivation of land.

"It has been said, that to alleviate the condition of the poor would be improper, as it will be the means of exciting a redundant population.

"This view, though urged by persons who would disclaim the sentiment, it is feared, will be found opposed to the dictates of our Holy Scriptures, whereby we are

commanded to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked; consequently, since the same Divine authority enjoins the necessity of labour as the means of subsistence, and also depicts the evil of a state of idleness, it will be thought that no further reply will be required. But we may assume, that a miserable condition does not arrest the progress of population, as well from the example of Ireland, as from the fact of our own peasantry, whose circumstances have been for fifty years deteriorating, and even whose standing in the British community is endangered, but whose members notwithstanding, as appears by a portentous poor-rate, are undiminished. Indeed, the destruction of all hope that by any management an improvement in their condition may be effected, by withdrawing the moral restraint which is found ever acting on the happier classes, may be expected, while such a state continues to be the prolific cause of an augmentation, which some political economists so much dread.

"It is also asserted, and we wish to invite the most serious attention to this statement, that the poor are degenerated in moral conduct, which, in tracing the effect to its cause, will be found originating in the alienation which has just been mentioned, of the stimulus to exertion.

"The Provisional Committee, therefore, desires to impress, that at this time, while all inadequate remedies must be deprecated as likely to permit an incalculable waste of human life and human happiness, a mode of providing, for centuries to come, by their own efforts, for whatever population we may possess, must be considered as founded on the most rational policy.

"An application has been made to Parliament, which has been favourably received; but as it is desirable that the same should be supported universally, it is requested that the names of individuals convinced of the necessity of the adoption of such means as shall relieve the condition of agricultural, and other labourers, should be transmitted to the Committee, free of expense.

"For the Provisional Committee.

"BENJ. WILKS,

July, 1820.

"Hon. Secretary."

Act of Insanity.—An insane person, whose name is Daniel Krasling, a German, was examined at Guildhall on Monday Sept. 25, he having on Sunday evening created great alarm and confusion in St. Sepulchre's church by firing off a pistol in the middle aisle during divine service. The prisoner, who is about 24 years old, did not understand English; and Mr. Rhenius, a friend and schoolfellow (who is clerk to Messrs. Pasche, and Co.) was sworn to interpret.

It was stated by Mr. Cumber, that he was standing in the aisle, near the pulpit, about a quarter before 7 o'clock, when he observed

the prisoner come from the rear of the pulpit, put on his hat, and pulling from beneath his coat a pistol, walk down the aisle, and discharge it towards the organ. This evidence being communicated to the prisoner by his friend, he mildly said, "it was correct;" but desired it might be added, "after first dispersing about some of the printed papers," a copy of which we subjoin:—

THE ABOMINATION OF DESOLATION

Spoken of by Daniel, the Prophet, that he shall stand in the holy place, is

THE ORGAN.

It is the Image of the Kingdom of Antichrist.

THE MUSIC.

B A B Y L O N The
BEAST
I * II * III IV * V * VI * VII VIN

The prisoner was immediately secured, and conveyed to the Compter. No trace could be discovered to shew that the pistol had been loaded with ball. The prisoner, when asked what object he had in this rash act, replied, that he might succeed, as he had succeeded; that his plan might be known to the world: the papers he had distributed contained it in part; but they were far too small to explain it; he could however explain more fully to any one who understood the principles of music. The plan was, that music is the Antichrist, which is against God, and is to be punished and destroyed by fire.

The story of the wanderings of this unfortunate young man was told with much feeling by his friend Mr. Rhenius, who stated that he was the son of a respectable merchant at Königsberg, in Prussia, and had been an officer in the Prussian army, and had always borne an excellent and exemplary moral character. Proofs of the prisoner's disordered state of mind being adduced, and the fact of his insanity being certified also by Mr. Box, the surgeon of the Compter, it was determined, with the consent of his friends, that he should be removed to a place of proper restraint, under their care, until he could safely be restored to his parents.—The confusion this occurrence created in the church is scarcely describable; in the hurry and crowd to get out, numbers were thrown down, and trampled upon; several children were hurt, and one was taken to the hospital with its collar-bone dislocated, but no lives, we are happy to hear, were lost.

Sir Wm. Grant.—A most beautiful full-length portrait of Sir Wm. Grant has been put up in the Rolls Court, at the instance of the Bar, as a mark of the high estimation in which that gentleman was held by them. He is represented as in the act of giving judgement, and the likeness is admirable.

Precocity.—A phenomenon has appeared on the horizon of Milan. This prodigy is a young lady, ten years of age, who is known

by the name of *Iphigenia*, and whose extraordinary memory excites universal astonishment. The *Iphigenia* of Greece never inspired so much interest as this *Iphigenia* of Milan. She is thoroughly acquainted with ancient history, and answers the questions put to her with intelligence and accuracy. Her father has a list of thirty thousand questions, all of which the little living dictionary answers with the utmost readiness. It is to be hoped that the father may not prove another Agamemnon, and sacrifice his child to the desire of compressing the materials of a folio into an octavo.—*Literary Gazette*.

Curious Coincidence.—It is no less singular than true, that four of the principal Tea dealers in this great city are distinguished, by having the first syllable of each of their names expressive of the different grades in an article eminently useful to our shipping, and conducive to our commerce, and, at the same time, a very useful appendage to public justice. Twine-ing, of the Strand—String-er, of Monument Yard—Cord-er, of Covent Garden—and Rope-r, of the Borough.—May they all hang together!

NEW APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

The Bishop of Landaff has been chosen Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London; and also Canon Residentiary of the said Cathedral Church; the same being vacant by the translation of the Bishop of Lincoln to the See of Winchester.

Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir Edward Paget, G.C.B. is appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the island of Ceylon.

Henry Jardine, Esq. to be King's Remembrancer of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland, in room of Sir Patrick Murray, Bart., lately appointed one of the Barons of that Court.

Mr. Harvey Strong has been approved as Consul at Glasgow for the United States of America.

NEW MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

The Hon. John Jocelyn, in the room of the Hon. R. Viscount Jocelyn, now Earl of Roden, as M.P. for the county of Louth.

Births.] The lady of J. B. Brown, esq. of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, of a son—In Great Cumberland-street, Mrs. Benjamin Cohen, of a daughter—In Hoxton-square, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Crosby, of a son—At Hampstead, Mrs. J. C. Cameron, of a son—In Middle Scotland-yard, Mrs. R. Dalglish, of a daughter—The lady of Wm. Filder, esq. of a daughter—In Burton Crescent, Mrs. Gutierrez, of a daughter—The lady of C. E. Heaton, esq. of a son—In York-place, the lady of Joseph Hume, esq. M.P. of a son—In Wimpole-street, the lady of Wm. Johnson, esq. of a daughter—In Newcourt, Crutched Friars, the lady of James Lester, esq. of a daughter—In Hunter-street, the lady of T. H. Peile, esq. of a daughter—

In Piccadilly, the Countess of Roseberry, of a son—In Argyll-street, Mrs. Ottywell Robinson, of a daughter—In Montague-place, Russell-square, the lady of R. V. Richards, esq. of a daughter—In Gower-street, the lady of Henry Storks, esq. of a son—In Scotland-yard, Mrs. H. Smedley, of a daughter—In Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street, the lady of S. F. T. Wilde, esq. of a son—In New Bridge-street, Mrs. Martin Ware, of a son—In Hunter-street, Mrs. Charles Wakefield, of a daughter—The lady of Mr. Robert Walmsley, of the Parliament Office, of a son.

Married.] Lieut.-col. Banks, of the Coldstream-guards, to Louisa, daughter of Henry Boutton, esq. of Givons Grove, Surrey—At St. Pancras, Tobias Browne, esq. of Kentish Town, to Sarah Ann Edgar, of the same place—At St. Pancras, Robert Bakewell, esq. of Tavistock-street, Russell-square, to Miss Hinckley, daughter of the late Dr. Hinckley, M.D.—At Clerkenwell church, William Brass, esq. of Wood-street, Cheap-side, to Mrs. Elizabeth Pentland—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Right Hon. Lord Frederick Bentinck, to the Right Hon. Lady Mary Lowther—At St. George's, Bloomsbury, J. C. Carpenter, esq. of Furnival's-inn, to the youngest daughter of J. Brettell, esq. of Carline-street, Bedford-square—Edward Farn, esq. Gray's Inn, to Matilda Priscilla, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Wakefield, of Market-street, Bedfordshire—At Isleworth, Capt. Albert Goldamid, 12th lancers, to Miss Birkett—At Hackney, Mr. Gilbert, to Miss Eliza Rankin—At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Mr. J. H. Kimpton, of Hertford, to Miss Yate, of Hertingfordbury, Herts.—Louis Lucas, esq. Finsbury-square, and late of Jamaica, to Frances, eldest daughter of Jos. Cohen, esq. of Lombard-street—At Hampstead, M. A. Langton, esq. to Miss Drewe, of Broadhembury, Devon—At Harrow, G. H. Mac Cartney, esq. Royal Scots, to S. H. Cotton, only daughter of the late John Carisbrook, esq. of Tethury, Gloucestershire—At Mary-le-bone church, C. Majoribanks, esq. of Upper Wimpole-street, to Mrs. Parker, widow of the late William Parker, esq. of Bengal—At Hackney, Mr. William Minithorpe, to Miss Pomeroy—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Ogle, to Letitia, daughter of Sir Wm. Burroughs—At Pinner church, G. Pocock, esq. of the Middle Temple, to Miss Ashwell—At All-hallows Staining, Mr. John Reay, Mark-lane, to Miss Jane Eliz. Charles, of Mecklenburgh-square—At Mary-le-bone church, George Richards, esq. of King's College, Cambridge, to Miss Aylmer, of Wimpole-street—At St. James's church, W. Teanby, esq. of Old-street, to Miss M. Fisher, of Berwick-street—Wm. White, esq. of Dorset-sq. Mary-le-bone, to Eleanor, daughter of W. C. Clarkson, esq. of Doctors Commons—At St. Sepulchre's church, James Witch, esq. to Ann Amelia Drummond Deady.

Died.] Mrs. Bell, of Frith-street, Soho, after a long and painful illness.—In Soho-square, suddenly, Charles Trelawny Brereton, esq. 65, formerly member for St. Michael's, and lieutenant-colonel of the Coldstream regiment of Foot Guards.—In Guildford-street, Frances, wife of Mr. Wm. Clay.—In Montpelier-row, Twickenham, Miss Coles.—Thos. Stratton Coles, esq. of Basinghall-st. in a fit of apoplexy.—In Harley-st. Philip Cipriani, esq. one of the chief clerks in the Treasury.—In Leicester-square, Chas. Elms, esq.—In St. James's-place, James Ferguson, esq. of Pittour, M. P. for Aberdeenshire.—At Hampstead, Lewis Forrester, esq. late of Demerary, 47.—At Hendon, Wm. Godwin, esq. 75.—At Tottenham, Wm. Goodhall, esq. at church, in a fit of apoplexy.—At Fulham Palace, George Gordon Howley, youngest son of the Bishop of London.—At her house, Highbury-place, Mrs. Hogg, widow, 66.—At Brompton, John Holmes, esq. 72.—At Pimlico, Mrs. Henderson, 79.—George Jones, esq. of Hans-square, Sloane-street, at Paris.—At Hackney, Mrs. Jesser, widow, 83.—In Greek-st. Soho, Mrs. Anna G. Keating, relict of W. C. Keating, formerly of Serjeant's Inn, Fleet-st. 97.—At St. Pancras, Mrs. Kiddington, widow, 71.—In Gerrard-st. Soho, the Rev. S. Lyon, many years Hebrew teacher to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and Eton College.—Miss Mills, of Parliament-st. only child of John Mills, esq.—Mr. John Addison Newman, late keeper of Newgate.—At Islington, Mr. Wm. Pettit, formerly of Hosier-lane, 81.—In Berkeley-square, Thomas Palmer, esq.—In Wimpole-st. Mr. John Palmer.—At his house in Upper Baker-st. Alexander Ross, esq. of Cromarty, North Britain.—In Doughty-st. Mrs. Richardson, 78.—In Cadogan-place, G. Staniforth, esq. of Trinity College, Cambridge, 25.—At Edmonton, the Rev. W. Shaw, 68.—In Osna-burgh-street, Regent's Park, Mrs. Thompson, widow, 75.—In St. Paul's Church-yard, Mrs. Vowler.—At Teddington, Lieut.-Col. Philip Vaumorel, 30th regiment of foot.—In Bernard-street, Brunswick-squ. J. Wright, esq. of Lagneau, 22.

DR. BENNET, BISHOP OF CLOYNE.

The Right Rev. W. Bennet, D. D. who died in Mountagu-square, on the 16th of July last; was most respectable for his learning, and most exemplary for his uprightness, benevolence, and piety. He was educated at Harrow School, removed to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he took the degrees of B. A. 1767, and M. A. 1770. In 1775 he succeeded to the Tutorship of his College, proceeded B. D. 1777, and D. D. 1790, in which year he was appointed Chaplain to the Earl of Westmoreland, whose private tutor he had been, and elevated to the Bishopric of Cork and Ross; and in 1794 translated to the valuable See of

Cloyne, estimated at nearly 6,000*l.* per annum. He was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and distinguished by his knowledge of the Roman Roads. In 1791 Bp. Bennet married Frances, daughter of the Rev. Nathaniel Mapletoft, of Boughton, Northamptonshire, by Anna Maria, only daughter of Charles 5th Viscount Cullen. His lady survives, but there are no children.

In Dr. Parr's memorable "Sequel to a printed Paper lately circulated in Warwickshire by the Rev. Charles Curtis, 1792," the learned Doctor, enumerating some of his highly-esteemed correspondents, places first "that most amiable man, and most accomplished scholar, Dr. Bennet, the Bishop of Cork;" and in a subsequent pamphlet, in answer to Dr. Combe, 1795, will be found the following just and admirable character of Bishop Bennet—a literary tribute due to a man not only of the first attainments, but of the mildest complexion of manners:

"Among the Fellows of Emmanuel College who endeavoured to shake Mr. Homer's resolution, and to preserve for him his academical rank, there was one man, whom I cannot remember without feeling that all my inclination to commend, and all my talents for commendation, are disproportionate to his merit. From habits not only of close intimacy, but of early and uninterrupted friendship, I can say, that there is scarcely one Greek or Roman author of eminence, in verse or prose, whose writings are not familiar to him. He is equally successful in combating the difficulties of the most obscure, and catching, at a glance, the beauties of the most elegant. Though I could mention two or three persons who have made a greater proficiency than my friend in philosophical learning, yet, after surveying all the intellectual endowments of all my literary acquaintance, I cannot name the man whose taste seems to me more correct and more pure, or whose judgment upon any composition in Greek, Latin, or English, would carry with it higher authority to my mind.

"To those discourses which, when delivered before an academical audience, captivated the young and interested the old, which were argumentative without formality, and brilliant without gaudiness, and in which the happiest selection of topics was united with the most luminous arrangement of matter, it cannot be unsafe for me to pay the tribute of my praise, because every hearer was an admirer, and every admirer will be a witness. As a tutor, he was unwearied in the instruction, liberal in the government, and anxious for the welfare, of all who were entrusted to his care. The brilliancy of his conversation, and the suavity of his manners, were the more endearing, because they were united with qualities of a higher order; because in morals he was correct without moroseness, and

because in religion he was serious without bigotry. From the retirement of a college he stepped at once into the circle of a court; but he has not been dazzled by its glare, nor tainted by its corruptions. As a prelate, he does honour to the gratitude of a patron who was once his pupil, and to the dignity of a station where, in his wise and honest judgment upon things, great duties are connected with great emoluments. If, from general description, I were permitted to descend to particular detail, I should say, that in one instance he exhibited a noble proof of generosity, by refusing to accept the legal and customary profits of his office from a peasantry bending down under the weight of indigence and exaction. I should say, that, upon another occasion, he did not suffer himself to be irritated by perverse and audacious opposition; but, blending mercy with justice, spared a misguided father for the sake of a distressed dependent family, and provided, at the same time, for the instruction of a large and populous parish, without pushing to extremes his episcopal rights when invaded, and his episcopal power when defied. While the English universities produce such scholars, they will indeed deserve to be considered as the nurseries of learning and virtue. While the church of Ireland is adorned by such prelates, it cannot have much to fear from that spirit of restless discontent and excessive refinement which has lately gone abroad. It will be instrumental to the best purposes by the best means. It will gain fresh security and fresh lustre from the support of wise and good men. It will promote the noblest interests of society, and uphold, in this day of peril, the sacred cause of true religion.

“Sweet is the refreshment afforded to my soul by the remembrance of such a scholar, such a man, and such a friend, as Dr. Wm. Becket, Bishop of Cork.”

DR. JOHN MURRAY.

July 22, died, at his house, in Nicolson-street, Edinburgh, Dr. John Murray, Lecturer in Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Materia Medica, and Pharmacy, at Edinburgh.

The death of this distinguished philosopher, snatched from us in the prime of life, and full vigour of his faculties, will long be felt as a national loss. His works, now of standard celebrity at home and abroad, have, from the spirit of profound and accurate analysis which they every where display, and from the force, clearness, and precision of their statements, most essentially contributed to advance Chemistry to the high rank which it now holds among the liberal sciences. His very acute, vigorous, and comprehensive mind has been most successfully exerted in arranging its numerous and daily multiplying details, defining its laws, and, above all, in attaching to it a spirit of philosophical investigation, which, while it

lays the best foundation for extending its practical application, tends at the same time to exalt its character, and dignify its pursuit. As a Lecturer on Chemistry, it is impossible to praise too highly the superior talents of Dr. Murray: always perfectly master of his subject, and very successful in the performance of his experiments, which were selected with great judgment, his manner had a natural ease and animation, which shewed evidently that his mind went along with every thing he uttered, and gave his lectures great freedom and spirit. But his peculiar excellence as a teacher was a most uncommon faculty, arising from the great perspicuity and distinctness of his conceptions, of leading his hearers step by step through the whole process of the most complex investigation, with such admirable clearness, that they were induced to think that he was following out a natural order which could not be avoided, at the very time when he was exhibiting a specimen of the most refined and subtle analysis. With him the student did not merely accumulate facts, note down dry results, or stare at amusing experiments: he was led irresistibly to exercise his own mind, and trained to the habits of accurate induction. To those solid attainments which entitled Dr. Murray to stand in the first rank as a man of science, was united a refined taste, and a liberal acquaintance with every subject of general interest in literature. His manners were easy, polite, and unpretending, regulated by a delicate sense of propriety, with much of that simplicity which so often accompanies strength of character and originality of mind. He rose to eminence by the intrinsic force of his talents; he was above all the second-hand arts by which so many labour to attract attention; and a native dignity of sentiment, and manly spirit of independence, kept him aloof from all those petty intrigues which are so often employed with success to bolster-up inferior pretensions.

Dr. Murray published *Elements of Chemistry*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1801, 2d edit. 1810.—*Elements of Materia Medica and Pharmacy*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1804.—*A System of Chemistry*, 4 vols. 8vo. 1806.—*Supplement to the System of Chemistry*, 8vo. 1809.—*A System of Materia Medica, and Pharmacy*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1810.

SIR HOME RIGGS POPHAM.

Admiral Sir Home Riggs Popham, K.C.B. had but recently returned from his command on the Jamaica station, where he lost his daughter and his health. Few men had seen more service, or have displayed more talent. He rose entirely by his own merits. This gallant officer was born in Ireland, about the year 1762. His father had a numerous family, and his means being slender, the boys were obliged to seek their fortunes in different parts of the globe. Sir Home, who was a younger son, entered the British Navy

as *Midshipman*. During the American war he attained the rank of Lieutenant. On the return of peace he visited his eldest brother, Major, now General Popham, in India, and having evinced a genius for nautical topography, he was appointed, at the special recommendation of Lord Cornwallis, one of a Committee sent in 1778 to survey New Harbour, in the river Hoogly. He also appears, in 1791, to have commanded a country ship. He was afterwards appointed to the command of the *Etrusco*, an Imperial East Indiaman, which was seized, on her return from Bengal to Ostend, by an English frigate, as a prize, on the ground that a considerable portion of the property on board belonged to British subjects.

The French Revolution soon afforded an opportunity of again restoring him to his profession, and opening a new road to fame and fortune. The communication between the Duke of York and Nimeguen, when that place was besieged by Pichegru, in 1794, having been cut off, Lieutenant Popham proceeded thither from Ostend, and repaired the damage, and thus protracted the fate of the town. For this service he was rewarded, in 1795, with the rank first of Master and Commander, and then of a Post Captain in the British Navy. In that year he acted as naval agent for the British transports on the Continent; and under his inspection the British troops, which had been serving in Holland, were embarked and escorted to England by the *Dædalus* and *Amphion* frigates. In 1798, an armament was prepared in Margate Roads, which sailed under his command on the 14th of May, and appeared off Ostend on the 19th. The troops, under the command of Major-General Coote, having made a descent, blew up the sluice-gates; but the toughness of the sea prevented them from re-embarking, and they were forced to capitulate. He was next sent to Russia in the Nile frigate, to the Emperor Paul, who had evinced a disposition to join in an attempt to drive the French out of Holland. On this occasion he was to superintend the embarkation of the Russian troops, in quality of British Commissary. In 1800 he sailed for the East Indies with a small squadron, including the *Romney*, 50 guns, and three other frigates; and after performing various and valuable services, he returned in the *Romney*, in 1803. His public employments and services have since been on a larger scale, and, as matter of history, are generally known.

CAPT. JOHN WOOD, R.N.

Died, at his residence, Bramling-House, near Wingham, in the county of Kent, on Saturday the 24th of June, in the 54th year of his age, Capt. John Wood, of the Royal Navy. A long and active service in the varied and opposite climates of the North Sea and the tropical ocean, produced a severe hepatic affection, which, after 30 years service, compelled him to seek, under a tempo-

rary retreat in the bosom of his family, the restoration of his health; but his happiness in this retirement was considerably embittered by the unconquerable nature of his complaint, which has at length, in the prime of his life, in the full enjoyment of his faculties and fortune, and after attaining to a high rank in his profession, thus prematurely terminated his existence.

Captain Wood (then a commander) had the honour of serving under the late glorious Lord Duncan during the whole period of his Lordship's command in the North Sea, and, at the mutiny at the Nore, was the happy instrument of detaching many of the disaffected seamen from that alarming and threatening confederacy; of securing the ring-leaders of some of the most refractory crews; and of carrying two of his Majesty's line of battle ships into Sheerness harbour. The prompt zeal and activity so invariably displayed by Capt. W. during the period of his services in the North Sea, insured him the flattering approbation of Lord Duncan, which his Lordship took an early opportunity to testify by advancing him to the rank of Post-Captain. Capt. Wood subsequently commanded the *Concord* and the *Phæton*, in the East Indies, under Admirals Ralnier, the present Lord Exmouth, and Sir Thomas Trowbridge.

MR. RAE.

This respectable performer died on the 8th Sept. in his 89th year. His loss in the secondary walk of tragedy will be sensibly felt. His remains were deposited in Covent-garden Church-yard; and although it was a private funeral, we recognized many of his colleagues, who were anxious to testify their regard without parade or ostentation. They were no actors here—their silent sympathy, in the deprivation of an associate, cut off in the very prime of life, spoke most eloquently their estimation of his worth, their regret for his loss, their respect for his memory; and his survivors had the consolation of knowing, that though useless forms and ceremonies were dispensed with, his remains were embalmed with the genuine tears of grateful sensibility. We regret that he has left his family (consisting of a wife, one son, and two daughters) totally without provision; though we have, at the same time, the satisfaction of knowing, that the greatest interest is excited on behalf of his now destitute widow and children. Mr. Elliston has most liberally offered the use of his Theatre, and his brethren are most anxious to come forward to further his benevolent intentions. We know that, to a liberal public, such an appeal will not be made in vain; and as Mr. Elliston's offer has been gratefully accepted, we are assured that all the talent and ability of the profession will shortly be exerted, under distinguished patronage, at once to testify their philanthropy for the living, and the high estimation in which they held their departed friend.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES, IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

John Day, esq. is elected mayor of Bedford, for the fourth time.

Married. At St. Pancras, Edward Farn, esq. to Matilda Pricilla, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Wakefield, of Market-street.

BERKSHIRE.

Sept. 15.—The ceremonial of laying the foundation-stone of the New Church at Windsor took place this day.

Mr. John Latham is elected mayor of Abingdon for the year ensuing; and Mr. William Stephens, mayor of Reading.

Married. At Faringdon, Mr. Thos. White, of Clanfield, to Miss Jane Gerring, of Northfield, Faringdon—At Hurley, Edm. Gardiner, esq. of Remenham, to Anne, third daughter of John Mangies, esq.—At Speen, Mr. Chittle, to Miss Hiscock, late of Reading—At Padworth, Alfred Smith, esq. of Steanbridge House, Gloucestershire, to Miss Harriet Stephens, of Padworth—At Wargrave, Mr. Wm. Pither, of Early, to Miss Whitfield, of the former place—The Rev. Herbert Randolph, vicar of Marcham, to Mary, second daughter of the late Philip Doble Burridge, esq. of Stoke House, Somerset.

Died. At Newbury, Anne, relict of Mr. S. Grigg—At Hurley, Mrs. Eliza Maunde, relict of the Rev. J. Maunde, of Kenilworth, Warwickshire, 62—At Cranhill Farm, Mr. Joseph King—At Wantage, Mrs. Sarah Chapman, 76, relict of George Chapman, esq.: her remains were deposited in the family vault at Ampney Crucis, Gloucestershire—At Baylis, near Windsor, in her 70th year, the Dowager Marchioness of Thomond. Her ladyship was niece to the late celebrated Sir Joshua Reynolds—At Purley, Mrs. Ann Humphries, 82.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Married. At Great Marlow, Mr. Lovegrove, of Slough, to Miss Hatch—At St. Pancras, Middlesex, Mr. Charles Marina Hardy, of Newport Pagnell, to Mrs. Lyncham, of London.

Died. At Amersham, Mrs. Ramsey, wife of James Ramsey, M. D.—Mr. George Bradford, town clerk of the borough of Buckingham: he was returning home from the Isle of Wight with his wife and children, in a post-chaise, when his death took place between Marlow and Amersham—At Little Missenden, Thomas Wynne Williams, son of Mr. Thos. Williams, of Cannon-street—In London, John Skottowe, esq. late of Chesham and of Notson Lodge, Wilts.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Married. At Cambridge, William Eve, esq. fellow of Pembroke Hall, to Susanna, second daughter of Mr. Robert Chalk, of Sawbridgeworth, Herts—Mr. Wm. Bird, to Miss Hannah Reynolds—At Wisbech, Mr. John Curtis, to Miss Frances Humphrey, of Gufford, Surrey—At Newmarket, Mr. De-lanney, surgeon, to Miss Marshall.

Died. At Papworth Hall, Emma Morland Cheere, daughter of C. M. Cheere, esq. M. P.—At Bottisham, Mr. John King, 47—At Lynn, Mr. Manby, surgeon, 73.

CHESTER.

The Rev. Thomas Calvert, B. D. Norrisian Professor of Divinity in the university of Cambridge, to the rectory of Wimslow, or Whimslow, in the diocese of Chester, the same being vacant by an act of simony—patron, the King.

The Rev. Charles Kendrick Prescott, to the rectory of Stockport, vice his late father—patrons, Lord and Lady Bulkeley.

Married. At Chester, Mr. Connah, to Miss Owens, of Trafford—Mr. Wm. Blake, to Miss Elizabeth Wilbraham—At Neston, H. L. Rigby, of Hawarden, esq. to Mary Jane, eldest daughter of C. B. Trevor Roper, esq. of Plasteg Park, Flintshire—At Knutsford, Mr. Jacob Hume, of Middlewich, to Miss Hughes, of that town.

Died. At Chester, Mr. Jacob Dutton—Mr. Kelly—At Sandbach, 20, Miss Colclough, daughter of the late Mr. James Colclough, solicitor—Suddenly, at Upton, near Chester, Mr. Dunbabin—At Colshaw, at an advanced age, Mr. Moses Tunnicliffe—At Stockport, Mr. Wm. Coppack, 91—At Macclesfield, Mr. Thomas Dickenson.

CORNWALL.

Married. At Launceston, Mr. John Geak, to Miss Hawkey—Mr. Flanagan, to Miss Rowe—At Madron, Mr. Jennings, of Birmingham, to Mrs. Freeman, of Penzance—At Callington, Mr. Webb, of Tavistock, to Miss Pethick, of the same place—At Redruth, after a courtship of thirty years, Captain Richard Remfry, 63, to Miss Fanny Edwards, 61—At Liskeard, Lieut. Ede, B. N. to Miss Susan Adams, of that place.

Died. At East Looe, Mrs. Edey, 78—At Bodmin, Mr. Hender Mounteven, 35—At Camelford, Wm. Dinham, esq. 66, senior alderman of that borough—At Bashill, near Launceston, Mrs. Lane—At Castle Horneck, near Penzance, Marianne Mapleton, eldest daughter of the Rev. Geo. Treweek—At Padstow, Mr. John Lodder, 60.

CUMBERLAND.

Married. At Lanercost Abbey, Mr. Christopher Tweddell, of Askerton, to Miss Maughan—At Hayton, the Rev. Mr. Leach, to Mrs. Wills—At Carlisle, Mr. Robert Thomlinson, to Miss Catherine Williamson—Mr. Robert Scott, to Miss Mary Turnbull—Mr. Judah Middlemoor, to Miss Ann Pattison—Mr. Robert Moffat, to Miss Mary Atkinson.

Died. In Carlisle, Mr. Francis Jollie, sen. 65, late proprietor of the Carlisle Journal—Mr. Geo. Roper, 42. His death was occasioned by falling down stairs, by which he dislocated his neck—Mr. Geo. Williams, of Bowness, 86—At Cockermouth, Mr. John Ashton, 51—Mrs. Snowden, 42—Mrs. Mary Watson, 45—At Keswick, Mrs. Ashburner, 76—Mr. Wm. Jackson, 44—At Heskett-New-Market, Wm. Irving, esq. surgeon, 68—At Whitehaven, Mr. John Dixon, 25—At Aldley, near Cleator, Mr. Wm. Dixon, 28.

DERBYSHIRE.

Married. At Derby, Mr. Chambers, of Melbourne, to Miss Eliza Humpston, of Derby—Mr. Greasley, of London, to Miss Sarah Mansfield, of

Derby—At Chesterfield, Mr. Peter Littlewood, to Miss Gosling—At Ashbourne, Mr. Roger Higham, to Mrs. Mary Pressford—Mr. James Ford, to Miss Mary Johnson, of Duffield.

Died.] At Derby, Mrs. Eaton—Mrs. Sarah Thorpe, 64—At Whittrington, near Chesterfield, Mr. Pym Denton.

DEVONSHIRE.

A handsome monument is about to be erected at Plymouth, by subscription, to the memory of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Kent.

N. Brooking, jun. esq. is elected mayor of Dartmouth for the year ensuing : also John Worth, of Worth House, esq. for Fiverton.

Births.] At Buckland Abbey, near Plymouth, the lady of Sir John Gordon Sinclair, bart. a son and heir—At Exeter, the lady of C. H. Collyns, esq. a son—At West Alvington, the lady of the Rev. Edward Edgell, a son.

Married.] At Plymouth, Mr. Thomas Arnold, of Millbay Foundry House, to Miss Westcott, of Plymouth Dock—Mr. T. Petherbridge, to Miss Sarah Baskerville—At Hennock, Mr. Jas. Couch, of Ballarmarsh Barton, to Miss Mary Wotton—At Kenton, Michael Francis, second son of David Gordon, of Dulwich Hill, to Caroline, fifth daughter of the Rev. John Swete, of Oxtown House, in this county—At Stoke Canon, Mr. Edward Osmond, of Newton St. Cyres, to Miss Sarah Rew.

Died.] At Plymouth, Vice-admiral Lindzee. He fell from his horse a few days previously, in a fit of apoplexy : he was nephew to the late, and cousin to the present Lord Hood—Vice-admiral Rowley Buteel, 67—Miss Wilding, 54—Mrs. Ouldridge—Mr. Philip Moysey, 60—R. A. Nelson, esq. secretary of the navy—At Exeter, Charles Sanders, esq. 78—At Combe, Mrs. Sedgwick, 89—At Heavetree, Mrs. Mary Manley, 50—At Crediton, Mr. J. Melhuish, 44—At Witheridge, Mr. Thos. Wilcox, 79, father of the celebrated *Caracoo*—At Chawley parsonage, Elizabeth, 69, wife of the Rev. J. May.

DORSETSHIRE.

Married.] At Charmouth, J. H. White, esq. of Exeter, to Sarah Lewis, only daughter of W. Bragge, esq. of Race Down Lodge—At Sherborne, Mr. Edmund Ball, of Salisbury, to Miss Longman, of the former place—At Marhamhill, Mr. William Cluett, of Sturminster Newton, to Hester George, eldest daughter of the late Captain Wilson, of the Royal Marines—At Lyme Regis, J. T. Coward, esq. to Lucy, daughter of the late T. Bulley, esq. of Shaldon—At Stalbridge, Mr. P. Chalmers, brother of Dr. Chalmers, of Glasgow, to Miss Carige, of Thornhill.

Died.] At Failland House, whilst on a visit to his brother, Dr. E. B. Metford, of Flook House, near Taunton—At Weymouth, Susannah Mary Dehanes Henry, daughter of John Beccles, esq. his majesty's attorney-general of the Island of Barbadoes, and relict of Wm. Henry, esq. of the same island, 60.

DURHAM.

The Rev. John Thornhill, M. A. is instituted to the rectory of Middleton in Teasdale, void by the death of the Rev. C. B. Hamilton.

Birth.] At the vicarage, Stockton, Mrs. Darnell, a son.

Married.] At Bishopwearmouth, J. W. C. Robinson, esq. to Frances Harriet Berkeley, relict of Dr. C. J. Berkeley, and youngest daughter of the late Sir James Pennyman, bart.—At Stockton, Mr.

J. B. Thornton, of Darlington, to Miss Williams, of the former place—At Norton, Mr. Thomas Parkin, surgeon, to Mrs. A. Irvin.

Died.] In Durham, at an advanced age, Mr. Samuel Penman—At his seat, Ketton, near Darlington, the Rev. Henry Hardinge, LL.B. 66, rector of Stanhope, in this county, to which living he was appointed in March 1787—At Greenhead, Mr. Robert Dove, 46—At Bishop Auckland, Mrs. Mary Thompson, 72—At Sherburn, Mr. Joseph Robinson, 84—At Aycliffe, Mrs. Ann Simpson, 101—At Monkwearmouth, Mr. Peter Dixon, 66, ship-builder—At West Boldon, Mr. George Shevill, 46—At the rectory, Whitburn, in his 82d year, Benjamin Baker, esq.—At East Raynton, Mr. George Horsington, 66.

ESSEX.

The magistrates of Essex intend applying to Parliament for an Act to enable them to raise 40,000*l.* to defray the expenses of erecting a new prison, and enlarging and improving the other prisons of the county. It is intended that no greater amount than three-pence in the pound shall be levied in one year; and one-half of such rates is to be paid by the landlords.

Mr. John Clay is elected mayor of Colchester for the year ensuing.

The Rev. Thomas Shrieber, to the rectory of Bradwell near the Sea—patron, the Rev. Sir H. Bate Dudley, bart.

Births.] At Twinstead Hall, the lady of Sir George Denys, bart. a daughter—At Great Hallingbury Parsonage, the lady of the Rev. Chas. Spencer Bouchier, of twins.

Married.] At Colchester, Mr. Joseph Cooch, of Roxwell Mills, to Miss Anne Maria Crush, of Roxwell—At Layton, Thomas Flower Ellis, B. A. to Susan, only daughter of the late J. M'Taggart, of Ardwall, N. B. esq.—At Great Baddow, James Boggis, esq. to Sophia, second daughter of Wm. Packer, esq.—At Prittlewell, Mr. Augustus P. Little, to Miss Jane Scratton, of Southend—At Halstead, William P. Honeywood, esq. M. P. of Marks Hall, to Priscilla, daughter of Charles Hanbury, esq. of Sloe Farm—At St. Pancras, Josiah Pryce, esq. of the commissariat department, to Louisa, daughter of the Rev. Edw. Harbin, vicar of Takeley.

Died.] At Gestingthorpe, Edward Walker, esq. 76—At Southend, Sarah, wife of Mundeford Allen, esq. 50—At Bocking, Elizabeth, relict of Joseph Savill, esq. 73—At Earls Colne, Mr. John Wing, in his 83d year, formerly of Greenstead-green, near Halstead—At Malden, Mrs. Poad, 66.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Births.] At Cirencester, the lady of Charles Cripps, esq. a daughter—The lady of the Rev. E. Mansfield, a daughter—The lady of Captain Rudge, a son—At Woodchester, the lady of O. P. Wathen, esq. a son—At Eastington, the lady of J. P. Hickey, esq. a daughter—At Chosen House, near Gloucester, the lady of Capt. Major, a son.

Married.] The Rev. James Edward De Visme, eldest son of Jas. De Visme, of New-court, Newent, to Jane Sophia, eldest daughter of Lady Staines, of Clapham—At Henbury, John D. Pountney, esq. to Susan, second daughter of the late Henry Flaher, esq. of Westwood House, Wilts—At Westbury-upon-Severn, Mr. John Royley, to Miss Sarah Bright—At Tetbury, G. H. Macartney, esq. of the Royal Scots, to Selina Harriet Cotton, only daughter of the late John Carisbrooke, esq. of Tetbury

—Benjamin Wood, esq. to Miss M. H. Paul—At Tewkesbury, Mr. James Smith, printer, to Miss Eliza Smith, of Bath.

Died.] At his house near Gloucester, N. H. Neale, esq.—At Norton Court, near Gloucester, Jonathan Thos. Evans, esq. 63, formerly of Bower, near Ongar—At Gloucester, Miss Sankley—At Tewkesbury, Mrs. Mann—Robert, youngest son of Charles B. Chandler, esq.—At Cirencester, Mr. Samuel Bowly—At Cheltenham, Hannah, widow of John Jones, esq. of Brunswick-square, and Derry Ormond, Cardiganshire—At Hartbury, Mr. Palmer, surgeon—At Charlton Kings, near Cheltenham, T. Baynton, esq.—At Horton, at an advanced age, in consequence of having run a thorn into his hand, which occasioned a locked jaw, Mr. John Prout.

HAMPSHIRE.

Mr. Stephen Lintott is chosen mayor of Southampton for the ensuing year.

Birth.] At Winchester, the lady of the Rev. J. Scott, a daughter.

Married.] At Chelsea, Henry Rush, esq. of Heckfield, to Dame Elizabeth Dorothea Cope, widow of Sir Denzil Cope, bart. of Bramshill, in this county—Sir Charles Ogle, bart. of Worthy, to Letitia, daughter of Sir Wm. Borroughs, bart.

Died.] At Southampton, Sir Francis Holburne, bart. brother to the late, and uncle of the present Earl of Harwood—Mr. Hugh Tickle, in consequence of being thrown from his gig—At Swathling, Dunmer Andrews, esq. 75—At Itchin, near Southampton, Charles, fourth son of the Rev. J. S. Ogle, canon of Salisbury—At Thorley, Isle of Wight, Mrs. Mary Barton, after a virtuous and unblemished life of 78 years.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

The Rev. Thomas Wynne is presented by the Lord Chancellor to the living of St. Nicholas in Hereford.

Married.] At Brampton Abbots, near Roas, Spencer Compton, esq. to Mrs. Llewellyn, widow of the Rev. Wm. Llewellyn, late rector of Llansannor, Glamorganshire—At Hereford, Mr. Laurie, to Miss Allen, of Corse, near Gloucester.

Died.] At Hereford, Mr. G. Bryder, 46—At Hampton Bishop, Mrs. Margaret Tyers Fry, wife of Henry Sampson Fry, esq.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Births.] At Sarraat, the lady of Thos. T. Bartrand, esq. a daughter—At Brook House, Chesant, the lady of J. H. Fysh, esq. a daughter.

Married.] The Rev. John Drake, of North Church, to Lucy Ann, second daughter of the Rev. Thos. Fawcett, rector of Aynho and Greens Norton, Northamptonshire.

Died.] Mrs. Jasper Leigh Goodwin, late of Hoddesdon, who has benevolently bequeathed the following sums in aid of the undermentioned humane institutions: To the Clergy Orphan School, 500*l.*; Bristol Infirmary, 500*l.*; Asylum for Deaf and Dumb, Kent-road, 300*l.*; Indigent Blind, London, 300*l.*; Indigent Blind, Bristol, 200*l.*; the College for Clergymen's Widows, Bromley, 500*l.*; Strangers' Friend Society, Bristol, 200*l.*; Asylum for Poor Orphan Girls, Bristol, 200*l.*; Marine Hospital, London, 300*l.*; Mendicity Society, London, 100*l.*—At Watford, Mrs. Ann Masters, 53.—At Great Berkhamstead, Augustus Pechell, esq. receiver-general of his majesty's customs.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Sir John Arundel is elected mayor of the borough of Huntingdon for the ensuing year, being

the third time that civic honour has been conferred upon him.

Married.] At Kimbolton, J. Phillips, esq. barrister at law, to Clarissa, eldest daughter of the late Wm. Palmer, esq.

Died.] At Kimbolton, Mary, wife of Mr. Charles Bloodworth, 64.

KENT.

Sept. 8th. The first stone of a new gaol at Dover, on the site of the old one, was laid by Sir Thomas Mantell, kn. mayor. A great concourse of the inhabitants assembled to witness the ceremony. The stone had the following inscription:—The gaol of Dover having become dilapidated through time, the inhabitants residing within the liberties of Dover caused this building to be erected. The first stone was laid on the 8th day of September, in the first year of the reign of George the Fourth, and in the year of our Lord 1820. Sir Thomas Mantell, Knight, Mayor. Richard Elsom, John Horton, Architects.

George Dell, esq. is elected mayor of Dover for the year ensuing; Henry Butler, esq. mayor of Folkestone; and Alderman Warren, mayor of Canterbury.

Births.] At Langley Farm, the Hon. Mrs. Colville, of a daughter—At Hythe, the lady of Lieut.-col. Goldfinch, of the royal engineers, of a daughter.

Married.] At Canterbury, Mr. Denis Lane, to Miss Maria Divers—At Dover, Thomas Green, esq. of Slyne and Cotterham, Lancashire, to Henrietta, third daughter of Sir Henry Russell, bart.—H. M. Radford, M. D. to Eliza, widow of the late Capt. Clune, 55th regt. of foot—At Deal, Capt. Thomas Oliver, R. N. to Miss Sarah Heard—At Paul's Cray, Charles Rugg, esq. to Rebecca, third daughter of the Rev. John Simons, LL. B. rector of Paul's Cray—At Lewisham, Charles Richardson, esq. of Golden Square, to Rebecca, youngest daughter of Robert Wissett, esq. of Forest-hill—Henry Joseph De Silva, esq. of Devonshire-square, London, to Louisa, second daughter of Charles Pratt, esq. of Lewisham-hill—At Queenborough, Joseph Maynard, esq. to Miss Ann Griffiths, of Sheerness.

Died.] At Canterbury, Miss Sarah Ann Balderston—Miss Carter, daughter of Dr. Wm. Carter—At Maidstone, in the prime of life, Mr. James Green, coal merchant; and the preceding week, James his only son—At Margate, Ann Sarah, wife of Mr. George Barber, of Walthamstow, and only daughter of Dr. Kavanagh, of South Weald, Essex, 36—At Rochester, Catherine, eldest daughter of Mr. Fletcher, 21—At Ashford, Mr. Henry Waterman—George Jemmett, esq. 77—At Woodlands, near Canterbury, Mary, second daughter of Henry Wise Harvey, esq. of Harnden, 24—At Deptford, John Oswald, esq. to Martha, eldest daughter of Joseph Carter, esq.

LANCASHIRE.

Married.] At Lancaster, James Atkinson, esq. one of the aldermen of that borough, to Elizabeth, sister of William Sharp, esq.—At Manchester, Mr. Charles Kent, of Worley, to Miss Jane Astle, of Gatley, near Cheadle, Cheshire—Mr. James Wallworth, to Miss Elizabeth Buckley—Mr. James Rayner, to Miss Margaret Travis—Mr. Mash Roberts, to Miss Harriet Lee—At Liverpool, Richard Hall, jun. esq. to Miss Harriet Say, of Clayton Vale—John Taylor, of Everton, esq. to Miss Marshall, of Winsford—Peter Leicester, esq. to Miss Mary Ann Pullan, of Harwood, Yorkshire.

Died.] At Manchester, Mr. Thomas Aspinwall, 35—At Salford, Mr. Benjamin Hartley Green, 64—At his house near Bolton, the Rev. James Folds, at the advanced age of 92.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Married.] At Leicester, Mr. Stallard, to Miss Harrison—At Great Bowden, Mr. Wm. Marshall, of Northampton, to Miss Alice Slater, of the former place—At Cossington, Lieut.-col. Hulse, to Frances, third daughter of the late John Minyer, esq. of Sinson, Berks—At Melton Mowbray, Mr. Holmes, of Eaton, near Belvoir, to Miss Boyfield, of the former place—At Loughborough, Mr. Wm. Blunt Fosbrooke, solicitor, to Miss Middleton, eldest daughter of William Middleton, esq. banker.

Died.] At Wymondham, Thomas Compton, gent. 72—In London, of apoplexy, Mr. William Browne, of Stoke Goulding—At Port Antonio, Jamaica, Joseph, youngest son of the late Mr. Alderman Dalby, of Leicester.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Mr. Alderman Newcomb is chosen, for the second time, to fill the office of mayor of Stamford for the year ensuing.

Sept. 12. The Hon. and Rt. Rev. George Pelham, D. D. late bishop of Exeter, was elected bishop of this diocese, by the dean and chapter of the cathedral.

The Rev. Thomas Turner Roe, A. M. has been presented to the rectory of Benington, on the resignation of the Rev. E. Hobart.

Married.] At Grantham, Mr. George Harrison, of Brant Broughton, to Miss F. Barston, of Grantham—At Boston, Mr. Hubbard, to Miss Sarah Roberts, of Frampton—At Hull, Wm. Priddon, of Grimsby, gent. to Miss Beech, of Faldingworth—At Spalding, Mr. Robinson, of Snake Hall, to Miss Sarah Dandison—At Holbeach, Mr. George Peck, to Miss Winkley, of Gedney Hill.

Died.] At Horncastle, in consequence of being thrown from his gig, the Rev. Wm. Barnes—Samuel Thompson, gent.—At Brant Broughton, the Rev. Richard Sutton, rector of that place, and of Great Goates, also prebendary of the collegiate church of Southwell, 50—At Alford, Lieut. George Bird, 67, forty-three years in his majesty's service—At Brigg, John Frith, esq. 76—At Farnsfield, Samuel Higge, gent. 62—At Spalding, Mr. Robert Tim, 68—At Sleaford, Mr. John Spencer, 56—Mrs. Hunt, 51.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Died.] At Uak, Jane, fourth daughter of the late Thomas Prothero, esq. 22.

NORFOLK.

The Rev. Jeremy Day, A. M. is instituted to the rectory of Hethersett with Canteloff, in this county, on the presentation of the master and fellows of Caius college, Cambridge.

Scarlett Everard, esq. is elected mayor of Lynn, and John Goat Fisher, esq. mayor of Yarmouth, for the year ensuing.

Birth.] At Swaffham Priory, the lady of the Rev. G. B. Jermy, of a son and heir.

Married.] At Norwich, Wm. Taylor, esq. of Yarmouth, to Rebecca, widow of George Neale, esq.—Mr. Wm. Ingham, to Miss Caston—At Hardley, Mr. James Leach, of Vauxhall, to Miss Elizabeth Hood, of Hardley—At Lynn, Mr. Wm. Bonner, to Miss Ann Stockdale—At Quarles, Edmund Heagren Gibbs, esq. to Miss Green, of Fakenham—At Heacham, John Mac Gachen, esq. late of the 72d regt. to Ann, daughter of the late Tomkyns Dew, esq. of Whitney Court, Herefordshire—At Ketteringham, Mr. George Read, to Miss Sarah Ann Sewell, of Wymondham.

Died.] At Stratton, the seat of Robert Mar-

sham, esq. Sir Edward Bacon, of Ravenham, premier baronet of England. He was born in 1749, succeeded his uncle in 1773, married in 1778, Anne, daughter of Sir William Beauchamp Proctor, bart. by whom he had issue two sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Edmund, born in 1779, succeeded to his titles and estates—At Lynn, M. Folkes Rish-ton, esq. 78—At Tittleshall, Margaret, wife of the Rev. Dixon Hoste, 68—At Great Ryburgh, Mrs. Mary Kendall, 76—At Yarmouth, Mrs. Mary Crickmay, 26—Mrs. Mary Burton, 64—Mr. Saddleton, 78—Mr. John Christmas, 24—Mr. John Thomas, 52—Mr. Gabriel Guaton, 82—At Fordham, Mary, relict of Anthony South Canham, esq. 77—At Ditchingham, Mr. Joshua Cooe, 81.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Northampton, Sept. 9.—At the house in Bridge-street, in this town, known by the name of the 'Three Cups, which this week has in part been taken down, for the purpose of being rebuilt, while the workmen were excavating a portion of the old site to make a cellar, they dug up, in the course of Tuesday and Wednesday last, upwards of 400 skulls and other human bones. From the situation in which they were discovered, and the appearance of the skulls strongly indicating they were those of young or middle-aged persons, it fairly may be conjectured they had been deposited there after some great battle. The premises form a part of St. John's hospital.

Married.] At Aynho, the Rev. John Drake, of North Church, Herts, to Lucy Ann, second daughter of the Rev. Thomas Fawcett, rector of Aynho and Greens Norton, in this county—At Deene Park, Henry Charles Stuart, esq. of Critchill, Dorset, to the lady Charlotte Penelope Brudenell; third daughter of the Earl of Cardigan—At Manchester, Mr. E. Fallows, jun. to Miss Martha Johnson, of Northampton—At Spratton, Mr. Thomas Bosworth, of Holdenby Lodge, to Harriet, only daughter of Mr. Wm. Butlin, of the former place—At Whittlebury, Mr. John Wake, to Miss Frances Whitlock—At Mitcham, Surrey, the Rev. James D. Mitchell, rector of Quinton, to Miss Mary Ann Spragg, of Blandford.

Died.] At Northampton, Mrs. Auld, 64—At Daventry, Catherine, relict of H. B. Harrison, esq. 88—Mrs. Ann Freeman, late of Whilton, 72—The Rev. John Hebdon, vicar of Norton, near Daventry—At Wellingborough, Mrs. Mary Keep, 67—At Handly, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Wm. George—At Preston Capes, Mr. Richard Shepherd, 35.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Married.] At Newcastle, Captain Stephenson, 6th dragoon guards, to Anne, only child of Wm. Palfrey Burrell, esq.—Mr. Edward Logan, to Miss Ann Sutherland—Mr. L. Brown, of Blyth, to the only surviving daughter of the late William Davidson, esq. of Durham—At Dissington Hall, Edward Collingwood, esq. to Arabella, only daughter of General Calcraft—At North Shields, Mr. Ralph Heppelwhite, to Mrs. Diana Morrison—At St. John Lee, Robert Lancelot Allgood, esq. of Nunwick, to Elizabeth, second daughter of John Hunter, esq. of the Hermitage, near Hexham.

Died.] At Close House, Miss Sotheran, daughter of the late William Sotheran, esq. of Darrington-hall—At Bewick, Mr. James Walker, 69—Mr. Charles Mowatt—At Dunston-square, near Alnwick, Mr. John Henderson.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Destructive Fire.—Nottingham, Sept. 1. A fire broke out in the cotton-mill of Messrs. Hall, at

Basford, near this town, which, in the course of an hour or two, laid the whole of that extensive building in ruins. Happily no lives were lost. The work-people in the adjoining tenements hurried out of their habitations, with their children, in nakedness, in the greatest terror and alarm, throwing their goods out at the doors and windows. The flames illuminated the country for several miles. All the books, cash, insurance papers, &c. were saved by one of the clerks, at the hazard of his life. The fire broke out in the spinning-room, and cannot be accounted for, unless by the spontaneous combustion of some waste cotton. The loss of property is very great: it was insured, it is said, for 18,000*l.* a sum far short of the injury sustained.

Married.] At Nottingham, Mr. John Shelton, to Miss Maria Gregory—Mr. John Slater Whitworth, to Miss Rebecca Marshall—Mr. Mercer, to Miss Brighton—At Babworth, the Hon. and Rev. Henry Bridgeman, to Louisa, second daughter of the Hon. John Bridgman Simpson, of Babworth—At Basford, Mr. Richard Brownlow, to Miss Melior—At Clayworth, Mr. Fred. Davenport, to Mrs. Friaby, of Chadwell, Leicestershire.

Died.] At Nottingham, Mrs. Selby, 80—Mr. Wm. Tyre, 60—At Sion Hill, Mrs. Mary Gripper, 88—At West Bridgford, Mrs. Thompson, relict of the Rev. Wm. Thompson, rector of Colwick and Bridgford, 87—At Doddington, near Newark, Mr. John Chettle—At Farnsfield, after a few hours illness, Samuel Higgs, gent. 61.

OXFORDSHIRE.

The workmen have commenced pulling down the venerable old church of Carfax in this city: the design for the new church which has been approved of by the committee, is by Messrs. Harris and Ploamham, who are to rebuild it.

The Rev. John Johnson, B. D. and fellow of Magdalen college, has been nominated to the donative of Sandford, near Oxford: patron, his Grace the Duke of Marlborough.

Mr. Alderman Carter is elected mayor of Woodstock for the ensuing year, after a contest among the blue party, a poll being demanded for Dr. Mavor, at the close of which there appeared for Alderman Carter 32, and for Alderman Dr. Mavor 4.

John Salmon, esq. is elected mayor of Banbury for the year ensuing.

Births.] The lady of the Rev. Dr. Hall, master of Pembroke college, of a daughter—At Watlington, the lady of W. H. Ashhurst, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Oxford, Mr. Gellert, to Miss Neyler, of Cheltenham—At Islip, Mr. Wells, of London, to Miss Mary Brangwin, of the former place—At Headington, John Izard Pryor, esq. of Baldock, Herts, to Louisa, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Robert Barker Bell, of Windlesham, Surrey.

Died.] At Oxford, Mrs. Marianne Fisher, of St. Ebbs—Mr. James Slatter, 67—Mr. T. Whitehorn, of St. Aldate's, 82—Mr. Joseph French, 27—Miss Mary Lenthall, 14—At Thame, from an apoplectic attack, John Hollier, esq. solicitor, 68—At Dorchester, Mr. Wootton, of the George inn. He was thrown from his horse on his return from Oxford, and killed on the spot—At Wigginton, Mr. D. Samman, 65.

SHROPSHIRE.

Edward Cullis, esq. is elected mayor of Shrewsbury and Liberties for the ensuing year.

Birth.] At Apley Park, the lady of Thomas Whitmore, esq. M. P. of a daughter.

Married.] Richard Wright, esq. of the Llys, near Oswestry, to Miss Howell, of Oswestry—At

Chetwynd, Thomas Boulbee, esq. to Susan, niece of Thomas Jakes Collier, esq. of Newport—At Southampton, St. John Chiverton Charlton, esq. of Apley Castle, to Jane Sophia, only daughter of Thomas Merrick, esq. of Bush Hall, Pembrokehire—At Hodnet, Andrew Vincent Corbet, esq. eldest son of Sir Andrew Corbet, of Acton Reynolds, to Miss Hill, daughter of the late Col. Hill, and granddaughter of Sir John Hill, of Hawkstone, in this county—William Ireland, esq. of London, to Charlotte Knight, niece of the late Thomas Knight, esq. of the Manor House, Woore, near Newport.

Died.] At Belmont, Shrewsbury, Mrs. Josina Pemberton—At Upton Magna, Mr. Haycock, 86—Mr. Richard Pickin, 85—At Roddington Heath, Mr. Thomas Fisher—At Oswestry, Mrs. Wells.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Births.] At Bath, the Hon. Lady Elizabeth Baker, of a son—the lady of Captain Palmer, R. N. of a son.

Married.] At Bath, Mr. Stone, to Alicia Bean, daughter of the late Rev. M. U. Hopkins, rector of Wayford—Mr. Henry Meade, of North Curry, to Miss Mary Warren, of Walford Farm—At Shepton Mallet, Mr. Wason, bookseller, to Miss Foxwell—At Bristol, Mr. Weaver, to Miss Mary Ann Ingram—Mr. Wm. Taylor, of Downend, to Miss A. Lee.

Died.] At Bath, Statira, youngest daughter of the Rev. Wm. Jay, 18—Mrs. Frances Mary Hamilton, wife of George James Hamilton, esq. Her remains were deposited at Bromley, Kent—Mrs. Isabella Henryson, of an ancient family in North Britain, 95—Fletcher Partis, esq. 62—At Bristol, Mrs. Cantey, 107, retaining her faculties to the last—At Clifton, Thomas Baynton, esq. an eminent surgeon—Joseph Edye, esq. formerly mayor of Bristol—Maria, daughter of J. P. Luttrell, esq. of Clifton, 23—At Storberrry Hill, near Wells, P. Sherston, esq. 75—At the Vicarage House, Congresbury, Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. H. Bevan, vicar of that parish—At Castle Cary, John Pryto Verney, Lord Willoughby de Broke, 56. He is succeeded by his brother, the Hon. Henry Verney—At the same place, Richard Clarke, youngest son of the Rev. Francis Woodford, 26—At Coker Court, William Helyar, esq.—At Northtown, Mr. A. Waterman, to Miss Parsons, of Stepewater, near Taunton.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Married.] The Rev. John Halifax, master of Kinfare Grammar-school, to Miss Mary Cornforth, of Chapel Ash.

Died.] At Lichfield, Richard Wright, M. D. 43—At Stafford, Richard Bartlam Tomlinson, of Walsal, 19. He was assisting some persons in removing a ladder at St. Mary's church, when a stone fell from the roof, and fractured his skull so as to occasion his death.

SUFFOLK.

The Rev. John Holmes, M. A. is instituted to the rectory of St. Nicholas with All Saints annexed, in Southelmham, on the presentation of Alexander Adair, esq.

The R. v. Frederick Leathes, B. A. to the rectories of Great and Little Livermere, on the presentation of N. Lee Acton, esq.

Mr. Alderman Musgrave is chosen mayor of Sudbury, for the year ensuing.

A new peal of eight musical bells was lately opened at Bungay.

Married.] At Lweshall, Barrington Purvis, esq. of Beccles, to Amy Letitia, eldest daughter of the

Rev. Dr. Colville—At Uckfield, Mr. Charles Prince, to Miss Boys—At Eye, T. French, esq. to Sophia, sixth daughter of George Lee, esq. of Decleburgh, Norfolk—At Mendlesham, Mr. Tunmer, to Miss Susan Haddock, of Gillingham.

Died.] At Ipswich, Mr. Wm. Frost, 72—At Southwold, Wm. Smart, esq. formerly of Lombard-street, banker, 80—At Eldo House, near Bury, Anne, wife of William Hopkins, esq. 36—At Tannington Green, Jane, wife of the Rev. S. Barker, A. M. late of Yarmouth, 27—At Woodbridge, Mrs. Ann Carr, 74—At Gosfeld Place, James Crowe Sparrow, eldest son of James G. Sparrow, esq.—At Needham, Mr. Samuel Hagger, 63.

SURREY.

Birth.] At Witley Place, Farnham, the lady of Charles Grant, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Leatherhead, the Hon. Charlotte Beauclerk, fourth daughter of the late Lord Henry Beauclerk—At Cheam, at an advanced age, Mrs. Susannah Bentley, relict of Benjamin Bentley, esq. of Sutton.

SUSSEX.

Birth.] At Chichester, the lady of the Rev. Mr. Tripp, of a daughter.

Died.] At Brighton, having retired to rest in perfect health, James Redt, esq. solicitor, of King's Road, Bedford Row—Harriet, daughter of C. J. Mills, esq. of Saxham Hall, Suffolk—At Chichester, John Quantock, esq. 80, one of his Majesty's justices of the peace, and deputy lieutenant of the county of Sussex—At Hastings, Joseph Delafield, esq. of Cambden Hill, Kensington, 71.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Married.] At Birmingham, Mr. William Hutton, of Halifax, to Mrs. Wrightson, of the former place—At Ashton, Mr. John Wood, of Bishops-gate-street, London, to Miss Kendrick, of Maney House, Sutton Coldfield.

Died.] At Birmingham, Mr. Thomas Lakin Hawkes.

WESTMORELAND.

Married.] At Kirkbythore, Mr. Law, solicitor, of Carlisle, to Miss Margaret Simpson, of the former place—At Kendal, Mr. William Bellingham, to Miss Harriet Bare—William Westall, esq. of the Royal Academy, to Ann, youngest daughter of the Rev. Richard Sedgwick, of Dent—At Patterdale, Mr. John Hobson, to Miss Mary Mounsey.

Died.] At Appleby Castle, after three days' illness, Samuel Potter, esq. of Winton, in this county, 39—At Kendal, Mrs. Deborah Abbott, 56—Mr. Emanuel Burton, 56—Mrs. Ann Barnes, 80.

WILTSHIRE.

Married.] At Bishopstowe, Mr. Charles Wyatt, to Miss D. Blanchard—At Rowde, near Devizes, Mr. Joseph Dunn, of Trowbridge, to Miss Eliza Hiscock, of the former place—At Malmesbury, Mr. John Daniel, of Bristol, to Miss Salome Robertson, of the former place—At Corsham, Benjamin Milward, esq. of Keynsham, to Priscilla, second daughter of Mr. S. Rogers, of Bristol.

Died.] At Salisbury, Mr. Thomas Seymour—Mr. James Burrough—At an advanced age, the Rev. Thomas Turner, vicar of Sherston Magna and Alderton, and rector of Luckington, in this county—Sept. 2d, as Mr. Francis Crook, son of T. Crook, esq. of Tytherton-Lucas, and Mr. Keays, son of R. Keays, esq. of Pewhill-house, near Chippenham,

were shooting, in company with each other, Mr. Keay's gun accidentally went off, and shot Mr. Crook mortally, so that he expired in less than half an hour afterwards—In London, Francis Pender, esq. of Hardenhuish House, vice-admiral of the red, 72—At Dunington, Mary Jane, wife of Mr. Henry Bloxham, of Aldersgate-street—At Studley, near Trowbridge, Mrs. Greenhill—At Sutton Mandeville, Mr. William Hawkins, 62—At Trowbridge, Mrs. Hunter, 52—Mr. Jeffrey Moody, late of Westminster, 85—At Bradford, Mr. John Primrose, 82.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Births.] At Spring Park, the lady of John Byrne, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Hanbury Hall, John Phillips, esq. to Miss Weir, niece of the late John Weir, esq. of Broughton House—At Dudley, by the Rev. Luke Booker, D. D. William Bannister, esq. of that place, to Mary, third daughter of Mr. John Bades, of the Delph, near Stourbridge.

Died.] At Worcester, Charlotte Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. Wm. Digby, prebendary of Worcester—At Pershore, Mr. Thomas Hunter, 77—At Powick, near Worcester, Mr. Joseph Moore, 50.

YORKSHIRE.

The Rev. Henry Chaloner, B. A. is instituted to the vicarage of Aine, vacant by the resignation of the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Monson: patron, the King.

Married.] At Ripon Minster, Charles Oxley, esq. to Miss Waddiolve, eldest daughter of the very Rev. the Dean of Ripon—At Coxwold, Mr. Wm. Smith, of Marton, to Miss Jane Skelton, of Yearsley, near Easingwold—At Ganton, Edward Nelson Alexander, esq. of Halifax, to Harriet, daughter of Sir Thomas Legard, bart.—At York, Mr. William Hebden, to Miss Hannah Smith, of Langton—Robert Hudson, esq. of the Hon. East India service, to Miss Breary, of this city—At Farsley, Joseph Sykes, esq. R. N. to Miss Egginton, of Hull—At Leeds, Mr. Joseph Bentley, to Miss Sarah Wilkinson—At Wakefield, James Kishworth, esq. to Emma, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Holdsworth.

Died.] At Sheffield, Mr. John Fisher, 82—At Thorp Arch, the Rev. Robert Hemington, 43 years vicar of that parish, 70—At Tadcaster, William Hartley, esq.—At Carnford House, Lucas Robbuck, esq. 72—At Chapel Allerton, near Leeds, Mr. Ralph Blakeclough, 43—At the Grove, Huddersfield, Mrs. Atkinson—Mr. John Prior, watchmaker, of Nesfield, father of Mr. Prior, watchmaker, of Leeds, 73. His abilities as an inventor and workman, in his profession, and of an engraver, will not be easily excelled. He has received four silver medals, and 100 guineas, for various inventions, from the Society of Arts, &c. Adelphi, London; the silver medals and 20 guineas, he received in the last year of his life—At Hull, Mr. Peter Dixon, 82.

WALES.

At the bottom of a wood belonging to W. Turton, esq. of Knowlton, in Flintshire, is a rill of water, which empties itself into the river Dee: and when a person strides across it, he is in the kingdom of England and the Principality of Wales; in the Provinces of Canterbury and York, and the dioceses of Chester, Lichfield, and Coventry; in the counties of Flint and Salop; in two different parishes; in two hundreds; in two townships;

and in the grounds of Mr. Turton and his neighbours.

Married.] At Cappel Garmon, Captain Nenbhard, to Mrs. Jane Jones, of Plas Madoc—At Bangor, Mr. Isaac Jones, of Plasgwyn, Minera, to Miss Bird, of Park Eaton, near Wrexham—At Swansea, Mr. Samuel Harmsworth, to Miss Catherine Richards—At Newcastle, Glamorganshire, James Moody, esq. of Queen-square, London, to Mary, fourth daughter of the late Rev. S. Price, of New House, Glamorganshire—At Llanddulas, John Rowlands, esq. lieut. in the royal navy, to Miss Wright, of Denbigh—At Llanllwchaearn, Nathan Tipson, esq. late of the 53d regt. to Mary, eldest daughter of William Tilsley, esq. of Severn Side, Montgomeryshire—Edward Forman, esq. of Penydarran Iron Works, Glamorganshire, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Richard Forthergill, esq. of Caerleon, Monmouthshire—At Neston, H. L. Rigby, esq. of Hawarden, to Mary Jane, eldest daughter of C. B. Trevor Roper, esq. of Plas Teg Park, Flintshire.

Died.] At Wrexham, Mr. E. Randles, organist, 60. He was one of the first performers on the harp in the kingdom. Mr. R. was the lyrist mentioned by Miss Seward in her poem called Llangollen Vale. He was a pupil of the celebrated Parry, harper to the late Sir W. W. Wynne, who, with his son, used to perform Handel's Choruses, in a most masterly style, on two Welsh harps, to our late lamented sovereign—At Cogan Pill, near Cardiff, Anne, wife of Thomas Le Briton, esq.

SCOTLAND.

Married.] At Edinburgh, John Jeffrey, esq. to Elizabeth Helen, eldest daughter of Dr. James Hunter, professor of logic in the university of St. Andrew.—At Aberdeen, Alexander Dunlop, esq. advocate, Edinburgh, to Margaret Clementina, youngest daughter of the late James Gordon, esq. Bamff—At Fiddle, John Graham, esq. to Isabella, second daughter of the late Captain Robert Campbell, of Kippendavie—At Flatt, Liddisdale, Robert Elliott, esq. of Redheugh and Tarras, to Jessie, eldest daughter of John Elliott, esq.—At Montrose, Mr. Wm. Morris, bookseller, to Miss Jane Milne—At Irving, Stewart Murray Fullarton, of Fullarton, esq. to Isabella Buchanan, only daughter of the late James Muir, esq. of Glasgow—At Manse of Lumphanan, Harry Lamond, esq. of Pitmurichie, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the Rev. Wm. Shand, Lumphanan.

Died.] At Lathrisk, Charles Maitland, esq. of Rankellour, one of his majesty's deputy lieutenants for Fifehire—At Clova, Lady Niven Lumden, of Auchindoir—Whilst on a tour between Edinburgh and Stirling, the Rev. Dr. William Beaumont Busby, dean of Rochester—At Musselburgh, the Rev. John Taylor, 67, master of the grammar-school—At Glasgow, Charles Wilson, esq. surgeon—At the Manse of Kincardine, the Rev. Alexander Mac Bean, minister of that parish—At Greenlaw

Manse, the Rev. James Leake—At Muirkirk Iron Works, at the house of his son-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Wm. Rutherford.

IRELAND.

Births.] At Glentown, near Cork, the lady of Major-general Sir Thomas Brisbane, K. C. B. of a daughter—At Taurin, the lady of R. Musgrave, esq. high sheriff co. Waterford, of a son and heir—At Ballynahinch, co. Clare, the lady of Cornelius O'Callaghan, esq. of a son and heir—At Garryhadden, co. Carlow, the lady of Sir Thomas Butler, bart. of a son—At Heathfield, co. Limerick, the lady of Edward Lloyd, esq. of a son and heir.

Married.] At Limerick, Captain Prosser, 3d dragoons, to Miss Jane Whitaker, of the theatre royal, Dublin—At Dublin, Captain Edward Francis French, 82d regt. to Frances, daughter of Alexander Law, of Cork, esq.—In London, Robert Stearne Tighe, esq. of South Hill, co. Westmeath, to Miss Dilkes, daughter of the late Thomas Dilkes, esq. of Upper Seymour-street—Eneas M'Donnell, esq. barrister at law, to Catherine, eldest daughter of Loftus F. Fraser, esq. of Monymoling, co. Wexford—At Temple Martin, co. Cork, Nicholas Wrixon, esq. to Miss Mary Popham, of Kilmore—At Rathfarnham, G. E. Bevan, esq. R. N. to Clarissa, daughter of James Hozier, esq. of Ballyslagh, co. Carlow, and granddaughter of Lord Ventry.

Died.] At Dublin, Mrs. Ramsey, relict of Alderman Ramsey, of Waterford—In Newtown Park Avenue, Mrs. Griffith, daughter of the late Chief Baron Burgh, 46—At Leiras, co. Cork, Philip Oliver Ellard, esq.—At Carrick on Suir, the Rev. Wm. O'Brien—At Glasnevin, Thomas Dix, esq. captain in the 57th regt.

MARRIAGE ABROAD.

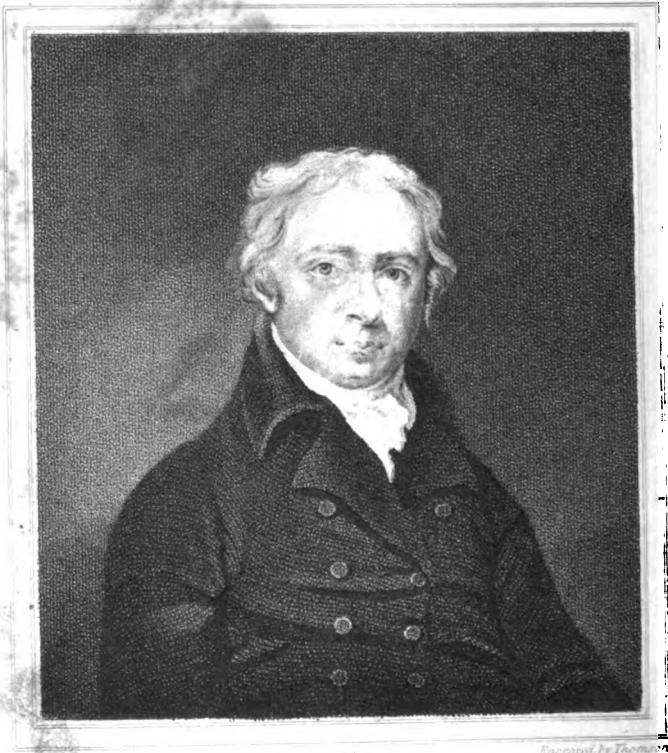
At Paris, Earl Poulett, to Charlotte, daughter of the Hon. Mr. Portman, and now of Lord Dormer.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Baden, Aug. 14th, John, eldest son of the Hon. John Spencer, and grandson of the late Duke of Marlborough—In France, Aug. 18th, Georgiana Sarah, fourth daughter of the late Vice-admiral Lechmere—On his passage from Penang to Bombay, the Rev. Richard Jackson, 47, one of the chaplains on that establishment, and son of the late vicar of Christ church, Hants—At Brussels, Lieut.-gen. Sir Ewan Baillie, bart. 77—At Astrachan, Edward James Peters, esq. 26, late of the 7th hussars, and son of H. Peters, esq. of Betchworth Castle, Surrey—At Brussels, Major-gen. Sir Wm. Nicholson, bart.—In Tobago, James Scobey, esq. master of the ordnance department—At Jamaica, Marmaduke Forster, esq. of Brunton, Northumberland—At Paris, Wm. Thomas Sandiford, esq. formerly major in the Bombay military establishment, 57.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET, FLEET STREET.



Engraved by Thomas

REV. W. L. BOWLES.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. 82.]

NOVEMBER 1, 1820.

[VOL. XIV.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. WM. LISLE BOWLES.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

To the lovers of poetry, that is, to all who have the smallest share of taste or feeling, the life of a poet is always interesting. Like other lives of private men, it may produce no striking incidents, no remarkable turns or vicissitudes of fortune; yet will it exhibit the history of a fertile mind, and of a period in which the production of celebrated works will form the distinguished æras. The life of Mr. Bowles, as far as poetry is not concerned, will be that of a private clergyman, attentive to the duties of his ministry, studious of the welfare of his flock, and watchful to prevent the inroads of fanaticism among them; making it at the same time, his pleasure and amusement to do justice to the rural beauties of his parsonage, and to improve them by tasteful embellishments. Even this picture of tranquil usefulness and simple pleasures is not without its charms, but is not sufficiently varied to command the continued attention of the reader; it is as a poet that Mr. B. demands the pen of a biographer, though finally his least conspicuous labours may prove to have been the most truly valuable.

Mr. Bowles's family has been clerical for at least three generations; his father, William Thomas Bowles, being the only son of Dr. Bowles, vicar of Brackley in Northamptonshire. But, though moved by preferment into different situations, the family is originally of Wilts, and ancient in that county. The Rev. William Thomas Bowles married Bridget, one of the three daughters of Dr. Grey, author of *Memoria Technica* and other well-known works. By her he had seven children, of whom the eldest son was WILLIAM LISLE* BOWLES, the subject of the present memoir.

Family connection early determined that Winchester should be the place of his education; to which school he was sent in 1776. An uncle of his father's had long been a fellow of that college, contemporary with Lowth, and other distinguished men; of whose kind attention to himself, with some pleasing account of the singularities of his character, Mr. B. has gratefully spoken in a very late publication.† Bowles was not to be overlooked, even where he had so many competitors as at Winchester, and he was soon particularly noticed by Dr. Warton. By the year 1781, he had risen to be the senior boy of that illustrious seminary. In that situation, he would infallibly have succeeded to New College, having been sent first on the roll, to the two foundations, had it not happened that no vacancy occurred in his year, excepting what were of necessity reserved for the founder's kin.

He was entered therefore at Trinity college, Oxford, where his master's brother, the celebrated Thomas Warton, was fellow and tutor. These were auspicious beginnings for a poetical mind; and they certainly produced their due effect upon B. who, in his first year, obtained the chancellor's prize, for a Latin composition on the siege of Gibraltar‡, which was accordingly recited in the theatre. It is still extant in the collection of Oxford Prize Poems, published by Mr. Valpy; and in the second volume of the author's poems. It is a composition of extraordinary merit, and classical beauty, for so young a writer.

Mr. Bowles was already a scholar of Trinity, for which foundation as well as for Winchester, like every worthy pupil of a worthy seminary, he has felt through life a constant and increasing affection; strongly expressed, with respect to the

* The name of *Lisle* was given to him, in honour of that ancient family of Everley, Wilts, into which Dr. Bowles, his grandfather, married: a family originally of Northumberland, but now, we believe, extinct.

† *Vindiciæ Wykehamicæ*, further noticed below.

‡ *Calpe obsessa*.

latter, in one of his most recent productions.* The poetical spirit being strong within him, Mr. Bowles very early appeared before the public as an author, in his native language. His first publication, consisting of Seventeen Sonnets, appeared in 1789; his Verses to *Howard*, on his account of Lazarettos, in the same year; inscribed to his worthy master Dr. Warton. In 1790 his muse wept over the Tomb of *Howard*, whose merits he had so lately celebrated. His Verses to the Philanthropic Society followed; and a *Monody* written at Matlock. All of which were well received by the public. The sonnets in particular were so much distinguished, that they had gone through five editions before the end of 1797.

Of these Sonnets, the fame has been so widely spread, and so firmly established, that they have operated somewhat to the injury of Mr. B.'s general character as a poet; causing him, by careless persons, to be considered merely as a writer of sonnets; whereas these poems, excellent as they are in their kind, form but a very small and comparatively inconsiderable part of Mr. B.'s compositions; and his larger poems are, in many instances, full as much distinguished, in their respective classes, as any of his sonnets. Justice has, in one case, been done to his merits, but certainly not always in the other. The sonnets, however, have had the peculiar good fortune to correct the taste and animate the exertions of another poet, who has thus gratefully acknowledged his obligations. Having said that they were first presented to him by a particular friend, he adds: "It was a double pleasure to me, and still remains a tender recollection, that I should have received, from a friend so revered†, the first knowledge of a poet, by whose works, year after year, I was so enthusiastically delighted and inspired." Confessing, then, some mental errors into which he had been in danger of falling, he proceeds: "But from this danger I was chiefly withdrawn, by the genial influence of a style of poetry, so tender, and yet so manly; so natural and real, and yet so dignified and harmonious, as the sonnets, &c. of Mr. Bowles."‡ Such

a testimony, from such a man, is truly valuable, and we have peculiar pleasure in recording it.

Mr. Bowles took his degree of master of arts in 1792; and, on the death of his father, who was rector of Uphill and Brean in Somersetshire, he quitted Oxford, entered into orders, and soon after went to serve a curacy in Wiltshire. In the second part of his sonnets, there are traces of disappointed hope, from the death of a beloved female, most eloquently and pathetically lamented. Time, however, appears to have produced its natural effect; and in 1797 he formed a union, most fortunate in its influence upon his happiness, with a sister of the former object of his affection, a daughter of Dr. Wake, then prebendary of Westminster; and a lineal descendant of the archbishop of that name. In the same year, by favour of the late Lord Somers, he was presented to the living of Dumbleton, in Gloucestershire. In 1803, he was installed a prebendary in the church of Salisbury; and soon after received from Archbishop Moore the valuable rectory of Bremhill, Wilts, his present, and from that time his constant residence. A debt of gratitude to Dr. Grey,* the maternal grandfather of Mr. B. was thus repaid by the archbishop; and the gift has proved auspicious, both to the object of it and to the place.

It is not necessary, in such a sketch as the present, to follow up the exact series of the author's productions, in regular order. Suffice it to say, that they have gradually increased to five volumes of poetry, of which the last consists entirely of *The Missionary*, a poem in heroic couplets, comprised in eight books, or cantos. The subject of this is the successful resistance of the natives of Chili, to the Spanish general, Valdivia; and it is treated with a spirit and felicity which place it very high among poems of that class. The sonnets occupy less than half of the first volume, the rest are chiefly poems of moderate extent, and in various styles; but in general upon well-chosen subjects, treated with the skill and feelings of a genuine poet. Dr. Warton, whose kindness encouraged his early disposition to poetry, was gratefully celebrated by Mr. B. in a *Monody*, which at once

* *Vindiciæ Wykehamicæ*, 1818.

† Dr. Middleton, now the revered Bishop of Calcutta.

‡ Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, vol. i. p. 25.

* The eldest daughter of Dr. Grey, was married to Dr. Lloyd, Dean of Norwich, and was justly celebrated for her skill in painting, needle-work, &c.

does honour to the master and the poet. This appears in the second volume; but is preceded by what we consider as the most beautiful descriptive poem in the language, entitled *St. Michael's Mount*. The truth and precision of the description, the brilliant clearness with which it is presented to the mind of the reader, the natural beauty of the sentiments, together with the harmony and classic purity of the language, place it, in our opinion, beyond all chance of competition. We might expatiate also, with great justice, on his smaller, as well as his larger poem, on *The Spirit of Discovery by Sea*; but as the object of this slight account is rather to relate facts, than to record opinions, we forbear; having said thus much, chiefly to confirm our former assertion, that the general fame of this author has rather been obstructed than assisted, by the prevalent celebrity of his juvenile productions, the Sonnets.

Mr. Bowles, with the genuine relish of a poet for rural scenes, has made it, as already hinted, his amusement in the retirement of his parish, to embellish the garden and other grounds belonging to the rectory. Its situation, on the southern slope of a gentle hill, commanding a prospect eminently diversified and beautiful, highly favoured and encouraged this blameless gratification. Like Shenstone he has scattered verses in his paths, and the shades of Brehmhill will long testify that they were once the retreat and solace of a poet.*

But poetry has by no means monopolized the attention of Mr. Bowles. Finding the religious steadiness of his parish endangered, by the unceasing efforts of dissenting preachers and teachers, he has deeply studied the genuine tenets of our church, and particularly in their purest source, the Scriptures; with a penetrating and original view, he has also plunged into many forgotten volumes of controversial divinity, and traced to their origin some of the prevailing modern errors of enthusiasm. These enquiries have led him to publish sermons, and other works, of plain but sound divinity; and have enabled him to teach it with unusual success, by oral instruction.

He has entered also into other controversies, and has most happily defended *Public Schools*, in a reply to the buffoonery and calumnies of the Edin-

burgh Review.* He has also defended his own *alma mater*, Winchester, against the attacks of Mr. Brougham; as we have already had occasion to mention. An edition of Pope's works, published in 1806, which he was induced to superintend, has involved him in some controversies, in which he has shewn, at least, that he is well able to defend his opinions; and has supported them by reasons which are not likely to be refuted. In consequence of this publication, he has also been accused of endeavouring to lower the poetical and moral character of Pope. It is our firm conviction, that both were very remote from his intention. To the poetical rank of that author he has certainly assigned a much higher station than was allowed him by a former editor, the acute and learned Dr. Warton; and if he has not placed him in the highest, it is in conformity with principles which he has clearly stated, and ably defended. We ought thence in candour to conclude that such was his real, not assumed, opinion; and he is not a writer to be suspected of lowering another poet to exalt himself. With respect to the moral character of Pope, certain facts appearing to be by more research established, the natural conclusions from them could not well be suppressed, without evincing a partiality which must have defeated itself. It is certainly more useful to the world to shew men as they really were, than to throw a false gloss over their lives, because they were distinguished by their genius. Doubtful accusations, of men who can no longer defend themselves, should certainly be avoided; but truth, when it comes to light, should not be suppressed; unless we would have it concluded, that great talents confer an exemption from all common rules of action;—an opinion which too many have taken up, even before their title to the privilege has been proved, to any one but themselves. This, at least, we can assert, that the feelings thus attributed to Mr. Bowles are inconsistent with the whole tenor of his original writings, and, to our certain knowledge, with his nature and disposition.

The character of Pope, with respect to some few points of morality, is still an agitated question. In this, if Mr.

* See a slight description of them in the *Gent. Mag.* Sept. 1814.

* Classical Journal, vol. viii. pp. 187, 441, and vol. ix. p. 1. Republished with Dr. Vincent's and others, by Valpy, in 1817. 12mo.

Bowles, as a commentator, has taken the unfavourable side, we are convinced that it was from the unbiassed operation of his judgment. To vindicate one poet, it is by no means necessary to slander another; and, however this question may be ultimately decided, they who really know Mr. Bowles will remain assured, that what he asserted he believed; and what he thought himself obliged to censure, he censured with regret.

With all his studious occupations, Mr. B. has never shrunk from active

duties. Of late years, he has borne his part in the magistracy of the county of Wilts.; and his retirement, though rural, is far from being secluded. Much literary and elegant society, at the house of a distinguished nobleman in his neighbourhood*, and occasionally at his own, together with an annual visit to the metropolis, enables him to keep pace with the world, in all that is worth observing of its proceedings or its manners.

* The Marquis of Lansdown.

ALI PACHA OF JANINA, AND THE SULLIOTS.

MUCH has been recently said and written concerning the Pacha of Janina, formerly called Ali Pacha, and his tyranny. As connected with the fate of Parga, his name has become familiar to the British public, who will probably be gratified with the following particulars respecting him, which are but little known, and will not prove uninteresting.

Ali has all the qualities which characterize the robber:—for some time, indeed, he followed that profession. Other circumstances, and a different education, would, perhaps, have developed in him the virtues of the hero. Rare personal bravery, extraordinary boldness, and great firmness in his resolutions, cannot be denied him; but he is at the same time vain, cruel, avaricious, false, faithless, and revengeful. Ambition is his predominant vice, and the main-spring of all his actions. The states which he governs, that is to say, which he oppresses and desolates, comprehend Epire and Thessaly. In the commencement of his power he often said, “You shall see that Ali Pacha, the successor of Pyros (Pyrrhus), will surpass that monarch in all that he thinks fit to undertake.” He was at that time brooding over plans of rebellion against the Porte, and had, perhaps, even conceived the possibility of carrying his arms to Constantinople itself. The events of the French revolution, and the war in Italy in particular, gave a different direction to his thoughts. When the Ionian islands were reduced by the French, he hoped to derive advantage from their proximity, and to make them a point of support. The French, on the other hand, were sensible that he might be of service to them, and kept up an amicable understanding with him.

It was now his aim to obtain part of the possessions of the former republic of Venice. To these belonged, besides the islands, the towns of Butrinto (the ancient Buthrotum), Parga, Prevesa, and Vonnizza, situated on the main land. He is now master of them all. Prevesa, Vonnizza, and Butrinto, fell into his hands during the campaign of the French in Egypt, when, after the total destruction of their fleet at Aboukir, the Russian and Turkish squadrons came to reduce the Ionian islands, most of which were not in a state of defence, and to blockade Corfu, which was obliged to surrender for want of provisions. Prevesa was the only place, the capture of which cost him any trouble. Six hundred French defended themselves there without fortifications, against thirty thousand Armats, with a courage which will never be forgotten in that country. They were not far from Thermopylae, and they were not surpassed by the Spartans who fought there under Leonidas. This defence will, perhaps, not be noticed in history, but it deserves a place among the most glorious achievements. I collected the particulars of it upon the spot; they are related by the Greeks with transport and sorrow; but they could not sufficiently express their admiration when they spoke in particular of an officer named Gabori, a native of Nantes. All his soldiers had fallen, and he alone was left in one of the public places, surrounded by slain. Supported against the tree of liberty, and assailed by innumerable enemies, he killed seven with his own hand; and when he at length sunk from exhaustion and fatigue, he still continued to strike terror into all those who ventured forward for the purpose of dispatching him.

Three hundred of the French, never

theless survived the conflict. Shall I relate with what barbarity they were treated? We should not find a parallel to it even among cannibals. Condemned to the torture of seeing the heads of their comrades struck off before their faces, flayed and pickled, they were compelled to take these horrible trophies upon their shoulders, and carry them to Constantinople, where they were all made slaves. Among these unfortunates were a general and another officer of high rank, who shared the fate of the rest. He who ordered these atrocious executions was the same tyrant from whom the Parganiots fled.

The possessions of Ali Pacha on the main land have not been increased merely by what formerly belonged to the Venetians. Nearly in the centre of his government there was a tribe which still maintained its independence. These people were called Sulliot; from the mountain of Sulli, where they lived fortified; as it were, by nature against all attacks. The Sulliot prized their liberty above every other possession. Ali Pacha has contrived to subdue them, but not till after many fruitless attempts, and by his usual means, faithlessness and treachery. Nothing can furnish a better criterion for the character of this robber than the account of one of those attempts.

Argirocastro, a Mahomedan town, about twelve leagues from Janina, had hoisted the banner of insurrection, and refused to recognize an agent whom he had sent thither. Under the pretext of reducing it to obedience, he wrote to the captains Bogia and Giavella, the two most powerful chiefs of the Greek inhabitants of Mount Sulli. He requested them to join him with all their men, and to support him in his expedition. His letter to Bogia was in modern Greek; the following is a literal translation of it:—

“My dear friends, Captain Bogia and Captain Giavella,” [the Greeks are accustomed to call all their chiefs captains] “I, Ali Pacha, salute you and kiss your eyes, because I am thoroughly acquainted with your courage and your heroic sentiments. I consider myself as standing greatly in need of your assistance, and therefore intreat you, as soon as you shall receive my letter, to assemble all your heroes, and to join me, that I may conquer my enemies. This is the hour and time when I want you. I expect the proofs of your friendship and love for me. Your pay shall be

twice as great as that which I give to the Arnauts, because I know that your valour surpasses theirs. I will not, therefore, go out to battle till your arrival, and trust I shall see you soon. This is enough. I salute you.”

On the receipt of this flattering letter, the chiefs held a consultation. Captain Bogia, and the majority of the soldiers, regarded the proposal of the Pacha as a stratagem to make himself master of them and their mountains. Bogia accordingly returned for answer, that he had received the Pacha's letter with great respect and submission, and for his own part was ready to obey his commands: but that he had not been able to prevail upon the soldiers to accompany him, and therefore it would be useless for him alone to comply with the invitation. Giavella, less circumspect, or, perhaps, hoping to share with the Pacha the booty he might take, acceded to his proposal. He repaired to him with his troops, and was received with the strongest demonstrations of friendship.

For six days nothing occurred to give the lie to these assurances. Some feigned attacks on Argirocastro confirmed Giavella in his delusion. On the seventh, however, at a moment when it was least expected, and when all his companions were dispersed in the Turkish camp, they were secured and thrown into chains. Three only, who had time to seize their arms, died manfully defending themselves; the others were sent to Janina, and imprisoned in the small island in Lake Acherus, on the bank of which Janina is situated; and Giavella was placed under a guard in the camp. The Pacha then hastened his march to Sulli, and reached the mountain the following day. The Sulliot, accustomed to be upon their guard, and rendered more distrustful than ever by the suspicion which had prevented Bogia from accepting the Pacha's invitation, were apprised of Ali's approach, and of the fate of their countrymen, six hours before his arrival. They immediately assembled to consult what was to be done, and to appoint a commander, to which office they elected Bogia, with whose skill and prudence they were sufficiently acquainted.

The mountain of Sulli may be considered as impregnable. A beautiful plain of about six leagues, which extends to the eastward, and has an uncommonly fertile soil, constitutes the principal wealth of the inhabitants. Here they have built four villages, to

facilitate the cultivation of the country; but in times of danger they retire to the mountain, the highest summit of which, called *Tripa*, can afford refuge to ten thousand men. The first thing the Pacha did was to occupy the plain. The four villages were deserted as he advanced, and the inhabitants carried all their corn with them. Having thus made himself master of the country without resistance, Ali ordered *Giavella* to be brought into his presence, and told him that, if he would give him the information requisite for gaining possession of the mountain, he would not only spare his life, but load him with favours, and appoint him to an important post. *Giavella* feigned a willingness to forward the views of the Pacha; he promised, if Ali would give him his liberty, to ascend the mountain, and to prevail upon his adherents, or at least one half of the inhabitants, to submit to him, and turn their arms against *Bogia*. Transported with this prospect, the Pacha complied, but not without demanding a hostage. This hostage was the only son of *Giavella*, to whom he declared that, in case of any deception on his part, the life of the youth should be sacrificed to his revenge. *Giavella* agreed to this condition, sent for his son, delivered him into the hands of the Pacha, and departed. No sooner had he reached his home, than he addressed to him the following letter:

"Ali Pacha, I exult in having deceived a traitor. I am come hither to defend my native land against a robber. My son will suffer death, but I will fearfully avenge him before I fall myself. Many a one, and you Turks in particular, will say that I am a cruel father, because I sacrifice my son to my own safety; but to this I reply, that if you had taken the mountain, my son would have perished together with the rest of my family and compatriots, and I should have had no opportunity of revenging his death. I know the sentiments of my son; but if he could have hesitated to sacrifice himself for the welfare of his country, he would have been unworthy to live and to bear my name. Come on, traitor! I long for revenge. I am thy sworn enemy, *GIAVELLA*."

Giavella's son, a boy of twelve years, was present when the Pacha received this letter. Ali had sufficient self-command to moderate the first transports of his rage; and instead of ordering his

instant death, he sent him with secret commands to Janina, where his son, *Velim Bey*, was invested with the administration of affairs in his absence. I knew a person who saw him arrive, and was present at his first interview with *Velim*. He displayed a courage and boldness which extorted universal admiration. "I am only waiting till I hear again from the Pacha," said *Velim*, "to order thee to be burned alive." "I fear thee not," replied the boy; "my father will treat thy son or thy brother in the same manner when he gets them into his power."—He was thrown into a dark dungeon, where his only food was bread and water.

The Pacha commenced the execution of his plan of attack. He had assembled a numerous army, and been joined by most of the *Arnaut* leaders who served under him. I have seen several of these leaders, and only regret that I had no opportunity of meeting with the most remarkable of them, named *Soliman Ciapar*. The latter, according to the testimony of persons of unquestionable veracity, was a man of gigantic stature, eighty-five years old, but nothing about him announced his advanced age except his beard of extraordinary whiteness. He was attended by eleven of his sons, from thirty to sixty years old, and all of them as tall and robust as himself. On account of their strength and valour they were regarded as so many heroes. They never separated, that if one should fall, the others might be at hand to revenge his death. It is the general practice of these tribes to go out in families together to war, and to wreak their vengeance upon the enemy, if one of their number should be slain. A more accurate observation of the manners of these people, who in so many respects resemble Homer's heroes, would greatly facilitate the labours of the commentators of the *Iliad*.

Ali's troops at first gained some advantages. A detachment of eight hundred *Arnauts* took, without difficulty, a tower which stood upon one of the first lines of defence; they advanced to a second, in which *Bogia* was posted, and took that also. Flushed with confidence, and conceiving that *Bogia* was their prisoner, they pursued their march to a third tower, whence they hoped to reach the summit of the mountain. The Pacha's army, perceiving the *Arnauts* advancing in this manner without resistance, and apprehensive of losing its share of the booty if it delayed any

longer to support them, put itself in motion with loud shouts of victory. In a short time more than four thousand men had passed the tower in which Bogia was. That chieftain then ordered a bell to be rung, as the preconcerted signal for a general slaughter. The Sulliot, stationed in several very advantageous posts, the avenues to which were known only to themselves, immediately opened a most tremendous fire of musketry on their enemies; while the women rolled down upon them, from inaccessible heights, prodigious stones, which had long been kept in readiness for the moment of danger. In vain did the Turks attempt to retreat; Bogia had no difficulty to prevent them, and all perished excepting one hundred and forty men, who laid down their arms, and were made prisoners. Among them was one of the sons of Soliman Ciapar. Of the Sulliot only fifty-seven were killed and twenty-seven wounded. Giavella was among the slain. As he could not doubt that his son had been put to death, he had, to revenge him, performed prodigies of valour, and at length, covered with wounds, precipitated himself amidst the assailants, who dispatched him.

Ali, still surrounded at the foot of the mountain by numerous troops, durst not, however, renew the attack. The multitude of dead bodies thrown down from the rocks served to increase the panic of his soldiers. The Pacha thought of nothing but his retreat, which he conducted with such precipitation, that the greatest part of his baggage, and all his ammunition, fell into the hands of the Sulliot. Two horses

dropped down dead under him during his flight. On his arrival at Janina he made overtures for peace through the medium of a bishop. It was apparently for the purpose of using them on such occasions, that he tolerated ecclesiastics of the Greek church in his dominions. Whenever he shall cease to have formidable neighbours, it is to be feared that he will make martyrs of those whom he has hitherto employed as messengers of peace. Such apprehensions too might reasonably be entertained by the Parganiots, who are warmly attached to their religion.

The first condition insisted upon by the Sulliot was the release of Giavella's son. The father had too heroically retrieved his error—he had too severely atoned for the imprudence by which he had involved his country in danger; the son yet lived, and he was sent back unhurt. Ali was obliged to submit to many other sacrifices; he yielded to necessity, calculating upon one day having an opportunity to revenge himself. So long as the French remained masters of Corfu, their connection with the Sulliot, and the love of independence cherished by the latter, prevented the execution of his design; but a more favourable period occurred for its accomplishment, and he at length succeeded, by means of bribes, in dividing this proud people, which previously formed but one family, and which he was unable to subdue by force.

There still exists a mountain in Suhi to which the Turks, in memory of their sanguinary defeat, have given the name of *Caco Sulli*—the unfortunate, the fatal Sulli: but the Sulliot are no more!

INTELLIGIBLE ODES, CHEERFUL ELEGIES, GAY SONNETS,

DECENT EPIGRAMS, AND TALES OF NO WONDER.

Virginibus Puerisque Canto.—*Hor.*

VERSES WRITTEN AT HOME.

What tho' my chairs are walnut, and my desk

So plain, that you may call it 'picturesque'! Tho' no Egyptian sofas, which may cope With those so lately publish'd by T. Hope, Support my wearied limbs, in gay repose, Where the Miss *Sphinxes* smile at modern beaux:

No lamps that shine with truly classic light, Such as enchant thy learned eyes, O Knight. My garden, tho' 'tis small, is very rough, Yet *Uvedale Price* might like it well enough. Alas! my shelves, so bare of books, would raise

From Dr. *Gosset* not one look of praise. And then, no paintings on my walls appear, To make a virgin blush, an old man leer;

No ancient baubles do my closets fill, Such as of yore were seen at Strawberry-hill, Nor such as lately, to content the law, At W—— C—— fill'd the bailiffs' paw. My MSS. are neither old nor rare, But all receipts, and fil'd this present year.

PAUL EASY, Gent.

THE GARRETTEER AND THE TWO CATS.

A hint to Sonnetteers.

Once on a summer's night, two cats, Spite of the moon, stood caterwauling; Near in a garret, broiling sprats, A poet heard their hideous squalling. Zounds! quoth the hungry angry bard, What tho' you feel love's pains and la-

Yet I must think it cursed hard,
 You *publish* them to all your neighbours.
 Lo! suddenly his eyes were caught
 By two large volumes of his own,
 Of amorous sonnets, and all fraught
 With many a heavy sigh and groan.
 Nay, quoth the bard, whilst thus I scrawl,
 And give my sorrows to the press;
 What do I then but caterwaul,
 And loudly *publish* my distress!
 Thus self-conviction struck him dumb,
 And fill'd his heart with sore amazement:
 So with a finger and a thumb,
 He quietly drew back the casement.

AN ODE TO SNUGGNESS.

Goddess! I hail thy placid air,
 Thy neat attire, thy mod'rate cheer:
 The light of freedom calmly gleams
 From thy blue eyes, and plainly seems
 To mark thee of celestial breed,
 Unknown to earthly cares which lead
 To noise and nothing. Bless my lot,
 And be my patron—I ask not
 For gifts that greedy worldlings prize,
 But for that calm repose which lies
 Within thy breast: not that which dwells
 In cold and damp monastic cells,
 To soothe the friar in his cloister,
 Or his dull cousin, the rock oyster;
 Nor that, which nestling in a rug,
 Beatifies a flea or bug;
 But what, I safely may aver,
 Becomes a true philosopher,
 Who is not one step more inclin'd
 To seek a distance from his kind,
 Than what may guarantee his life
 From worldly cares and worldly strife.

ON SEEING A VOLUME OF DULL POEMS
SUPERBLY BOUND AND GILT, &c.

How fine! what book-collecting elf
 Pants not to place it on his shelf—
 The cover all of Russian red,
 No book-worm dares to shew its head:
 The sculptures on the back must please,
 And then it opens with such ease;
 Oh, what a glorious type! indeed
 So large, that 'who can run may read';
 The margin *liberally* wide,
 The paper is hot-press'd beside;
 The poetry—no doubt each sonnet
 Answers the cost bestow'd upon it—
 In truth the author had been kinder,
 Had he left these all to the binder.

ODE TO HAPPINESS.

O Happiness! tho' known to few,
 I must proclaim you a coquet:
 Who courts your smiles the hours must rue
 That forc'd him to implore and fret.
 'Tis to the careless, and the gay,
 Who scoff at sorrow, jeer at woes,
 You shew the snug and private way
 That leads to pleasure or repose.
 Ambition's sons the path mistake,
 Tho' led by enterprises bold;

The rich may dream that he can take,
 And seize you by the power of gold;
 But dreams in vain: nor less in vain
 The plodding scholar, and the sage,
 Of your retiring steps complain,
 And seek you in a future age.
 You calm philosopher, who never
 Sought thee awake, or in a nap,
 Finds thee with mild and snoring awe,
 Quietly seated on his lap.

A METAMORPHOSIS. (NOT IN OVID.)
Shewing how some Women are called old Cats.

Clara, who once could boast such charms,
 That rous'd the world of beaux to arms,
 Now mourns her features all deranged,
 Her golden locks to silver changed;
 Her roses all transform'd to pimples,
 To wrinkles all her pretty dimples;
 Now hobbling on two legs of lath,
 Seeks the decoy-pools* here at Bath.
 Her back and shoulders cloth'd with fur,
 With visage grave she seems to purr:
 Not one of all the feline race
 Can shew such whiskers in her face.
 And lo! her yellow eyes, how keen!
 On yonder pool intent are seen.
 Her paws extended long and quick,
 To catch her prey she knows each trick.
 And shews that like 'poor puss' she wishes
 To riot in this pool of fishes.

New Rooms, CAPT. SAUNTER,
 Bath, 18—.

TO AN OLD MAID, WHO WISHED ME TO
WRITE AN EPITAPH ON HER CAT.

Dear Ma'm, you know the world's, alas! sick
 Of passages from authors classic,
 And cries, 'No doubt, you mean to gulf us
 With stale quotations from *Catullus*;
 Yet first of all, the story goes,
 You turn the poet into prose.'
 Then, Ma'm, your cat (tho' now he's dead)
 Had once nine lives upon one head;
 And that's a life for every Muse,
 Fresh reason why I should refuse.
 Then ask some sonneteer, not me,
 To tell your sad catastrophe.
 A sonnet, every reader knows,
 Is a full catalogue of woes!!!

THE TABLES TURNED, OR A CAUTION TO
THE FAIR.

When the poor whining luckless swain,
 To *Chloe* tells his tale in vain,
 'Midst oaths, and sighs, and tears,
 'To rocks as hard as *Chloe's* vows,
 To groves as darkling as her brows,
 His secret griefs he bears!!'

But should fond *Chloe* grant his prayer,
 In luckless hour he quits the fair.
 Who did his wishes crown:
 Proud of his conquest, now no more
 He seeks the grove, the nook, or thorn,
 But tells it all the town.

* Quadrille parties.

THE HORKEY; A PICTURE FROM LIFE.

"Here once a year distinction lowers its crest,
The master, servant, and the merry guest,
Are equal all."
Bloomfield.

Of all the evils of the present day, and according to the statements of our moralists and politicians they are almost innumerable, there is none which appears to me so destructive to good feeling in its progress; and so fraught with ruin in its consequences, as that rapid obliteration of old customs, and daily increasing confusion of ranks, which is occasioned by the eager desire of the middling classes to ape manners and habits inconsistent with their pursuits, inimical to their interests, and dangerous to their happiness. Nor is it to the capital alone, or even to large towns, that this folly is confined.

"——— The fashion runs
Down into scenes still rural; but, alas!
Scenes sadly graced with rural manners now."

And surely, if affectation and folly can be more disgusting in one place than another, they must appear most especially so when exhibited amid scenes hallowed by the graceful simplicity of Nature herself, and avocations which are inseparably associated in the human mind with ideas of industry, cheerfulness, and contentment.

The early part of my own life was passed in the country, at a time when roads had not become familiar with coaches, and when consequently the importation of a new fashion, or a new folly, from the metropolis into a distant county, was a matter of too much trouble and contrivance to be entered upon at the mere caprice of the moment; and when even Fame herself, with her wide-spreading wings and her hundred tongues, often failed to impart her rumours to the sequestered village, or quiet market-town, until long after the period fixed for their fulfilment had passed harmlessly away. Methinks at this moment when I am writing, a distance of time including nearly forty years, that I see the imposing, though old-fashioned figure, the fine eyes and benevolent countenance of my good and kind-hearted maiden aunt, who managed a farm of some hundreds of acres, which my father made his recreation from professional pursuits, as much to the satisfaction of her brother, as the admiration of her neighbours. Her favourite seat was at a window which looked into the farm-yard, and enabled her to see that

the cattle and poultry were served at their accustomed hours, and that the labourers went to their work at the time prescribed to them. There, with her account-books before her, and her spectacles on her nose, she sat in the afternoons, when her more active superintendence of the kitchen was over, the terror of the idle, the delight and hope of the industrious and unfortunate; nor had ever birth-day belle a more devoted attention paid to every glance of her eye, and every bon-mot that might escape her lips, than my maiden aunt commanded in the circle around her, wherein her will was considered as law, and her maxims were repeated as oracles.

A desire to recal the tranquil and innocent enjoyments of my youth, contrasted as they have been ever since with the cares attendant upon a residence in one of the noisiest and busiest parts of London, has led me to seek all my occasional recreations in the country: but deeming no place within the contaminating influence of the smoke of the metropolis worthy of that name, I was not to be satisfied with gazing on St. Paul's from Islington, or eating cheesecakes at Highbury-barn. Nor could I wander on the banks of the Paddington Canal, and fancy the coal-barges painted galleies, or lose myself to my own satisfaction in the mazes of the Regent's Park, or stand rapt in wonder beneath the Highgate Tunnel, or feel myself a recluse at Hornsey-wood House, or the "child of liberty" on Hampstead Heath, eulogized as it has been by Mr. Leigh Hunt; and yet he is poet enough to persuade me into most things, when he lets me have a peep at his genius without that thick veil of affectation in which he too often hides it as effectually, though not as wisely, as Nature wraps the treasures of her bosom during winter in a mantle of snow. No; my ideas of the enjoyments of the country were inseparably associated with the employments of the country; and a house close by the road-side, with verandas in the front, and city beaux and belles standing in them on a Sunday, dressed out in all the extreme finery of the fashions, to look at the coaches as they go by, gave me no more

idea of rural life, such as I had known it, than I should have of the spiritual world were I to be guided in my speculations concerning it solely by the ladies with large white wings, and white gowns, and red cheeks, that are suspended at the doors of village ale-houses, as specimens of the "angelic host," or rather of the hostess. Taking therefore a wider range, I used often to avail myself of some of the invitations, which a variety of circumstances connected with business procured me in abundance, to visit several respectable farmers in the counties of Surrey, Middlesex, and Essex. With as much truth as poetry does Milton say, that

—"One who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick, and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight:
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound."

And certainly, during the course of the journey itself, all these sources of pleasure I enjoyed to the utmost; but arrived at its end, I generally found my satisfaction damped, and all the restraints and anxieties of town-life intruded again upon my mind by the awkward imitation of its manners that awaited me.

I was once asked to spend a couple of days at a farm-house in Essex, about thirty miles from London; on the express condition that I should be treated exactly the same as one of the family. I consented; and the more willingly as my friend Mr. Clayfield, though a man of comfortable property, was far from being in such circumstances as might make him fancy himself above looking after his own affairs. As I dearly love to take the wings of the morning, even on matters of business, and still more on matters of pleasure, I set off at six o'clock, resolving to breakfast at Brentwood; a place which always appears very inviting to me, on account of its cleanly and cheerful aspect, and the fine country by which it is surrounded. I calculated that I should then just have time enough, after giving my horse a good rest, to jog on leisurely to a one o'clock dinner, which I supposed was the family hour of mine host, as that when his presence among his labourers would be best dispensed with. I found, however, on my arrival, that I was quite out of my reckoning. Instead of dinner, a sandwich-tray was introduced, and the lady of the house, who could

not be accused of any vulgar old-fashioned excess of welcome, informed me that her husband was *walking in the grounds*, but that he would be in to lunch. Accordingly, in a few minutes he made his appearance, accompanied by a young man dressed in a dandy frock coat, with a waist like a wasp, and a neck like a goose, and who, Mrs. Clayfield informed me, was studying agriculture with her husband; in other words, learning to farm, or rather, to keep horses and dogs, as he seemed to think the stables and kennel the only part of the farming business that really required any attention. Our conversation over the sandwich-tray was confined entirely to field-sports, and the news of the day; for I found all allusion to crops or cattle as carefully avoided by the gentlemen, as the poultry-yard or dairy were by the ladies of the family, and I was therefore heartily glad when a walk was proposed. Instead, however, of being shewn the farm-yard or orchard, either of which I should have had a pleasure in seeing, I was dragged through thin shrubberies, and forlorn plots of flowers, which, by their neglected condition, shewed that after all they were of very secondary consideration, as belonging merely to the ornamental department. Before the house was an oval piece of water, which looked uncomfortable enough; for it was scarcely large enough to suffice a thirsty team of cattle, and yet conveyed an idea, that if any urchins were to fall into it on their faces, they might manage to require the coroner's opinion as to how they came there. I did not, however, like to criticize it, because I thought it was probably placed thus immediately before the windows in order that Mrs. Clayfield and her children might have the pleasure of seeing the ducks swim about in it; and, in good truth, I have stood many a half hour to watch them at the edge of a scrubby pond even than this. I made some remark to this effect to one of the young ladies, a pale-faced girl of fourteen, who had reluctantly laid down Lord Byron's poems to accompany us; but she looked at me with somewhat of contempt, and coldly replied, "We have no ducks, sir; nor, indeed, any poultry whatever. Mamma does not like the noise they make. She intends getting a couple of swans for this sheet of water; but pa has been so busy making improvements, that he has not had time to order them from the *mangerie*."—"Well, but," said I,

"In my opinion, ducks would look just as well, and indeed somewhat better; for their size would be more in proportion to the water, and they would certainly be the more profitable tenants. And," I continued, taking her hand, as my years entitled me to do, without declaring myself a suitor for it, "you and your sister should persuade your papa to let you keep poultry, and look after it yourselves; and then you would be entitled to the profits of it, and such an employment would bring the roses into your cheeks, and be better for you than sitting all the day long with a book before you." She coldly withdrew her hand, and said her mamma never suffered her to go into the farm-yard; and indeed her time was so fully taken up with her studies, that she could very seldom find leisure, even for a few morning calls. We now returned to the house, and separated in order to dress for dinner; but as I knew that a very few minutes would suffice for the alterations I should make in my appearance, I wandered forth again by myself, and had the good luck, at some little distance from the house, to fall in with the cows milking, the horses getting unharnessed, the calves and pigs coming in for their suppers, and all the other branches of rural economy which afford so much pleasure to a lover of nature and simplicity. I was obliged, however, to leave these cheering sights, and return to the house, where I found dinner served up with a strange mixture of fine dishes and bad cookery. I mentioned, by way of conversation, how agreeably I had been amused in my solitary ramble. "Ah! what you found us out then?" said mine host: "Well, I must say, that I like, as for myself, to be near what is going on; but my good lady there, thinks that the farther any thing of business is from a house, the better."—"Yes, indeed," replied the lady, who was the daughter of a tallow-chandler in Warwick Lane; "I should fancy every thing smelt of the cow-yard (*shop* I thought she was going to say) if it was any nearer. I cannot bear even the dairy-maid to come near me." Now, for my own part, I have a great liking to dairy-maids, and I thought at the moment Mrs. Clayfield made this speech, that I had much rather be waited upon by a pretty neat girl of that description than by the clumsy-fisted loughman, who acted as butler in a wadry livery, whilst the boy who had been all the morning frightening the

crows away, stamped round the table after him in hob-nailed shoes, and a similar masquerade habit of blue and pompadour.

The evening dragged heavily on, in the same dull affectation of gentility. Instead of the songs of birds, and the fragrance of the meadows and hedgerows, I was entertained with a miserable attempt at a bravura, by one of the misses, and with a portfolio full of wretched daubs meant to represent flowers, by the other. Nor could I divert my *ennui* by making any discoveries from the windows, as one of them looked only on the swampy lawn, and the other, which commanded a lovely view of the sun setting over rich woods, was blocked up with a shewy painted blind, representing an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, because the cattle could come close up to it, and Mrs. Clayfield said that she could not bear to be stared at by *great ox-eyes*, thus unconsciously giving us a literal translation of Homer's celebrated epithet:—

"Βούκλις ποτνια ἤρη."

As I could see pride and folly enough in London, and be attending to my business at the same time, I felt no inclination to remain any longer than I could help among persons whose manners were in such decided opposition to their pursuits, or rather to what their pursuits ought to be. I accordingly took my leave the next morning; but am sorry to add, that in almost all the country visits I have paid since, I have had the same causes for dissatisfaction:—

"Whence comes this change, ungracious, irksome, cold?"

Whence the new grandeur that mine eyes behold?
The widening distance which I daily see,—
Has wealth done this?"

Leaving this question to be answered by Mr. Ricardo, or Mr. Heathfield, or any other gentleman who may be in the habit of calculating for the good of the nation, I will proceed to say, that hopeless of finding any such thing as good old English manners left in the land, I had given up even the search after them, when behold, by mere chance, I was enabled to witness a scene which brought all the simplicity and hospitality of the last century again before my eyes. But I must be a little more circumstantial, if I mean to impart, as is my wish, the same pleasure to my readers, which filled my own breast, at the happy sight of innocent enjoyment and perfect familiarity, linked to propriety and respect by the simple chain

of affection and gratitude. Be it known, then, that I was called into Suffolk this autumn by business, which occasioned me to remain some days at the ancient town of Bury St. Edmund's. Poring one morning over the interesting remains of architectural magnificence and ecclesiastical wealth, which are to be found in the Abbey-grounds, I was interrupted in my meditations by the hearty greetings of an old acquaintance, who was, I found, settled in the neighbourhood. When he heard how short a stay I was going to make in the place, he declared he would not lose sight of me; and that I should accompany him and his wife, that very afternoon, on a little jaunt into the country. "My dear friend," said I, "you must excuse me, the country is now London all over; and I am quite tired of seeing dinners at farm-houses as dull as city feasts: for when I am in the country, I like to be countryed; and wish for nothing better than eggs and bacon at one o'clock, and a stroll round the fields, and a sillabub at milking-time."—"Well then," he replied, "if that be your notion of rural felicity, you must not say another word about the matter, for you *must* go to the Horkey; it will suit you exactly." At the word HORKEY, Bloomfield, the "Farmer's Boy," rushed irresistibly into my mind, and with him all the images of rural life so early imprinted on it, so often recalled by the fidelity and beauty of his descriptions. My hopes revived. "Well," said I, "though I have forsworn visiting in the country, I have made no resolution against a Horkey. I will go with you, at any rate, and see what it is like."—"Oh, as for that matter," said my friend's wife, "I can tell you beforehand, that you must not expect to see it like one of your fine parties in town."—"If I did," I replied, "you may rely upon it you would not find me intruding myself among the company."—"Nay," said she, "I am sure you would be welcome in any case. I only meant to say, that you must take things as you find them; quite in a plain old-fashioned way."—"Just what I have been looking for in vain for the last five and twenty years," said I, "and amply shall I be repaid at last, if I find any thing like the harvest-homes and sheep-shearings that used to fill me with delight when I was a boy in Yorkshire."

Well, then, to the Horkey we set off, about four o'clock, in a large body, and with an agreeable variety of equipage

and cattle, from the well-built gig, and blood-horse, to the humble tax-cart, with

"Old Dobbin, and the founder'd mare." Comparisons, however, or jealousies of any kind, were discarded from the very beginning of this happy meeting: the half-starved little Shetland pony, with the sagacity which those born so far north are peculiarly gifted with, seemed to smell out that he was going to a place where good things were to be had; and trotted on accordingly in cheerful emulation of the well-paced road-horse, who threw his legs out at the rate of twelve miles an hour; and even a solitary donkey, which had been pressed into the service by a lame carpenter, as if anxious to clear his whole race from the reproach of slowness and obstinacy, kept up with the pony-chaise, without stimulus of goad or thong.

We soon came within sight of the farm-house; and a goodly sight it was! It stood in a spacious square yard, one side of which was completely fenced in by a phalanx of stacks, the abundant produce of five hundred acres of the best land in Suffolk, and the joyful foundation of the hearty welcome that awaited us. The other side was sheltered from the cold blasts of the north by a range of excellent out-houses, among which was ample stabling, stored with provender for the quadrupeds who conveyed the bipeds to the feast. Behind the house, an extensive garden and orchard displayed their treasures, rich in autumnal beauty; and in front was a large kennel, from which a fine Newfoundland dog rushed out at our approach, with impetuous joy, as far as his chain would allow him, to fawn upon such of the guests as chose to venture within his reach, as if he also would say "Welcome to the Horkey!"

At a little distance from the house, and near the stacks which their activity had secured from weather and mischance, stood the harvest-men, and labourers, at the head of whom was a venerable bald-headed old man, whose superior skill and experience in the field had procured him the title of *my lord*, and the honour of precedence at the feast. This part of the company had skilfully stationed themselves, so that they could beguile the time while supper was preparing, with alternately watching the arrival of the peripatetic guests, and the preparations that were going on in the kitchen, the door of which stood wide open, and exhibited,

a most attractive scene of culinary bustle.

Our party happened to be the first that arrived. We were welcomed as people used to welcome their visitors fifty years ago: I, as a stranger, received a double share of attention, and the cheering sounds of "You must be kind enough to take us as you find us, sir; we are all in a plain way here;" again greeted my ears. We were ushered into a room that looked into the garden, and against the windows of which the honey-suckle climbed, and wafted to us the lingering fragrance which it retains to a late period in the autumn, long after the beauty of its blossoms is past. The chairs were wedged in as close to each other as any lady of fashion could wish to see them at her first assembly; and at each end of the room stood a large table, one of which was set out with the tea-equipage in all its ancient glory, and the other with decanters and glasses, and a profusion of cakes, the manufacture of the females of the family, who handed them round to us themselves; along with port and home-made wines, immediately on our arrival.

The guests now began to throng in very thickly; and great was the rejoicing when it was discovered that any one had brought a friend or two with him more than was expected. A little girl, the youngest treasure of our hostess, who had been sent for from school expressly to share in the festivities of the *Horkey*, and whose countenance was in itself a herald of joy, rushed into the room, all buoyant with delight, to tell us that her uncle James was coming in, and had brought seven more with him. This was indeed matter of exultation, and the grandmother, a fine tall old lady, whose dignity of gait was not to be impaired by the stick which a rheumatic complaint obliged her to use, emphatically exclaimed, with a beautiful mixture of devotion and hospitality, "So much the better! they are welcome! there are plenty of stacks, thank God! and there is plenty of every thing for all that come!" Away flew the little girl again for more good tidings, but she returned in a minute, with a momentary cloud of disappointment over her features: the seven was reduced to six; she had counted her uncle twice over. Still, however, we were called upon to be glad that there were six; and we had so many similar occasions for rejoicing over unexpected additions to the party,

that we soon began to be so far fashionable as to find every seat engaged, and one room overflowing into another.

Our hostess had been about a year and a half a widow. The more active departments of the farm were managed for her by her son-in-law; and the two families resided under the same roof, in full amity and confidence. The married daughter now took her seat at the tea-table, and dispensed with her own hand the cups

"That cheer, but not inebriate,"

in all the perfection that good tea, boiling water, a thing not always to be met with at fashionable routs, and thick cream, an article entirely unattainable at places of that description, could impart to them. The younger branches, meanwhile, handed about the cakes and bread and butter, with an unremitting and even affectionate attention, which left not a single individual of all the large party overlooked; and whilst I contrasted their respectful behaviour to their elders, with the selfish and insolent deportment which young people in higher circles assume towards those whom they consider as too old, or too insignificant to minister to their vanity, I could not help thinking, old bachelor as I am, that if the fates should insist upon my marrying, I would rather choose my wife at a *Horkey* in Suffolk, than a ball at Almack's. I then, by a natural association of ideas, turned my eyes towards the tea-table, and gratified them with an admiring survey of the pretty features, the sweet countenance, and modest attire of the youthful matron who did its honours so well; and who was too intent on watching the wishes of her guests, to be discomposed by the strictness of my scrutiny, which she had, in fact, not even leisure to observe, and would most certainly never have thought, had she been ever so unoccupied, of endeavouring to attract.

The time between tea and supper was agreeably filled up with a walk round the well-cultivated garden, the goodly stacks, and the commodious yard, all illuminated with the silver radiance of the harvest-moon, just then rising in full beauty and unclouded lustre. Nor were the dairy, in all its pride of cleanliness and coolness, and its full bowls of cream, overlooked by us, any more than the kitchen, where the roast and the boiled were contending, which should send forth the most

savoury steams to the olfactories of the rustics who kept alternately coming in to scorch themselves in the blaze of a crackling wood fire, and retiring to the door again to cool themselves,

"Quench'd in the cold beams of the watery moon."

As supper was served exactly at seven, the interval thus employed did not, my readers will imagine, appear very tedious to any of us. Three rooms were now thrown open; one for the guests, another for the younger branches of the family, and a third for the household servants, the harvest-men, and labourers. The fare was, I believe, the same at each table; I shall therefore content myself with describing that which was placed immediately under my own eyes. At the top and bottom of the table was that standing article in Suffolk—a boiled batter-pudding, solid enough in composition, and of sufficient dimensions, to act as a good foundation for the viands that were to follow. With each of these puddings appeared a sauce-boat full of gravy, an indispensable appendage; and as if Pope's illustration of somewhat more than enough, in the account of Sir Balaam's manner of living—

"And, lo! two puddings smoked upon the board," were not in a case like the present sufficient exemplification of plenty, a *third* pudding was added, in the form of a baked one, equal in size to both the others, as if the cook felt that her powers

— "could no farther go,"

and therefore

"To make a third she join'd the former two."

At the upper end of the table was a smoking round of boiled beef; at the lower a noble boiled leg of mutton, which might have disputed the prize with my Lord Somerville's legs, or the Duke of Bedford's legs, or any other cattle-fancier's, noble or ignoble. Below the boiled beef stood a fine piece of roast beef, no way disdaining its near proximity to one of the same family; and an equally good understanding seemed to prevail at the bottom of the table between the boiled leg of mutton and a roasted quarter of lamb. These excellent articles, with a profusion of fine vegetables of different kinds, formed the savoury part of the feast; for neither poultry, nor any sort of made-dishes, were deemed advisable at such a period as this; not only on account of the additional time it would have taken in preparing them, but also the delay which they would have caused in the carving.

And here I must remark, that both my worthy friend, who had taken the head of the table, and who was himself the very personification of cheerfulness and good-humour, and his colleague at the bottom, seemed determined to deserve the meed of excellence in carving, according to the test laid down by the modern Apicius, Dr. Kitchener, who sagaciously observes on this subject, "For my part I hold him to be the best carver who satisfies the greatest number of guests in the least portion of time." And certainly, in the present case, no small number were satisfied in a very short period, through the attention and promptness of their worthy presidents, with the substantials; and no sooner were they done with, than they were succeeded by another course, of plum puddings and rice puddings, and fruit pies; and the cheerful countenances of the mistresses of the feast appeared between whiles, with an irradiating influence on their guests, to ask if they were all happy and comfortable, and to hope they had every thing they wanted, and that all was to their liking; for these worthy women retained so much of genuine old-fashioned hospitality, that they would not even sit down themselves, but went about from room to room, to see that plenty and comfort prevailed in each. After sitting some time over very excellent port and made wines, and all the fruits that the season afforded, we were invited to join our forces, and make a general muster—and now began the Horkey in all its attractions, a scene every way worthy of the pen of Burns and the pencil of Wilkie. The room in which we assembled was spacious, though not lofty, and was that part of the dwelling which is peculiarly known among farmers in this county, as well as the more northern ones, by the appellation of the *house*; round the walls benches were placed for the labourers and helpers, all dressed in clean smock-frocks; among them *my lord* and the village butcher were treated with peculiar marks of respect. At the end nearest to the door, some urchins had edged themselves in, happy enough at being allowed, on any terms, to make their first appearance at a *Horkey*; and at the upper end some of the wealthy farmers were content to take their places, quite satisfied with the slight distinction of drinking out of glass instead of horn, as the rank was formerly marked, at the tables of our ancestors, by the salt in the middle, as a boundary;

nor did those who, in this instance, might be considered as sitting above it, shew any undue sense of superiority over the parties who were ranged below. Within this outer circle another was formed with chairs round a table of polished oak, which reflected the jovial faces of those who sat round it; wherever there was a space sufficiently clear from the huge flaggons of ale, an enormous bowl of punch, bottles, decanters, horns and glasses, with which its centre was covered. This inner circle consisted of the ladies and gentlemen of the party, as far as any distinction of that kind could be said to exist in an assemblage altogether so well behaved, so respectable, and so good-humoured. Among them was an artist and his wife from London, who had been brought as spectators under the auspices of my friend; and, to say the truth, as the gentleman had the reputation of being a genius, and the lady an authoress, I had some apprehensions that the simplicity and native wit of the conversation would be contaminated by the technicalities of art, or the cant of periodical criticism. Fortunately, however, the artist proved to be as modest as I have since found him to be ingenious, and the same love of nature which is exhibited in his works was now manifested in his silent, yet speaking enjoyment of the scene before him; and more fortunately still, the lady had been brought up herself in the country, and had contrived to cultivate her mind early in life, without impairing the simplicity of her manners. Next to her sat the wife of my friend, whose figure and carriage would have graced a drawing-room; nor must my worthy friend himself be forgotten; with one consent he was called upon to preside at this table, as he had done at the other, and he complied with his accustomed good humour; but when he had taken his seat a few minutes, he suddenly rose, crying out "No, no; I don't like this, why we half of us turn our backs on some of the handsomest fellows in the room," at the same time pulling two or three of them forward in their smock-frocks, grinning from ear to ear. It was found, however, that no better arrangement could be made; his objection was therefore overruled; he resumed his seat, *my lord*, went round with "the flowing can," and the vocal part of the amusement commenced with a general chorus to the health of the mistress of the house,

in the following strain, which I shall give in the rich Suffolk twang, which, throughout the whole evening, gave added raciness to the poetry of the different songs:—

"Now harvest is indid, and supper is past,
Let's drink to the mistress a full-flowing glass;
She be a good woman, she provide us good cheer,
So here's to her health, lads, and drink half your beer."

A graceful pause ensued, during which the swains most obediently followed my lord's directions, and drank *half* their beer: they then proceeded through another stanza of good wishes and grateful acknowledgements, their mistress smiling most cordially upon them all the time, and then again paused, and made a finish of their draught. The next vocal performance was a solo by the village butcher, who gave us in no bad style Dibdin's excellent song—

"When clouds obscure the labouring moon,"
and as he quavered out the burthen of it—

"Lash'd to the helm, when seas o'erwhelm,
I think on thee, my love,"

I could not refrain from lifting my glass to my lips in silent tribute to the memory of a man whose muse, prolific as she was chaste, has given fifteen hundred songs peculiarly to the wooden walls and thatched roofs of his native country; nor, among them all, can one be found to raise a blush on the cheek of modesty, or one be read without exciting some patriotic, virtuous, or tender feeling. The butcher's song of course deserved a full cup; and immediately afterwards an undeniable reason for another was set forth in full chorus:—

"Here's a health to the man of the house,
The best good man in the land;
And he that dares this toast deny,
Before his face I here defy,
So take the glass in your hand."

A slight shade of sorrow spread itself over the countenance of the widowed mistress of the house, at the remembrance of her husband, which this tribute awakened. She would not, however, let it damp the cheerfulness of the scene, but smiled affectionately on her son-in-law, who succeeded to the compliment, and who seemed every way deserving both of his comfortable establishment and his pretty wife.

And now was the advice of Hamlet—"suit the action to the word, and the word to the action," most admirably set forth in the next verse:—

" Cock your binnacle up to your chin,
Open your shoulders, and let it run in;
The more you drink the fuller your skin,
Which nobody can deny."

During the time *my lord* was singing this verse to each of the party separately, which he did with as much inflexibility of muscle and monotony of tone as if he had been administering Custom-house oaths, he filled a brimming horn to him whom he was addressing, from a cann which he carried round the room with him, and custom required that this horn should be drunk off in the time that the verse was singing, or the remains of it thrown *sans cérémonie* in the face of the tardy one who might be behind-hand. A bushel basket of nuts was now placed in the middle of the room; the bumper toasts began to go merrily round—nuts and jokes were cracked in almost equal numbers, and the vocal performers congregating into one corner, and following their own taste in the selection of their songs, poured forth a variety of strains which, though not exactly such as would

" ——— quite set free
The half-regin'd Burydice,"

had, I dare say, often produced an effect more consonant to the wishes of the singers, in taking the ' prison'd soul' of some favourite village maid a willing captive, listening to them. One of these songs treated of a certain Squire Marvell

" The pearl of this land, and the pride of Skildare,"

but in what his particular excellence consisted I am not able to determine, as the performers, after singing all the same part, about forty stanzas, repeating any one that particularly struck their fancy twice over, as a proof of their admiration, came to a halt, their leader declaring that he had *clean forgotten the other half*, and we were forced to content ourselves with a song from the shepherd—

" Who chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse,"

and gave us an affecting ditty concerning two unfortunate *lovers*, which he got through without taking his pipe out of his mouth, and was warmly joined, at the conclusion, by the woodman, who with wonderful energy of tone and gesticulation struck in with

" Then hard-hearted parents, for your own sakes,
Mind and break not the bargains as your children makes."

This woodman, from the ease with which his spirits were excited, and the redundancy of action, and torrent of

words in which they displayed themselves, was reckoned *only* ~~admired~~ by his companions; but as I looked upon his wildly animated countenance, the zeal that lighted it up when a more than usually exhilarating toast was proposed, and the even graceful attitudes into which he threw himself, as he waved his cup above his head, previous to draining it off, or sawed the air with his hand, in unison with the sentiments, or melody of the songs,—I could not help reflecting upon the different opinions which are entertained on the very same subjects by different persons. Had this man been in some fashionable circles, his extravaganzas would have been laid to the account of genius; caught at, admired, and imitated, as delightful energy, and exquisite originality; in short, he would have been a character: whilst among his village associates, all this waste of animal spirits, or *intensity* of existence, (for every thing is *intense* now-a-days) only procured him the advantage of being deemed any thing but a conjurer. He was however merely one figure that stood a little more forward than the rest; for all were so far true to nature as to pourtray most faithfully the peculiarities of their respective employments and habits. Hogarth himself could not indeed have desired a more fruitful field of contemplation for his ever varying pencil. In one corner, as I have already said, were the musicians with their heads erect, and their eyes half-closed, that their attention might not be interrupted by the sight of what was going on, some with distended jaws, others with their lips ingeniously compressed at one corner so as to retain possession of their pipes; in another corner, a rival band presented itself in the farmers, who occasionally favoured us with specimens of superior refinement, in songs culled from the "*Lady's Magazine*," and the "*Songster's Delight*," wherein Bacchus and Venus, and all the long-neglected deities, once more put in their claims to notice. On the other side sat the females of the family, who skilfully chose that time to hand about the refreshments, when, had they not been so employed, their modesty might have been put somewhat to the blush by the amatory complexion of certain of the songs, the sentiments of which Moore himself, the Anacreon of our age, has done little more than dress out with that sort of classical elegance which has produced

them to universal admission to the pinnaces and harp-stands of our young ladies; though in their native *Domo* simplicity they certainly would not have been chosen by them, any more than they were by the village matrons whose smiles and unaffected good humour gave additional relish to the eates and viands they kept distributing among us. But it was not the outer circle alone that furnished us with a display of broad humour and irresistible mirth: our own table presented at least as many subjects of interest—as many heads admirably contrasted to each other, and turned in every variety of profile and full face, and marked with as much comic originality of expression. To one young man nature had been somewhat cross-grained in features and figure, but had made him amends by giving him a fine taste in music and a very tolerable voice; and whilst he was exerting it for the good of the company, I was entertained to see his next neighbour, who was still worse favoured than himself, peering up into his face, and endeavouring to attract the notice of the company to that ugliness in the visage of another, which was exhibited to far greater perfection in his own. To this sort of caricature, however humorous, the countenance of the young artist, fraught as it was with intelligence and good feeling, exhibited a very interesting contrast. He was absorbed in the scene before him, and scarcely ever took his glass from his eye, for he was so short-sighted as to use one in addition to his spectacles, and the very thing which in another might have appeared like affectation, only proved in him how little he was thinking of himself. “I perceive, Sir,” said I, “you are quite satisfied with your evening’s entertainment. It would make an excellent subject for a picture.” “Oh, Sir,” he exclaimed, “no painting could fix it, no acting could imitate it. Liston himself could not throw the vacant wonder into his face which that fellow exhibits so exquisitely whilst he is listening to the song. Could Mathews screw up his mouth like the young man who is watching *my lord* pouring out the beer? And observe the exulting glance which the woodman casts towards his cup, now that it is filled again: could Emery shew any thing to equal it? No, Sir; I never was so entertained before, for I never before saw so genuine a scene.”

NEW MONTHLY MAG.—No. 82.

We were now treated with

“The fox he loves the low grounds,
The hare he loves the hill,
My Lord he loves his *Leady*,
And Jock he loves his Gill.
Gill boys Gill, fill boys fill,
My Lord he loves his *Leady*,
And Jock he loves his Gill.”

I need scarcely say that such an inviting chorus called loudly for a full horn; and song after song, and bumper after bumper, succeeded till midnight, when, according to ancient custom, just as the clock gave warning for twelve, *my lord* arose, and taking a couple of plates, went round among the guests to solicit *largess*; which at such a time it may be imagined was bestowed with no sparing hand. This sum was destined for a second treat among the labourers themselves, with their wives and children; and as soon as the whole was collected, *my lord* rushed out of the room, with all the rustics at his heels, and all the guests following him, into the farm-yard at the front of the house, where the harvest-moon was shining in full splendour, without a single cloud to cast a shadow over her

“round, unwrinkled face.”

There, ascending the wall, he and his followers literally shouted with all their might, *largess! largess! largess!* to the echoes, till they all awakened and answered them; and sooth to say, if any passers-by were within a mile of the house, they must have heard with some astonishment, sounds so loud, so continuous, so discordant as to

“Startle the dull ear of night,”

and yet so divested of any thing but joy and exultation. The company around all caught the feeling, many joined in the lengthened reverberating shouts, many more added peals of laughter to the stock of noise, the dog barked and flew about, and “bay’d the moon,” and, at last, *my lord* himself was seized by one of the stoutest of his train, and carried round the yard, and back to the house, in triumph on his shoulders, with all the rest after him, like a pack of hounds in full cry; and like good staunch dogs too, they all returned to the sport, with as much eagerness as when they first set out.

For my part I thought it best to be “merry and wise,” and therefore began to meditate a retreat, in which I was seconded by the artist, whom the cloudless sky and radiant moon had inspired

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with an earnest longing for fresh air and a tranquil walk home.

My friend, perceiving my intention, caught me by one arm and the artist by another, and pointing to the window, where the moon-beams were playing among the honeysuckles, he raised his voice, and addressed us in the language of Burns, that very soul of song and merry-making.

"It is the moon! I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie,
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa'
A cuckold coward loon is he;
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king among us three."

"Ay, you may make this moon wait if you please," said I, "and you may be king if you please, but you will not object to my going before you, to clear the roads for your wife." "Yes I shall," said he, "and so will she too, and every body else. You must stay and see the finish." "But what do you call the *finish*?" I inquired. "Now tell me honestly, when will these good fellows think they have got enough?" "Why as to that they will soon be past giving an opinion, and we certainly shall not think of giving one for them

till four or five o'clock; they will then perhaps take a nap, but it must be a short one, for they all come again to breakfast at nine, and then at twelve they have a parting cup, by way of a *settler*." "And that settles it with me," said I, "that this shall be my parting glass." Accordingly taking the advantage of the ladies' retiring, to equip themselves for the ride home, I stole away with the artist. We soon lost the fumes of tobacco, ale, and punch, in the sweets of a mild southern breeze, and found abundant matter for conversation, in eulogizing the hospitality, and unaffected good-humour of the family we had left, and recalling the drolleries we had witnessed; whilst I more especially rejoiced to find that old English manners were not yet entirely banished from out the land, and delighted myself with thinking, that however I might be disgusted with heartless profusion in London, and vulgar affectation in the country, I could at least console myself for it all, once a year, by seeing genuine enjoyment, and native simplicity, added to propriety of manners, and the exercise of the best feelings of the heart, at a **SUFFOLK HORKEY**.

ON THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF WORDSWORTH.

How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh nor crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute!—*Milton*.

Blessings be on him and immortal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
The Poet who on earth hath made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!—*Wordsworth*.

OUR readers will be disappointed if they expect to find in this article any of the usual flippancies of criticism. Were we accustomed to employ them, its subject would utterly confound us. Strange is their insatiation who can fancy that the merits of a great poet are *subjected* to their decision, and that they have any authority to pass judicial censures, or confer beneficent praises, on one of the divinest of intellects! We shall attempt to set forth the peculiar immunities and triumphs of Wordsworth's genius, not as critics, but as disciples. To him our eulogy is nothing. But we would fain induce our readers to follow us "where we have garnered up our hearts," and would endeavour to remove those influences by which malignity and prejudice

have striven to deter them from seeking some of the holiest of those living springs of delight which poets have opened for their species.

A minute discussion of Wordsworth's *system* will not be necessary to our design. It is manifestly absurd to refer to it as a test of his poetical genius. When an author has given numerous creations to the world, he has furnished positive evidence of the nature and extent of his powers, which must preclude the necessity of deducing an opinion of the same from the truth or falsehood of his theories. One noble imagination—one profound and affecting sentiment—or one new gleam cast on the inmost recesses of the soul, is more than a sufficient compensation for a thousand critical errors.

False doctrines of taste can endure only for a little season, but the productions of genius are "for all time." Its discoveries cannot be lost—its images will not perish—its most delicate influences cannot be dissipated by the changes of times and of seasons. It may be a curious and interesting question, whether a poet laboriously builds up his fame with purpose and judgment, or, as has most falsely been said of Shakspeare, "grows immortal in his own despite;" but it cannot affect his highest claims to the gratitude and admiration of the world. If Milton preferred *Paradise Regained* to *Paradise Lost*, does that strange mistake detract from our revering love? What would be our feeling towards critics, who should venture to allude to it as a proof that his works were unworthy of perusal, and decline an examination of those works themselves on the ground that his perverse taste sufficiently proved his want of genius? Yet this is the mode by which popular Reviewers have attempted to depreciate Wordsworth—they have argued from his theories to his poetry, instead of examining the poetry itself—as if their reasoning was better than the fact in question, or as if one eternal image set up in the stateliest region of poesy, had not value to outweigh all the truths of criticism, or to atone for all its errors!

Not only have Wordsworth's merits been improperly rested on his system; but that system itself has been misrepresented with no common baseness. From some of the attacks directed against it, a reader might infer that it recommended the choice of the meanest subjects, and their treatment in the meanest way; and that it not only represented poetry as fitly employed on things in themselves low and trivial, but that it forbade the clustering any delicate fancies about them, or the shedding on them any reconciling and softening lustræ. Multitudes, indeed, have wondered as they read, not only that any persons should be deluded by its perverse insipidities, but that critics should waste their ridicule on an author who resigned at once all pretensions to the poetic art. In reality, this calumniated system has only reference to the diction, and to the subjects of poetry. It has merely taught, that the diction of poetry is not different from that of prose, and suggested that themes hitherto little dwelt on, were not unsuited to the bard's divinest uses. Let us briefly examine what ground of

offence there is in the assertion or application of these positions.

Some have supposed that by rejecting a diction as peculiar to poetry, Wordsworth denied to it those qualities which are its essence, and those "harmonious numbers" which its thoughts "voluntarily move." Were his language equivocal, which it is not, the slightest glance at his works would shew that he could have no design to exclude from it the stateliest imaginings, the most felicitous allusions, or the choicest and most varied music. He objected only to a peculiar phraseology—a certain hacknied strain of inversion—which had been set up as distinguishing poetry from prose, and which, he contended, was equally false in either. What is there of pernicious heresy in this, unless we make the crafty politician's doctrine, that speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts, the great principle of poetry? If words are fitly combined only to convey ideas to the mind, each word having a fixed meaning in itself, no different mode of collocation can be requisite when the noblest sentiment is to be embodied, from that which is proper when the driest fact is to be asserted. Each term employed by a poet has as determinate an office—as clearly means one thing as distinguished from all others—as a mathematician's scientific phrases. If a poet wishes lucidly to convey a grand picture to the mind, there can be no reason why he should resort to another mode of speech than that which he would employ in delivering the plainest narrative. He will, of course, use other and probably more beautiful words, because they properly belong to his subject; but he will not use any different order in their arrangement, because in both cases his immediate object is the same—the clear communication of his own idea to the mind of his reader. And this is true not only of the chief object of the passage, but of every hinted allusion, or nice shade of feeling, which may adorn it. If by "poetic diction" is intended the vivid expression of poetic thoughts, to annihilate it is to annihilate poetry; but if it means certain ornamental phrases and forms of language not necessary to such expression, it is, at best, but a splendid error. Felicity of language can never be other than the distinct expression of felicitous thought. The only art of diction in poetry, as in prose, is the nice bodying forth of each delicate vibration of the feelings, and

each soft shade of the images, in words which at once make us conscious of their most transient beauty. At all events, there was surely no offence in an individual's rejecting the aid of a stile regarded as poetic, and relying for his fame on the naked majesty of his conceptions. The triumph is more signal when the Poet uses language as a mirror, clear, and itself invisible, to reflect his creations in their native hues,—than when he employs it as a stained and fallacious medium to exhibit its own varieties of tint, and to shew the objects which it partially reveals in its own prismatic colouring.

But it is said that the subjects of Wordsworth's poetry are not in themselves so lofty as those which his noblest predecessors have chosen. If this be true, and he has yet succeeded in discovering within them poetical affinities, or in shedding on them a new consecration, he does not surely deserve ill of his species. He has left all our old objects of veneration uninjured, and has enabled us to recognize new ones in the peaceful and familiar courses of our being. The question is not whether there are more august themes than those which he has treated, but whether these last have any interest, as seen in the light which he has cast around them. If they have, the benefits which he has conferred on humanity are more signal, and the triumph of his own powers is more undivided and more pure, than if he had treated on subjects which we have been accustomed to revere. We are more indebted to one who opens to us a new and secluded pathway in the regions of fantasy with its own verdant inequalities and delicate overshadowings of foliage, than if he had stepped majestically in the broad and beaten highway to swell the triumphant procession of laurelled bards. Is it matter of accusation that a poet has opened visions of glory about the ordinary walks of life—that he has linked holiest associations to things which hitherto have been regarded without emotion—that he has made beauty “a simple product of the common day?” Shall he be denied the poetic faculty who without the attractions of story—without the blandishments of diction—without even the aid of those associations which have encrusted themselves around the oldest themes of the poet, has for many years excited the animosities of the most popular critics, and mingled the love and

admiration of his genius with the life-blood of hearts neither unreflecting nor ungentle?

But most of the subjects of Mr. Wordsworth, though not arrayed in any adventitious pomp, have a real and innate grandeur. True it is, that he moves not among the regalities, but among the humanities of his art. True it is, that his poetry does not “make its bed and procreate cradle” in the “jutting, frieze, cornice, or architrave” of the glorious edifices of human power. The universe, in its naked majesty, and man in the plain dignity of his nature, are his favourite themes. And is there no might, no glory, no sanctity in these? Earth has her own venerablenesses—her awful forests, which have darkened her hills for ages with tremendous gloom; her mysterious springs pouring out everlasting waters from unsearchable recesses; her wrecks of elemental contests; her jagged rocks, monumental of an earlier world. The lowliest of her beauties has an antiquity beyond that of the pyramids. The evening breeze has the old sweetness which it shed over the fields of Canaan, when Isaac went out to meditate. The Nile swells with its rich waters towards the bulrushes of Egypt, as when the infant Moses nestled among them, watched by the sisterly love of Miriam. Zion's hill has not passed away with its temple, nor lost its sanctity amidst the tumultuous changes around it, nor even by the accomplishment of that awful religion of types and symbols which once was enthroned on its steep. The sun to which the poet turns his eye is the same which shone over Thermopylæ; the wind to which he listens swept over Salamis, and scattered the armaments of Xerxes. Is a poet utterly deprived of fitting themes, to whom ocean, earth, and sky are open—who has an eye for the most evanescent of nature's hues, and the most ethereal of her graces—who can “live in the rainbow and play in the plighted clouds,” or send into our hearts the awful loneliness of regions “consecrated to eldest time?” Is there nothing in man, considered abstractedly from the distinctions of this world—nothing in a being who is in the infancy of an immortal life—who is lackeyed by “a thousand liveried angels”—who is even “splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave”—to awaken ideas of permanence, solemnity, and grandeur? Are there no themes

sufficiently exalted for poetry in the mysteries of death and of life—in the desires and hopes which have their resting-place near the throne of the Eternal—in affections, strange and wondrous in their working, and unconquerable by time, or anguish, or destiny? How little comparatively of allusion is there even in Shakspeare, whose genius will not be regarded as rigid or austere, to other venerablenesses than those of the creation, and to qualities less common than the human heart! The very luxuries which surround his lovers—the pensive sweetnesss which steal away the sting from his saddest catastrophes—are drawn from man's universal immunities, and the eldest sympathies of the universe. The divinity which "hedges his kings" is only humanity's finer essence. Even his *Lear* is great only in intellectual might and in the terrible strangeness of his afflictions. While invested with the pomp and circumstance of his station, he is froward, impatient, thankless—less than a child in his liberality and in his resentments; but when he is cast abroad to seek a lodging with the owl and to endure the fury of the elements, and is only a poor and despised old man, the exterior crust which a life of prosperity had hardened over his soul is broken up by the violence of his sorrows, his powers expand within his worn and wasted frame, his spirit awakens in its long-forgotten strength, and even in the wanderings of distraction gives hints of the profoundest philosophy, and manifests a real kingliness of nature—a sweet and most affecting courtesy—of which there was no vestige in the days of his pride. The regality of Richard lies not in "compliment extern"—the philosophy of Hamlet has a princeliness above that of his rank—and the beauties of Imogen are shed into her soul only by the selectest influences of creation.

The objects which have been usually regarded as the most poetical derive from the soul itself the far larger share of their poetical qualities. All their power to elevate, to delight, or to awe us, which does not arise from mere form, colour, and proportion, is manifestly drawn from the instincts common to the species. The affections have first consecrated all that they revere. "Cornice, frieze, jutting, or architrave," are fit nestling-places for poetry, chiefly as they are the symbols of feelings of grandeur and duration in the hearts of

the beholders. A poet then who seeks at once for beauty and sublimity in their native home of the human soul—who resolves "*non sectari rivulos sed petere fontes*"—can hardly be accused with justice of rejecting the themes most worthy of a bard. His office is, indeed, more arduous than if he selected those subjects about which hallowing associations have long clustered, and which other poets have already rendered sacred. But if he can discover new depths of affection in the soul—or throw new tinges of loveliness on objects hitherto common, he ought not to be despised in proportion to the severity of the work, and the absence of extrinsic aid! Wordsworth's persons are not invested with antique robes, nor clad in the symbols of worldly pomp, but they are "apparelled in celestial light." By his power "the bare earth and mountains bare" are covered with an imaginative radiance more holy than that which old Greek poets shed over Olympus. The world, as consecrated by his poetic wisdom, is an enchanted scene—redolent with sweet humanity, and vocal with "echoes from beyond the grave."

We shall now attempt to express the reasons for our belief in Wordsworth's genius, by first giving a few illustrations of his chief faculties, and then considering them in their application to the uses of philosophical poetry.

We allude to the descriptive faculty, because though not the least popular, it is the lowest which Wordsworth possesses. He shares it with many others, though few, we think, enjoy it in so eminent a degree. It is difficult, indeed, to select passages from his works which are merely descriptive; but those which approach nearest to portraiture, and are least imbued with fantasy, are master-pieces in their kind. Take, for example, the following picture of masses of vapour receding among the steep and summits of the mountains, after a storm, beneath an azure sky; the earlier part of which seems almost like another glimpse of Milton's heaven; and the conclusion of which impresses us solemnly with the most awful visions of Hebrew prophecy:

— "A step,

A single step, which freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapour, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul—
The appearance instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far

And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth
Far sinking into splendour—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes and silver spires;
And blazing terrace upon terrace high
Uplifted: here serene pavilions bright
In avenues disposed; there towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars, illumination of all gems!
O 'twas an unimaginable sight;
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and
emerald turf,

Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous unwrapped.
Right in the midst, where interspace appeared
Of open court, an object like a throne
Beneath a shining canopy of state
Stood fix'd; and fix'd resemblances were seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified;
Such as by Hebrew prophets were beheld
In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest power,
For admiration and mysterious awe!"

Excursion, B. II.

Contrast with this the delicate grace
of the following picture, which represents
the white doe of Rylstone—that
most beautiful of mysteries—on her
Sabbath visit to the grave of her sainted
lady:—

"Soft—the dusky trees between
And down the path through the open green
Where is no living thing to be seen;
And through yon gateway where is found
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the church-yard ground;
And right across the verdant sod
Towards the very house of God;
—Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary Doe!
White is she as lily in June;
And beauteous as the silver moon,
When out of sight the clouds are driven
And she is left alone in heaven;
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away,
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.

What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through this pile of state,
Overthrown and desolate!
Now a step or two her way
Is through space of open day,
Where the enamour'd sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath:
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory which she makes,—
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell
With perfect cunning framed, as well

Of stone and ivy, and the spread
Of the elder's bushy head;
Some jealous and forbidding cell,
That doth the living stars repeat,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

— Her's are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves—with pace how light!
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
The dewy turf, with flowerless bestow;
And in this way she fates, till at last
Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down;
Gently as a weary wave
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
Against an anchor'd vessel's side;
Even so, without distress, doth she
Lie down in peace, and lovingly.

White Doe of Rylstone, Cant. I.

What, as mere description, can be
more masterly than the following: pic-
ture of the mountain solitude, where a
dog was found, after three months'
watching by his master's body—though
the touches which send the feeling of
deep loneliness into the soul, and the
bold imagination which represents the
huge recess as visited by elemental pre-
sences, are produced by higher than de-
scriptive powers!—

"It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps till June December's snow
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below!
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land;
From trace of human foot or hand.

There, sometimes does a leaping fish
Send through the Tarn a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven's croak
In symphony austere;
Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud;
And mists that spread the flying shroud,
And sun-beams; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past,
But that enormous barrier binds it fast."

We must abstain from farther exam-
ples of the descriptive faculty, and affide
to that far higher gift which Words-
worth enjoys in his profound acquaint-
ance with the sanctities of the soul.
He does not make us feel the strength
of the passions, by their violent contests
in a transient storm, but the measure-
less depth of the affections, when
they are stillest and most holy. We
often meet in his works with little pas-
sages in which we seem almost to con-
template the well-springs of pure emo-
tion and gentle pathos, and to see the
old clefts in the rock of humanity
whence they arise. In these we may
not rarely perceive the true elements of
tales of the purest sentiment and most
genuine tragedies. No poet has done
such justice to the depth and the ful-

ness of maternal love. What, for instance, can be more tear-moving than these exclamations of a mother, who for seven years has heard no tidings of an only child, abandoning the false stay of a pride which ever does unholy violence to the sufferer?—

"Neglect me! no, I suffer'd long
From what I thought; and, being blind,
Said, "Pride shall help me in my wrong;
Kind mother have I been, as kind
As ever breathed;" and that is true;
I've wet my path with tears like dew,
Weeping for him when no one knew.
My son, if thou be humbled, poor,
Hopeless of honour, or of gain,
Oh! do not dread thy mother's door;
Think not of me with grief or pain:
I now can see with better eyes,
And worldly grandeur I despise,
And fortune with her gifts and lies."

How grand and fearful are the following conjectures of her agony!—

"Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,
Maim'd, mangled by inhuman men;
Or thou upon a desert thrown
Inheritest the lion's den;
Or hast been summon'd to the deep,
Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep
An Incommunicable sleep."

And how triumphant does the great instinct appear in its vanquishing even the dread of mortal chillness—asking and looking for spectres—and concluding that their appearance is not possible, because they come not to its intense cravings:—

"I look for ghosts; but none will force
Their way to me: 'tis falsely said
That ever there was intercourse
Between the living and the dead;
For surely then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night,
With love and longings infinite."

Of the same class is the poem on the death of a noble youth, who fell in attempting to bound over a chasm of the Wharf, and left his mother childless.—What a volume of thought is there in the little stanzas which follow:—

"If for a lover the lady wept,
A solace she might borrow
From death, and from the passion of death,—
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.
She weeps not for the wedding-day,
Which was to be to-morrow:
Her hope was a farther-looking hope,
And her's is a mother's sorrow!"

Here we are made to feel not only the vastness of maternal affection, but its difference from that of lovers. The last, being a passion, has a tendency to grasp and cling to objects which may sustain it, and thus fixes even on those things which have swallowed its hopes, and draws them into its likeness. Death

itself thus becomes a passion to one whom it has bereaved; or the waters which flowed over the object of once happy love, become a solace to the mourner, who nurses holy visions by their side. But an instinct which has none of that tendency to go beyond itself, when its only object is lost, has no earthly relief, but is left utterly desolate. The hope of a lover looks chiefly to a single point of time as its goal;—that of a mother is spread equally over existence, and when cut down, at once the blossoming expectations of a whole life are withered for ever.

Can any thing be more true or intense than the following description of remorse, rejecting the phantoms of superstitious horror as powerless, and representing lovely and uncomplaining forms of those whose memories the sufferer had dishonoured by his errors, casting their silent looks perpetually upon him:

—"Feebly must they have felt
Who, in old time, attired with snakes and whips
The vengeful Furies. Beautiful regards
Were turn'd on me—the face of her I loved;
The wife and mother pitifully fixing
Tender reproaches, insupportable!"

We will give but one short passage more to shew the depth of Wordsworth's insight into our nature—but it is a passage which we think unequalled in its kind in the compass of poetry. Never surely was such a glimpse of beatific vision opened amidst mortal affliction; such an elevation given to seeming weakness; such consolation ascribed to bereaved love by the very heightening of its own intensities. The poet contends, that those whom we regard as dying broken-hearted for the loss of friends, do not really perish through despair; but have such vivid prospects of heaven, and such a present sense that those who have been taken from them are waiting for them there, that they wear themselves away in longings after the reality, and so hasten to enjoy it:—

—"Fall off the innocent sufferer sees
Too clearly; feels too vividly; and longs
To realize the vision with intense
And overconstant yearning—there—there lies
The excess by which the balance is destroy'd.
Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh,
This vital warmth too cold, these visual orbs,
Though inconceivably endow'd, too dim
For any passion of the soul that leads
To ecstasy; and, all the crooked paths
Of time and change disdaining, takes its course
Along the line of limitless desires."

But the imaginative faculty is that with which Wordsworth is most eminently gifted. As the term IMAGINA-

TION is often very loosely employed, it will be necessary for us here to state as clearly as possible our idea of its meaning. In our sense, it is *that power by which the spiritualities of our nature and the sensible images derived from the material universe are commingled at the will of the possessor*. It has thus a two-fold operation—the bodying forth of feelings, sentiments, and ideas, in beautiful and majestic forms, and giving to them local habitations; and the informing the colours and the shapes of matter with the properties of the soul. The first of these workings of the faculty supplies the highest excellences of the orator, and of the philosophic bard. When Sophocles represents the eternal laws of morality as “produced in the pure regions of celestial air—having the Olympian alone for their parent—as not subject to be touched by the decays of man’s mortal nature, or to be shaded by oblivion—for the divinity is mighty within them, and waxes not old;”* it is this which half gives to them a majestic personality, and dimly figures out their attributes. By the same process, the imaginative faculty, aiming at results less sublime but more definite and complete, gave individual shape to loves, graces, and affections, and endowed them with the breath of life. By this process, it shades over the sorrows which it describes by the beauties and the graces of nature, and tinges with gentle colouring the very language of affliction. In the second mode of its operation, on the other hand, it moves over the universe like the spirit of God on the face of the waters, and peoples it with glorious shapes, as in the Greek mythology, or sheds on it a consecrating radiance, and imparts to it an intense sympathy, as in the poems of these more reflective days. Although a harmonizing faculty, it can by the law of its essence only act on things which have an inherent likeness. It brings out the secret affinities of its objects;

* This passage—one of the noblest instances of the moral sublime—is from the Theban *Œdipus*, where it is uttered by the Chorus on some of the profane scoffs of the fated Iocasta:

Νόμοι
Ψυχοδές γ' ἑδραν ὁ αἰθερα
Τεκνωθέντες ὦν Ὀλύμπου
Παῖρ' ὁ μόνος, ἔδ' ἐν νιν θναῖα
Φύσις ἀνέρων ἔτικ' ἐν, ἔδ' ἐν
Μῆν πολε λάθρα καλακοιμᾶσαι.
Μέγας ἐν τέτοις δαδς,
Ὅδ' ἔτι γηράσκει.

but it cannot combine things which nature has not prepared for union, because it does not add, but transfuses. Hence there can be no wild incongruity, no splendid confusion in its works. Those which are commonly regarded as its productions in the metaphorical speeches of “Irish eloquence,” are their very reverse, and may serve by contrast to explain its realities. The highest and purest of its efforts are when the intensest elements of the human soul are mingled inseparably with the vastest majesties of the universe; as where Lear identifies his age with that of the heavens, and calls on them to avenge his wrongs by their community of lot; and where Timon “fixes his everlasting mansion upon the beached shore of the salt flood,” that “once a day with its embossed froth the turbulent surge may cover him,” scorning human tears, but desiring the vast ocean for his eternal mourner!

Of this transfusing and reconciling faculty—whether its office be to “cloath upon,” or to spiritualize—Mr. Wordsworth is, in the highest degree, master. Of this abundant proofs will be found in the latter portion of this article; at present we will only give a few examples. The first of these is one of the grandest instances of noble daring, completely successful, which poetry exhibits. After a magnificent picture of a single yew-tree, and a fine allusion to its readiness to furnish spears for old battles, the poet proceeds:

—“But worthier still of note

Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Join'd in 'one solemn and capacious grove';
Huge trunks!—and each particular trunk a
growth
Of interwisted fibres serpentine,
Upcoiling, and inveterately convolved,—
Not uninformed by fantasy and looks
That threaten the profane;—a pillar'd shade
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hark,
By sheddings from the pining umbrage thaged
Perennially—beneath whose subtle hood
Of boughs, as if for fatal purpose dock'd
By unjoining berries, ghostly shapes
May meet at noon-tide—Fear and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight—Death the Skeleton;
And Time the Shadow—there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scatter'd o'er
With altars undisturb'd of mossy stone,
United worship; or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glaramara's furthest caverns.”

Let the reader, when that first glow of intuitive admiration which this passage cannot fail to inspire is past, look back on the exquisite gradations by which it naturally proceeds from mere description to the sublime personifica-

tion of the most awful abstractions, and the union of their fearful shapes in strange worship, or in listening to the deepest of nature's voices. The first lines—interspersed indeed with epithets drawn from the operations of mind, and therefore giving them an imaginative tinge—are, for the most part, a mere picture of the august brotherhood of trees, though their very sound is in more august accordance with their theme than most of the examples usually produced of “echoes to the sense.” Having completely set before us the image of the scene, the poet begins that enchantment by which it is to be converted into a fitting temple for the noontide spectres of Death and Time, by the general intimation that it is “not uninformed by fantasy and looks that threaten the profane”—then by the mere epithet *pillared* gives us the more particular feeling of a fane—then, by reference to the actual circumstances of the grassless floor of red-brown hue, preserves to us the peculiar features of the scene which thus he is hallowing—and at last gives to the roof and its berries a strange air of unrejoicing festivity—until we are prepared for the introduction of the phantasms, and feel that the scene could be fitted to no less tremendous a conclave. The place, without losing one of its individual features, is decked for the reception of these noon-tide shades, and we are prepared to muse on them with unshrinking eyes. How by a less adventurous but not less delightful process, does the poet impart to an evening scene on the Thames at Richmond, the serenity of his own heart, and tinge it with softest and saddest hues of the fancy and the affections! The verses have all the richness of Collins, to whom they allude, and breathe a more profound and universal sentiment than is found in his sky-tintured poetry.

“How richly glows the water's breast
Before us tinged with evening hues,
While, facing thus the crimson west,
The boat her silent course pursues!
And see how dark the backward stream!
A little moment past so smiling!
And still perchance, with faithless gleam,
Some other loiterer beguiling.

Such views the youthful bard allure;
But, heedless of the following gloom,
He deems their colours shall endure
Till peace go with him to the tomb.
And let him nurse his fond deceit,
And what if he must die in sorrow!
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
Though grief and pain may come to-morrow!

Glide gently, thus for ever glide,
O Thames! that other bards may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river! come to me.
O glide, fair stream! for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow,
As thy deep waters now are flowing.
Vain thought!—Yet be as now thou art,
That in thy waters may be seen
The image of a poet's heart,
How bright, how solemn, how serene!

The following delicious sonnet, inspired by the same scene, is one of the latest effusions of its author. We do not here quote it on account of its sweet and intense recollection of one of the divinest of poets—nor of the fine unbroken ligament by which the harmony listened to by the later bard is connected with that which the earlier drank in, by the lineage of the songsters who keep up the old ravishment—but of that imaginative power, by which a sacredness is imparted to the place and to the birds, as though they performed unresting worship in the most glorious of cathedrals.

“Fame tells of groves from England far away—
Groves that inspire the nightingale to trill
And modulate, with subtle reach of skill
Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying lay;
Such bold report I venture to gainsay:
For I have heard the choir of Richmond-hill
Charming with *indescribable* bill;
While I bethought me of a distant day;
When, haply under shade of that same wood,
And scarcely conscious of the dashing oars
Plied steadily between those willowy shores,
The sweet-soul'd Poet of the Seasons stood—
Listening, and listening long, in rapturous mood,
Ye heavenly birds! to your progenitors.

The following “Thought of a Briton on the subjugation of Switzerland,” has an elemental grandeur imbued with the intensest sentiment, which places it among the highest efforts of the imaginative faculty.

“Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven,
Thou from thine Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmur heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft;
Then cleave, O cleave, to that which still is left;
For, high-soul'd maid, what sorrow would it be,
That mountain-floods should thunder as before,
And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee!”

* Wallachia is the country alluded to.

We have thus feebly attempted to give some glimpse into the essence of Wordsworth's powers—of his skill in delineating the forms of creation—of his insight into the spirit of man—and of his imaginative faculty. How he has applied these gifts to philosophical poetry, and what are the results of his con-

templation, by their aid, on the external universe—human life—individual character—the vicissitudes of individual fortune—society at large—and the prospects of the species—we shall next proceed more particularly to examine.

[To be concluded in our next.]

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF M. DE CONDORCET. BY MADAME SUARD.

THE following interesting particulars are extracted from a work, of which only very few copies have been printed for the purpose of being presented to friends. Respecting the work itself, the authoress wishes nothing more to be known than this:—Immediately after the death of M. Suard, one of his intimate friends, M. Garat, a member of the Institute of France, undertook to prepare for publication Memoirs of his life, character, and writings.* Suard's widow, a sister of the late celebrated bookseller, Panckouke, and well known herself as a writer of talents and feeling, gave her assent. She was, however, by no means pleased with such fragments of M. Garat's work as were submitted to her inspection; and this avowed dissatisfaction seems to have interrupted farther communications, or at least to have made them more rare. This misunderstanding probably originated in difference of opinion concerning men and things connected with the revolution. The lady speedily resolved to apprise the friends of her deceased husband, that she neither sanctioned nor thought well of the picture of him which M. Garat was delineating, but that she would herself attempt to paint the amiable character and mild virtues of the man to whom she was indebted for all the happiness of her life, and the recollection of whom can alone cheer and embellish the remainder of her days. Admitting even that instead of bearing the title of *Essais de Mémoires de M. Suard* (322 pp. 12mo.) a great part of the work ought rather, in the opinion of some of its readers, to be called *Mémoires*, or *Souvenirs de Madame Suard*, still this circumstance cannot detract from its intrinsic value; and no feeling heart can remain unmoved by the impressive portraiture of a pair possessing extraordinary

qualities of mind and heart, and infinitely blest in each other in adversity as well as prosperity. Contemporary history will not pass over various episodes of these Memoirs, one of which, perhaps the most remarkable of them, is subjoined.

In the summer of 1794, M. Suard and his wife resided at a country-house which they possessed at Fontenai, near Paris. We had spent a few days in Paris, says Madame Suard, and on our return were informed that a man of strange appearance, in pantaloons, with a shabby cap and a long beard, had called twice at Fontenai, and was extremely disappointed at our absence. Next morning our maid-servant entered my room in great alarm. "Madame," cried she, "a hideous fellow, with a prodigious beard, has just called, and I have conducted him to M. Suard."

I immediately suspected that it might be some proscribed person, in quest of an asylum and protection, but took good care to conceal this conjecture from the maid, who was a patriot. On the other hand, I laughed at her fear of the stranger's long beard, and said, he was no doubt a messenger sent upon some errand or other by one of our acquaintance. She left the room, and presently M. Suard entered and hastily desired me to give him the keys of the meat-safe and the wine, and some stuff. "Good God! what is the matter, my dear?" said I, handing to him what he asked for. "You shall know all," replied he, as hastily as before, "but stay here, you must not come up stairs." Such a prohibition was quite new to me, and he immediately added, "You will remain below—won't you?" "Certainly I will," replied I, thoroughly convinced of his kind intentions. Two hours elapsed before I again saw M. Suard. I had meanwhile risen, and as my room had two windows, one of which looked towards the door of the courtyard, I observed a man going away,

* Since published under the title of *Mémoires historiques sur la Vie de Mr. Suard, sur ses Ecrits et sur le 18^{me} Siècle*, par D. J. Garat. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1820.

and though I could only see his back, still his gait and figure excited my profound pity. He was feeling, without turning round, in both his coat pockets for something that he did not find. When he was gone, M. Suard came and informed me that it was our old intimate friend M. de Condorcet. How heartily did I rejoice that I had not been the first who saw him! An involuntary exclamation of horror would have escaped me at his altered condition; it would have betrayed him, and plunged me into inexpressible distress. Apprehensive lest, as a proscribed person, he should bring trouble or even danger upon a generous wife who had afforded him an asylum and wished to detain him, he had quitted her in spite of her entreaties. The man who was once beloved by all who knew him, who was distinguished by the epithet of *the good, the kind*, and who had moved in the highest circles, had for three days endured hunger and thirst, and had no other bed than the quarries by the side of the road to Fontenai: there he had been wounded by the falling of a stone upon his leg, and without passport he durst not shew himself any where except at our house. His situation could not but move me to the bottom of my heart, and all that had for some time past alienated us from each other was instantly forgotten.* The unparalleled friendship alone, which for sixteen years had embellished my life, and had surpassed almost every idea that I could form of this connection, was now present to my remembrance.

M. Suard had furnished him with a plentiful meal and a supply of snuff, which had lately become an indispensable necessary to him. I had given a packet of the latter to M. Suard, and was extremely vexed to find this very packet lying upon the floor as I passed through the hall. This was what he had missed before he opened the door of the court-yard; and I am convinced that it was this unlucky accident, which induced him to go to the public-house at Clamart in hopes of obtaining snuff, for he could not want other refreshments after the breakfast which he had taken. M. Suard had also given him some linen for his wounded leg, and a Horace to amuse

* It was the revolution which had endangered M. Condorcet, as well as M. Garat, from the Suard family.

him during the day, and had appointed him to call again at our house at dusk in the evening.

He had asked M. Suard whether he could afford him an asylum. M. Suard replied, that he would cheerfully sacrifice his own life for him, but that he could not dispose of mine; he would speak to me, though he was sure that my sentiments would correspond with his. Condorcet answered, "That I am perfectly convinced of." "But," observed M. Suard, "we live in a very bad *commune*, and if you were to remain here, you would yourself be exposed to the greatest danger, for we have but one maid-servant, and her we cannot depend upon: still I hope, without risk either to you or to my wife, to be able to lodge you for one night. I shall now go immediately to Paris to see some of our old friends, and if possible to procure a passport for you. Return at eight o'clock this evening, when the maid shall be out of the way; we will find you accommodation for the night, and then, provided with a passport, you will be able to go whither you think proper."

He acknowledged to M. Suard, that he apprehended most danger in the early part of the day, but was less concerned about the evening. He did not dissemble the pain which he felt on account of the course of public affairs and the state of the party to which his ambitious hopes had induced him to attach himself; and I have it in my power to affirm that he was certainly not the author of the scandalous papers against the King, which appeared in a periodical publication of the time, subscribed with his name. He had indeed permitted the publisher to use his name, but this man had abused that liberty in the most unwarrantable manner.

M. Suard walked to Paris and returned much fatigued, but in high spirits, because Cabanis, the physician, had procured him a passport. My joy was equal to his. We gave our servant permission to go out till ten o'clock, and fastened the door of the staircase leading to our apartments, so that there was no other way to them than through the garden.

Condorcet was acquainted with this arrangement: it was intended that he should sleep on the sofa in the hall, whither provisions, wine, linen, snuff, and whatever else he could want were carried. I told M. Suard that, as there was danger, (for the municipal officers

might appear, and then we should all (three have been lost,) I would share it and see the poor fugitive also; certain that my sincere pity would give him pleasure. M. Suard assented; but we waited for him in vain till ten o'clock. We thought it probable that he might be gone to Auteuil, where his wife and daughter resided; but on our paying a visit in the evening of the next day to a neighbour, he asked those about him, among whom was M. Suard, whether they had heard that the person found dead that morning in the prison of Bourg-la-Reine was supposed to be M. de Condorcet? M. Suard was thunderstruck. "Pray, Sir," said he, "speak softly, that my wife may not hear you, and tell me what you know of the affair." He then related that on the preceding day, a stranger had entered the public-house at Clamart (near Fontenai) and asked for eggs; shortly afterwards some municipal officers arrived, and being struck by his dress, they enquired who he was, whither he was going, and insisted on the production of his papers. As his answers betrayed embarrassment and he had no passport to exhibit, they declared that they would take him to Bourg-la-Reine; but being unable to walk, he was conveyed thither in a cart, and found dead next morning in the prison. His shirt, of very fine linen, was marked with the letter C, and in his pockets was found some money and a Horace. These circumstances placed the matter beyond all doubt. The news of his deplorable fate, when afterwards communicated to me, cost me many bitter tears.

I shall here take the liberty of introducing a portrait of M. Condorcet, which I sketched long before the revolution, and in which not one quality or virtue is ascribed to him that he did not actually possess. Whilst residing in the country, soon after I had become acquainted with this philosopher, whose conversation was highly interesting to me, I wrote as follows to M. Suard:—

"My philosopher often convinces me of the truth of a sentiment which he yesterday uttered, namely, that we become better in the society of a good man. We feel indeed good and happy in the proximity of the mild and kindly virtues. It seems as though they communicated to those around them something of their characteristic serenity. All petty passions are silenced, sorrow is alleviated, and the soul feels peace and content in their converse. This impression I have many times experi-

enced in the company of our worthy friend, Condorcet. The pleasure which I receive from it, does not spring so much from that luxuriance of ideas which at the same time embraces the natural and moral sciences, and whatever belongs to fancy and taste*; neither does it result from that penetration and sagacity which detect the whole man from a single word that escapes him; while on the other hand he is blind to all the defects of those who are dear to his heart. The pleasure which his society affords me, arises from the feeling of his steadfast and invariable kindness, which may be compared with a copious spring, that is constantly flowing without ever being exhausted; it proceeds from that friendly attention which anticipates every wish and is the more gratifying, because from the complete forgetfulness of self, it has not the slightest appearance of a sacrifice; from the affectionate indulgence which encourages us to expose to him a hundred little foibles, which he pities as if he shared them with us; from that sublime simplicity which seems not even to suspect the admiration awakened by his virtues and the astonishment excited by the capacity and superiority of his understanding; from that natural condescension, which, even when interesting itself in the most trivial things†, loses none of its characteristic greatness; it arises from that perfect composure respecting every thing that concerns himself alone, whereas he is roused into the utmost activity whenever misfortune or friendship claims his aid; from that pure philanthropy, which is ever ready to exert all its energies and to make any sacrifice, even of its own reputation, from that utter indifference to personal wrongs, while the least injustice done to the objects of his love kindles in him a zeal which one would not suppose to be compatible with the natural mildness of his disposition‡, and the excess of

* Condorcet was an enthusiastic admirer of Voltaire's genius, and could repeat without error fifty verses of his tragedies after hearing them once recited.

† In conversing with women he would talk about ribbons and lace, as readily as upon metaphysics and history with men.

‡ I really think that in this point he was never equalled. People might say whatever they pleased of him, he remained perfectly indifferent; but he became a lion when the principles or persons of his friends were attacked. He was particularly attached to no more than four or five, Messrs. Turgot and D'Alembert, the Duchess d'Anville and us.

which could not have been excused by his friends themselves, except because it was in him the excess of a virtue. In the space of twelve years I have known him to be guilty of but one great injustice of this kind*, which pained me much, because it wounded

one of the tenderest affections of my heart. But what would one not forgive, so happy a combination of mildness, generosity†, kindness—of virtues so natural, that the respect due to them is absorbed in the love which they inspire!"

LETTERS TO MR. MALTHUS ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY,
PARTICULARLY ON THE GENERAL STAGNATION OF COMMERCE.

BY M. SAY.

LETTER III.

SIR,

WE have hitherto founded our discussions upon the supposition of an indefinite liberty, allowing a nation to carry to the utmost extent production of every description; and it appears to me that I have proved that if this hypothesis could be realized, a nation so circumstanced would be able to purchase all its productions. From this faculty and from the natural and perpetual desire of men to ameliorate their condition, an infinite multiplication of individuals and of gratifications would infallibly arise.

But the course of events is different. Nature and the abuses of social order have set limits to this faculty of production; and the examination of those limits, by leading us back into the existing world, will serve to prove the truth of the doctrine established in my treatise on political economy, that the obstacles to production are the real impediments to the sale and disposal of produce.

I do not pretend to point out the

whole of the obstacles by which production is impeded. Many of these impediments will be discovered gradually during the progress of the science of political economy; others, perhaps, will never be ascertained, but many of great influence may already be observed, either in the natural or political order of things.

In the natural order, the production of alimentary commodities is more rigidly limited than that of furniture and clothing. Although mankind stands in need of a much greater quantity, in weight and value, of alimentary goods than of all other sorts of produce together, yet commodities of this description cannot be brought from any considerable distance, for they are difficult to transport, and the care of them is expensive. As to those which may grow upon the territory of a nation, they are confined within boundaries, which the improvement of agriculture and increase of capitals engaged therein may certainly extend ‡, but which will always be sure to exist. Arthur Young thinks that

* This alludes to his attack on M. Neckar, from which none of his friends could dissuade him, though at all other times he was ready to do whatever they desired. On this occasion M. de Condorcet advocated Turgot's cause against M. Neckar, and he was the more vehement, because he was more attached to the person of M. Turgot than to his political principles. It was after this attack that D'Alembert gave him the appellation of *le mouton enragé*—the mad sheep. It was D'Alembert too who first called him, on account of the extraordinary habitual serenity of his temper—"a volcano covered with snow."

† He had but few personal wants, and gave away almost all that he possessed.

‡ The principal obstacles to agricultural improvement in France are, first, the residence of the rich proprietors and great capitalists in towns, and particularly in an immense capital: they cannot acquire a knowledge of the ameliorations in which their capitals might be employed; nor can they watch over the application of those funds so as to obtain a corresponding increase of income. Secondly, it would be in vain for any particular secluded canton to double its produce: it can now scarcely get rid of what it already produces, for want of good cross roads, and industrious neighbouring towns. Industrious towns consume rural produce, and fabricate in exchange articles of manufacture, which containing greater value in a less compass can be carried to a greater distance. This is the principal impediment to the increase of French agriculture. The multiplication of small navigable canals, and good cross-roads well maintained, would greatly augment the value of rural produce. But these objects would require local administrations chosen by the inhabitants, and intent only on the good of the country. The markets exist, but nothing is done to secure the benefit of them, magistrates chosen in the interest of the central authority, become almost invariably fiscal or political agents, or, what is still worse, agents of police.

France does not produce more than half the alimentary produce which she is capable of producing. Suppose he is right in this; suppose even that with a more perfect agricultural system, France were to obtain double her present quantity of rural produce, without employing more agricultural labourers*, she would then possess 45 millions of inhabitants at liberty to devote themselves to all other occupations exclusive of agriculture. Her manufactures would find better markets in the country than at present, because the country would be more productive, and the surplus would be sold among the manufacturing population itself. People would not be worse fed than at present, but they would in general be better provided with articles of manufacture; with better dwellings, superior household goods, finer clothing, and with objects of utility, instruction, and entertainment, which are now reserved for a very small number of people. The rest of the population is still rude and barbarous.

But in proportion as the manufacturing class increased, alimentary produce would become more in demand and dearer with relation to manufactures. The latter would produce diminished profits and wages, which would discourage those engaged in such branches of industry; hence it is easy to conceive how the restrictions which nature imposes on agricultural production, limit the produce of manufacture. But this effect, like all which happens naturally and results from the nature of things, would be very gradual, long foreseen, and attended with fewer inconveniences than any other possible combination.

Admitting the limits thus set by nature to the production of provisions, and, indirectly, of all other commodities, it may be asked how it happens that very industrious countries, such as England, where capital abounds and communications are easy, find the sale of their goods impeded long before their agricultural produce has attained its utmost limit. Is there then some unsoundness—some concealed disease,

which preys upon them? There are probably several, which will successively shew themselves; but I already perceive one—immense—fatal—and deserving the most serious attention.

Suppose some individual, a collector of public revenue for instance, were to take up his residence in the neighbourhood of each commercial, manufacturing, or agricultural establishment, and without increasing the goodness of the produce, its utility, or the quality by which it becomes an object of desire and demand, were nevertheless to increase the costs of its production: what, I ask, would be the consequence? The value which is set on a commodity, even where the means of obtaining it exist†, depends on the enjoyment and utility which it is expected to afford. In proportion as its price rises, many persons cease to think it worth the expense which it occasions, and thus the number of buyers is diminished.

Besides, since taxes do not augment the profits of the producer, yet increase the price of all produce, the incomes of producers become insufficient to purchase the produce, the moment its price is raised by an accident such as that which I am about to describe.

Let us represent this effect by numbers, in order to pursue it to its remotest consequences. It will be well worth the trouble of examination, if it enable us to discern one of the principal causes of the evil which menaces every industrious nation of the earth. Already the troubles of England forewarn other countries of the miseries reserved for them. They will be more painful wherever a more robust temperament excites to a greater development of industry; which if unrepressed may eventually produce the happiest results; but will otherwise end in the most terrible convulsions.

If the manufacturer who produces a piece of stuff, after distributing amongst his assistants and himself a sum of 30 francs for the productive services which

* This supposition is very admissible, since in England three fourths of the population inhabit towns, and consequently are not employed in agricultural pursuits. A country supporting 60 millions of inhabitants, might therefore be well cultivated by 15 millions of agricultural labourers; at which number the cultivators of France are now actually estimated.

† A man's means of acquisition are the profits which he derives from his industry, his capital, and his lands. Consumers who have neither industry, capital, nor land, spend only what they levy from the profits of the former. In all cases every one has a limited revenue; and though the possessors of very large incomes can sacrifice a great quantity of money for very trivial enjoyments, it must be allowed that the dearer any gratification is, the less it is considered indispensable.

have been employed in the fabrication of the piece, is moreover compelled to pay six francs to the receiver of taxes, either he must cease to make stuffs, or he must sell them for 36 francs the piece.* But when this piece of stuff comes thus to be valued at 36 francs, those who produced it and have only received, all together, 30 francs, will only be able to buy five-sixths of the same article of which they could previously purchase the whole; he who before could purchase a yard, must now be restricted to five-sixths of a yard, and so on.

The producer of corn who pays to another receiver a duty of six francs, on a sack of corn, of which the productive services have cost 30 francs, must now obtain 36 francs for his sack instead of 30. It follows that the producers of corn and stuffs, when purchasing either of those articles, can only acquire by their gains five-sixths of their produce.

As this effect is seen in these two commodities reciprocally, it may also take place in other articles. Without changing the state of the question, it is easy to suppose that producers, in whatever species of produce they may be occupied, have occasion for liquors, colonial produce, lodgings, amusements, objects of convenience and luxury. These commodities they will find dearer, and be unable to pay for them with their revenues, such as they are, according to the rank which they occupy among the producers. Upon the hypothesis which we have taken for our example, there will always remain a sixth part of the produce unsold.

True it is, that the six francs taken by the collector go to some one; and that those whom the collector represents (public functionaries, military men, or public creditors) may employ this money in obtaining the remaining sixth part, either of the sack of corn, or the piece of stuff, or of any other produce. This indeed is just what actually happens. But let it be observed that this consumption is entirely at the expense of the producers; and that if the collector, or those by whom he is authorized, consume a sixth part of the produce, the producers are thereby compelled to live upon the remaining five-sixths.

This you will allow; but at the same time I shall be told that any one may

live upon five-sixths of what he produces. I am willing to admit that; but permit me to ask whether you think the producer could live equally well if two-sixths, instead of one, were demanded from him?—No; but still he would live. Ah! you think so. Pray, then would he still *live* in case two-thirds were wrested from him?—then three-fourths?—But you do not attempt to reply.

Now, Sir, I flatter myself that my answers to the most urgent objections offered by you and M. Sismondi will be easily comprehended. If by creating new productions, say you, we are enabled to consume them, or to exchange them for others of which there exists a superabundance, and thus to procure markets for both, why then are not such new productions created? Is capital wanting? Capital abounds: every where undertakings are sought for in which it may be advantageously employed: it is evident that there are no longer any such: you declare (p. 499) that all kinds of commerce are already overstocked with capital and labourers, who all offer their produce under prime cost, as M. Sismondi assures us.*

I am not quite prepared to say, that to follow the useful arts is a fool's trade; but you will allow, gentlemen, that the effect which you lament would go near to make it so. To buy the superabundant produce, it would be requisite to create other produce: but if the producers were placed in too disadvantageous a situation; if, after exerting the productive means sufficient for producing an ox, they were to obtain only a sheep, and for this sheep, in exchange for any other kind of produce, were only to gain the same quantity of utility which exists in a sheep, who would go on producing under such disadvantages? The persons engaged in such a business would have made a bad bargain; they would have expended a value which the utility of their produce would not suffice to reimburse; whoever should be silly enough to create another production sufficient to purchase the former, would have to contend with the same disadvantages, and would involve himself in the same difficulties. The benefit which he might derive from his production would not indemnify him for its expenses; and whatever he might buy with this produce would still be of no greater value.

* If he reduce the quality, it will be equivalent to an increase in the price.

Then; indeed, the workman would no longer be able to live by his labour, and would become burthensome to his parish*; then the manufacturer, unable to live on his profits, would renounce his business. He would buy stock, or go abroad in search of a better situation, either a more lucrative employment, or, what is exactly equivalent, the opportunity of continuing his productive industry at a more moderate expense.† If he were there to meet with other inconveniences, he would again seek another theatre for his talents; and different nations would be seen throwing at each other their capitals and their labourers; that is to say, the only sources of social prosperity, from which the greatest advantages may be derived by those who understand their true interests and the means by which they may be promoted.

I shall not attempt to point out the parts of this picture which apply more particularly to your country, Sir, or to any other; but I leave it for your consideration, and that of all well-meaning men who exert themselves to promote the welfare of the interesting, laborious, and useful part of mankind:

Why do the savages of the new world, whose precarious existence depends upon the uncertain flight of an arrow, neglect to build villages, and to inclose and cultivate lands? Because this kind of life demands labour too assiduous and painful. They are in the wrong; they calculate ill, for the privations they endure are far less tolerable than the toils which social life, well organized, would impose upon them. But if this social life were a galley, in which, after rowing with all their strength for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, they were able to obtain only a piece of bread insufficient to feed them, they might really be excused for disliking social life. Now whatever renders the

condition of the producer, the essential party in every society, more disagreeable or irksome, tends to destroy the vital principle of the social body; to reduce a civilized people to a savage state; to introduce a state of things in which less is produced and less consumed; to destroy civilization, which always flourishes most where there is most production and consumption. You observe, in several places, that man is naturally indolent, and that it betrays great ignorance of his nature to suppose that he will always consume all he can produce (p. 503). You are right, indeed; but I have maintained the same doctrine in declaring, that the utility of produce is no longer worth the productive services which are required to pay for it.

You appear convinced of this truth where you say, on another occasion (p. 342), A tax may put an end to the production of a commodity, if nobody in the society will consent to give for this commodity a price proportioned to the new difficulties of its production. Commerce transports to the extremities of the earth this inherent fault of merchandize (of costing more in production than the worth of the article). Valued at its cost, it is every where too dear; because it must be purchased by productive services equivalent to those employed in its production.

Another consideration, by no means unimportant, is, that the costs of production are augmented not only by multiplied duties, by the dearness of articles of every sort, but by the habits which are produced by a vicious political system. If the progress of luxury and enormous emoluments—if the facility of obtaining illegitimate profits through favour and influence in contracts and financial operations, force the manufacturer, the merchant, the real producer, to exact profits disproportioned to the productive services which he ren-

* The workman can only labour constantly whilst his work pays for his subsistence; and when his subsistence becomes too dear, it no longer suits the master to employ him.

† Mr. Ricardo insists that, notwithstanding taxes and other charges, there is always as much industry as capital employed; and that all capital saved is always employed, because the interest is not suffered to be lost. On the contrary, many savings are not wanted, when it is difficult to find employment for them, and many which are employed are dissipated in ill-calculated undertakings. Besides, Mr. Ricardo is completely refuted not only by what happened to us in 1813, when the errors of Government ruined all commerce, and when the interest of money fell very low, for want of good opportunities of employing it; but by our present circumstances, when capitals are quietly sleeping in the coffers of their proprietors. The bank of France alone possesses 223 millions of specie in its chests, more than double the amount of its notes in circulation, and six times what it would be prudent to preserve for the ordinary course of its payments.

down, in order to maintain his rank in society; then all these abuses tend to raise the costs of production, and consequently the price of produce above the value of their actual utility. The consumption of commodities consequently becomes more limited, the productive services requisite for the creation of other exchangeable produce being too considerable—the necessary expenses too heavy. Consider then, Sir, what extensive evils are produced by encouraging useless expenses and multiplying unproductive consumers.

The rapid sale of articles offered at a cheap rate by means of expeditious methods of production, proves how truly the cost of production is the real impediment to the sale of goods. If the price be reduced one fourth, it is found that a double quantity is sold. The reason is, that every one is then enabled to acquire it with less trouble, less costs of production. When under the Continental system it was necessary to pay five francs for a pound of sugar, whether the money were applied to the production of the sugar, or of any other commodity to be exchanged for it, France was able to purchase only fourteen millions of pounds.* Now that sugar is cheap, we consume eighty millions of pounds per annum, being about three pounds for each person. At Cuba, where sugar is still cheaper, they consume above thirty pounds for every free person.†

Let us then agree upon a truth which oft every side presses on our notice. To levy exaggerated duties, with or without the participation of a national representation; or by means of a burlesque representation, no matter which, is to augment the costs of production without increasing the utility of the produce, without adding any thing to the satisfaction which the consumer may derive from it; it is imposing a fine on production—ON THAT PROCESS THROUGH WHICH SOCIETY EXISTS. And as among producers some are more advantageously situated than others for throwing upon their competitors all the burthen of unfortunate events, the latter are more grievously affected than the former. A

capitalist can often withdraw his capital from one employment to place it in another, or to send it abroad. The proprietor of a manufactory may often be fortunate enough to suspend his labours for a time. Besides, as long as the capitalist and the master-manufacturer can make their own terms with the workman, the latter is obliged to work constantly, and at any price, even when the employment does not procure him a subsistence. Thus do the excessive charges of production reduce many classes of certain nations to the necessity of confining their consumption to articles the most indispensable to their existence, and the lowest classes of all to die of want. Now, Sir, is not this, upon your own principle*, the most fatal and barbarous of all the methods of reducing the numbers of mankind?†

We now come to the objection in which there is, perhaps, the greatest force, because it is supported by an imposing example. In the United States the charges of production are few, the taxes are light; and yet they are overstocked there, as in all other places, with merchandise for which there exists no demand. These difficulties, you say‡, cannot be attributed to the cultivation of bad lands, to the obstacles opposed to industry, to enormous taxes. There must, then, be something independent of the power of production necessary to the increase of wealth.

Well, Sir, you will scarcely believe that, according to me, it is the *power of production*, at least for the present, of which the Americans are in want, in

* Malthus on Population, book II. chap. 13. 5th ed.

† Mr. Malthus, convinced that certain classes are serviceable to society on account of what they consume alone, without producing any thing, would look upon the payment of the whole, or a great part of the English national debt, as a misfortune. On the contrary, this operation would, in my opinion, be very desirable for England; for the consequence would be, that the public creditors, being paid off, would seek to derive an income from their capitals; that the payers of taxes would themselves spend the 40 millions sterling which they now pay to the public creditors; that the taxes being diminished by 40 millions sterling, all produce would be cheaper; that consumption would consequently be greatly extended, and would afford employment to the labouring classes—results in which, I confess, I see nothing to alarm the friends of the public weal.

* See the report on the situation of France made in 1813, by the then minister of the interior. He was interested in concealing this diminution of commerce.

† Humbolt, Essai sur la Nouvelle Espagne, t. III. p. 183.

order to dispose of their overflowing produce to advantage.

The favourable situation of this people, during a long war in which they have almost always enjoyed the advantage of neutrality, has been the means of turning their attention, their industry, and capitals, far too exclusively to external and maritime commerce. The Americans are enterprising; their voyages are cheaply performed; they have introduced into navigation long courses, and various expeditious manœuvres, which shorten voyages, reduce their expenses, and correspond with those improvements in the arts which diminish the costs of production; in short, the Americans have drawn to themselves all the maritime commerce which the English have not been able to engross; they have, for many years, been the intermediate agents between all the Continental powers of Europe and the rest of the world. Their success has even exceeded that of the English wherever those nations have been competitors, as in China. What has been the result? An excessive abundance of those commodities which are obtained by commercial and maritime industry; and when the general peace at length opened the highway of the ocean to all nations, the French and Dutch ships crowded with a kind of madness into the midst of a career thus newly opened to them; and in their ignorance of the actual state of countries beyond sea—their agriculture, arts, population, and resources for buying and consuming—these ships, escaped from a tedious detention, carried in abundance the produce of the Continent of Europe to all ports, presuming that the other nations of the globe would be eager to possess those commodities after their long separation from Europe.

But in order to purchase this extraordinary supply, it would have been requisite for these countries to create immediately extraordinary quantities of produce of their own; for the difficulty at New York, at Baltimore, the Havanna, Rio-Janeiro, or Buenos-Ayres, is not to consume, but to purchase European manufactures. But the Europeans required payment in cottons, tobaccos, sugars, and rice; and this demand even enhanced the prices: and as, notwithstanding the dearness of these merchandizes, and of money, which is also merchandize, it was necessary to take them or return without payment, these very articles, thus rendered scarce in their

original country, became more abundant in Europe, and at length so completely overstocked the European markets, that a fair price could not be obtained for them, although the consumption of Europe has greatly increased since the peace: hence the disadvantageous returns which we have witnessed. But suppose for an instant that the agricultural and manufactured produce of both North and South America had suddenly become very considerable at the time of the peace, in that case the people of those countries, being more numerous, and producing more, would easily have purchased all the European cargoes, and furnished a variety of returns at a cheap rate.

This effect will, I doubt not, take place with respect to the United States, when they are enabled to add to the objects of exchange furnished by their maritime commerce, a greater quantity of their agricultural produce, and perhaps some articles of manufacture also. Their cultivation is extending, their manufactures multiply, and their population, in the natural order of things, increases with astonishing rapidity. In a few years the combination of their varied industry will form a mass of produce amongst which will be found more articles calculated to furnish profitable returns, or at least profits of which the Americans will employ a part in the purchase of European merchandize.

Merchandise produced by Europeans at a less expense than it can be made for in America will be carried to the United States; and goods which the soil and industry of America produce cheaper than they can be had elsewhere, will be carried home in exchange. The nature of demands will determine the nature of productions; each nation will prefer engaging in that kind of production in which it succeeds best, and the result will be exchanges mutually and permanently advantageous. But these commercial ameliorations can only be brought about by time. The talents and experience requisite for the practice of the arts are not acquired in a few months; years are necessary for their attainment. The Americans will not discover in what manufactures they can succeed until after several attempts. When

• The manufactures which a new nation may execute to the greatest advantage, are, in general, those which consist in preparing raw materials of their own growth, or imported at a small expense. It is not pro-

they are successful, those particular manufactures will no longer be carried to them; but the profits derived from this production will procure them the means of buying other European produce.

With respect to agricultural speculations, however rapid may be their extension, they can only afford markets for European produce by means of their own productions, by very slow degrees. As fast as culture and civilization extend beyond the Allegany mountains into Kentucky and the territories of Indiana and the Illinois, the first gains are employed in the subsistence of the colonists as they arrive from the states more anciently peopled, and in building their habitations. The profits they make beyond these, serve to extend their clearing and plantations; the next are employed in manufacturing their own produce for local consumption; and savings of a fourth order only can be applied to the manufacture and fabrication of the produce of the soil for distant consumption. It is not until this latter state of things takes place that new states begin to afford markets for Europeans; this cannot be in their earliest infancy: their population must have had time to increase, and their agricultural produce must have become sufficiently abundant to oblige them to exchange it at a distance for other value. Afterwards, and by the natural progress of things, instead of exporting raw produce, they export produce which has received some preparation, and which consequently, comprising a greater value in a less bulk, is adapted to bear the expense of carriage. Such produce will one day come to Europe from New Orleans, a city destined to become one of the greatest *entrepôts* in the world.

This point has not yet been attained; is it then wonderful that the productions of the United States have not yet afforded markets sufficient for the commercial efforts which followed the peace? Is it extraordinary that the commercial produce brought by the Americans themselves into their ports, at the conclusion of an excessive development of their nautical industry, should yet remain there in abundance?

It is not probable that the United States will ever supply Europe with cloth; but they will perhaps furnish her with manufactured tobaccos, refined sugars; perhaps they may even establish cotton-manufactories on better terms than the English.

You see, Sir, that there is nothing in this fact but what is quite conformable to the doctrine of your antagonists.

Returning to the irksome condition in which all kinds of industry at present exist in Europe, I might add to the discouragement resulting from the excessive multiplication of the charges of production, the disorders occasioned by those charges in the production, distribution, and consumption of the values produced; disorders which frequently bring into the market quantities superior to the demand, and at the same time drive out of it many which might have been sold, and the prices of which would have been employed in the purchase of the former. Certain producers endeavour to recover by the quantity of what they produce a part of the value consumed by the revenue. Some productive services have contrived to be exempted from the avidity of the fiscal department, as it often happens with the productive services of capitals, which frequently continue to obtain the same interest, while lands, buildings, and industry are overcharged. Sometimes a workman who finds it difficult to maintain his family, endeavours by excessive toil to make up for the low price of manual labour. Are not these causes which derange the natural order of production, and which occasion in some departments a production exceeding what would have taken place, if the wants of the consumers alone had been considered? All the objects of consumption are not necessary to us in the same degree. Before we reduce our consumption of corn to one half, we reduce our consumption of meat to a fourth, and our consumption of sugar to nothing. There are capitals so engaged in certain undertakings, particularly in manufactures, that the proprietors often consent to lose the interest, and sacrifice the profits of their industry, and continue to labour merely to support the establishment until more favourable times, and to preserve the connexions: sometimes they are apprehensive of losing good workmen, whom the suspension of employment would compel to disperse; the humanity of the proprietors is sufficient, in some instances, to carry on a manufacture which is no longer in demand. Hence arise disorders in the progress of production and consumption, still more grievous than those which originate in the abuses of the revenue or the vicissitudes of the seasons. Hence we see inconsiderate

productions, hence recourse is had to ruinous means—hence commercial establishments are overthrown.

At the same time I must remark, that although the evil is great, it probably seems greater than it is. The commodities which overstock all the markets in the world, may strike the eye by their magnitude in a mass, terrify the commercial world by their depreciation in value, and yet constitute only a very small part of the merchandizes of every sort made and consumed. There is no warehouse but would speedily be emptied, if every species of production of which its contents are made up were to cease simultaneously in every part of the world. Besides, it has been observed, that the slightest excess of supply beyond the demand is sufficient to produce a considerable alteration in price. It is remarked in the *Spectator* (No 200) that when the harvest exceeds by a tenth what is ordinarily consumed, the corn falls to half its price. Dalrymple* makes an analogous observation. We must not then be surprised if a slight excess should be frequently represented as an excessive superabundance.

This superabundance, as I have already remarked, is also occasioned in part by the ignorance of producers or traders on the nature and extent of the demand in the places to which goods are consigned. Of late years there have been many hazardous speculations, because there have been many new relations between nations. Data were every where wanting to serve as the foundation of good calculations; but does it follow because many affairs have been ill-managed, that others might not be well conducted, if well understood. I will venture to predict that as new relations shall grow old, and reciprocal wants be more justly appreciated, the markets will cease to be glutted, and permanent relations of mutual profit will be established.

But at the same time it is expedient to diminish gradually, and as far as the circumstances of every state will allow, the general and permanent inconveniences which spring from too expensive a

productive system. It is necessary that we should be firmly convinced that the more others gain, the more easily we shall sell our produce; that there is only one way to gain, namely, to produce, either by one's own labour, or by that of the capital or lands one may possess; that unproductive consumers are only men substituted for productive consumers; that the more producers, the more consumers there are; that, by the same rule, every nation is interested in the prosperity of others, and that all are interested in having the easiest communications with each other, for every difficulty is equivalent to an increase of expense.

Such is the doctrine established in my writings, and which, I acknowledge, does not appear to me to have been shaken. I took up my pen to defend it, not because it is mine (the self-love of an author would be contemptible where such great interests are concerned), but because it is eminently social, and points out to mankind the sources of true wealth and the dangers of drying them up. The rest of this doctrine is no less useful, because it teaches that capital and land are only productive when they are become respected property; that the poor man is interested in defending the property of the rich; that he is consequently interested in the preservation of good order, because a revolution, which could only yield him a temporary plunder, would deprive him of a permanent income. When one studies political economy as it ought to be studied, and perceives that the most useful truths rest on the most certain principles, one naturally feels exceedingly anxious to place these principles within the reach of every understanding. Let us not augment their difficulties by useless abstraction; let us not recommence the folly of the economists of the 18th century by endless discussions on the *net produce of lands*; let us describe the manner in which facts occur, and expose the chain which connects them; then our writings will be of great practical utility, and the public will be truly indebted to writers who are like you, Sir, possessed of such ample means of affording information.

* Considerations on the policy of entails, p. 14.

THE NEW ADVENTURER.—NO. II.

"Ay, Sir, the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers of all nations."—*Vicar of Wakefield*.

MR. EDITOR,

IN writing to you the other day, to solicit a place among the contributors to your Magazine, the statement I made of my qualifications, and the review which I took of my life, threw me into a sort of melancholy musing. The shifts I had made to live, the extent and ingenuity of my industry, the multiplicity of dangers through which I had passed, and the long series of insults, privations, and sufferings which I had experienced in my journey through this vale of tears, arose in dreary succession upon my imagination. "Some natural tears I dropped," but, being of no very desponding turn of disposition, they were soon wiped away; and association, leaving effects, fell, not unnaturally, upon the causes of these adventures, (*Pourquoi ceux-ci et non pas des autres?*) and thence to that most puzzling of all *pourquois*, "*Pourquoi existons nous?*" The multiplicity of metaphysical doubts and difficulties which thus presented themselves, the long series of theories for their solution, from Pythagoras to Kant, (leaving things just where they found them) succeeded, if not in solving the problem, in leading me away from myself; while by impressing perhaps a strong conviction of the insignificance of man in the chain of existences, they helped to restore me to that happy state, in which those who have suffered much vicissitude, usually remain with respect to eventual possibilities.

With the results of this part of my speculations I shall not at present trouble you. The final causes of an existence, such as that of man, whether it be considered as respecting this world solely, or in connection with our hopes in futurity, the difficulty of reconciling the notion of a world of probation with that of an omniscient Creator, would make, I think, a very pretty quarto, and with a dedication to a right reverend, and a taking title, might produce a magnificent sale. But this by the bye—

From these reflections (I know not well how) imagination, taking a second start at right angles, passed from generals back again to particulars; while the dismal train of misadventures, which scarce a minute ago had dressed themselves in such gloomy colours, re-appeared, like Ephesian widows, in the gayest and most ridiculous attire. The

contrast between the means and the end was too violent, the disproportion between the struggle for existence and the utility of mere being was too excessive, not to inspire a contempt for the whole business, a feeling which perhaps often stands in the place of a more rational stoicism. I compared my own personal mishaps with those mimic distresses which, for a season, I had portrayed on the stage; and the most severe calamities thus viewed from behind, have not unfrequently as near an alliance to the comic as to the tragic muse. The chief difference between fictitious sorrow and the griefs of real life, is, that the *two-pence halfpenny and two inches of candle*, which I have shared after an evening's performance, were an adequate cause for a night's exertion to one who wanted bread; whereas the advantage to be derived by the "sum of things" from the performance of a certain number of chemic-animal transmutations of matter, and the transitory existence of one other focus of sensibility, the well-spring of desires never accomplished, and of necessity scarcely half satisfied, is infinitely problematical and confounding. The more this idea combined with the details of life, the more forcibly it occupied my mind. When I asked myself what benefit I had contributed to nature by bawling through a long winter's evening "Walk into the auction:" or by biting my nails to the quick, to produce such rhimes as—

"If you would shine in court or city,
Among the wealthy or the witty,
No point of grace or polish lacking,
Go brush your shoes with patent blacking;"—

when I saw myself tossing on the dreary northern seas through many a tedious hour, on board the whaler, to light the gambler to his ruin, the thief to his prey, or to cheat the honest man of those hours which nature had destined for repose;—when I recollected my painful labours in correcting the press for some tissue of fraud and false reasoning, destined to work an imperceptible change in some momentary combination of a disordered society—ridicule and humiliation contended for mastery. But how is it, I continued, with the rest of mankind? are not the great mass of the species involved in the same necessities? are they not, as well as myself, com-

pelled *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*? And then again with the upper classes of society, oh! the matter is ten times worse. Do we not see the beauteous harmony and combination of organs, the wondrous adaptation of the instruments of sense to the properties of surrounding nature, the incessant flowing of the fountains of life, the lightning-like rapidity of volition, the untraceable complexity of nutrition, the unfathomable profundity of mind, all conspiring to produce—a machine to grind or to take snuff? to make black and red marks on pieces of paste-board, or to distribute and collect them on a green table? to arrange words in metre, or to elicit vibrations from an extended cat-gut? or to walk straight forward, “*left leg foremost*,” to turn “*eyes right*” and “*eyes left*,” and in the levelling of a musket, to destroy from the face of the earth some thousands of living combinations, as useful and as important personages to nature and to society, as the destroyer?

These considerations very much overcome, I confess it, the awful respect with which I had recently addressed you; for even you, Sir, are but a machine, unravelling this month what you wove the last. For you know *ὡς περ φύλλων γένεθ, τοιγδε και Μαγαζιων*, one journal drives off another, and the race which exists blots out the memory of that which is passed; so that at the end of a long life your whole importance will be locked up in your last production, that is, unless you bind your numbers. Do not, however, let this consideration mortify your vanity; for there are a vast many personages very much our superiors in public estimation, the sum of whose utility will be pretty closely bounded to the quantity of materials they shall have afforded to the reproductive force of nature; or as Swift would say, whose merits are commensurate with their excretions: unless indeed to be the immediate cause of many horses breaking their wind, many ladies breaking their hearts, and many tailors breaking their clothers, be accounted

of service in the scheme of nature. Nay, to let you into my secret, there are even ambassadors of much credit, the merit of whose diplomacy I would circumscribe within the diamond snuff-boxes they import, on their returning home; and there are other machines of “high consideration” I could name, mounted exclusively to say ay and no; and this they do so out of all time and season, that their utility even within this limited sphere is more than questionable. Indeed I am almost ashamed of my querulousness in thus lamenting the efforts I have made to keep afloat in society, and preserve life and soul together, when I think of the unwearied patience with which I have seen a man of rank and fortune walk away whole days between the Opera-house and the hosier’s shop at the corner of St. James’s street, seeing the same faces, the same carriages, the same eternal caricature at the print-shop and on the pavement, merely to wear out two pieces of boot-leather, and restore their elements to their primitive freedom. I am very sure that there is less exertion in a hard day’s labour at an handicraft trade, and much less risk of life and limb, than are required to kill a fox or to bag a few brace of partridges; while the efforts of volition which put an unwieldy Apicius into motion on his daily sacrifice of exercise in search of appetite, are more than on a par with those which necessity induces in us poor devils in our search for a dinner. Still, however, the great question remains unanswered, why, in the endless chain of causations, the aforesaid noble should be compelled to pass his life in wearing out boots, or the aforesaid sportsman in decomposing gun-powder and destroying existences more innocent and useful than his own? or why I should be necessitated to waste my time, and your reader’s, with this account of a waking dream? I must, therefore, content myself with the hope of a *sufficing reason* on the creditor side of your books, which will always be an *adequate cause* for the best exertions of, Sir, Yours, &c. &c.

MEMOIR OF AN AMERICAN CHIEF.

PHILOSOPHERS in all ages have disputed whether a state of nature or of civilization is more favourable to the production of virtue. By some it has been asserted, that the simplicity and ignorance of savage life afford the only opportunity for its practice; while others

have as strenuously insisted that nothing but the cultivation of the arts of polished society can give birth to any of the qualities which raise man above the level of the brute creation. Hence, usual in such disputes upon general principles, both parties have been one-

ried, in pursuit of a favourite theory, beyond the bounds of reason or proof; and it would be equally unsafe to espouse the opinion of either in an unlimited degree. There are doubtless many vices from which ignorance will happily exempt the savage; but there are few virtues for which his sphere of action can hold out either inclination or opportunity. He may, in most instances, be free from hypocrisy and worldly insincerity, from the insanity of avarice, and the baseness of ingratitude; but sloth and intemperance, cruelty, revenge, and treachery; all the dark passions of the human breast which are usually soothed and corrected by the hand of education, are the tyrants of uncivilized communities. If we except courage and unbending fortitude, attachment to tribe or country, and hospitality to the stranger, it would be difficult, we believe, to name any other good quality of human nature, in which the member of an enlightened population is not eminently superior to the native of a barbarous country. It might be imagined that with the advantages possessed by the former it were only necessary to bring the savage into contact with him, to graft on his simple nature all the benefits of cultivation without entire loss of the few virtues which original simplicity had given to him; but it is a melancholy truth that in almost all cases where the people of newly discovered or uncultivated regions have been thrown into communication with Europeans, they have imbibed all the worst vices of their instructors without receiving one virtue of civilized life in exchange for those which they have lost by the intercourse. No race of men have furnished a stronger, or, for themselves, more fatal illustration of this fact, than the Indians of North America. It is impossible to conceive human nature lower in the scale of depravity, than the few tribes who have escaped extermination to live among the Canadians and people of the United States. Utterly sunken in filth and intemperance, they have not preserved one spark of the warlike spirit of their fathers, and resemble the hardy and untameable bands who so long resisted the colonists of the New World, as little as the Sybarite did the Spartan; or as they do the tribes who have still maintained their independence and bravery in the country west of the Mississippi. Just in proportion as the different tribes who extend from Montreal in Canada to that

river are less in the bosom of European settlements, do they rise in character, or rather remain with most features of resemblance to the old fathers of their forests. The Indian people generally were, as is well known, our allies in the late war in America; those dwelling in Lower Canada were entirely useless as auxiliaries; the six nations higher up in the country lying between the Lakes Ontario and Huron, were of some service; but to the tribes at the head of Lake Erie, on the western shores of Huron, and from thence towards the Mississippi, is the preservation of Upper Canada in the first years of the war mainly to be attributed, however little the fact has been commonly understood in this country. There are some circumstances of a singular and highly interesting nature in the events which arose from the assistance given by the Indians to our cause in that war; and as all who are acquainted with American history are of opinion that the period is fast approaching, when the advance of European population will cause this peculiar portion of our species silently to disappear from the map of existence, some account of the extraordinary and superior individual who had the greatest weight among them, and with whose life their actions were of course interwoven, may not be unacceptable before they cease altogether to be known on the earth. Unhappily, the terms of the Treaty of Ghent, by which we lost the opportunity of connecting their country with ours, and the avowed policy of the Americans, that they "shall be made to vanish before the march of civilization, as snow before the sunbeam," will put it out of our power to obtain their aid on a future emergency.

Among the tribe of the Shawanees inhabiting the country about a hundred miles to the south of Lake Michigan, there were two brothers, who, a few years before our war with the United States, had gained great influence over their fellow-warriors by qualities usually most valued in savage life. The one, who had persuaded the tribe that he possessed what in Scotland would have been termed second-sight, was known among them by the name of the Prophet, and seems at first to have been the favourite of the two; the other, Tecumthé, had without the aid of such inspiration, raised himself to the situation of a chief by his tried hardihood, and that natural superiority of genius which

sometimes in civilized communities, and almost always in a rude state of society, will challenge deference from common minds. The tribe under direction of the Prophet ventured upon hostilities with their old enemy, the back-settlers of the States; and for some time carried on a most harassing contest against them after the Indian mode of warfare. At length, however, lulled into security by confidence in the supernatural powers of their Prophet, and neglecting that caution which is generally so marked a trait in the Indian character, they were surprised by an American corps in the dead of night, on the banks of the Wabash, and almost annihilated. It is probable that the survivors were too few to preserve the separate existence of a tribe, for Tecumthé, with a small number of warriors, having escaped the massacre, joined the Hurons, a friendly people, and came down with them as their chief to the British troops when the war in Canada broke out. If it be recollected that the Indian chiefs are almost always old men, and that the spirit of clanship is as strong among them as ever it could have been in the Highlands of Scotland, it will appear no small testimony to the superior qualities of Tecumthé, that before he could have been forty years of age he should have appeared as the recognised head of the Hurons, a tribe in which he was a stranger, and which is one of the finest bodies of the Indian people.

The first operation of the Americans on the commencement of the war was to collect a corps of between three and four thousand men for the invasion of Canada from the frontier at the head of Lake Erie. Some of the Indian tribes were already at war with the States, and others hastened to join them when they found a prospect of success from the co-operation of the British. They began to collect in numbers in the country behind Detroit, from whence Hull, the American general, had already advanced in prosecution of the intended invasion; and the news of their motions seems at once to have paralyzed him. He fell back into Detroit, and not daring to attempt a retreat through the line on which they had assembled, he remained passive until his surrender to a few hundred British and Canadian militia. This event, and the occupation of the Michigan country, opened a direct communication with the settlements of the various tribes, rapidly promoted the alliance with them, and in

the winter of that year, 1812-1813, some time after the surprise and entire destruction of General Winchester's corps, to which the Indians had eagerly contributed, Tecumthé and his Hurons joined General Procter, to take up the hatchet with their British Father against the "Long Knives," as they denominated the Americans. It was astonishing how soon it became evident that Tecumthé was the chief among chiefs of his countrymen; and that this man in some way possessed the secret of swaying them all to his purpose, though without any formal authority, beyond the warriors of his adopted tribe. The number of Indian fighting-men who had united with the British Commander at Detroit in the spring of 1813, was near three thousand; a larger body of them than had been seen together in the memory of any of those assembled; and Tecumthé was still the engine by which they could be moved. His intelligent mind caught at once the advantage to be derived from fixing them with their families in the newly acquired Michigan territory; and it was no sooner proposed to him, than the whole were settled in the district, which by its position gave strength to their confederacy with the British. As soon as the season permitted, a small force of regulars and militia, and the whole Indian body, were moved forward to attack the enemy, who were assembling a strong corps at Fort Meigs, near the coast of Lake Erie; and, in the investment of that station which followed, the Indians were eminently useful, by the strictness with which they watched every motion of the garrison. The enemy attempted to relieve the place by an attack from without, aided by a sortie of the besieged, and were repulsed with dreadful slaughter, in which the Indians greatly assisted. The garrison were, however, relieved in a manner which they could not have anticipated; for the Indians, loaded with plunder, and enriched by the prisoners they had taken, could not be induced to continue the siege even by the influence of their chief; and the British General, with his handful of troops, was obliged to retire to his frontier, after he had been weakened by their return to their families. To secure the lives of prisoners, it was customary with the British to pay head-money for every American delivered up in safety by the Indians; and this measure was generally successful, though the Indians could not help remarking, that to take

men and let them live to fight another time, seemed a piece of egregious folly ! The British and Indians moved forward a second time in the same summer, and again invested Fort Meigs, and afterwards Sandusky, another fort near Lake Erie ; but the force of troops and artillery was insufficient, and the Indians found it "hard to fight against people who lived like ground hogs," or, in other words, were strongly intrenched. At Sandusky, in particular, they shewed no inclination to join in an assault upon the works, for their mode of warfare is in bush-fighting alone ; and the whole force returned once more to the frontier. In the short period of inaction which followed, during the equipment of the flotilla on Lake Erie, there were many opportunities of observing the intelligence of Tecumthé, whose support was so necessary to gain the consent of the Indians to any measure of expediency, that he was frequently, accompanied by Colonel Elliott, the Indian superintendant, or one of the officers of that department, brought to the General's table. His habits and deportment were perfectly free from whatever could give offence to the most delicate female ; he readily and cheerfully accommodated himself to all the novelties of his situation, and seemed amused, without being at all embarrassed by them. He could never be induced to drink spiritous liquor of any sort, though in other respects he fed like every one else at the table. He said that in his early youth he had been greatly addicted to drunkenness—the common vice of the Indian—but that he had found it was bad for him, and had resolved never again to taste any liquid but water. That an uneducated being could deny himself an indulgence of which he was passionately fond, and to which no disgrace was attached in the opinion of his associates, proves, we think, that he had views and feelings to raise him above the level of an unenlightened savage. He had probably anticipated the period when he was to appear as the first man of his nation, and knew that intemperance would disqualify him from holding such a station. He evinced little respect for the arts by which the Prophet had governed his unfortunate tribe, and always spoke of him as "his foolish brother." He had a son, a youth about fourteen or fifteen ; but shortly before his fall, when he seemed to have a presentiment of what was to occur, he strongly enjoined his Hurons not to elect that young man

for their chief ; "he is too fair and like a white man," was his reason. Tecumthé was not deficient in affection for his son, but he had some prejudice of his nation against a resemblance to the European, the author of all their woes ; and he sacrificed his parental attachment to what he considered the advantage of his people. In battle Tecumthé was painted and equipped like the rest of his brethren ; but otherwise his common dress was a leathern frock descending to his knees and confined at the waist by a belt ; leggins and moccasins for the feet, of the same material, completed his clothing. He was rather above the middle stature, the general expression of his features pleasing, and his eye full of fire and intelligence. Our fair readers will not think that it detracted from Tecumthé's virtues, that upon one occasion, before several persons, he openly and keenly reprov'd an European of the Indian department for ill usage of his wife.

The exploits of a handful of British troops had hitherto, in conjunction with the Indians, protected the north-west frontier of Canada against an enemy always numerically superior ; but the period was approaching when the naval efforts of the Americans on Lake Erie, and the neglect of the Governor General of the Canadas towards that division of his command, were to turn the tide of success. The British naval officer who was at the head of the flotilla on that lake, was obliged to meet the enemy under every disadvantage, notwithstanding the little assistance which the exertions of General Procter were able to afford him ; and the event that ensued was the capture of the whole of the English squadron, after an obstinate engagement. Upon this disaster, a retreat of the troops became unavoidable, to prevent the Americans landing a superior force in their rear ; and it was foreseen that to induce the Indians to retire with them, and to quit their old haunts, would be attended with much difficulty. An assembly of their chiefs was, however, held at Amherstburgh, where the General, by the mouth of his interpreter, opened the business to them, and proposed their accompanying him in his retrograde movement. The Indians were somewhat prepared to expect such an intention of withdrawing from that frontier ; but they received the proposal with the greatest indignation, and considered the measure as a desertion of them. Tecumthé rose to reply to the

interpreter, and nothing could be more striking than the scene which then presented itself. The rest of the assembly seemed to wait with the deepest attention for the delivery of his answer, whilst, holding in his hands a belt of wampum,—or beads which, by their colours and arrangement, form the Indian record for past events, from the association of idea produced on seeing them,—he proceeded to address the British General in a torrent of vehement and pathetic appeal, for which the wild oratory of savage tribes is often so remarkable. His speech, of which a translation was preserved, is too long for insertion in this place. The chief began by recalling from his wampum the events of the war in which they were engaged; and alluded, in a strain of violent invective, to a circumstance twenty years before, wherein the Indians conceived that the British, after encouraging them to hostility against the Americans, had deserted them in the hour of need; and he inferred that there was now a similar design. In the name of his nation he positively refused to consent to any retreat; and closed his denial with these words:—"The Great Spirit gave the lands which we possess to our fathers; if it be his will, our bones shall whiten on them; but we will never quit them." After Tecumthé's harangue was concluded, the council broke up; and the British commander found himself placed, with the few troops which composed his force, in a most critical situation; for there was every reason to expect that the numerous Indians would not confine their indignation to a mere dissolution of the alliance. To convince Tecumthé, in a private interview, of the reasonableness and necessity of retiring, seemed the only mode of extricating the little army from their dilemma; and it was attempted with success. In a room with Colonel Elliott and Tecumthé a map of the country was produced, the first thing of the kind that the chief had ever seen; and he was in a very short time made to understand that if they remained in their present position they must be infallibly surrounded by the enemy. It was only necessary to persuade the reason of Tecumthé to ensure his consent, and he undertook to prevail on the tribes to embrace the measure which he now saw to be unavoidable. It was one more example of his talent and influence, that in spite of all their

prejudices and natural affection for the seat of their habitations, in less than seven days from the holding of the council, he had determined a large proportion of his nation to give their co-operation to the step, of all others, which they had most violently opposed. The close of Tecumthé's mortal career was now at hand; and after some days of retreat before many thousand Americans, the resolution was taken of giving them battle on advantageous ground on the river Thames. The spot chosen was a position crossing the road towards Lake Ontario, and resting on the river. The British were here drawn up in open files in a straggling wood, which prevented any attack upon them in regular order; their left secured by the river, a gun flanking the road, and their right extending towards the Indians, who were posted where the wood thickened, so as to form a retiring-angle with them, and to turn the enemy's flank on their advance. This disposition was shewn to Tecumthé, who expressed his satisfaction at it; and his last words to the General were—"Father, tell your young men to be firm, and all will be well." He then repaired to his people, and harangued them before they were formed in their places. The small band of our regulars, discouraged by their retreat, and by the privations to which they had been long exposed, gave way on the first advance of the enemy; and no exertion of their commander could rally them. While they were thus quickly routed, Tecumthé and his warriors had almost as rapidly repulsed the enemy, and the Indians continued to push their advantage against them, in ignorance of the disaster of their allies, until their heroic chief fell by a rifle-ball, and with him the spirit of his followers, who were put to flight and pursued with unrelenting slaughter. The Americans shewed their respect for Tecumthé in full as barbarous a manner as a hostile tribe of his own nation could have done under the same circumstances. The skin was flayed from his lifeless corpse, and made into razor-straps, one of which the late Mr. Clay of Virginia, a member of the American legislature, prided himself in possessing.—Who, in contemplating the life and death of this untutored savage, can forbear the reflection, that he only wanted a nobler sphere, and the light of education, to have left a name of brilliant renown in the annals of nations?

NOCTES ATTICÆ.—REVERIES IN A GARRET.

CONTAINING SHORT AND ORIGINAL REMARKS ON MEN AND BOOKS, &c.
BY PAUL PONDER, GENT.

Nubes et inania capiat.

LORD BYRON'S POEMS.

DEAN SWIFT, it is said, once recommended Gray to write Pastorals, and lay the scene in Newgate. My Lord B. seems to have improved on this scheme, when he describes his heroes; for the reader cannot doubt that his lordship's characters would find appropriate lodgings in Newgate, and proceed from thence, in due time, to the place of execution, according to the decisions of the best judges of their merits.

ERRONEOUS TRANSLATIONS.

When we see Cicero's *familiar* letters, who would suppose that they meant Cicero's Letters to his Friends? or, who, in reading Marmontel's 'Moral Tales,' would not suppose that the French author had signalized himself, like Seneca or Johnson, by his moral discourses, instead of tales descriptive of manners, which is the real meaning of *Contes Moraux*.

A SINGULAR MISNOMER.

An eminent antiquary (the late learned Dean Vincent) informed me that the sign of the Swan with two *Necks* was a remarkable instance of ignorance and error. The swan, observed this eminent scholar, is a royal bird, and to mark him as such, two *nicks* in the soft membrane of the bill are cut, that, should he be stolen, or wandering, he might be recognized. The misrepresenting of this beautiful bird with two *necks* has long astonished the eye of the public, and upheld the old proverb, that two heads are better than one.

TUFT-HUNTERS.

Homer says, that *Minerva* taught *Diomed* to distinguish the gods from mortal men. I cannot help thinking that *tuft-hunters* derive the same advantage from self-interest and vanity which the Goddess of Wisdom bestowed on her favourite hero. What a distinction do these men make between the opulent and the noble and persons of no rank or property! Of the former they seem very desirous of making gods, by superhuman flattery and submission!

PREACHING.

As the pulpit orator has no power of inflicting a penalty on the offenders against whom the severity of his lecture

is levelled, the force of it is in a great measure, if not totally, defeated. The obstinacy of the refractory part of his audience is encouraged by the idea that he cannot call in the constable. The same kind of cunning may be observed in a parcel of pigs who have broken into your inclosure: all the noise which indignation may prompt you to make, will be of no avail while these crafty obstinate offenders are aware that a wall, a hedge, or a high paling, prevents your visiting them with a dog or a whip.

QUARRELSOME MEN.

There certainly is an art in quarrelling—a species of generalship, which teaches a man the policy of sounding a retreat when he cannot make good his charge. Such men can bid their obedient passions go so far and no farther; whilst a man unused to quarrelling plunges at once into uncontrollable fury upon his antagonist, who, if he belong to the former class, becomes all on a sudden quiet and composed, so that the unskillful quarreller appears the more litigious of the two.

The great secretary of nature has given us most excellent advice on this subject:—

“———— Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear it, that the opposed may beware of thee.”
Shakespeare's Hamlet.

HOMER AND VIRGIL.

After a warm day the moon shone into the window of my garret; I lamented the sun's absence most feelingly. I had been reading Homer all day, and my mind was full of the comparison of the Greek and Roman poets. “Homer,” said I, “is the sun, and Virgil the moon, a cool and reflected light. It was a simile founded on bodily feeling as well as that of mind. In reading Virgil I want the sun's warmth.”

LIBERTY, OR MODERN PATRIOTS.

The great asserters of liberty are very often observed to be great tyrants in their own families and little societies, “where Cato listens to his own applause;” and this fact is to many a cause of wonder. The solution of this phenomenon is easy and obvious. These patriots are so fond of liberty, that they wish to monopolize it all to themselves.

THE GROUND OF HAPPINESS.

There is a Latin proverb which says, that man is the architect of his own fortune—“*Quisque suæ fortunæ faber.*” It may be said with equal, if not greater truth, that man is the architect of his own happiness. He may lay a sure foundation in his own sense and virtue, choose the situation by his own judgment, select the materials by his own feelings, and arrange them by his own habitual skill: then the mansion's size and style must exactly quadrate with the owner's taste and notion of convenience and comfort.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

Men who pique themselves on the knowledge of the world are generally persons who are ‘hackneyed’ in its by-ways, and unjustly claim a superiority over men of more retired habits, though perhaps more than equal sense: as lawyers conversant in the practice of courts are apt to consider themselves of more importance and utility than men of much more eminent talents in oratory. Alas! what is this boasted knowledge of the world but being conversant with the tricks and chicanery and roguery of our fellow-creatures?

HEN-PECKING.

I have often observed that old bachelors are the most clamorous of men against this exertion of power in the female over the lord of the creation. Whether this happens because they would wish to have a fair excuse for their choice of celibacy against the general practice of mankind in seeking their happiness in marriage; or whether this keenness of sight and uncommon sensibility in old bachelors arises from the axiom, that lookers-on see more of the game than the players,—let more hardy casuists than I am determine.

RUDENESS.

Of manners is not a single vice, says a French writer, but the product of several: vanity, ignorance of the world, contempt of others, or envy and jealousy of them. Sometimes want of feeling and indolence may produce solitary instances of it: when it becomes a habit, beating or hanging is the only remedy.

PEDANTS.

Ignorant pedants resemble silly travellers, who quote distant places with hard names for the use of customs, arts, &c. which they might have found at

home; so the former quote Aristotle and other Greek and Latin authors for truths and arguments which the commonest authors in their own language would have more obviously suggested to them. Translators must be as great enemies to the power of these pedants, as the version of the Scriptures was to that of the Roman Catholic church.

AVARICE.

Is generally supposed to be a despotic monarch, and to reign solely by its own inherent right; but it owes a great deal of its power to its great ally—Vanity. The almost universal deference paid to money-holders makes that man fond of accumulating and hoarding, whose vanity might have taken the contrary direction if the world had been on his side. When we see that wealth is sure to gain respect and admiration, avarice almost becomes a virtue in a worldly view; since an ass loaded with gold can find access, where an angel without a stiver would see the gates closed on his approach!

MILTON AND POPE.

It is very remarkable, that though the former poet was very fond of music, and even a performer in that delightful art, yet he has left in his great epic poem very many lines which neither syllabic or accentual quantity can reconcile to the ear. Pope, on the other hand, is known neither to have practised nor relished music, yet his poetry is so distinguished by the smoothness and melody of his verses, that they sound as musical.

“As is Apollo's lute.”

HOBBIHORSICAL PREJUDICES.

Cicero, conscious, no doubt, of his great and very eminent reputation in the art of oratory, says roundly, that no one but a good man can be a complete orator. Earl Marshal Lord Arundel, the celebrated collector of statues and pictures, says, with a zeal in his pursuit equal to that of the Roman orator, that a man cannot be honest unless he understands the art of drawing. John Evelyn, who relates this anecdote with applause, very cautiously adds, “How that observation succeeds in general, we have not made it much our observation.”—*Evelyn's Hist. of Chalcography*.

MODEST ASSURANCE.

This quality, though of more noble origin, is yet very useful to aid the abi-

titles of some men. Their brilliant jokes, and even their wise sayings, often arise from a total absence of all modesty and diffidence. Nothing but much wine could bring *Addison* to display the force of his wit; and when *Steele*, a more impudent man, had lost in his cups all his power of being facetious, Addison felt then bold enough to open his sources of wit and humour. These examples illustrate the saying of that ancient poet, Hesiod, of modesty:

"Shame greatly aids, or greatly hurts, mankind."
Opera et Dies, l. 316.

METHODISTS IN LITERATURE.

The canting boast of inward light and a *call* is not confined to religious sectaries; we find Methodists also in literature. Surely the man who, trusting in his own genius, pretends to undervalue all toil and study, forgets or does not know that a Milton, a Dryden, a Butler, and a Pope, were great students before they began to be writers. Such a literary Methodist would soon find how vain were his pretensions to a *call* to poetry, when his first work fell under the hands of an able and intelligent critic.

COXCOMBS.

This species of bipeds, if brought up in well-regulated families, are by no means unpleasant companions in moments of relaxation, whilst you give

them a full liberty of playing their pranks in their own way; but should you check this vivacity by any grave or sarcastic remark, all is over, and you are soon reminded what a very sad thing a monkey is in a fit of melancholy.

LOTTERIES.

Are constructed upon a palpable ground of deception, but succeed in powerfully attracting persons of strong hopes and little reason: "Decipi vult" and "decipiat," may be equally the motto of "Hazard" and "Goodluck." Ministers who have exhausted all their sources of taxation, and have recourse to this at last, remind me of a juggler who, at the end of his performance, excites the attention of his audience, by exclaiming, "Now, gentlemen, I will shew you a trick worth all your money!"

THE LOVE OF WORDS.

This seems a great nuisance to modern composition. I have read, or rather tried to read, some late essays on very important and statistical subjects, where the verbiage was so thickly sown, and the thoughts so far-fetched, that my patience was soon overpowered by this profundity and eloquence: Had not the authors before them the popular perspicuous letter of the Dean of St. Patrick's as patterns, or are pedants an indocile and incorrigible race?

SORROWS OF AUTHORS.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAD occasion the other day to visit that part of the town where those unfortunate men, whom Goldsmith describes as leading in this world "a damnable life," usually reside. In pursuing my enquiries I entered a fourth-floor room, and found it tenanted by a chair with three legs and a small deal table, on which lay some scattered papers, and a broken ink-stand, with a pen (I presume like its master) worn to the very bone; I asked to whom they belonged, and was informed that the poor man whose property they were, had formerly taken a room on the lower floor, but that latterly he had been much reduced in his circumstances, and that on receiving the packet which lay on the table, he had taken his hat and rushed out of the house, in a very

disturbed manner. This was a week ago, and he had never returned.

Having gained permission to examine the papers, I found the following affecting account, which appeared to have been rejected by the editors of one of our metropolitan Magazines; a circumstance which had probably driven the unfortunate author to a state of desperation. It ran, with a prophetic motto, thus:

"Here lies poor Ned Pardon from slavery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack,
He led such a damnable life here below
That I don't think he'll wish to come back."
Goldsmith.

"The devil twitched me by the sleeve; he could not have touched a more fragile part of my garments to secure his hold, for it had served me, like Scarron's black doublet, for two good years. Let not the reader start when I mention the

name of that awful personage, for I mean neither the mythological satan, nor the devil to whom Dr. Faustus made a deed of gift of his soul, duly indented, signed, sealed, and delivered, nor yet the *diabolus regis*, or attorney-general's devil, nor a devil of a fellow, nor a queer devil. No, I mean that most diabolical of all devils—a printer's devil. He twitched me by the sleeve, part of which was left unfortunately between his fingers; and uttered the dreadful words—"The press stands still."

Now I had risen that morning at half-past four, and it was now above half-past eight in the evening, and during all that time I had never taken my pen off my paper for more than ten minutes, which was between twelve and one o'clock, when I dined. Temperance is "an excellent thing" in man, like "silence in woman;" so is a dry biscuit with a glass of rain-water. Dr. Franklin recommends it as the most strengthening diet. I don't think it adds much to my vigour; but I persisted in it out of respect for that great man's memory; and besides it is more easily prepared than a more sumptuous feast, but of that I say nothing. This had been my daily fare for a month, and on this I had written fourteen hours a day, till the under part of the little finger of my right hand had actually become smoother than the most polished ivory. This visit was too much for me. "Did I not send you six sheets yesterday, and did Dr. Johnson, when he was starving on translations, ever do more? Do you think I can keep ten presses at work, all to procure myself this miserable garret, where, in to conceal my wretchedness from the world? Take it," I cried, and saluted the grinning devil with three quires of foolscap on the side of the head. He gathered up the sheets, asked whether they were paged, and made a precipitate retreat. The stairs were narrow and uneven, and I suppose his foot slipped, for I heard him and his load rolling over one another till they reached the bottom. He was not killed however, for the next day the villain brought me the proof. The proof! of what? why, of my poor father's wisdom and my folly. Oh that I had followed his advice, and taken in hand the spade instead of the pen. Pen! how hateful is the word. Pen, ink, and paper!—the first stolen from the wing of a goose,

"A symbol and a sign
To authors of their fate and force;"

the second compounded of gall—sure pledge of bitterness and misfortune; the third manufactured of rags, how typical of an author's poverty! But my father was a bibliopolist, that is to say, he kept a book-stall in the town of—, the only emporium of literature which was within a circuit of thirty miles.

It was at this pure fount that I drank those fatal draughts of literary lore, the intoxicating effects of which I have rued in years of toil and penury.

My father beheld the growing contagion, but he in vain opposed its progress. There is no inoculation which can prevent the *cacoethes scribendi*. It used to be my employment to dust the books before they were arranged on the stall in the morning, and from cleaning the outsides, I promoted myself at last to sully the insides. Some of my father's choicest copies bore the marks of my young thumbs. Would that he had done as Petrarch's father had the firmness to do before him, and cast the contagious volumes into the flames. However, he did what his poverty permitted, and sold them under price, as soon as he perceived me growing too much attached to them. I cannot now tell how I managed it, but I might have been born before the confusion of tongues, for I mastered every language I attempted with perfect ease. O fatal gift! had I remained faithful to my mother-tongue I had never become a translator.

I gained a great reputation in our little town, and with my father's friends I was a "Magnus Apollo." I now began to turn my talents to some account, and luckily the grocer and a few other of the tradesmen employed me on a Saturday to audit the week's accounts, a service for which I was usually repaid in kind, and many a tender beefsteak has smoked on my father's Sunday-board, the produce of my industry, and the generous recompence of my friend the butcher. In vain my father endeavoured to persuade me that agriculture was both an useful and an honourable employment, and that it became me to shoulder a spade. I admitted that it was practised by the greatest men among the Romans at an early period, but I saw nothing in the shepherds of our neighbourhood which reminded me of the swains of Virgil and Sannazaro. I was better acquainted with a Roman plough than an English one; and I well remember the only time I interfered in

agricultural pursuits, was in planting some thousand-headed cabbages in a quincunx.

At last the true report of my erudition reached the hall, and the squire one day sent for me, in order to convince himself of the truth of what he had heard. He was a man who had not passed an unprofitable youth, and in his after-years all his learning had not forsaken him. I was aware of the trial I should have to go through, and hit upon the same expedient which Dr. Johnson employed with similar success when he first went to college. I quoted Macrobius, an author whom the squire had probably never read, or perhaps never heard of. He asked me no more questions, shook me by the hand, gave me an Elzevir Tacitus, and dismissed me.

I was now nineteen, and my father insisted on my adopting some permanent employment. I had just been reading the *Cyropædia*, and began to educate myself for the military profession, by reading Frontinus and Polyæni *Stratagemata*. My favourite idea was to introduce the military engines of the ancients into modern warfare, and my head ran all the day on *catapultæ* and *balistæ*. It was well for me that no Serjeant Kite was in the neighbourhood, or I had long since become food for powder. At this critical moment my fortunes were fixed. The squire sent for me one Monday morning, and I was ushered into the library. He motioned me to a chair, and I sat down, collecting all my energies, as I imagined he had sent for me to break an argumentative lance with him. "Neville," said he, "I know you possess much good sense and more learning." I bowed. "I wish my son had your abilities, but his mind is not quick, and requires much culture; are you willing to become his preceptor? Will you come and reside with him under my own eye? the terms, I think, we shall not quarrel about." I was struck dumb. I cast my eyes over the folios, quartos, and duodecimos, the bindings of which seemed so much to require my duster. I had already devoured them all in idea. As soon as the faculty of speech returned, I accepted the proposal with humble thanks, and Mr. L. rang the bell. "Send Gilbert to me." The servant made a *pirouette*, and vanished; and in a few moments Gilbert entered—a tall, raw-boned boy of twelve years of age.

It was then I commenced tutor—a

toil which ought to have been numbered among the labours of Hercules, and to which the labours of Hercules were light. Oh the days of slow and miserable drudgery which I passed in teaching my pupil to discriminate between an obtuse and acute angle, and dragging him, line by line, through Virgil and Horace! But he was not ill-tempered—he was only dull, and the labour of teaching proportionate to his dulness—it was immense, but not quite exasperating. There were some occasions, however, on which instruction became a delightful task. Emilia, the sister of my pupil, though six years older than him, was sometimes present at our lectures, and seemed to take an interest in them which enhanced their value. Accustomed as I had been to fashion my fancy's ideal model of beauty in the mould of those figures which Greece possessed, and which Rome envied, yet the image of Emilia equalled my most perfect conceptions. She was not one of those pretty, petty, fragile, wax-like figures which look more like the inhabitants of air than earth. She was a figure which an Athenian sculptor would have stopped and gazed on with delight. She was tall—almost commandingly so. Beauty, says Aristotle, consists in magnitude; little men may be called *ἄριστοι* and *συμμετροί*, pretty and neatly shaped, but not *καλοί*, beautiful. The women of Homer are all tall—and Panthea, says Xenophon, was distinguished by her magnitude and strength. The majesty of Emilia's figure was softened by the grace, the infinite grace, with which she moved. Her features were completely *Minervæque*. All the calm wise dignity—all the fine and sweet repose of expression, and all that beautiful sweep of the chin and cheek, which distinguishes a Grecian face. But it was not this which I worshipped, and I did indeed become a worshipper—it was the "mind and the music" breathing there—but I wander.

It was weak and unwise to love; and if it was a grievous sin, grievously did I answer it. I remember Gilbert's false quantities received very few corrections from me whilst Emilia was sitting in the room; and a day seldom passed that Emilia was not present at her brother's studies. She was deeply attached to poetry, and hence another of the great errors of my life. To win her ear, I strung my lyre; and

"At every pause she blash'd to hear
The one loved name."

These were the only happy hours of my life.

Risum teneatis amici—The following is a specimen of my talents in the Spenserian stanza, after one of these delightful interviews :—

“ I dream’d, but not in sleep—amid the sweetness

Of nature’s exquisite beauties I walk’d on !
Flowers, birds, blue skies, bright sunshine, and the
Sweetness

Of the summer morning’s breeze, which died upon
My brow—and I pour’d my young orison
To the Maker of earth’s beauties. Not alone
I worshipp’d him in bliss—for there was one
Kneeling on the same sod, whose moist eyes shone
On the blue Heavens to which her spotless soul had
Down ;

And her lips murmur’d out a holy prayer
Of thanks and blessings on the heads of those
Whom her heart shrined, and my poor name was
There,

Faintly but fondly, utter’d in the close
Of that most blest petition—we arose
With thoughts and hopes of which I cannot tell ;
The heart is worldless when it overflows,
And deepest feelings still in silence dwell,
‘ Or speak in those sweet tears which from our full
eyes swell.’ ”

But I grow serious, which was far from my intention ; for a light heart is now my only riches. Poetry is love’s artillery, and his shaft, when barbed with a sonnet, is irresistible. What quantities of erotic poetry I wrote and burned at that time, which would have cut an excellent figure in the columns of the Magazines ! I have, however, preserved what would make two very neat volumes in twelves, and which should long since have been laid before the public if the booksellers had not been insensible to their merits. Unfortunately some of my best and most impassioned stanzas, intended for the eye of the daughter, met that of the father ; and I suppose I need not say, that I troubled Gilbert, and Gilbert me, no longer. It was a pity to leave him at that time, for he was just in the middle of the *pons asinorum*. I never learned whether he reached the other side in safety. My parting with Emilia—but this is vain—we parted—and I turned to my Seneca (*Lugduni Batavorum*, 1576) for consolation. Alas ! I was but a poor stoic. From that time to this I beheld Emilia but once again—but of that anon.

I returned to my father very rich, as I imagined, for I carried with me no less than 15*l.* 10*s.* 4*d.* in hard cash ; besides that I was the owner of an excellent suit of black clothes, which Mr. L. had given me, after discarding them from his own wardrobe. I found my father

declining very fast ; he had for some months been unable to attend personally to his business, which he had left in the care of an arrant knave, who had converted many a good volume to his own use and benefit. Boethius de Consolatione had furnished him with brandy ; and many a time did he get drunk by embezzling the proceeds of several copies of Hutchinson’s Moral Philosophy, which my father possessed. I came in to save the wreck of this little property ; and a few weeks after my arrival my father died. I wept sincerely over him, for he was ever a kind and indulgent parent to me. I now converted all my stock into money, and resolved to proceed whither I plainly heard the voice of fame calling me—to London.

It was a cruel mistake. However, I arrived there, and I have not since quitted it (a residence of twelve years)—no, not even to visit those neighbouring fields, glens, and valleys which excite so much rapture in the minds of some enthusiasts. How those men “ babble o’ green fields ” with all the childishness of the poor, fat, dying, repentant knight ! This is the consequence of studying nature in books—over the fire-side, in a chair swinging on two legs, with our two legs swinging on the well-polished grate, our ten fingers spread out to enjoy the kindly new milk-like warmth of a Wallsend coal fire, and our heads rambling on what our eyes never beheld. I reached London in high spirits—and, ye Gods ! what visions of glory swam before my eyes. At one time I was sitting in the front row of the boxes at Covent Garden, gracefully receiving the extravagant plaudits which the audience heaped upon me the first night of my new tragedy. Then I was suddenly transported into the Row, and saw crowds of booksellers struggling for my new epic. Wealth, honour, kindness, and smiles were my portion.

Although my whole fortune, only amounted to 60*l.*, I took a comfortable lodging, without the least apprehension of poverty or distress. The morning after my arrival, I sallied forth in search of the bookseller with whom my father used to transact his little business, resolving, as a favour, to offer him a volume of poems which I had prepared for the press. *The man absolutely refused to give the smallest sum for them, or to print them and share the profits, saying they would be a dead weight on the market!!!* I think I never was so shocked in my life ; my vanity actually died

under the blow—and it was some days ere I recovered myself so far as to make any farther exertion. As a duty to myself, however, I resolved to make the attempt; and I met with thirteen refusals, eight in the city, and five at the west end. “Those booksellers are certainly mad,” I exclaimed, or they would not so obstinately shut their eyes to their own advantage.”

I now began most cordially to hate all those idols of the public, who stood between me and the sun, and expressed it in harsher terms than Diogenes did to Alexander. The worst of it is, that I cannot blame the public, for they have never had an opportunity of patronizing my poetical offspring. And all this owing to the dulness of thirteen Bibliopoliasts. O that with a stroke of the pen I could annihilate the whole Row, as Nero wished to have hold of Rome by the nape of the neck! But as poetry did not succeed, I resolved to try politics, and I had actually the audacious folly to print a pamphlet of six sheets at my own expense, a proceeding which at once swallowed up half my fortune. I do not give the title of this tract, as I believe it would be useless, six copies being all that were sold, and those are in all probability now no more.

The remainder brought me in fourpence-halfpenny per pound, having sold them as waste-paper to a cheesemonger in Holborn, when I was reduced to what are aptly called extremities.

My funds were visibly on the decline, and no fresh monies coming in. I could not apply, like more eminent and lordly poets, to ———, the Jew, on the strength of my ancestors' estates; but I did all that became a man to do, and “angels can no more.” I inserted an advertisement in *The Times*, stating that a gentleman of education and extensive information, would be happy to engage in any important literary project, or to take an active share in the management of some periodical work: but no applications were made. My money grew less and less, my black coat more and more bare. I advertized again. “A person well acquainted with the modern languages, would be glad to meet with any employment in translating books, letters, or public or private documents.” It would not do. I opened my pocket-book—there was just 1*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.* in it, out of which I owed 8*s.* to my landlady; and affairs began to wear a most portentous aspect. However, I resolved to make one more attempt, and spent

9*s.* 6*d.* in the following advertisement in *The Chronicle*. “A young man of industrious habits, and who writes a good hand, would be very thankful to be employed in copying for gentlemen of the law.—N. B. Letters written with dispatch and secrecy.” Waiting the event of this new attempt, I sauntered up the Strand in sadness and almost in tears, when I beheld a fashionable equipage stop at the door of a perfumer's shop, and saw a hand stretched forth from it, the singular whiteness and beauty of which I could not mistake—a hand which I had so often beheld with rapture turning over the pages of our favourite authors. The lady bent her head forwards; she saw me—started—and turned pale. It was Emilia. I stood motionless—the carriage drove off—and I hurried away with that deadly consciousness of existence which is the heaviest weight to a wounded heart. I never beheld her again.

On this occasion I composed the following lines:—

“Oh sigh not, sweet—tho' Heaven hath parted
Our cheris'd ties of earthly love,
That we in sorrow, humble-hearted,
May look for holier joys above—

“Oh sigh not with repining spirit,
Though earth awhile our bliss retard;
Our silent sufferings shall inherit
Their own exceeding great reward.”

On my return home, great and good news, however, awaited me. Two applicants had made their appearance in consequence of my advertisement, in order to make me the instrument, as I afterwards found, of wafting “a sigh from Indus to the Pole.” They returned next day, and I indited two such love-letters as, I think I may without presumption say, have seldom been equalled. A man is naturally attached to his own profession. I therefore filled the letter of my female client to her lover, who was a mate on board one of the Company's ships, with all sorts of nautical similes—in short, a mermaid could not have sighed more amiably. The apprenticeship which I served to this new profession, *will*, I am confident, be of service to me at some future period. It has given me such a flow of Anacreontic and Moresque language, that few ladies will be likely to resist it.

The reader will perhaps think this vain boasting. But he will change his opinion when I inform him, that out of twenty-three *billets* which I wrote, twenty were successful, and the parties

happily united; and that the odd three failed merely through casualties:—in one case, the suitor being an elderly gentleman, and dying before the reply could be received, which I have heard was favourable:—in the second, my employer, an Irish half-pay lieutenant, being shortly after lodged in the Fleet, from which, unfortunately, he did not

know his way out.—(in this case, I lost my fee):—in the last instance, the young thief, at whose request I wrote the letter, intending it as a hoax.

[Here the communication of our Correspondent breaks off; but we presume we shall be favoured with a continuation for our next Number.]

PHILIBERT: A POETICAL ROMANCE. BY THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN.*

WE feel peculiar pleasure in introducing this poem to the notice of our readers, because it has not hitherto received from criticism the attention which it deserves. Its author is evidently a young man; but no less evidently a young man of rare endowments and pure feelings, who, if he has still much to acquire, seems destined to carve out for himself a high and honourable fame. The work before us, considered merely as a tale, is as interesting as if it were written in prose; and therefore will be acceptable to all who read only for innocent recreation; while its touches of deep and genuine beauty will ensure for no small portion of it a place in the memories of those who, for its own sake, are enamoured of poetry.

The Poem is founded on the following story, which is detailed at length in the "*Causes célèbres*" of Gayot de Pitaval:—

"Martin Guerre, born in the province of Biscay, was married in the month of January, 1539, to Bertrande de Rols, of the town of Artigues; both being at that time extremely young. She united good sense to great beauty, and being somewhat above the rank of peasants, enjoyed a moderate fortune, and blessed with a son, they lived very happily together for nearly ten years. About this period Martin being tempted to travel, he quitted his wife and family, and left them for a considerable time without any intelligence of him. Bertrande during this period conducted herself without reproach; and at the expiration of eight years Arnaud du Tilh, the impostor, presented himself before her. Bearing the exact resemblance of her husband, he was received by her as such without hesitation, and was immediately acknowledged by the four sisters of Martin Guerre, his uncle, and other relatives. He had perfectly studied his part, and having known Martin Guerre in his travels, had learned from him and some of his friends, the most minute particulars of his life, and a thousand little secret circumstances, known only to the husband and

wife. For three years this impostor lived in possession of all the rights of Martin Guerre, but being at length suspected by the uncle and some others, Bertrande was induced to join in an accusation of him, and he was delivered into the hands of justice. He made a strong defence. One hundred and fifty witnesses were examined, between thirty and forty of whom deposed that he was the true Martin Guerre; a greater number that he was Arnaud du Tilh; and upwards of sixty swore that they could not in conscience say which was the fact. The prisoner was interrogated, and answered with the utmost precision the most particular questions, as to the place of Martin Guerre's birth, his father, mother, brothers, &c.; the day of his marriage, the priest who celebrated the ceremony, the persons who were present, their different dresses, &c. He was, however, after a long trial, found guilty, and condemned to lose his head, and have his body quartered. He appealed to the parliament of Toulouse. This produced a new trial, in which his cause was on the very point of prevailing, had not the real Martin Guerre himself appeared.

"Arnaud du Tilh was once more condemned to death, and executed on a gibbet in front of Martin Guerre's house."

We do not, in general, regard judicial proceedings as fit subjects for poetry. Where the jurisdiction of the police begins, that of the Muses usually ends. The imagination, with all its magic, can rarely convert the network of law into golden meshes, or trace out any hidden affinity between the fictions of poesy and those of an indictment, or shed any halo of glory around a common felon. The *Newgate Calendar*, and even the more romantic registers of French atrocity, do not exactly "the living fountains in themselves contain of beauteous and sublime." There are indeed exceptions—as, in real life, the conclusion of Algernon Sidney's trial, which had more than the grandeur of tragedy, and, in fiction, the scenes at Carlisle in *Waverley*. Our author too

* Philibert: a Poetical Romance. By Thomas Colley Grattan. London, 1820.

has, in a great measure, overcome the objection to his subject by keeping his judicial processes wisely in the background, and investing both his guilty and his innocent hero with a fitting indifference to their power. His judges know their duty, and sit silent. There is no detail of warrants, searches, examinations, commitments, and those other interesting circumstances of a grave accusation which we enjoy in a newspaper, but do not desire to see "married to immortal verse." Mr. Grattan also has elevated the rank of his persons—invested them with heroic attributes—and relieved his narrative by lovely scenes of domestic innocence and joy. He substitutes a gifted and accomplished villain for the "petty-larceny rogue" of the original story, and represents him as the illegitimate son of his intended victim's father. The circumstance of his birth does not, however, appear until the conclusion of the tale, and during its whole progress his origin and motives are veiled in fascinating mystery. He meets his counterpart Philibert in the camp where both are serving—obtains his affections—becomes master of all his secrets,—and at last, in the midst of a terrible battle, strikes him down, and leaves him apparently slain. All this he does with a design of personating him, and obtaining possession of his wife and fortunes. A cavalier afterwards appears at Philibert's mansion—is received by his wife as her long-lost husband, and acknowledged by the vassals as their lord—but from a number of circumstances, the reader, who is prepared to expect the completion of Pierre's treachery, regards him as an impostor. His return is attended by frightful omens—his repose is disturbed by a terrible dream—and he farther excites suspicion, by requesting the lady to prompt him, on his meeting the peasantry, alleging that a cut across the forehead has effaced some of the records of memory. He is prosecuted as an impostor at the instance of the next heir to his estates, and acquitted—but it seems impossible to determine whether his demeanour is the result of innocence or hardened villainy. At last, all doubt vanishes—Count Walderne, Philibert's father, declares that, on the next day, he will reveal the true source of the strange likeness between his son and Pierre; and just before the appointed hour is found murdered, according to the testimony of Philibert's

daughter, by the hand of her father! He is apprehended—condemned—and about to suffer death by torture, when an accomplice of the true criminal interposes—and confesses that the convict is the real Philibert—that Pierre is the murderer, whom the child had mistaken for his likeness—and who had just arrived to perpetrate the deed which should give him vengeance and fortune. Pierre, thus betrayed, avows the whole—is sent to the rack—and Philibert dismissed, to the uninterrupted enjoyment of love and honour. The progress of the story is extremely interesting, though we do not admire the turn with which it concludes; but the excellencies of the work, as a poem, are far more than sufficient to counterbalance the defect in its structure as a story. There are, indeed, many traces of resemblance in the modes of expression to those of Scott, Byron, and Moore—especially the last—but there is a harmony throughout, which proves that the author has not studiously imitated, but has merely written from a mind sensibly impressed with the beauties of the poets whom he occasionally resembles. There are also touches of true and deep nature interspersed throughout, which could not be copied; for they do not belong to style, and are "above the reach of art." The descriptions of the young loves of Philibert and Isabelle, and their early hours of domestic felicity, have such a reality about them, and seem so truly to breathe of home, that we can scarcely believe them fictitious. What, for example, can be more engaging than the following picture of the domains where the fathers of the happy pair resided, bordering on each other, in gentle neighbourhood?

"Contiguous lay their sires' domains,
Divided by a murmuring stream;
In which the flocks that ranged the plains
Plunged from the heat of noontide's beam;
Or careless cross'd the ancient ford,
And freely fed at either side,
As conscious that their several lord
No difference made, no leave denied.
The little rustic bridge between
At neither end had guard, or screen;
Nor threatening trap, nor bristling fence,
To fright the fleecy wanderer thence;
And free to both, a common good,
The rivulet its course pursued.
So close the kindred castles stood
On either side a rugged dell,
That, glancing o'er its feathery wood,
The lights from the one reflected fell
On the arms of the other's sentinel;

Who oft' in his silent walk might catch
The murmur'd sounds of the neighbor'ing watch,
As the whisper'd password faintly falls
On the angled towers' unequal walls."

How delightful is the following
glimpse of the pleasant lot of the bride,
whose married life began among scenes
of old and familiar happiness:—

"Nor did she, on that morn of joy
That moved her from her early site,
Prove those alarms of maidens coy
Who, sadness struggling with delight,
Are borne from scenes of happy years
Through mists of mingled smiles and tears.
She marks no pomp of formal state
Attend her at a new-found gate;
No unknown concourse, curious rushes
To feast upon her virgin blushes;
No stranger-hands her ringlets deck,
Nor welcomes chill her raptures check;
But, passing through the long-loved courts,
She treads the ground of infant sports;
And glides along through grateful files
Of faces bright with heart-warm smiles;
While each gay plume of bridal flowers
Blossoms freshly from her own dear bowers.
At morning friar upon the lawn
Her hand-fed lamb, her favourite fawn;
Down on the glen she casts her look;
Her osiers drooping kiss the brook—
Upwards her glistening glances throwing.
She sees her roses brightly glowing—
The branching Eglantine's arcade—
The trellised arbour that she made—
The brilliant groups of the parterre,
Slow-moving in the morning air,
Lovely as when she wandered there.—
She fondly waves her hand to them;
Each flower seems answering from its stem;
While her own choir, on frolic wing,
Their matin salutations sing!"

The following description of Zoë's
growth, "more lovely from surrounding
woes," during the sad absence of her
father, is delicately fanciful:—

"Like some sweet plant's prelude leaf,
Fair promise of autumnal fruits,
That seems to spring from nature's grief,
When weeping dews refresh the shoots.
Cradled in sadness—nursed with sighs,
She was indeed the child of sorrow—
Yet did her early speaking eyes
Bright sparks from native gladness borrow,
Struggling, as if to cast aside
The shades that strove their tints to hide.
Her's was an infancy of thought—
An early spring, where winter threw
Its lingering clouds, whose darkness sought
To hide the young year's livelier hue:
And, from her childhood's sad employ,
She caught a sort of pensive joy,
That scarcely seem'd one hour to stray
From her fond grandsire's couch away;
While Isabelle each moment snatch'd,
When the young guardian careful watch'd,
And hurried to the covert deep
To taste her bitter joy—and weep."

The account of the prodigies which
usher in the return of Philibert, is very
fearful:—

"The angry sun has sunk in fate,
And tinged the world with glow of ice;
Storm-pregnant clouds are in the east,
And thick, through Heaven's perturbed breast,
In masses of wild fantasy
Roll monstrous on the labouring sky.
Broad flashes, o'er the landscape, spread
In floating sheets of sickly red,
While dismal thunders growl behind,
Borne onwards on the gusty wind.
In mid air hangs the full, clear moon;
Her silvery beam comes glimmering down,
And faintly blend the forceless rays
With the lightning's flash, and the sun's deep
blaze.

Athwart the huge elm's giant limbs
The Bat in circling mazes skims;
From the obscurest branch the Owl
Casts, darkling round, benighted scowl—
A toad is croaking in the sedge;
And the hissing snake, from briary hedge
Mingling a fiercely feeble sound,
Darts quick its harmless poison round."

A well-known strain is heard—a muf-
fled man rushes in, and catches the lady
in his arms—but the awful omens con-
tinue:—

"Wrapp'd in a thick and sulphuric flash,
The herald of a horrid crash
That seems to crumble brazen rocks—
Closer the intrepid stranger locks
His sinewy arms round Isabelle—
Heedless although the hot bolt fell,
And fired an old oak close beside—
Flaring it blazed! while soft he cried—
As the crackling branches flung on high
Their fierce effulgence to the sky—
'Shrink not dismay'd, my angel bride!
But, with light footstep, quickly guide
Thy thrice-bless'd husband to delight—
Oh shudder not, sweet love! for see,
The very Heavens hold jubilee,
To grace our new-born nuptial night!"

There are some striking passages, il-
lustrating the dark character of Pierre,
both in speeches put into his own
mouth, and in the narrative of the
author;—but we are not enamoured
of this style, even when employed by its
mightiest masters; and therefore pre-
fer extracting the author's passionate
and beautiful apostrophe to his coun-
try; for which, notwithstanding his ap-
prehensions, we do not think any critic
will have the bad taste, or the worse
feeling, to reprove him:—

"And here, even here, though wild as vain,
And all irrelevant the strain;
Though critic brows, severely bent,
Frown forth the well-earn'd chastisement;
Ere, to thee my voice I raise,
And blend thy sorrows with my lays!
Thy name has touch'd the chord, whose thrill
Wakes vivid vibration through my breast;
Reviving by its witchery still
The spirit that had sunk to rest—
But which, when worldly hope was young,
To bolder flights my rude lyre strung;
As stretch'd by Curraghmore's wild brake,
Or Moonavalla's mountain lake;

Reclined upon the scanty-sward
 In all the day-dreams of a bard,
 I gazed upon the plain below,
 Which fancy lit with Freedom's glow;
 Pure shades of Greece, in patriot band,
 Flung their fat glories o'er the land,
 While country claim'd the rugged rhyme,
 And sun-bright visions warm'd the clime.
 Alas! the early pageant o'er,
 Distant I pace a foreign shore;
 And meet that other hands than mine
 Thy wraith of wretchedness should twine—
 Thy woe is a repulsive theme,
 And needs that minstrel, known to fame,
 Whose bold complainings rise and fall
 So mournful, yet so musical!
 Whose sweet lament can cheer the toils
 That wander through a waste of weeds;
 And light with lustre, more than smiles,
 The hopeless path o'er which it leads.
 I know not, ask not, why or how
 That thou art thus defaced and low—
 Let others cavil for the cause
 Of homeless huts, and outraged laws;
 For me 'tis only left to turn
 My full eyes where my fellows mourn;
 And—as this living globe grows warm
 Receding from day's splendid orb—
 To feel thy griefs my soul absorb,
 While distance lends a stronger charm—
 Brighter to glow thus far from thee,
 The sun that warms and lightens me!"

The chief defects in this work, considered as a poem, are a tendency to refine too much on feelings and sentiments—

an occasional use of diction, falsely regarded as poetic—and a frequent clustering of prettinesses about a simple image, which injures the general impression. Such expressions as "blushes on refinement's cheek"—"every bland attraction seemed to wait the beckon of the chief"—shedding "soft effluence round, through gathering passion's dark profound"—evidently verge on the sickly or the unmeaning. How different from such poor finery is that exquisite touch where Isabelle is represented as gazing on her husband, "till her eyes grew dim, and wondering how he could be her's"—which, in language, does not differ from the simplest prose; yet irresistibly awakens the purest affections! But we are becoming too minute for our limits—and will, therefore, take leave of Mr. Grattan, with our hearty thanks for his interesting and very promising volume—and with our earnest advice that he will adopt the resolution of Biron in "*Love's Labour Lost*," when he completes those works which we shall rejoice to welcome:—

"Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
 Three piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
 Figures pedantical;—these summer flies,
 I do forswear them."

ON READING AND READERS.

No one must be idle in England. In fact, "England expects every man to do his duty," as was most gloriously observed by one of the greatest of her heroes—a breed in which she abounds beyond any other nation in the world. Let us follow then a hero's advice by land, as well as in our sovereignty of the seas: and, in a manner, we think we do, for we are all of us busy—fighting, trading, manufacturing, farming, buying, selling, writing, reading, eating, and drinking; for Englishmen eat and drink, as well as fight, more than any other people in proportion to their numbers. There never yet was a time when England was so active and so powerful as she is at present, notwithstanding the assertions of the invidious cavillers and false prophets, who love to antedate her doom: while the stir and movement of mind fully equal the increased action of our physical and moral powers. Ideas are communicated by the press, like the electric fluid along a wire; every man has the benefit of his neighbour's thoughts almost as soon as they are conceived ("something too much

of this;") and if a man has really any thing worth saying, there never was a better opportunity, and the public was never more ready to listen to him with kindness and attention. Nay even those whose pens outrun their judgment, and who might have been mistaken for wise men, had they had the discretion to hold their tongues, frequently meet with a reception above their deserts, and almost equal to their expectations. This is all very well—the craving of the public appetite must be satisfied, and if it cannot feast on the best dishes, it is content with those of a more homely and common nature, being of the same opinion with the gentleman, who, when asked by his friend whether the wine was not execrably bad, answered that no wine was bad, but that some wine was better than other.

Now the persons whose duty it is to supply the cravings of the public mind, have adopted many different modes of accomplishing this laudable object. Some of them, aware that the lion is most hungry when he awakes in a morn-

ing, punctually prepare a supply of morning papers, which satisfy the mind, at the same time that the body is experiencing the comfort of a solid breakfast. Another set, lest the unwilling monster should go grumbling to bed, provide "a sop for Cerberus," in the shape of "Evening Posts," "Evening Courants," "Couriers," "Stars," "Suns," and "Globes," &c. &c. It seems, however, that the voracious maw of the public is not to be satisfied with this daily offering, and that at certain stated times it is necessary that some farther sacrifices should be made. In consequence of this, a weekly oblation is offered up, and many Observers, Champions, and Examiners, with a long list of other worthies, are consumed on each returning sabbath.

Towards the end of the month, the appetite of the monster becomes exceedingly keen, and it requires some more solid food to satisfy him. One would almost think from the regularity with which this craving returns, that the long-acknowledged influence of the moon is not entirely without effect in this instance, and that such influence cannot be better employed than in causing our worthy public to lose a little of its natural discretion, and require a copious supply of monthly aliment. Certainly within these few last moons, our consumption of monthly literature has increased prodigiously, for London alone has produced two new Magazines, both of which emulously contend for the metropolitan title. At the end of every three months, comes a supply of still more solid aliment, and Edinburgh, and Quarterly, British, and Retrospective (and soon we presume Prospective) Reviews, come thick and fast, affording more materials for the exercise of the *ruminating* faculties of the stupendous animal that devours them. While the immense numbers of quartos, octavos, and duodecimos, which issue from the active presses of our printers, are swallowed with much greater ease than the Boar Constrictor devoured the goat, horns, hoofs, and all.

Amidst such a variety of viands, and where so many experienced cooks are exerting all their skill to tickle and gratify thy palate, O most gentle public! we shall make little apology for thus stepping forward to display our culinary abilities for thy pleasure; and providing a number of little feasts, which we have in fact promised to provide, if thou mayest perchance be induced to taste

our viands, and approve of their composition and flavour. It shall be our office and our duty, yea our pleasure, to reply thee, whenever we feel ourselves in an entertaining humour. Our papers shall chiefly consist of all such sweets as when concocted into the shape which we shall give them, will form such an agreeable treat as may not be unsuitable to thy palate. We intend them as a receptacle for new and pleasant thoughts, and for all ideas and views of things which may tend to make a man better satisfied with himself and with his fellows. To shew him that there is a great deal of good in the world, which he perhaps does not know of, and to catch the bright side of things, and hold it before his eyes to prevent him from growing melancholy. As we never touch upon waspish politics or friendship-breaking polemics, our business will be with the better passions of the mind; and we would discourse of friendship, love, and charity, instead of battles, sieges, and autos-da-fé. We are in the habit too, of keeping a pretty sharp look-out on what is passing in the literary world, and we shall tell our readers whenever we meet with any thing which is particularly new or beautiful; and indeed whenever we think people are not acquainted with them, we have no hesitation in drawing their attention to agreeable matters. We are fond of distilling the sweetness out of every thing that comes before us, and carefully adding it to our store, that we may be ready on all occasions to fulfil our promises; although when we see occasion for censure we would not undertake that no particle of acid or gall shall ever mingle with our composition.

But we gladly turn from these professions to pleasanter things; amongst them, there is nothing that furnishes more agreeable images than the thought of how much pleasure the people of our happy island enjoy in reading. If we were to judge from ourselves, this is a faculty which a man would not exchange for any other gift that fortune could offer him. Any one who has read that beautiful oration of Cicero for Archias, the poet, will not fail to remember the encomiastic description which the great orator gives of the sentiments and delights which literature is capable of affording. A book indeed is a constant friend to whom we may turn at all seasons, in fair and in foul weather, when we are gay or melancholy, and we are always sure of meet-

ing with a joyful and gratifying reception. With one's friends, however considerate and dear they may be, we cannot mingle, with a certainty of finding them exactly in that mood which may fit them to be participators in our present feelings; and then there are all the little infirmities of human nature, jealousy, and distrust, and offence-taking for slight causes, which every now and then will create a coldness between the best friends: and if my friend begins perchance to talk gaily when I am sad, or to discourse mournfully when I am cheerful, I cannot immediately quit his company for that of another better suited to my taste; but if I take up a book which answers not to my humour, I can fling it from me, and choose a pleasanter companion, without being upbraided for my want of civility or gratitude. There is also another advantage which these black-letter friends have over our talking ones, that we may generally derive much more instruction and improvement, if not pleasure from them. Indeed this must be so, because in books we have the most valuable parts of very valuable minds laid open to us, while in conversation, that is to say, in common conversation, we are generally treated with the very refuse of a man's spare thoughts.

Yes, there is an absolute magic and enchantment in books, which draws the soul out of its seat, and involves it in more transmutations than a Pythagorean can imagine. To a person deeply plunged in the interest which many books excite, nothing is impossible: we sail over the Styx, we creep about the Cyclop's den with Ulysses, we walk under the waves with "Sabrina fair," or with the melancholy and soul-gifted Undine; we visit hell with Æneas, and Heaven with Dante; and standing with Milton at the gates of Paradise, the voice of the Almighty rolls upon our ears—we become natives of all countries, citizens of every age, and we run through the whole scale of the human passions, striking every chord, and trembling at the sound. It is thus we despair with Constance—we love with Juliet—we die with "Young John Talbot"—and we laugh with the fat Knight. There is no feeling which is not excited—no character which is not unfolded—and scarcely a thought which is not recorded. We conquer time and death, for we live in ages which have long passed away. We are made the friends of all the great and

illustrious dead, with whose shades we audibly converse; and the wisdom, the virtue, and the experience of ages, is laid at our feet, if we have only discretion to profit by them.

There are as many different tastes in reading, as in eating or drinking, or connoisseurship. Men have indeed various powers of literary digestion. Some, like the ostrich, whose stomach it is said will digest iron, can swallow huge masses of mathematics and deep abstruse philosophy, converting it all, by the mere strength of their native powers, into healthy *chyle*. All the sciences, with transcendental philosophy and metaphysics, "bow the serious head" before them. To men like Coleridge, and women of masculine minds like the late Madame de Stael, these things are fine play for the intellect. Hard and stout indeed must such stomachs be, and painful and laborious the operation: of the same nature are your professors of ethics and moral philosophy, and all the graver studies of the mind; these people gradually grow so much accustomed to the solidity and sternness of their usual fare, that they become incapable of relishing any other. A mathematician does not even see things in the same light as other men; and what passes as well-proved truths and sound reasoning with them, is to him fallacy and weakness. He is a great searcher after *that which is*, and all imagination is an abomination as great as the Babylonian lady in his eyes—he is, in fact, a lover of truth, extremely conscientious and direct—consequently much attached to a *straight line*, because of its directness, and its being the shortest way between two points. All other subjects are fictions, which he considers allied to the "thing which is not," and, as he would not lie for the world, he abhors them—they are not tangible or real, and he can found no axioms and reasonings upon them. History finds somewhat more favour in his eyes; but then he is very cautious of getting entangled in those fables which the ingenuity of many historians has supplied, to fill up uninteresting periods, or an "*hiatus valde deflendus*."—But poetry and novels are his aversion, and he would even rather attach himself to the study of the natural sciences, such as geology and botany. What he dislikes, he is likewise too ready to despise, because he imagines, that is, he demonstrates, (we beg pardon) that all other acquisitions are worthless compared with the love of

truth. The poetry-readers and the novel-lovers, however, walk on "their own glad way, humbly and joyously in their own sun-light," in spite of him; and perhaps, after all, they enjoy as much innocent amusement as he—Q. E. D.

The mathematician, then, and the moral philosopher, must feed upon matter of a very grave nature—they must be supplied with books of lines and figures, like a pilot with his compass and his chart.

Out of the immediate province of their occupations, we think they might occasionally be refreshed and entertained with some heavy valuable history, or at the lightest, with a dozen tomes of the Philosophical Transactions, if they despise sprightly biography, or still more amusing memoir. They can occasionally read poetry, but not with a poet's heart—their chief favourites will be Wordsworth and Darwin, but not Milton and Shakespeare, who are every body's favourites.

Opposed to these deep-reasoning, matter-of-fact people, are those persons in whose minds fancy and the imaginative faculties have outstripped judgment. These are the poets and the men of taste; they have never travelled more than half over the *pons asinorum*, and they step from premises to conclusion *per saltum*, without the assistance of a lift from a syllogism. They act from impulse rather than from reason, and they look at things through the glass of their present humour—all is sentiment, and sensation, and susceptibility, and they have a poor notion of "things as they are." They make wretched men of the world, because their "high thoughts" will not let them descend to unravel all the petty, disgusting, paltry tricks which knaves play off upon them with so much ease and satisfaction. Their happiness has too much of the weathercock in it, because it depends on the moods of their own minds; and

"The mind is its own place, and of itself
Can make a hell of heaven, a heaven of hell."

Milton.

Poets will feed on sweet and bitter fancies, and in their own realms they find abundance of aliment. Poetry is the champagne of literature, as philosophy is "the genuine old port." The latter is much too heady for a votary of the Muses; he reels under its effects, and loses himself long before he has swallowed half the dose under which a Scotch professor sits unmoved. The

poet, then, will not contentedly subsist on a grosser diet, nor can it be expected that he should; for

"Who that has drank of the crystalline rill
To the feculent flood would return?"

These are the two great divisions of readers, the grave and the gay—the reasoning and the imaginative; and under one or other of these divisions all the rest may be classed. Now let us see how men in general range themselves: with regard to profession and occupation, the divine and the physician ought to come, we think, under the first, for one does not see that either of them has much occasion for the lighter and more beautiful flowers of literature to adorn themselves with. They may indeed serve to interweave with the gravity of a ghostly discourse, and give a little keener relish to the sober doctrines which the divine inculcates; or they may make the chit-chat of a medical man more agreeable when he is paying a morning visit to a fashionable patient. But these are by no means essential. Neither can these ornaments be said to be absolutely requisite to the success of the lawyer; but certainly they are much more dearable in *his case* than in the former. He must, in fact, frequently depend for success on the ingenuity with which he can appeal to the passions and prejudices of a jury; and for this purpose every stratagem which artful eloquence can employ, and extended information furnish, is called into request. The mind of an advocate ought to be both solid and light, grave and playful, concentrated and varying;—Cicero says he ought to know every thing. In other occupations a man's style of reading must be determined entirely by the bent of his own taste. A rat-catcher would choose Polyæni Stratagemata, and a lover would select Ovid. A lady would read Locke, and a young Cantab by inversion devour romances. By the bye, the ladies, if we don't take care, will get the mastery over us, for they are making most rapid inroads into those long-guarded territories of knowledge and learning, in which we had so valiantly entrenched ourselves. In the Spectator's time, it was considered very well if a lady could spell pretty correctly in addition to her housewifely accomplishments; and if she was tolerably acquainted with the literature of her own country, it was all that was expected of her. During the age of Elizabeth, female education seems to

have been at a higher pitch; but the wretched and dissolute days of the Stuarts had a very degrading effect on the female sex. The literature of that day, if they read it, could not have improved them much. Now, however, some of the most amusing and instructive writers among us are women. Apollo must beware of his bays, or some of the goddesses will be snatching them: this is a subject, however, which we should like to resume at some other time, and in another shape.

But notwithstanding this general taste for books and reading, the same men, according to their varying humour, age, and circumstances, feel inclined to take up very different kinds of books. A young man is very fond of Lalla Rookh, and all those sparkling compositions which are so apt to catch the heart and the eye of youth: a worthy old gentleman would persuade us he has done with all such follies, and he would much rather read the debates, or some of Arthur Young's books on agriculture; or if he recurs to works of fancy, they must be such as contain humour rather than sentiment: and Joseph Andrews and Humphry Clinker will shake old as well as young sides with mirth.

It is impossible to judge accurately of the effects which things have upon other people, while we are sure of the feelings they excite in ourselves. We shall, therefore, say a few words of our own notion of *reading*, and what is most captivating and agreeable to us, presuming with Moliere, that what will fairly entertain one will not be very far from pleasing another. In the first place, *duty-reading* (like *duty-dances*, when we are linked to the person we least like in the room, and that too by our own imperious sense of decorum), is, to say the least of it, very dismal. We sit down with a watch before us, most obstinately determined never to flinch till we have read "a full hour by Shrewsbury clock." We begin, and just as our eyes get to the bottom of the page, we recollect that we have not retained a single idea of what we have perused; and that, instead of swallowing the aforesaid very instructing and learned matter, there have been half a dozen strange fancies flying across our mind—sometimes of a pair of bright eyes resting their glances on our own—sometimes of some dear and absent friend's countenance, kind and delightful as ever—sometimes loftier things pass before us, and we think how

Lucifer fell—then all at once, conscious of such folly, we knit our brows, grow angry, and nail down our reluctant attention, like a mutinous seaman to the deck. There is, it must be confessed, a very considerable satisfaction, after we have finished the task, in the consciousness that we have conquered our own refractory minds; but even this scarcely compensates for the Sisyphean labour of *duty-reading*. There is a smack of the schoolmaster and his tasks in it, which alone is enough to render it disagreeable. The advantages which the town and the country afford to a thorough-bred reader, are perhaps, on the whole, pretty equal, though we confess that the former seems to boast many facilities which the latter does not possess. It is true that in the country one is much less disturbed, and is not tempted to spend one's days in the frivolities and amusements which in town consume so much time; and then the country, at certain seasons, is so luxurious for lazy reading. Oh! for the true sentimental reader, nothing but the country will serve; for he will tell you that it is impossible to enjoy a book in the dungeon and gloom of a town—his exquisite time is a warm summer's evening, with just an hour's light before him; and then, when the gloom of the woods is growing deeper, and the air more still, he steals out, with book in his hand, and reaches the nook of some wood that looks out to the west; and seated on the dry and slippery grass, he does certainly banquet on a most delicious repast. Next to this, his favourite time is "under the opening eyelids of the morn;" but then the dew is on the ground, and he is obliged to sit on a rail, or the trunk of some fallen tree. It is also pleasant, in the very noon-heat of a July day, to get into a deep shade, with one's book out of the reach of the sun, and the flies, and the tongues of one's acquaintance. A hay-loft, too, if it is not too dark, furnishes at this time a comfortable retreat and a convenient couch. In short, it would be next to impossible to enumerate all the delightful reading-seats which the country affords. It should, however, be remembered, that the books we carry out with us are such as suit the place. It would be preposterous to load ourselves with Bonnycastle and Leslie, and Howard's Spherics, or with any such grave and improving articles. No;—our food must be light summer-reading for such occasions; and in our

opinion novels and romances of the best kind are the fittest. After all is said, we know of no pleasure like that of getting a new and well-written novel into our possession, and after commencing the attack by assaulting its yet untouched leaves with our long, smooth, white paper-knife, sitting down where one knows one shall not be disturbed, and becoming acquainted with a dozen or two of people of different characters, dispositions, and faces, without the slightest danger of their ever doing any thing but entertain one. On a very hot day, the mind has just energy enough to follow a train of interesting circumstances, and a crowd of interesting persons, with a tolerable degree of liveliness and satisfaction. At other periods too, novels and romances are very valuable aliment, as when the mind has been overstrained all the day by strict attention to grave and weighty subjects, or when our thoughts are too anxiously employed about something which wears the spirit to distress and suffering; or, lastly, when we are, from some cause or other, so absolutely *ennuyé*, that any thing is preferable to our own torturing idleness: a good novel, too, if one breakfasts or takes tea by one's self, is no despicable companion; and indeed this is a practice which meets with our most cordial approbation. It should not, however, be done in the company of others, for then it is unsocial, to say the least of it. We would not have people to suppose that we are as fond of novels as Curran was when he was young, who used to carry a volume of this kind to his chamber with him, and read it the last thing at night and the first in the morning. Nor yet are we the indiscriminate advocates of all the huge piles of trash which load the shelves of some of our circulating libraries. Of all books on earth, a very bad novel is the very worst; and rather than be compelled by force to travel through it, we know not whether we would not make another bold attempt to force our passage over the *pons asinorum*.

But the chief reason why we prefer the town to the country is, because we can get new books as soon as they make their appearance; while in the country, we may languish, day after day, for a work which every body has read but one's self; and it must be confessed by every one, that it is a supreme pleasure to carry off in triumph, the first day of its publication, and as soon as the bookseller can get it put in boards, Sir W.

Scott's last new novel! And moreover there are many kinds of books which read infinitely better in the town than in the country, from the very contrast of their contents to every thing that meets our eye. The impression strikes more forcibly and deeply on the mind when it has not been prepared by circumstances for its reception, and there is more room for the imagination to revel (which often images things more beautiful than any reality), than when we have a scene before us which makes pretensions to the beauties of which we are reading. The memory of all that we love is often more beautiful than the presence; for we too often remember only what we are not willing to forget, while all the rest is steeped in oblivion.

Another argument in favour of the town, and most especially of London, is the vast number of book-stalls, or, as the Americans would call them, book-stores, with which it abounds. In Holborn alone, and the courts which run out of it, there are more books on sale, we venture to say, than in any one provincial town in the kingdom. To balance the delights of a shady wood on a July day, we would mention the pleasure of getting on the shady side of the street, and resting awhile at our bookseller's, after refreshing one's self with the sparkling beverage of a soda-water fountain, which certainly exceeds the most limpid stream that ever flowed.

Of in-door reading, the most delightful is at night, when all the rest of the household are gone to bed. The still quietude of the hour, and the complete absence of all interruption, render this period most valuable to the student. At this time, all we read seems to reach the understanding by the surest road, and we travel along it too at a much quicker pace than we can do amid the glare and the hurry of day-light. In winter, the student should take care to provide a lively and blazing fire, with a supply of fuel equal to the intenseness of his industry. In summer, that is in the hot days of summer (if they should ever return), he will open his casement to admit some of the refreshing night-air, and exchanging his coat and boots for a loose, light dressing-gown and a pair of thin slippers, he will absolutely feel as if he were in Elysium. At both seasons, however, if he would experience the full enjoyment of his situation, he will provide himself with a coffee-beggin and some fresh-ground coffee—not your cheap Dutch or plantation coffee, the

flavour of which is little superior to the smack of roasted horse-beans, but some real Turkey coffee, such as would make the whiskers of a Disdar-Aga curl with delight. This luxurious refreshment is necessary to make the drowsiness of the hour evaporate, and to clear the head from all the vapours which the toils and business of the day have left there.

This advice is, we fear, not very fa-

vourable to early rising; but really in the town it is not worth while to rouse one's self until the milkmen and old-clothsmen have finished their cries. With those who have the fresh morning air of the country to greet their rising, the matter is very different;—but of their pleasures we must reserve ourselves to say something on a future occasion.

MEMOIRS OF GRANVILLE SHARP.

IN the present state of literature; when a mania for the splendid and the marvellous pervades the public mind, which has been long excited by the revolutions of empires and the fate of kings; when the deeds of the warrior, the songs of the bard, and the speeches of the orator, are held forth to our admiring view;—amidst this galaxy of dazzling events, illustrious personages, and overpowering talents, it is highly meritorious and useful to direct attention to excellence of a higher order, though of less ostentatious character, an excellence beyond that of eloquence, valour, or even genius,—to PHILANTHROPY; and this merit eminently belongs to the editor of the life of Granville Sharp.

Mr. Sharp was descended from a family anciently settled in Yorkshire, and his immediate predecessors were eminently distinguished by the high moral qualities, of which he preserved the lustre by his example. His grandfather was archbishop of York; and his father, Dr. Thomas Sharp, was archdeacon of Northumberland, a divine distinguished for uprightness, piety, and a conscientious discharge of his duties.

Granville was born at Durham in 1735; being destined for trade, he was at an early age withdrawn from the public grammar-school at Durham, before he had acquired more than the first rudiments of the learned languages.

In the year 1750, he was bound apprentice in London to a linen-draper of the name of Halsey, a Quaker, on Tower-hill, who dying in 1750, he remained under the same indentures with Halsey's father-in-law, Henry Willoughby, esq. a justice of the peace, and a Presbyterian, and from thence entered the house of Bourke and Co. Roman Catholic Irish factors in Cheapside. At the expiration of his apprenticeship he quitted his situation, and engaged himself in the service of another linen-

factory, which he had reason to suppose was established on a large basis, but, finding it more contracted than he had imagined, he soon relinquished his engagement.

In this early stage of his life was laid the foundation of that equal temper and candour which enabled him to enter into argument with those who differed from him in religious opinions. Though the son of a dignified clergyman of the Church of England, he had served a Quaker, a Presbyterian or Independent, an Irish Papist, and another person who had no religion at all.

It was at this period he made his first advances in learning: a series of controversies in his master's house with an inmate there, who was a Socinian, excited him to the study of the Greek tongue. The Socinian declared that Granville's misconception of the doctrine of atonement arose from his ignorance of the Greek language, and referred him to the New Testament in the original text. He acquired Hebrew at the same time from a similar cause: a Jew who resided in the house, contested with him the truths of the Christian religion, and attributed his misinterpretations to his not being able to read the Prophecies in the original, referring him to the Bible, as the Socinian did to the Testament.

The motives which induced him to abandon the track of business in which he had been twice engaged are now unknown: the death of his father, however, left his choice unbiassed, and in 1758 he obtained a subordinate appointment in the ordnance-office.

In 1764 he was appointed a clerk in ordinary, and removed to the minuting bench. Soon after this establishment, he engaged in a controversy with the learned Dr. Kennicott, editor of the Hebrew Bible, which involved a contest for superior proficiency in Hebrew literature. The boldness of the attempt

cannot be regarded without surprise. His uncle, the Rev. Granville Wheeler, aptly compared him to David attacking and wounding Goliath. The singularity of the subject, the confidence with which his enterprise was maintained, and the success with which it was attended, form a remarkable instance in literary annals.—About this time chance directed his attention towards the sufferings of a race of men who had long been the victims of European avarice. He had at first no other view than the relief of a miserable fellow-creature, struggling with disease and extreme misery; but such under Heaven was then the increasing spirit of humanity, that England was destined shortly to behold a private and powerless individual standing forth at the divine instigation of Mercy to rescue the negroes from the cruel oppression of chains and slavery; to see one single man opposed by prejudice and interest, arming himself by the study of our laws to assert the rights of justice, resisting the formidable decisions of those who filled the highest courts of judicature, maintaining his cause with unanswerable reasons, and finally overthrowing the influence of unjust opinions, merely founded in authority:—an event not more glorious to the individual himself than to our constitution, of which he demonstrated the mild and liberal spirit, friendly to every consideration that could be suggested for the benefit of mankind.

The first opportunity of trying a case so important to humanity was afforded in 1765, by an African named Jonathan Strong. Mr. W. Sharp, the surgeon, afforded gratuitous relief every morning to the poor at his own house, whither pain and disease, the consequence of severe blows and hard usage, led the miserable sufferer to seek medical aid; and in one of Granville's visits to the surgery in Mincing-lane, he met Jonathan Strong, ready to faint through extreme weakness as he approached the door. On inquiry it was found that this negro had been the slave of Mr. David Lisle, a lawyer, of Barbadoes, whose barbarous treatment had by degrees reduced him to a state of uselessness, and who had then brutally turned him out of doors.

By the attention of the brothers, into whose care Strong had providentially fallen, he was restored to health, and placed in the service of a respectable apothecary, Mr. Brown. In that comfortable situation he had remained two

years, when, as he was attending his mistress behind a hackney-coach, he was seen and recognized by the lawyer to whom he had been a slave, and who conceiving, by his appearance and active employment, that he must have regained his strength for labour, traced his abode, and having discovered it, laid a plan to entrap him.

Some days after, Lisle employed two of the Lord Mayor's officers to attend him to a public-house, and thence sent a messenger to Strong to acquaint him that some person wished to speak to him. Jonathan came, and was shocked to find it was his old master, who now delivered him to the custody of the officers. The poor negro sent to his master Mr. Brown, who also came, but was so intimidated by the lawyer on a charge of having detained *his property*, as he called Strong, that he left him in custody.

Granville Sharp received a letter from the Poultry Compter signed Jonathan Strong, a name he did not recollect at first, but he sent to inquire at the prison, and the keepers denied having had any such person in their charge. This refusal roused his suspicion, and awakened his native benevolence. He went himself to the Compter, and insisted on seeing Strong. He was then called, and immediately recollected; and Mr. Sharp charged the master of the prison, at his peril, not to deliver him up to any person who might claim him till he had been carried before the Lord Mayor; to whom Mr. Sharp instantly applied, giving the information that a man had been confined in prison without a warrant, and requesting his lordship to summon those persons who detained him, and give notice to himself to attend at the same time,—which was granted. At the appointed time, Mr. Sharp attended, and found Jonathan in the presence of the Lord Mayor, and also two persons who claimed him: the one a notary public, who produced a bill of sale from his first master, David Lisle, to James Kerr, esq. a Jamaica planter, who had refused to pay the purchase-money till the negro should be delivered on board a ship belonging to Muir and Atkinson, bound to Jamaica; the captain of the vessel, David Lair, was the other person, then attending to take him away. The Lord Mayor, after hearing the parties, said, the lad had not stolen any thing, and was not guilty of any offence, therefore at liberty to go away.

Upon this the captain seized the negro, and told his lordship he took him as the *property* of Mr. Kerr.

The city coroner now came behind Mr. Sharp, and whispered in his ear "Charge him." Mr. Sharp immediately turned on the captain, and in an angry tone said, "Sir, I charge you with an assault." On this Lair quitted his hold of Jonathan's arm, and all bowed to the Lord Mayor and departed; Jonathan following Mr. Sharp, and no one daring to touch him.

A few days after this, Mr. Sharp was served with a writ at the suit of David Lisle, for detention of his property. Lisle also called on him to demand *gentlemanly satisfaction*; but Mr. Sharp told him "as he had studied the law so many years, he should want no satisfaction which the law could give him." Mr. Sharp kept his word, but in a way little expected from a person who, as he himself states, had never once opened a law-book to consult it till on the present occasion. His solicitor brought him an opinion given in 1729 by the attorney and solicitor-general, York and Talbot, asserting, that a slave coming from the West Indies to Great Britain or Ireland, *does not become free*; and assured him that he should not be able to defend him against the action, as Lord Mansfield also was decidedly of their judgment.

It would be impossible to detail, within the limits of this memoir, all the obstacles with which this amiable philanthropist had to contend, obstacles which would have produced despair in any mind less firm by organization, less improved by principle, or less supported by the consciousness of a right cause. "Thus forsaken (he writes in a letter to Lord Hardwicke) by my professional defenders, I was compelled to make a hopeless attempt at self-defence, though unacquainted with the law and the foundations of it."

Accordingly he devoted his whole time for two years to the study of those points which regard *the liberty of person* in British subjects, as adjusted by British laws. In this difficult task he had no instructor, no assistant—he consulted several professional men of eminence, but they were all unfavourable to the cause of justice and liberty. "Even my own lawyers (he says) were against me; so much power had precedent, and the authority of names, to bias the most famous counsellors of that time." His penetration was evinced by the result; decided and unremitting, he stated in

manuscript such arguments as he deemed most cogent in favour of negroes' rights, combating every objection with renewed vigour, as the cause advanced.

Lisle, finding the character of the champion he had to encounter, contrived various pretexts for defending the suit, and at length offered a compromise, which Mr. Sharp rejected. Before the final term, when he was to answer the charge against his brother and himself, he had compiled in manuscript a tract, "On the Injustice and dangerous Tendency of tolerating Slavery, or admitting the least Claim to private Property in the Persons of Men in England." He submitted it to the perusal of Dr. Blackstone, and then employed his utmost efforts to circulate it: the arguments it contained were irresistible, and by its success he had the satisfaction of amply fulfilling his promise to his antagonist. The lawyers employed against the negroes were intimidated, and the plaintiff was compelled to pay treble costs for not bringing forward the action. This tract, "*On the Injustice of tolerating Slavery in England*," (which was then sent to the press, in 1769,) was a plain, manly, clear defence of the part he had espoused: in it he combated the conclusions drawn from the opinions of York and Talbot with complete success. He argued, that a negro is neither of a *base nature*, nor a *thing*, as he had been termed by the slave-holders, but that he possesses from nature the privilege of *his humanity*, and that he does not fall within any of the cases in which the English law divests a man of that privilege. He then stated that *every man* in England is a bounden subject of the king, and thereby entitled to his protection; and finally demonstrated the wisdom of our laws in the use of terms, in which *all subjects*, of whatever rank or condition, actual or prospective, are alike included. He also re-edited a publication written in America in 1762, containing an Account of the Slave Coast of Africa, and of the Slave Trade, to which he added "a Conclusion," calculated to increase the public interest in the cause he had undertaken; and on printing his tract, "On the Injustice of Slavery," he addressed himself to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in a letter which, while it evinced his strong religious feeling, broke the first ground in England on the subject of this iniquitous traffic. During the progress of these transactions, several circumstances had conspired to stimu-

late his Christian efforts: from the zeal and ability which he had manifested in his controversy with Dr. Kennicott, and the resolution with which he had devoted the powers of his understanding to the interests of the oppressed, it was natural to imagine that a mind so virtuously directed, as it would dispose, would eminently qualify, its possessor for holy orders.

Towards the end of the year 1769 he was warmly pressed by his uncle, the Rev. Granville Wheeler, to enter the ministry, who offered to resign his living in Northamptonshire in his favour; but Mr. Sharp refused it with humility, respecting both his virtues and his qualifications. In his answer he says: "Even if I could flatter myself that I am capable of serving the cause of religion, yet I should apprehend that I might more effectually do this as a layman, especially in religious controversies, wherein a volunteer has many advantages with the public, both with regard to the estimation of his motives and the expectations formed of him."

The powerful weight of his arguments, printed in the Tract on Slavery, was again felt in our courts of law: he had the gratification to witness their influence on a trial in defence of another negro, whom he had released by writ of habeas corpus from on board a ship then under sail in the Downs.

An African, of the name of Thomas Lewis, had formerly been a slave in the possession of Mr. Stapleton, who now resided at Chelsea; with the aid of two watermen, whom Stapleton had hired for the purpose, in a dark night, he seized the person of Lewis, and, after a struggle, dragged him on his back into the water, and thence into a boat lying in the Thames, where, having tied his legs, they endeavoured to gag him by thrusting a stick into his mouth, and then, rowing down to a ship bound for Jamaica, whose commander was previously engaged in this vile conspiracy, they put him on board, to be sold as a slave on his arrival in the island.

This treacherous act had not escaped notice at the house adjoining that of Mrs. Banks (mother to the traveller) with whom Lewis lived as a servant at the time of his seizure: his cries on the way to the boat reached the ears of some of the domestics, who immediately ran out to attempt his rescue, but they did not venture to apprehend him, because the ruffians pretended to have a warrant from the Lord Mayor for his apprehen-

sion. They hastened back, however, to acquaint their mistress; and Mr. Sharp, now distinguished as the protector of the Africans, was addressed, for instructions how to emancipate one of their injured race. He accompanied her to Justice Walch, procured a warrant backed by the mayor of Gravesend, but the ship being cleared, the captain refused to obey the warrant—they could not stop her, and she sailed into the Downs; being fortunately detained there by contrary winds, a habeas corpus was obtained and served, and the captain delivered up the slave.

Mr. Sharp then procured a warrant to take up Stapleton and the two accomplices; an indictment was found against them at the Middlesex Sessions, and removed into the King's Bench.

The cause was brought into court before Lord Mansfield, 20th Feb. 1771. When it came on, the two watermen employed to seize Lewis did not appear; but only Stapleton, the master, who defended himself on the plea of the negro belonging to him as a slave. Mr. Dunning was one of the counsel employed on behalf of Lewis; he held up Mr. Sharp's tract in his hand, declaring that he was prepared to maintain that no such property can exist in this country.

Lord Mansfield, in summing up to the jury, left it to them to decide whether he was the defendant's property or not. The jury found that the negro was not the defendant's property; at the same time a general voice arose of "no property." Then, said Lord Mansfield, you find him guilty: a unanimous voice from the jury again pronounced—*guilty*.

Lord Mansfield remarked, that he perceived more in the question than they did at present; perhaps it was better it should never be finally settled, and he hoped it would not, as he did not know what might be the consequence if the masters were to lose their property by accidentally bringing their slaves into England. He wished all masters to think them free, and all negroes to think they were not, because then both would behave better—a remarkable instance of prejudice and timidity! Judgment was moved for against Stapleton and his accomplices; but Lord Mansfield, intimating great doubts on the evidence, was unwilling to proceed: he even expressed surprise that Stapleton should be brought up for judgment, and advised Mrs. Banks not to bring him up as she

had got the black in her possession—the recognizances were accordingly ordered to be respited.

Against this proceeding of the Judge, Granville drew up a strong protest, as against an open contempt of the laws of England, disclaiming the refusal of judgment. This protest, he said, he meant to reserve for himself till there should be an absolute necessity for disclosing it; adding, with the mild spirit which ever actuated him, my indignation is against the practice and opinions, not the men who have promoted them; for I wish the amendment, rather than the punishment or shame, of those who do wrong. From the trials of the several negro cases, and from the turn given by the Judge, it was evident, that though a few separate verdicts had been obtained in favour of African slaves, their right to freedom in England was still a question of fluctuating opinion: no security was afforded from the pertinacious avarice and cruel tyranny of the slave-holders and slave-dealers. By the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Sharp several sufferers were added to the list of the rescued; but the successful termination, the essential point, still remained undecided. The cause had not been yet tried which was to end the long-agitated question; when at length the case of James Somerset presented itself; a case said to be selected by the choice of Lord Mansfield and Mr. Sharp, to bring a final judgment on the subject of contest. The complaint of Somerset was similar to that of Lewis, before related.

This case was opened by Mr. Serjeant Davy, 7th Feb. 1772, when Somerset was brought up on the habeas corpus. Mr. Serjeant Glynn followed on the same side, and enforced very powerfully the arguments against the importation of laws of other countries into our own. The hearing was then adjourned.

Mr. Sharp's exertions in the cause of humanity inspired a desire of participation in his labours in the breast of Dr. Fothergill, a Quaker, well known. They had entered into a religious controversy before (which appears in the Memoirs), and had differed essentially on topics of religion, and each had maintained their opinions with deliberate frankness; yet such was the equal candour of minds alike devoted to the practice of real Christianity, that their variance had no influence in restraining the most cordial co-operation in acts of

mercy. Dr. Fothergill's letter does him too much credit to be omitted.

"Respected Friend,

"I have perused the arguments on Somerset's affair with satisfaction, and wish the event may be favourable to public liberty. As many and great expenses must have attended this controversy, I shall be very ready to contribute my mite towards them; and when it is ended, go which way it may, I shall be pleased with an opportunity of doing every thing in my power to lessen the difficulties of the burden by dividing it."

On the second hearing, the case was resumed by Mr. Mansfield, who, in a speech of energetic sense and distinguished eloquence, contended, that if the negro Somerset was a man, he could not be a slave in England, unless by the introduction of some species of property unknown to our constitution. "From all that can be drawn from the state of Africa or America, the negro (said the orator) may very well answer, It is true I was a slave—kept as a slave in Africa; I was put in chains in a British ship and carried to America; I there lived under a master whose tyranny I could not escape; had I attempted it, I should have been exposed to the severest punishment; and never have I been in a country where I had power to assert the common rights of mankind: I am now in one where the laws of liberty are known and regarded, can you tell me the reason why I am not to be protected by those laws, and to be carried away again to be sold? To hear a negro state this argument, and have it overthrown consistently with our laws, seems to me impossible." The cause was farther adjourned to the 14th of May; when Mr. Hargrave was heard, who very ably closed the arguments for the negro's discharge." Mr. Wallace and Mr. Dunning appeared on the side of Stewart, the master. The choice of this latter gentleman appeared singular to those who remembered the energy with which, on a former cause, he had professed himself ready to maintain, in any court of England, "*that no property could exist in a slave.*" Mr. Sharp's opinion on this conduct will probably have little weight with lawyers; but it should not be withheld from the public. After noticing the passage in the trial of Stapleton, in which Dunning had made this remarkable assertion, he says, "And yet, after so solemn a declaration, he appeared on the side of the slave-holder the very next year. This is an abominable practice

of lawyers, to undertake causes opposite to their own avowed opinions of law and common justice!" Dr. Johnson, however, has defended this practice with much plausibility.

The expectation of all parties was now raised to the utmost pitch, and on the 22d of June, 1778, Lord Mansfield pronounced that "tracing the subject to natural principles, the claim of slavery never can be supported. The power claimed never was in use here, or acknowledged by the law. Upon the whole, we cannot say the cause returned* is sufficient by the law, and therefore the man must be discharged. The judgment thus pronounced by his lordship has established the axiom, as declared by Mr. Serjeant Davy, that *as soon as any slave sets foot on English ground he becomes free*.

Thus ended the memorable cause of Somerset; and had it not been for the perseverance of Mr. Sharp, our law (says the editor, as far as it could be influenced by the opinion of one of the best writers on it, Blackstone) would have left in doubt whether our constitution did or did not secure the liberty of all her subjects.

The respectable body of Quakers, in North America, had for many years attempted to alleviate the condition of slaves in their provinces; and when the verdicts obtained in favour of negroes in England reached them, they sought to co-operate with Sharp in his laborious efforts. On the memorable day which terminated the cause, he received the first offer of a correspondence instituted for the sole purpose of forwarding the emancipation of other slaves, but tending, in its progress, to enrol the name of Granville Sharp in the political strife between Great Britain and her colonies. This correspondent was Anthony Benezet, a Quaker in North America, who had established a free school for the education of Blacks, had written treatises in their favour, and embraced every opportunity of pleading in their behalf.†

In this letter, the worthy quaker informs him, 'that the serious dissenters, and particularly the presbyterians, wished to see an end of the slave-trade, and

would to slavery itself. That the people of New England had rejected a law nearly amounting to an prohibition, supposing that all negroes, born in the country should be free at a certain age; that ten thousand persons in Maryland and Virginia would join in petition to parliament against any farther importation, and he earnestly intreats him, by the mercies of God, that an application may be made to the King and Parliament, by those mercies to which each of us are long and unknown not how soon might recur, when we shall remember with the greatest joy on grief, that mercy is promised to the merciful.

In Mr. Sharp's reply he tells him, that the British Parliament, he apprehended, had no right to interfere with the toleration of slavery in the Colonies; and that our brethren there could not be too much upon their guard in this point respecting the dignity and independence of their own assemblies; the petition, therefore, should be addressed only to the King, or the King in council.

This doctrine was not new to the Americans: it was precisely the same in fact which they had, for two years openly maintained, during the contests occasioned by our ministry, to impose internal taxes on the Colonies. But it had hitherto been acted on only as far as it regarded the imposition of duties for raising a revenue. In this instance, in which Granville Sharp brought it to their view, though it stood on the same basis, it appeared in a new and more enlarged light. The strength and clearness with which his opinion was expressed, was highly agreeable to the temper of the Colonists, and they accepted with eagerness arguments which extended the scope of those principles they so sturdily maintained. Copies of his letters were rapidly circulated, and the method he proposed adopted as the true constitutional rule of proceeding in all circumstances of the slave-trade.

To a man disposed by nature to contemplate boldly the most abstruse sources of truth, and eminently endowed with faculties for this purpose, sufficient opening had been given to lead him forward in the track of human liberty with

* The return to the writ of *habeas corpus*, stating that Somerset was kept by order of his master, with intent to send him to Jamaica, there to be sold.

† He was descended from a French family possessed of considerable fortune in France, which they left on account of their religion, forfeiting their inheritance, and gaining their subsistence by industry. Anthony Benezet, at his death, left his whole fortune to the school, to which he had devoted his time and talents. He was universally respected, not only by his own sect, but by all who knew him.

the same ardour with which he had sought in English statute-books for the defence of individual freedom, he now turned to investigate the natural and political rights of nations in general; the immediate motive was still the love of the English character. The duty of an Englishman (say his notes) to maintain the just limits of law according to the constitution, compelled me in the year 1774 to publish a Declaration of the people's right to a share in the legislature, which is the fundamental principle of the British constitution. Of this Declaration he writes in another memorandum, July 27, 1774, that he had given to Dr. Franklin 250 copies, which were sent to America the same day, and were reprinted in many provinces within the year.

During the whole course of these transactions, Mr. Sharp had continued in the humble employment of a clerk * in ordinary in the ordnance-office, where the duties of his department appear to have been punctually performed, as on the death of the second clerk he succeeded to the place, and acted as assistant to the secretary Mr. Boddington. On his promotion he received an additional allowance.

In conformity to his sentiments, he now exhibited a fresh instance of his integrity. When hostilities commenced with America, he resigned his place.

His resignation, in a worldly sense, was an excess of imprudence: he had expended the remains of his paternal inheritance, and the fruits of his employment, in acts of bounty; and the protector of the helpless now stood himself in need of sustenance.

But the cordial attachment of his brothers, all now prosperous, was actively evinced: in a family overflowing with mutual kindness, the accession to their household of such a relation would ever have been accounted a treasure; they now revered that obedience to conscience which had deprived him of competency, and strove to compensate his loss by every act of esteem and beneficence. Their letters are examples of disinterested tenderness, and the acceptance of their favour was considered an obligation.

It is honourable to human nature to know that he continued to share the table and the purse of these excellent brothers for several years, until an acci-

dental acquaintance with General Oglethorpe restored him to independence.

Being now without any civil employment, he devoted himself more fully to the pursuits of literary study, which are detailed by his editor. He had now attained his forty-first year: his public actions had been too important to leave him long in retirement: his writings, as they were never unconnected with existing circumstances, were all calculated to draw him into public view; they had been the means of introducing him to Dr. Franklin and other persons of eminent repute; and he now owed to them an acquaintance with General Oglethorpe, whose esteem for his religious and political opinions led to important consequences to his fortune.

Mr. Sharp soon afterwards appeared, both in court and as an author, as the advocate of the impressed seamen, whose case he also defended against the sophistry of the great dogmatist Samuel Johnson. The latter maintained, that the liability to impressment was a condition necessarily attending that way of life, and when they entered into it, they must take all the circumstances; and knowing this, it must be considered as voluntary service, like that of an innkeeper who knows himself liable to have soldiers quartered upon him. That the cause was strenuously contested between two such antagonists, there can be little doubt: but the strength of Granville's talents did not lie in debate, and he felt severely the powers of Dr. Johnson. On this subject he says, "I have been told that it is the common lot of the poor and laborious part of mankind to endure hardships and inconveniences; and that the pressing and forcing them into service is no injustice nor illegality, being nothing more than one necessary contingent circumstance of the low condition in life in which they were bred; and that the cruelty rather rests with persons who, like me, take notice of their grievances, and render them unhappy by persuading them they are so: all this has been urged with such plausible sophistry and important self-sufficiency of the speaker, as if he supposed the mere sound of words was capable of altering the nature of things. I am far from being ready at giving an immediate answer to subtle arguments, so that I may seem easily baffled when I am by no means convinced they have weight: if Dr. Johnson's doctrine were true, that men choosing a sea-faring life,

* Vide p. 126.

forfeit thereby their natural rights as Englishmen, and lose the protection of the law, some immediate remedy ought to be applied to remove so unjust a *premunire* from an honest and necessary calling; for whatever takes away the protection of the law and common rights from any man, or set of men, is, to all intents and purposes, a *premunire*, which, if we except the judgment of death, is the severest punishment that is known in the English laws; and therefore it is unjust and iniquitous, as well as impolitic in the highest degree, that the honest mariner's condition should be loaded with so hateful a contingency, and the most effectual discouragement to an increase of British seamen that could possibly be devised.

“‘But we see,’ says an advocate for power, ‘that it *does not* discourage. Men are still bred up to a sea-faring life; and in times of peace, multitudes are allured by the merchants’ service to choose that condition whereby they are subjected to impress.’ True it is, that the necessities of poor labouring men compel them to earn their bread in any way that they can get it; and when a war is over, the discouragement of pressing is in a great measure forgot, and the number of seamen of course again increased.

“‘But this makes no difference respecting the illegality and injustice of the oppression itself; for if the poor man is not protected in an honest calling, which is his estate and most valuable dependence, as well as the rich man, the law, or rather the administrators of it, are unjust and partial, having respect to persons, which the law abhors, and which religion strictly forbids; and therefore, if we can form any precise definition of iniquity, this partiality of which I complain, comes within the meaning of that term.”

Nothing could better illustrate the superiority of sound judgment over specious reasoning, than this unadorned specimen of Granville Sharp’s unsophisticated mind advocating the cause of humanity.

Another event, which distinguishes the life of this benevolent man, followed closely on the establishment of American episcopacy (of which he was the chief promoter). This event was the founding of a free colony at Sierra Leone.

In the year 1786 he was endeavouring to remedy an inconvenience which had sprung out of his own humane ex-

ertions in behalf of African slaves. Many slaves had been brought over by their masters in the metropolis, when the case of Somerset was decided; and having now no persons to support them, no parish to call their own, and unaccustomed to any handicraft or calling, they fell, by degrees, into great distress, so that they were conspicuous through the streets as mere beggars. To Mr. Sharp they flocked as their common patron: he had considered them as orphans who had a claim to his protection, and relieved them; but their number being about four hundred, it was not in his power to supply their daily wants consistently with his duties to other descriptions of the poor. He had many private pensioners, to whom he paid annual sums to a considerable amount, and the entire maintenance of these destitute Africans was utterly beyond his resources. In this dilemma he formed a scheme for their permanent support, and fixed upon some spot in Africa—the general land of their ancestors—where, if they could be conducted under a proper leader, supplied with implements of husbandry, and provisions for a time, they might, with a moderate share of industry, maintain themselves.

The settlers chiefly consisted of these blacks, and men of colour who had served in the late war, and now were starving about the streets of London, and must have perished there, had it not been for a subscription of charitable persons.

To form and direct a colony composed of men of ardent passions, and whose only lessons had been stripes and barbarous usage, and whom suffering naturally induced to start with dread from their fellow-creatures, required a mind and character fraught with all the resources which political knowledge and inflexible resolution could supply. But the scope of human action contained no enterprise of danger and difficulty, sanctioned by Christian principles, which Granville Sharp could be deterred from undertaking.

Mr. Smeathman, an ingenious and honourable man, who had resided some years at the fort of Sierra Leone, made a proposal to form a settlement there. The poor blacks resorted in a body to Mr. Sharp, and many of them had been at the place; they assured him there was much fine woodland unoccupied in that part of the coast; which account was confirmed by several channels, and

particularly by a young negro, whom Mr. Sharp had saved from slavery just at that time.

From his diary it appears, the idea of an African colony had long been in his contemplation before the attempt was made to realize the plan; a plan, as will be seen hereafter, constituted for a race of men uniformly open to the persuasions of reason; the impracticability of collecting a numerous society of such, is daily demonstrated: numerous human beings, perhaps endued with the capability of reason, are precluded, either by education or circumstances, from its advantages. The benevolent plan, which left out sufficient authority to strengthen laws, is to be found in Mr. Sharp's papers: it was the foundation of all the rules by which the colony was governed at its commencement.

Mr. Smeathman was to conduct them to their destined places; and Granville distributed to the settlers a weekly sum from his own purse, which was continued till the time of settling: and an allowance of 12*d.* each person was made from the Treasury for any persons that were willing to go, and navy transports hired to carry them out.

At this important moment Mr. Smeathman's impaired health suspended the execution of the design. He was taken ill of a fever, and died in three days.

The expedition now seemed at a stand; Mr. Sharp stood involved in all the expenses attending the outset; the demurrage of the vessel had commenced, and the weekly pay to the settlers continued. In this situation Government again interfered; provision was made for transporting and supplying them with necessaries for the first six or eight months of their residence in Africa. Captain Thompson was appointed to accompany them in a sloop of war, and to see the promises of Mr. Sharp fulfilled; at last the little fleet sailed, on the 8th of April 1787.

As the history of this colony, now so respectable, is that of the cradle of African civilization, Mr. Prince Hoare has given an account of its establishment and progress, to the period of its final surrender into the hands of Government.

He subjoins Mr. Sharp's letters, during all the harassing events which took place in the infant colony, with his regulations and documents, fully manifesting the endeavour of a Christian to establish and support a state of *entire*

social freedom and justice by the power only of a single hand.

With men casually selected from whatever description, hopes of such a nature must have proved fallacious. Reason and tenderness are not sufficient to maintain order without authority, much less to restore it when interrupted. But though he perceived the necessity of having recourse to the strength of the Company incorporated by an act of parliament, he could not but regret the demolition of that ideal fabric of happiness which he wished to raise for an afflicted part of mankind. Mr. Prince Hoare says, he has witnessed the struggles of his mind on that occasion; once only on paper such remarks appear as evince his disappointment, "that the poor blacks were no longer proprietors of the whole district as before, as the land had been granted to the Sierra Leone Company, so that they no longer enjoyed the privileges of granting land by free votes of their own council, nor the benefit of their former agrarian law, nor the choice of their own governor, nor any circumstances of *perfect freedom*, as proposed in the regulations—all these privileges being submitted to the controul and appointment of the Company; and no settler can trade independently of it." He adds, "But I could not prevent this humiliating change; the settlement must have remained desolate, if I had not submitted to the opinion of the subscribers. However, all slavery, and the oppression of imposed labour, are absolutely prohibited."

The accomplishment of this charter put an end to the laborious, and almost unprecedented efforts of an individual, during some years, to support an undertaking of such magnitude: henceforward he only shared in exertions with men whose devotedness to the cause may be thought to merit precedence in the high distinctions of virtue and philanthropy.

But though Granville Sharp mingled with the general body of Directors, a superior respect attached to his name among the colonies of Africa. Naimbana, the sovereign chief of Sierra Leone, whose disposition little corresponded with the prejudice of Europeans respecting his class (for he was peaceable, benevolent, desirous of knowledge, and afforded protection to all who were capable of it) sent his eldest son to England to Granville Sharp, intreating him to direct the education of the young Prince, who proved to be endowed with

the most engaging qualities—a desire of learning, an application to books, the most grateful sense of kindness, and estimation of his instructors, joined to a delicacy of manners as winning as it was extraordinary, were the characteristics of this amiable youth, who died on his arrival at Sierra Leone, universally lamented. From his virtues, intellect, and exertions, the Company might have expected the most important services. One indeed he rendered, by furnishing a memorable example of the effect of education on the mind of Africans, and a happy presage in favour of his unenlightened countrymen.

We refer the readers to the work in question for the interesting particulars of the decease of this excellent man. It was gradual and gentle, and distinguished by peace at the last.

His amiable conduct in domestic life, the cheerfulness of his temper, and his tenderness to every human being in his circle, extending to the brute creation, are detailed with much affection by Mr. Prince Hoare, and furnish a shining instance that particular attachment is not weakened by universal benevolence.

Equally void of diffidence and presumption, he obtained access to men in the highest stations, less from his near

descent from an establishment, than his own virtues and amenity of manners. He used his influence only for the good of others. The slave-trade, the abolition of slavery, the establishment of the colony of Sierra Leone, of episcopacy and peace in the American colonies, were the objects of his exertions.

The entire abolition of the slave-trade took place March 1808. The bill passed by the strenuous exertions of Lord Grenville, and was confirmed by the Royal assent a few minutes only before the ministers resigned their offices.

It was necessary that a spring should be moved which might affect the wheels of government and public action, and take its direction on the most solid base: the latter had been prepared by the association of benevolent men; the former was added by the virtues, the political rank, and talents of Mr. Wilberforce.

Admiration and reverence can seldom be directed to characters more honourable than those, who in this mighty cause will ever stand united—Granville Sharp and William Wilberforce, of the one who founded, and the other who crowned the work of African deliverance.

ON VAMPIRES, AND VAMPIRISM.

Since the appearance of the story of the *Vampire*, the conversation of private parties has frequently turned on the subject; and the discussion has been prolonged and invigorated by the pieces brought out at the theatres, as well of Paris as of London. Vampirism, at one period, had almost superseded politics, at Paris, in the journals of that lively and inquisitive city, during an interval of national expectation. The French literati, whom nothing escapes, desirous of displaying their learning, have brushed off the dust of repose and oblivion from more than one story applicable to the enquiry; of which the intent of the present paper is to set a specimen before our readers. This article deserves attention, no less from its temporary interest, than from its peculiar character, as part of the history of the human mind. It is connected with notions of the most extensive and powerful influence; and may be traced from the days of the most enlightened classical antiquity. Nay, indeed, so far as the relative question of the re-appear-

ance of the dead may be supposed to affect it, it is not altogether at rest to this day. About twelve or thirteen years ago, Dr. Woertzel, in Germany, published an account of the re-appearance of his departed wife, and of the conversations he held with her. The Doctor asserted his facts, and arranged his arguments and proofs with so much exactness and confidence that not a few of his acquaintance and neighbourhood gave them credit. The press produced several works *pro* and *con* on the possibility of the thing; and M. Schwartz, rector of the Gymnasium of Goditz, published in consequence a *Discourse on Apparitions*, in which he adduced pretty much the same observations as have since been supported by Dr. Ferriar, in his ingenious little volume.

The next *well-authenticated* story was that of the Posen ghost, in 1810, which so effectually terrified the people of two villages, Huerowna and Goslina, that they were on the point of flying in all directions; and the governor of Warsaw found it necessary to send a com-

mission with authority to enquire into circumstances; and if possible, to tranquillise the people; this he was hardly able to effect, so as to retain a few families in their habitations; so strongly had the persuasion of a re-appearance of a beautiful young lady, of the family of Morawski, fixed itself among them.

After this, it may be thought trivial, to adduce a public document in proof of human credulity; yet by way of shewing what was, and that not very long ago, we shall insert it, *verbatim*:

“All persons, as well ecclesiastical as civil, must denounce and notify *all* and *every* one of those who to their knowledge, or as they are informed, meddle with experiments in necromancy, or any other kind of magic. Given at the Sacred Office in Pesaro, this twenty-ninth day of April, 1802.”

To say truth, not many nations have kept themselves clear from this persuasion; and it has assumed so many forms, that opinion has been greatly embarrassed, from the days of Pliny, to the present, by their abundance if not by their evidence. Our own island has had its share;—but, we shall forbear from farther enquiry at present. The origin of this notion was, probably, the powerful sentiment of another existence hereafter; and the human heart and affections preferred the supposition of *spiritual beings* becoming visible to *mortal eyes*, however contradictory, to that of absolute extinction of existence, when vitality was departed from the body. For the most part, however, the enlightened nations of antiquity attributed to the manes of the departed a mild and benevolent character, consistent with a peaceful, and even a passive state. It was reserved for the ruder tribes of the north, and perhaps for those of the wilder parts of the East, to graft on the notion of re-appearance of the dead, that of malignity and delight in the sufferings they had the power to inflict. Something to this effect is found in Josephus; but it appears with greater strength among the descendants of hordes originally Scythian.

It is a notion generally received among the Hungarians and the Moravians, that certain dead persons possess the power of returning by night to molest the living, especially those with whom they have been intimate; to suck their blood, and by such refreshment to continue their own terrestrial existence, at the expense of their victims,

who furnished them with the means of subsistence. This absurd prejudice is also, more or less accredited among the Poles, the Silesians, the Serbians, and the Greeks; to whom others might be added. The Hungarians have almost reduced the persuasion and its consequences, to a system; they discover by infallible signs, attendant on dead bodies, whether they have the power of returning to prey on the living; they employ means to counteract this power, and to preserve themselves from such disastrous assaults. Moreover, from these people is derived the name *Vampires*, given to the dead who possess the power of self-resuscitation, and of maintaining this second life by sucking blood: the name imports *blood-suckers*. The Greeks, who are alive to every impulse of superstition, are infected with nearly the same notions; and have invented an appellation, barbarous enough, to denote these supernatural blood-suckers: they call them *Broucokoloi*; and by this name they are known as well on the Continent, as among the islands of the Archipelago. Tournefort, in his *Travels into Greece*, relates a history that places this superstition and its consequences in a striking point of view.

“The man whose story we are going to relate, was a peasant of Mycone, naturally *ill-natured* and *quarrelsome*; circumstances to be noticed, as truly important, in such cases: he was murdered in the fields, nobody knew how, or by whom. Two days after his burial in a chapel in the town, it was rumoured that this quarrelsome fellow, ever restless, was seen to walk in the night with great rapidity through the town; that he tumbled people's goods about, put out their lamps, gripped them *à posteriori*, tore their clothes, forced open doors, broke windows, found his way to the wine-cellars, and emptied the bottles most heroically; with a thousand other mad pranks and diabolical performances. At first, the thing was treated as ridiculous; and the losers who complained were laughed at: but, on a sudden, the affair took another turn; the better sort of people began to be involved in apprehension; the *papas* (priests) gave credit to the fact, and the traveller hints at reasons more sagacious than gracious for this sanction on their part. Masses must be said; and masses were repeatedly said; but, *non obstante*, the ill-natured peasant continued to play his former antics; and paid no deference to

exorcisms and holy water. I have never seen (says Tournesfort) so pitiable a state as this island was in, at that time; the whole population was struck with alienation of mind. All ranks were equally affected: it was truly a scene of universal brain-fever; no less dangerous than absolute insanity and canine madness. Entire families were seen, in all parts, forsaking their houses, and flocking from the extremities of the town into the public square, bringing their beds with them, for the sake of passing the night in company, and in hope of at least partial safety, and of obtaining some repose. Every individual had a new insult to complain of. At the approach of night nothing was heard but groans and lamentations from all quarters. The most considerate withdrew into the country. How was it possible to withstand the madness of a whole people? Those who inferred from our silence that we doubted the truth of the fact, came and reproached our incredulity: they brought evidence in proof that such things as *Broucocolas* really do exist; and quoted the *Buckler of Faith*, the work of a Jesuit missionary, and therefore true; ay, and doubly true.

"The chief people of the city held meetings, at which the priests and the monks assisted; these meetings '*Resolved*,' that it was necessary, in consequence of certain rites performed, or to be performed, to wait nine days after the interment; and in the meanwhile to stay proceedings. On the tenth day, a mass was said in the chapel, in order to expel the devil who might peradventure be there, whether from custom, or from curiosity; then they took up the body, and got every thing ready for putting out the seat of this supernatural vitality, the heart. At this moment the whole assembly began crying out *Broucocolas*;—and *Broucocolas* re-echoed from the chapel vault to the roof, and from the roof to the vault: throughout the whole of every street nothing was to be heard but shouts of *Broucocolas*!—except an intermixture of heavy and indignant curses on the malevolent deceased, for not being thoroughly dead; but suffering himself to be re-animated by a devil, and then returning to plague and terrify his neighbours. They determined, as the wisest course, to burn the heart on the seashore; and the heart was burnt accordingly.—In vain; the numbers of nocturnal assaults and batteries increased

beyond what even Westminster-Hall can conceive of after a general election. Where the doors were strongly bolted and fastened, the *Broucocolas* opened the roof and descended—who but he? As to clattering of windows, creaking of doors, howlings in the chimnies, subterranean noises, and, as aforesaid, cracking of bottles, and emptying of casks, the culprit had acquired as much additional impudence, and perhaps dexterity too, as if he had been instructed by a dozen accusations and acquittals at the Old Bailey. The rascal had the knack of being every where, at once, in his burglaries.

"Some of the citizens, say Tournesfort, who were most eminently zealous for the public good, saw clearly enough where the error lay:—the priests, they argued, had said mass *before* they pulled out the heart: had they said mass *afterwards*, the devil would as lieve be—as return to his old haunt: whereas, the cunning dog of a devil—(and it was a very cunning dog of a devil they had to do with,) had only fled for a while, and after the danger was over, back he came again, as rampant as ever. Notwithstanding these dead certainties, they found their perplexities increase: they met in the council-chamber night and morning: they debated and discussed—and determined nothing: they made processions three days and three nights: they obliged the *Papas* to fast: and these religious were called to all parts, were never off their legs, running from house to house, incessantly plying the holy water sprinkler; scattering the element in all directions; washing the doors with it; nay, they even poured it abundantly into the mouth of the insensible *Broucocolas*.

"Alas! for the wit and wisdom of mortal man! An acute Albanese, who happened to be at Mycone, observed, that it was no wonder the devil continued in—for, how could he *get out*? if they deluged the body with holy water, could the devil come through *that*? if they stuck naked swords by dozens over his grave—which they did—the sword-handles, being crosses, terrified the devil from passing *them*. He, therefore, recommended Turkish scymetars; and Turkish scymetars were tried—without efficacy: the wine-tubs of those who were so foolish as to leave them exposed, were continually emptied; and though Turks abhor pork, yet whether that abhorrence extended to the devil in question, our author does not say;

but, he hints very shrewdly at the loss as well of bacon as of eggs.

"The advice of the learned Albanese was eventually found to be fruitless; the inhabitants had prayed to every saint of their acquaintance in Heaven, without obtaining a hearing—or, if the saints *did* hear, they were as much at a loss as their votaries; unless, indeed, by way of answer, they sent down a general inspiration among their petitioners aforesaid, who now began to bawl with universal vociferation, that the *Broucocolas* should be burnt entire; and then, let the devil lurk in it, if he could. With this the magistrates complied; seeing the island was in danger of being deserted; for all the best families were packing up in preparation for departure to Syra or Tinos:—accordingly, the carcase was reduced to ashes, Jan. 1, 1701. The Myconians now boasted that the devil had met with his match: they had made the *Broucocolas* too hot to hold him; and their poets sported a number of humorous ballads; and treated their late disturber with some excellent jokes, and abundance of wit and ridicule. All would have ended well, if the Turks at their next visit to receive the capitation-tax, had not laid a fine on the island, and turned the whole adventure to the profit of the Grand Seigneur's treasury:—not forgetting that of his officers, through whose hands the money was *supposed to pass*."

But the worst part of the theory of vampirism remains to be told: this faculty proved contagious; and those who had been sucked by a vampire, felt themselves condemned to become vampires, in their turn. They faded away; every body saw it; they became mere walking skeletons: they had no enjoyment of life. In vain they rubbed themselves with turfs and earth taken from the grave of their tormentor: in vain their tormentor was disinterred, and treated with the customary indignities due to his malevolence. About the year 1732, the affair of vampirism made a great noise in the Austrian states: and the report resounded through Europe. A heyduke, named Arnold Paul, was crashed to death under a load of hay. Report affirmed, that this Hungarian had been, when living, sucked by a vampire: consequently, he being now dead, began to suck, in his turn, the inhabitants of the town. In a short time it was believed, that four persons had died from the effects of his nocturnal visitations. The baillie of the

place proceeded to take cognizance of the facts: the tombs of this vampire and his victims were opened with all the solemnities of justice. The symptoms of vampirism were obvious—were demonstrated: in the presence of the magistrate the bodies had a stake driven through each of them, and suffered a posthumous decollation. The minds of the people were apparently calmed, for a moment; but the calm was in appearance, and momentary only: every body believed that the country continued subject to the self-same suffering; for, it was proved, that Arnold Paul had not only killed four inhabitants by his suctions, but that he had sucked the cattle also, and there could be no doubt—not the least in the world—but that those who had eaten of the flesh of such cattle, and those who should hereafter eat of such as were not yet brought to market, would become vampires also, after their death. Where could this end? What was infection by the small-pox, or by a sweeping pestilence, to this? Not less than seventeen tombs were opened by way of precaution; and the usual proceedings against vampires were resorted to. The bodies were eventually burned, and the ashes were thrown into the river. The whole was conducted under the inspection of a military commission appointed by the government; and the *proces-verbal* was duly forwarded to Vienna. The learned Germans *got up dissertations* on Vampires and Vampirism: the French press did the same: the most moderate (among whom was Dom. Calmet himself), did not dare wholly to deny the possibility of the re-appearance of deceased persons; though they inclined to discharge the devil from the imputation of *creating* vampires. The Doctors of the Sorbonne commended the work of Dom. Calmet for avoiding two rocks, equally fatal, said they, on the subject of re-appearances—that of *vain credulity*, on one hand, that of *dangerous pyrrhonism*, on the other. It should seem, therefore, that he concluded, somewhat like Dr. Johnson, "Why, Sir, all testimony is for it; and all argument is against it."

But—here we stop:—for should it once become a popular opinion among us, that cattle which have been sucked may become the vehicles of infection, who can foresee the consequences on John Bull's roast-beef stomach? Should it ever be admitted, that mutton, roast or boiled, may be attended with posthu-

mous dangers—Yes, we do foresee one good effect—that vile nuisance, Smithfield market, may be abated, in spite of the avaricious insensibility of the city of London to the remonstrances of the wise, and to the petitions of the benevolent.

A moralist might remind us that there are vampires of different kinds: the man who by injustice or treachery amasses an immense fortune, is a vampire to his descendants; the lawyer, who establishes a fictitious point of law, is a vampire to every successor in the pro-

fession who relies on his authority; the statesman who beseeches factions and injurious opinions which he persuades his partizans are constitutional, is a vampire to his compatriots.—But the most powerful protector against supernatural visitations is a good conscience. Excellent is the advice of the sagacious Sir Hugh Evans to the crest-fallen knight of the round belly, in the last scene of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:—"Sir John Falstaff, serve God, and leave your sinful desires, and fairies (vampires) will not pinse you."

POSTHUMOUS LETTERS TO GEORGE COLMAN THE ELDER.*

THE family connections, the literary and dramatic reputation, and theatrical pursuits of the elder Colman procured him the friendship of many exalted characters, and the acquaintance of most of the men of genius of his time. He was the nephew of the Countess of Bath, the wife of the celebrated William Pulteney, under whose auspices he commenced his career as a barrister, but soon abandoned that profession as uncongenial to his taste. Lord Bath was extremely solicitous for his professional success, and discouraged his dramatic inclinations as incompatible with the severe study requisite for the attainment of legal eminence. His letters in the present collection repeatedly urge Colman to keep in view the splendid career of Lord Mansfield, (then Mr. Murray, Attorney General), and not to idle away his time in running to playhouses, and such diversions. By the following epistles, it seems that Colman actually did get some one to entrust him with a brief:—

Dear Coley—I suppose you had such a vast deal of business on the circuit, and got so much money on it, that you had no time to lose in writing letters. We have had but two from you since you left us, and those extremely short, one of them as short as yourself, and t'other as a Shrewsbury cake. You must know that I expected a circumstantial and historical relation of every thing that happened on the circuit, how many causes you carried, by dint of learning and ingenuity, to the surprise of the two stupid sages of the law, and to the astonishment of all the

heavy stagers of the circuit. I should have been glad to have heard likewise, of all the misfortunes which happened to you on the road, how many shirts and other things your awkward footboy lost you in your journey, and how much leather you lost by your lame hackney horse. Mr. Douglas is losing his money here at lottery tickets, but perhaps he may get a rich wife by it at last. He has won many an old woman's heart here, by an excellent sermon he preached; but I want to have him, by his gallantry, get a young one with ten thousand pounds. Lord Pulteney came to us yesterday, and stays about a week; soon after which, we are in expectation of you, to lavish away some of that money you got so plentifully, and with so much ease in your legal peregrination. The first thing an honest man has to do, is to pay his just debts; and consequently I shall have my twenty guineas refunded, with what interest you think fit. I hear you often dined with the sheriff and with the judges, but you will eat more luxuriously with us, for we have venison and wheat-ears at every meal. Lady Bath will be glad to see you, and so, you may be sure shall I, your most affectionate friend BATH.

Tunbridge Wells, July the 29th, 1758.

Dear Coley—I thank you for your letter, and am glad to hear of your notable success at Oxford. You say you got two guineas, by saving two men from hanging. I wish you was to have two guineas a piece for every man in Oxford that deserves to be hanged, and then the University would be of some

* Posthumous Letters from various celebrated men; addressed to Francis Colman and George Colman the elder: with annotations and occasional remarks, by George Colman the younger, 4to. pp. 347. London, 1820.

use to you. At Worcester I doubt you will get but little, but get acquainted with two or three roguish attorneys, and they will lay you in a stock of causes for next assizes, when you are to be no longer at my expense. Mrs. Lake, Miss Seare, Lord Pulteney, and Mr. Douglas, drank your health on Sunday last, and wished to convey you a few bottles of the claret we drank it in. This letter I direct to Shrewsbury, which is the surest place to find you in. If you are concerned in the trial of any rape, the ladies desire you would send a minute and circumstantial account of all that passed at it, and what you [*hiatus*]. In the House of Lords we had a debate about bringing in Irish cattle. The Duke of Newcastle made use of this expression [*hiatus* *] to the soldiers. Upon which some wag (for the house was vastly crowded) dropped the following epigram:

Since beef adds more courage to soldiers in battle,
I consent to the bringing in Irish cattle.

But add then a clause to the bill which annuls
All free importation of Irish bulls.

I hope the two horses, as well as the master and the man, hold out well, and will all return to town again in good health and flesh; if you bring back with you all the money you pick up on the road, no matter what way, your horse will find you more weighty on your return, than in your setting out. Adieu, dear Colman, don't fail to write to me as often as you can, for I wish you very well, and am sincerely Y^{rs} BATH.

London, March 23^d, 1759.

Notwithstanding the general parsimonious character of Lord Bath, he behaved with great liberality to Colman, although the latter disregarded his advice and disappointed his hopes. Indeed, this avaricious propensity appears to have been confined to trifles, and must occasionally have exposed him to ridicule. The following anecdote is given on the authority of Colman. "In a rural lane, through which the noble Earl often passed in his carriage, a gate was placed across the road, which was opened for travellers by an ancient female. His Lordship, one day, touched

* This *hiatus* is not *valde defendendus*; for, from the trace of a letter or two in the obliterated manuscript, and from the context of the epigram which follows, it is to be conjectured that the Duke of Newcastle's expression was, "Beef gives additional courage to the soldiers,"—or words to that effect. The *wag* who dropped the epigram was, most probably, Lord Bath.

by the appearance of the old woman, gave the word to halt; the outriders echoed the order—the coachman pulled up—the cavalcade stood still;—and William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, stretching out his hand from his coach and four, bedecked with coronets, threw to the venerable object of his bounty—a *half-penny*."—Such is the account given by George Colman the younger. We may envy him the humour, but surely not the feeling displayed in this highly-wrought ridicule of his father's benefactor. Lord Bath's regard for the elder Colman was never withdrawn; he left him, at his death in 1764, a handsome annuity, to which, three years afterwards, another was added by the second Earl Bath, General Pulteney; although the latter had at first been offended with Colman for *disgracing* his family by his theatrical pursuits, until reminded of gentlemen who had been managers of a theatre, as Sir W. Davenant, Sir Richard Steele, Sir John Vanburgh, &c. It is generally known, that about this time Mr. Colman became a part proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, which he soon quitted, on purchasing Foote's Theatre in the Haymarket, and managed the latter establishment for many years. The "*Jealous Wife*" and the "*Clandestine Marriage*" are his most successful dramatic works; but his fame rests not only on them, but on his valuable translation of Terence's Comedies, and Horace's Art of Poetry. These works elicited several of the letters now published from scholars of the first reputation: Bonnel Thornton, Joseph and Thomas Warton, Horace Walpole, Dr. Vincent, Edmund Malone, Dr. Shipley, and Dr. Matthew Guthrie. Most of these are highly complimentary, but not calculated to afford much pleasure to any person but him to whom they were addressed. Dr. Guthrie's letter, which we subjoin, is however a curious exception to this description, containing as much learning, antiquarian research, pleasantries, and good sense, as bad spelling and punctuation:—

St Petersburg Sept^r 12th O. S. 1775.

Dr Sir,—A man from the frigid Zone, in consequence of having read your Elegant translation of Terence with your commentations, has taken the Liberty of sending you a Small present of little Value but some curiosity. It consists of some rude Musical Instruments in common use in the internal parts of this Empire (Russia) where no foreign custom has found an Entrance for

many centuries, and where modern improvements in Music and almost every thing Else, have never been heard of. I mean to be understood as Speaking of the interior parts of the Empire, removed from the Seat of Government, for certainly in the place of my ordinary residence St. Petersburg, there are few of the fine arts that have not found their way. Some of the Instruments I send you I think resemble those that we are told were introduced upon the Grecian Stage whilst in its rude, Simple, confin'd State, and probably you may find with me a resemblance between the unequal flutes which I send you, and those so often mentioned as accompaniments to the Ancient Drama at its first appearance, they are piped upon by our Russian Shepherds and I think answer to Horaces description.

*Tibia non ut nunc, orichalco rinata, tubaque
Aquila; sed tenuis, simplexq; feramine paucio, &c.*

The Learned Montfaucon was at a loss to conceive how a double flute could create an agreeable harmony yet supposed that it was even more in use with the Ancients than the single; but I am of opinion if he had heard one of those rustics mentioned above play upon it his infidelity would have been removed, at least it pleases my untaught Ear. he also supposes that the two Flutes were in fact separated, but that the several Pipes of each joind in the mouth of the Player; this opinion seems to be confirmed by those sent both with regard to construction and manner of playing upon them. he also Says "that the flute at first had but three holes and that they were afterwards multiply'd to seven and even ten," certainly these strengthen this assertion and are good Samples of the flute whilst in its rude unimproved state with only three holes. —I shall make one observation more upon them, that I think they are not unlike the unequal flutes in the Mouth of Francisco Ficarons female Minstrel whom you have given us a plate of, and those She is playing on Seem by the application of her fingers to have also but three Holes. As to the Flutes that were termed by the Ancients Right and Left handed I can pick up nothing in this part of the World that throws any light upon the Subject (altho I have met with another of their instruments in common use as I shall mention after I have given Some description of those I Send) for I suppose these must have been something in their construction

that made the name applicable. You will find in the Case another rustick Shepherd's Pipe made of Wood and the Bark of a Tree that I think is as well intitled from its appearance to the Honor of the Original Bucolic Pipe as any thing I have seen, altho I must confess that the captivating Pipe of Theocritus must have had a little more Sweetness in it or he would have found some difficulty to have charmed Lycidas the Goatherd out of his Crook. It has Six Stops and is used here to swell the Chorus of a Rustic Song similar perhaps to that which was the Father of Drama, it is sung by one voice but a number of Boors join the Chorus and sing in parts, I wish from my heart I had the learn'd Dr Burney's Technical Pen to give you a description of both the Vocal and instrumental parts Second. Art. but I am a judge of no composition but a Bolus or Pill, so you must take the will for the deed, however thus much I can inform you of that it has a deep harsh Note and serves to swell the Chorus altho it does not add much to the Melody. Besides this Pipe they accompany the Chorus with a stranger sort of an instrument consisting of two Bunches of hollow, oval, Brass Grapes I believe I must call them, for they resemble very much Clusters of Grapes when suspended over the Players Head one in each hand, which he shakes and occasionally strikes together so as to keep time to the Music, this Performer throws himself into a Number of Bacchick postures and has much the appearance of one half mad with Liquor. I am almost tempted to hazard an opinion that this very figure has made its appearance in Antique Musical Groups but from the great resemblance his instrument bears to grapes he has always been taken by the Moderns for a mad Bacchanalian, I wish Sir you that are so founded in these Subjects would pursue this hint and see if there is any thing to confirm it. They are commonly strung like these sent, upon wooden Spoons for the advantage of striking the convex sides of their mouths together which I suppose they find answer better than common sticks.

The next instrument you'll find in the Case I dont know what name to give it but take it to be the Mother of your Guitares, Lutes, &c. and certainly has the most rude Simple appearance that ever stringed instrument bore, it is certainly in its first State of invention from both its Shape Materials and Num-

ber of Strings being only two, and the whole formed by the hand of the Shaper himself, as indeed are all the rest, but the Brass Grapes—It is surprising what execution the Russ Boors have upon these instruments considering their Simplicity, and what I admire most is the Ease with which they fill for a length of time the pipe cover'd with Bark which you need only try to be a judge of—

upon the whole I take all these to have been the musical instruments of the Ancient Sclavonians or Slavi that possessed the tract of Country afterwards called Russia and that escaped Rurick and the Waraghians or Rossians who over ran and took possession of the Country as I find none of them in those parts where the invaders came from.

I have also visited our new conquered Provinces, Moldavia and seen part of Walachia inhabited by Greeks who are certainly not descended from the Heros that bore the same name in the Ancient World, for a race of more ignorant lazy dastardly People I never saw however that makes me mention this part of my travels is to take notice to you of finding the Pipe of Pan consisting of Seven unequal reeds in common use in Moldavia. The performer upon it always accompanys a Groom of itinerant Minstrels who are the only musicians they have in those Parts which I had the clearest proof of at a Ball which the Nobility of the province gave to Prince Orlof Ambassador plen'y at the Congress, the Field Marshal Romansoff, Sir Charles Knowles &c, they could muster no other music and we danced Greek dances to Pan's Pipe, another instrument resembling a Violin, a sort of Tabor, and the Voice of a Bard who was perhaps singing Homer in *Modern* Greek, or might be celebrating our activity in the Whirling Ring, with extemporary Song like Mr. Barretti's Spaniards for any thing I knew to the contrary.

If I remember right it has been a matter of inquiry amongst the moderns, in what manner the Ancient Greeks join'd their Winding dance, which they threw into so many gracefull figures; whither by joining hands or laying hold of a string. It is danced to this day by the modern Greek Ladys exactly in the same manner that I have seen it painted, they form a long Single line by each Lady laying hold with one hand of the end of a handkerchief, and they twist

this line into a great many gracefull figures, according to the fancy of the first or leading Nymph, in a sort of gracefull flowing minuet Step. However these people seem to think Activity in every shape as much below them, and seem to adhere as religiously to the Graces as my Lord Chesterfield. There is a considerable resemblance between this last mentioned Dance and a Polonoise only with the difference of a Single instead of a double time, and I make no doubt but the Poles have taken it from the Greek one as the countrys border one another, but they seem to have thought a Line of males no bad addition and a hand sufficient without a Kerchief.

When upon this Musical Subject, I must take notice to you also of a Company of Buccarin Tartars who have travel'd from their own country down here to show their dexterity upon the Rope, and given me an opportunity of seeing the Drum I really believe in its first state of invention. It consists of an Earthen Pot that Bellys towards the top and cover'd with a piece of dried Lambskin which they beat with two found Sticks without Nobs at the Ends, which would be unnecessary as they apply the whole surface of the Stick to the parchment.

A pair of these Pot Drums, a Sort of Tabor cover'd only of one side and hung with Iron rings, and a screaming Pipe; is the music with which they exhilarate the Spectators during the performance, and I make no doubt but that it has the proper effect in Buccari altho the four instruments dont produce Six different Sounds.

One would be almost tempted to suppose that those People derived their name from BUCCA as their face is almost all Cheek. I cant help making an observation upon the performance of those Eastern Neurobati, that altho they perform some difficult feat upon the rope (which is a thick Hare one and they dance it barefooted) yet there is that Asiatic Lentor attends them which I have observed every where in the East that I have visited; they have nothing of that activity which accompanys European Performance. One thing more offers it self before I take my leave The Finnas or Finns the ancient inhabitants of these countrys bordering the Gulph where we now dwell, have the Bagpipe in a very rude State and from its venerable Simple appearance I strongly suspect it to be the Parent of our

Scotch one (as I am resolved to send you no Orphan) for considering that its principale residence is in the Highlands, and that the Western Islands were often visited by the Baltic Gentry it seems very probable that they had the Honor of introducing that war-breathing Balga, but at the same time I dont mean even to hint that they have the most distant claim to the Pibrogh, the Cronogh, or any of these Noble Strains which the Highlanders have taught it, on the contrary, I have the best opportunity of judging of their merit by hearing the mean Original—

I think Sir I have now exacted a sufficient Share of your patience in return for my present, so will now quit Scores; and assure you that I am your admirer and obedient Humble Servant
MATHEW GUTHRIE M. D.

On the death of his wife in 1771, the following curiosity, among other consolatory epistles, was sent to Mr. Colman, by the celebrated Mrs. Clive, who had retired from the stage ten or eleven years before to a charming residence near the banks of the Thames, and adjacent to Horace Walpole's villa at Strawberry Hill. This was the lady alluded to by Churchill in the following lines:—

"First giggling plotting chambermaids arrive,
Hoydens and romps led on by Gen'l Clive.
In spite of outward blemishes she shone
For humour fam'd and humour all her own."

Twickenham Aprilth 12. 1771
Sir—I HOPE you heard, that I Sent my Servant to town to Inquire how you did; indeed I have been greatly Surprised and Sincerely Concerned for your unexpected Distress; there Is Nothing Can be said upon these Melancholly occasions To a person of understanding, fools Can not *feel* people of Sence *must*, and *will* and when they have Sank their Spirits till they are ill, will find that Nothing but Submission Can give any Consolation to Inevitable misfortunes
I shall be extremely glad to See you, and think it would be very right if you woud Come and Dine hear two or three Days in a week it will Change the Scen and by the Sincerity of your well-come you May fancy your Self at home

I am Dear Sir

Your obliged hum. Servant
C: CLIVE

A most intimate friendship subsisted for many years between Mr. Colman and David Garrick, some of whose letters

are here published; in which we have to lament the predominance of vanity and the most paltry contrivances for puffing and keeping up his reputation by disgraceful arts. How truly does Goldsmith characterize this man:—

"Though sure of our hearts, yet consciously ask
If they were not his, own by flattery and trick."

The following extracts will fully justify our reprehension:—

[Paris; 1766.]

You cannot imagine, my dear Colman, what honours I have received from all kind of people here—the nobles and the literati have made so much of me, that I am quite ashamed of opening my heart even to you. Marmontel has wrote me the most flattering letter upon our supping together; I was in spirits, and so was the Chevalier, who supped with us at Mr. Neville's. She got up to set me a-going, and spoke something in Racine's Athalie most charmingly—upon which I gave them the dagger scene in Macbeth, the curse in Lear, and the falling asleep in Sir John Brute, the consequence of which is, that I am now stared at at the play-house, and talked of by gentle and simple as the most wonderful wonder of wonders—the first person I find going to England shall bring you Marmontel's letter—D'Alembert was one of the company, and sings my praises to all the authors of the *ENCYCLOPÉDIE*. I am glad to hear of the prologue; if they love to hear me abused, they will have great pleasure this winter, for I am told they have begun already; but I am happy and in spirits, and shall not read any newspapers on this side the Alps.

Rome, April 11th, 1764.

My dear Colman—Though I resolved in my last letter to George not to trouble you any more till I got to Venice, yet I cannot hold it out so long, but must say a word or two more to you from this place; which of all places in the world is the most worth coming to and writing about—to shew you, that I think so, you must know that I am antiquity-hunting from morning to night, and my poor wife drags her lame leg after me: by the bye she is now much better, and we have hopes of her being able to run away again from me; if she can meet with another Captain Caswell; she desires her love to you, and thanks you for writing to me, as I am sure to be always in spirits for some time after the receipt of a letter from you: I have not been quite so well here

as at Naples, which is rather extraordinary: whether I fatigued myself too much, or whether the climate does not suit me so well, I cannot say, but I have had some disagreeable nervous flutterings that made me as grave as an owl for a few days, but since the rains have fallen (and they came down here in pailfuls) and the sun is bright upon us, I have been as frisky as the poor flies, who were woefully damped by the wet weather, but are now as troublesome and as pert as your humble servant.—His Holiness the Pope is trying, by prayers, tears, and intercessions, to avert the famine which his state is threatened with. He has crept up the holy stairs (Santa Scala) which were brought from Jerusalem; he has ordered processions, and what not. We are not so bad as they are at Naples, for there indeed the tragedy was deep—I remember some scenes with horror; and since we came away, many people have dropped down in the street, and been taken away dead, from mere want of food. Our prospect at Venice is rather worse, for we hear that the plague has spread as far as Trieste, and that they begin to talk of quarantine in the neighbouring states; if so, we shall run the gauntlet terribly, but we are not dismayed, and must go through with it. I must thank you again for the trouble and care you have had about Count Firmian's books. He is very happy at the execution of the commission, and was highly pleased with your sending you own matters to him gratis—it pleased me much. I have not seen a St. James's Chronicle since the end of January—if I have them, I wish you would desire George to keep them for me to rummage over when I come to England. Mr. Baldwin* I hear is no friend to our house. Apropos—I am very angry with *Powell* for playing that detestable part of Alexander—Every genius must despise it, because that, and such fustian-like stuff, is the bane of true merit. If a man can act it well, I mean to please the people, he has something in him that a good actor should not have. He might have served

Mr. Pritchard, and himself too, in some good natural character: I hate your rosters. Delane† was once a fine *Alexander*—damn the part—I fear 'twill hurt him—but this among ourselves. I was told by a gentleman who is just come from *Sterne*‡, that he is in a very bad way. I hope *Becket* has stood my friend in regard to what he ought to have received for me, some time ago—I had a draught upon him from *Sterne* for 50 pounds ever since he went abroad—pray hint this to him, but let him not be ungentle with *Sterne*. I have sent the plan of a fine scene, and coloured, among some small things in a little box of Mr. Stanley's of the Custom-house: it is in several parts, and wrote upon the back, which is 1st, 2d, &c.—I will send a further explanation of it, but any Italian and our *Saunderson* will understand it—they should go upon it directly; it will have a fine effect. Many thanks to you for your attendance on the pantomime—I am sure they wanted help—no more humour than brickbats. I am afraid that *Love* in humorous matters carries too much gut to be spirited—flip flaps, and great changes without meaning, may distil from the head, whose eyes are half asleep; but humour, my dear Coley, and scenes that shall be all alive alive ho, can only proceed from men of small stature, whose eyes are either quite asleep or quite awake,—in short, from men who laugh heartily, and have small scars at the ends of their noses.§ I am surprised about *Murphy*, and want to know how he —|| from Mr. Lacy. Poor *Lloyd*!¶ and yet I was prepared—the death of any one we like don't shock us so much when we have seen them long in a lingering decay—Where is the bold *Churchill*?—what a noble ruin!—when he is quite undone, you shall send him here, and he shall be shewn among the great fragments of Roman genius—magnificent in ruin!—I have wrote this on purpose to tell you that *Voltaire* in his additions à *l'Histoire Générale*, at page 183 under *Usages du Scizième Siècle*, says something about

* Printer and proprietor of that paper.

† “Delane's person and voice were well adapted to the parts he generally acted: Alexander the Great was his most admired and followed character; and his success in that part brought him from Goodman's Fields to the more critical audience of Covent Garden.”—*Davies's Life of Garrick*.

‡ The *Tristram Shandy Sterne*; who died on the 18th of March 1768, a little more than four years after the date of this letter.

§ This is a complimentary allusion to Colman;—an allusion *ad hominem*, and *ad nasum*.

|| A word omitted in the MS.

¶ The poet; friend of Churchill, Colman, and Borneil Thornton.

translating *Plautus* into verse, that will be of use in the preface to *Terence*—Speed the plough my dear friend. Have you thought of the *Clandestine M.*? I am at it—I must desire you to write to me once more, and direct, à Monsieur Monsieur G. Gentilhomme Anglais chez Monsieur Dutens à Turin, and I shall get it by hook or by crook. Pray send me all kind of news:—a letter from you will comfort me in bad roads, and through plague and famine—so write, I beg, as soon as you receive this. Desire George to speak to Mr. Stanley about my things in his box. My love to all the Schombergs, Townleys, Kings, Hogarth's, Churchills, Huberts, &c. &c. &c.

Yours most affectionately ever,
D. G.

Paris, Nov. 10, 1764.

You wish me in Southampton-street—and so do I wish myself there; but not for acting or managing, but to see you, my dear Colman, and other friends—the doctors all have forbid me thinking of business—I have at present lost all taste for the stage—it was once my greatest passion, and I laboured for many years like a true lover—but I am grown cold—should my desires return, I am the town's humble servant again—though she is a great coquette, and I want youth, vigorous youth, to bear up against her occasional capriciousness—but more of this when I see you. Foote has been here, I did not see him; did his pieces succeed last summer? News, news, news, my dear friend; and in return, I will let you know every thing that passes here, and send you my sincere love and best affection into the bargain.

Yours ever and ever,

D. GARRICK.

January 27th, 1766.

Suppose there was an extract of a letter from Paris?—in which many things may be mentioned, and your friend among the rest, that it may take off all suspicion from me: I should be glad that you would add, diminish, correct, and blow a little pepper into the tail of the following nonsense:—

Extract of a letter from Paris.

“The great subject of conversation here at present is the affair of the hermaphrodite, who has married a girl at Lyons—they have annulled the marriage there, and in their sentence have condemned the hermaphrodite to wear woman's apparel hereafter:—from the

circumstances of his case (and very strange they are) the sentence is thought unjust, and there is an appeal from it to the courts here, and the curious wait with great impatience for the consequences. The *Philosophical Dictionary* which has made so great a noise here, and thought to be Voltaire's, is absolutely disowned by him, and for very good reasons: the parliament has taken it into consideration, and if the author is known, he may have reason to repent both of his wit and his indecency. The playhouse (the French one I mean) cannot stand against the comic operas at the Italians—the last, which is taken from our *George Barnwell*, and called *l'Ecole de la Jeunesse*, is much admired.”

I write in confusion, for the ambassador's private secretary has promised to send this for me in his packet, and the man waits for it.—I think you must leave me out, as I have; or begin the paragraph about me; “Our little stage hero looks better than he did, &c.”—If you think it right, speak of me as you please, gravely, ludicrously, jokingly, or how you will, so that I am not suspected to write it.—Pray touch this matter up for us, and believe me at all times, and in all humours—walking, trotting, or galloping, Ever and ever, Yours,

D. GARRICK.

Paris, February 16th.

My dear Colman, you frightened me with the extract of a letter from Paris. I am very sorry that you mentioned the *woeful want of me as manager and actor*—they will suspect it came from me, and I have no right to say so much, as I have been taking my pleasures, and left the theatre for a time—it appears ungenerous and ungrateful in me, which hurt me much.—I beg that you will do all you can to make them not think the paragraph mine, if I am suspected.—I never in my life praised myself knowingly, except a little matter in the *Proberiad*, which always pinched me: perhaps I am too sensible about this delicacy, and nobody thinks about me of the extract.—Settle my mind about that matter in the next: the devil was in you to mention the *hoop at Sadler's Wells*, for I wrote that very thing to my friend Arden, at Lord Spencer's. I desired you to say something *against* me, and you stuck your pen in your heart, and wrote as you felt.—I wish from my soul that you had not.

March 8, 1765.

I shall send you next Monday a little parcel—a great secret—is a fable I have written, the *Sick Monkey*, to be published at my return.—Severe upon myself.—I have likewise got a print engraved by Gravelot, I shall send you the plate. I would have Becket be in the secret and print it, but not publish it under his name, for it may be suspected.—I shall cut it, and you may cut more, or return what I have queried.—You'll find yourself there as a *Galloway*.—I have given some of my friends, whom I love, a little fillip:—for Heaven's sake take care to be secret.—When Becket gives it to be published, he must swear the printer to secrecy for fear of offending me.

Paris, March 10, 1765.

What do you mean, my good friend, by my being *obliged* to appear, if I manage? Upon looking over your letter, I find your words are *expected* to appear.—I must intreat you to be very sincere with me—do the town in general *really* wish to see me on the stage? or are they (which I rather think the truth) as cool about it as their humble servant?—I have no maw for it, at all, and yet something must be done to restore

our credit. That I may be able to play, and as well as ever, I will not deny; but that I am able to do as I have done, wear and tear, I neither must, nor can, nor will—the physicians here, Dr. Gen among the rest, advise me, to a man, against appearing again.—I had a little nervous attack last week, and the doctor croaked more hoarse than usual against my thinking to do as formerly. Tranquillity and retirement from business (he says) are the only means to make me myself again.

A gentleman yesterday shewed me a letter from England, in which were the following lines to me, have they been in the papers?—

To Mr. Garrick.

Take pity Garrick on our erring youth,
Restore their minds to Shakspeare and to truth.
Return, return, our hopes are all in thee—
Save us—from tweedledum and tweedledee!

I have not got it right, the third line is better in the original, but I have not time to recollect it.

It is from such letters that the truest estimate of eminent characters may be formed; and in this view, we think, the "Posthumous Letters addressed to George Colman the Elder" entitled to high rank in the class of publications to which it belongs.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

The managers of this establishment, usually liberal to profusion, have presented us with little novelty during the last month. *Virginius*—a series of old operas, in all of which Miss Greene has performed the heroine—and one or two comedies for the display of Mrs. Davison's hearty vivacity—have filled up the whole space until the few last evenings, when we have been treated with a new farce, a revival, and a tragic actress. The numerous repetitions of *Virginius* to the fullest and most brilliant audiences of the season is one of the best signs of the times, as it indicates that the old English taste for the noble and the pure yet lives in the national heart. The revival of our poetry began amidst the most awful clouds and storms which have darkened and shaken the world of nature and of morals; and it can scarcely be matter of surprise, that

the productions of that spirit-stirring season partook of its bold and reckless character. We cannot wonder that those intellects which had been awakened and vivified by the French Revolution should delight in the strange and the fearful—should snatch a giddy joy on the verge of the direst precipices of thought—or feel a mysterious pleasure in the terrible anatomy of sublime natures most awfully perverted. But the predominance of the works which their restless imaginations continued to multiply—in which guilt was rendered fascinating by its very atrocity—in which morality was sundered from power instead of being shewn in harmonious union with it—in which the force of passion was represented as more than a justification for its excesses—and the saddest and sweetest flowers of poetry were employed to array objects worthy of disgust and hatred—began to alarm

Another little art of Garrick—a poetical anonymous satire upon himself, by himself; to excite curiosity, previously to his reappearance:—it failed of its purpose, and fell still-born from the press.

the reflecting and the pure-hearted; lest the taste of the nation should become permanently corrupted. The re-action, however, is now proceeding—the jarring elements of the world of thought and passion are settling into a calm—and men are beginning to turn from the “admiral disorder” by which awhile they were astounded, to seek the harmonious and the pure, and to love and revere “the homely beauty of the good old cause” in poetry and in morals. One great proof of this healthful tendency is the deep interest excited by the tragedy of *Virginius*—in which there is no violent straining after effect—no attempt to excite wonder by the combination of qualities and powers which God and nature have separated—no appeal but to the purest sympathies—no reliance on other strength than that which is innate in the holiest of human affections. There is no alteration in the cast of the play this season, except that Yates performs *Dentatus* instead of Terry, and Mrs. Connor the nurse instead of Mrs. Faucit. The first of these changes will be the source of great regret, if we are to infer from it the loss of Mr. Terry—who in rough, honest, crabbed characters has no equal—and the last will excite some displeasure, if it has arisen from Mrs. Faucit’s objection to perform a part to which so little is allotted. In the good old times, when the enjoyments of the theatre were more earnestly sought for than at present, this disdain of inferior characters was not cherished by the favourites of the town, and plays were even less remarkable for the striking representation of one or two of the persons, than for the harmony which pervaded the scene, and which left on the mind a full and abiding impression. When the *School for Scandal* was first acted, the chief comic performers did not hesitate to appear in such parts as Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite, which only allowed them to deliver a few sentences. There is not now, we are afraid, the same desire among performers in general, which then prevailed, for the success of the representation, apart from the thirst for immediate applause to be procured by their own individual exertions. There is, therefore, rarely the same verisimilitude—the same entireness in the scenic picture—which has left so many stately remembrances on the hearts of the elder frequenters of the theatre. The singular excellence of one actor contrasted with the littleness of others, has a direct tendency to defeat

the very purpose of acting, and to deprive us of those precious moments in which admiration merges on illusion. What would an Athenian audience have felt if the lowest character in their plays had not been filled by an actor fitted to complete the harmony of those exquisite groups which their scenic representations never failed to exhibit? They would no more have endured inadequacy in the least important of their persons, than disproportion in a finger of a statue. Such was their anxiety for the perfection of the acted drama, that Sophocles himself appeared on the stage to play at ball as an attendant, who had not to utter a word, because he was endowed with peculiar grace in the exercise. On the whole, however, even when Mrs. Faucit is withdrawn, there is no play represented with so classical a harmony as Mr. Knowles’s tragedy. Macready’s *Virginius* is heightened in some of its touches without any loss of its rigorous outline or softening shades—Charles Kemble’s *Æcilius* is as passionate, as graceful, and as picturesque as at the first—and Miss Foote’s *Virginia* as freshly innocent, and as daintily sweet as ever!

The operas in which Miss Greene has appeared have formed as pleasant a series of entertainments as could be wished, if novelty were not requisite to stimulate the palled taste of the most devoted lover of plays. *Love in a Village*, though its wit is rather of a feeble cast, and some of its scenes and expressions border on offensive coarseness, is pleasing on the whole from the pastoral air which seems to breathe over it, and which delightfully refreshes those who are “pent in populous city.” But at once more stirring and refreshing is the interest excited by the melo-dramatic opera of *Rob Roy*, which agitates more nobly, and tranquillizes more sweetly, than any other work of its class which we have ever seen. It transports us to wild glens far in the Highlands, and there, amidst rugged mountains tranquil in golden sunshine, gives us to listen to plaintive notes of old Scottish melodies, or to share in the devoted love of an ancient clan to their generous chieftain, compelled amidst his natural fastnesses, to bid defiance to the restraints of a cruel and vindictive policy. As the popularity of the novel whence the piece is taken precludes the necessity of laborious explanation, there is throughout the whole no tedious interval, but the pauses in the romantic action are filled by the rich comic co-

extricacies of the Baillie, or the warbled poetry of Burns and Wordsworth. Macready's personation of the noble-hearted outlaw, though it does not exhibit the more poetical qualities of his acting, has a spell to make the heart gush with strange joy, and to moisten parched eyes with unwonted tears. The "power of hills" is visibly upon him. His step, his air, his lofty bearing, are not less than those of a prince—but of a prince who has long had the rocky caves for his pavilion, the heather-clad mountain for his throne, and the "brave o'er-hanging firmament fretted with golden fire" for his canopy. What a frank cordiality is there in his demeanour to his friends—what rich humour occasionally breaks through his sadness—with what rage does his eye quiver one moment, and with what determinate power does it settle the next—how his heart seems to rise within his bosom, as though his robust frame could not endure its swellings—and with what majesty at last does the long-repressed emotion burst forth, as he recounts his wrongs, his sufferings, and his revenges! To see acting like this—to enjoy Liston at his happiest in *Nichol Jarvie*—to listen delighted to Auld Lang Syne and Roy's Wife—and to luxuriate on the fairest Highland scenery—is to drink in pleasure "felt in the blood and felt along the heart, and passing even into the purer mind with tranquil restoration." *The Antiquary* is not so good—for the choice peculiarities of Oldbuck are unsuited to the stage—and the awful disclosures of Elphinstone, trembling between death and life, can scarcely be given with any shadow of resemblance to the fearful vision in our souls. In these pieces Miss Green has performed Rosetta, Diana Vernon, and Miss Wardour, besides Florence St. Leon in *Henri Quatre*, and Silvia in *Cymon*;—and though in none of these parts she has equalled, on the whole, her Polly in the *Beggar's Opera*, she has in all displayed much vocal talent and good taste, and been greeted with hearty-applauses. She does not properly husband her powers; for she almost always appears exhausted towards the close of a piece, and gives her latter songs with unfortunate languor. Thus her opening song in *Cymon*, and her part in the duet "Here take this nosegay, gentle youth," were admirably executed; but her "Sweet passion of love" was almost a failure. She has taken a highly respectable, and we hope permanent station,

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among our English songstresses—but is very far from justifying the least comparison with Miss Stephens or Miss Tree. She has been supported by Mr. Horn in the characters of Young Meadows and Francis Osbaldistone, who has a pure taste and a voice which, though somewhat husky in the lower notes, has great sweetness and power. He has not, however, removed our anxiety for the return of Sinclair, whose mellow tones blended with the finer clearness of Miss Stephens, in a stream of sound which enriched the soul over which it passed with the gentlest thoughts and the loveliest images.

The revival of *Cymbeline* was attended with an interest excited rather by the tumultuous feelings of contending parties, by which some of its passages were applied to the great cause now at issue, than by a deep sense of its intrinsic beauties. With all the old magnificence of its regalities—all the ravishing graces of its domestic scenes—and all the variety and freshness of its pure and lofty characters—it has little effect as an acted drama. Until the fifth act the unity of design is too little apparent for the spectator to live willingly along all those delicate lines of interest which are so admirably brought together at its close. There is nothing in the whole range of the drama superior to its last scene, where so many distant circumstances are made to tend to a common centre—where the triumph of the old Britons over the Roman legions, the clear succession to a throne, and the felicities of strangely parted lovers, are at once displayed and celebrated—and where the grandeur of a barbaric court, the visions of heathen gods, and the natural sweetnesses of most romantic love, blend their influences without violence or confusion. Yet even this noble catastrophe, or rather union of catastrophes, produces less effect on the stage than the explosion of a mine or the storming of a battery! Charles Kemble appeared for the first time as Posthumus, and well sustained the living honours of his family. How beautiful was his incredulity of Imogen's dishonour—his eager, fond, trusting exclamation on seeing the bracelet, "may be she plucked it off to send it me,"—how intense his passionate rage on the completion of the damning proof—how wildly frantic his self-accurring burst on discovering the innocence of her whom he had deserted! Macready's Iachimo was an ingenious performance on the whole; and the ex-

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quisite poetry interspersed through the speeches allotted to him came from his lips, "like softest music to attending ears." But the part is wholly unsuited to his genius. His voice, fitted alike to roll its thunders on the oppressor, or to dwell on beauty with lingering sweetness, is not formed for the honeyed accents of the deceiver; his air of nobleness scarcely yields to the uses of treachery; his native looks of generous indignation are ill-composed to the guise of a base coiner of murderous slanders. Hypocrisy sits ill upon him; and while we see him counterfeiting its counterfeits, we almost expect to hear him exclaim, in a self-jealousy, which, indeed, would be needless—

"I will not do't
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness."

We must not omit (how can we?) to mention that Miss Foote is a charming Imogen. She may not perhaps be able to give adequate expression to the intense affection which breathes throughout the character;—but of all its grace, and all its purity, she is a living image. Her elegance seems not an art, but a rare endowment; she is a lady of Nature's own; of whom we might almost fancy with the poet that the floating clouds had lent to her their state, and "beauty born of murmuring sound had passed into her face." Some critics exclaim against her appearance in such characters; as if it were nothing to look and move like the original of one of Shakspeare's daintiest females, or as if a high tragic actress, even with similar grace and loveliness, would condescend to be as unobtrusive and as simple!

The Stranger introduced Charles Kemble as the misanthropic husband, and a young lady as the penitent wife, who alone impart interest to its scenes. The former gave some passages as finely as possible—as, for example, the narrative of his wrongs, the forced tranquillity of his reply to the servants' cutting questions, "Why don't you prepare for the journey?" and his picture of the scoffs to be expected, if he should appear "with his runaway wife under his arm." Perhaps a gentler and a deeper melancholy should have pervaded the whole; but as Macready is unfit for a villainous part, Kemble is not exactly adequate to a sickly and sentimental character. There is something peculiarly free and healthful about the ge-

neral tone of his acting, which must prevent him from delineating, in all its faded hues, a morbid creation like the Stranger. We are sorry to say that this attempt of the lady did not succeed. Her choice, or that of the managers for her, was singularly unwise. Mrs. Haller was not only one of Miss O'Neil's best performances, but one which retained its chastity and its freshness, after too many of her characters had lost their earliest charm. No one who has seen her will ever forget the air of purity which seemed to breathe about her—the exquisite propriety of every movement and gesture—the beautiful struggle which preceded her confession—the instinctive shrinking at the idea that she was in the presence of a man of honour who knew her story—her hurried expression of fearful delight, "Heaven be praised!" on hearing that the children were well—and the sob of mingled joy, penitence, and love, with which she threw herself into the stranger's arms! The fair *débütante* had not only to contend with this recollection, but with a measured intonation of her own, peculiarly unpleasing in the level speaking of this domestic play. She conceived the part well—and displayed, at times, considerable pathos—but the false style of her elocution, and a strange stiffness of demeanour, tempted an occasional laugh, which no doubt prevented her from doing herself justice in the last and most affecting scenes. Are we never again to have an actress at Covent Garden capable of performing high tragedy? Has the manager never seen Miss Taylor? If not, we earnestly recommend him to obtain a glimpse of her in any of her best characters, and we think he will agree with us, that no one can do so much towards supplying the chasm which the retirement of Miss O'Neil has created.

The new farce of *A Race for a Wife*, which was scarcely endured the first night, and laid aside after the second, is little worthy of criticism. It consisted of a chain of minute plots and counterplots, which kept the attention painfully on the stretch, and did not greatly reward it. The language, however, was respectable, and its music worthy of a better fate.—The French dancers, after an illiberal opposition, have secured a temporary asylum in this theatre, and have appeared in several elegant ballets, especially the *Slave-merchant*, and *Pygmalion*, with considerable success.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The "Little Theatre in the Haymarket," where the heartiest mirth has nestled for more than half a century, is, we believe, closed for ever! There, where we have laughed we know not how oft, we shall be jocund no more; and we must hope in vain in any new edifice for the same associations which were connected with that which we shall never re-enter. Its closing performances, though not so fully attended as we wished, were worthy of its renown. Sheridan's delightful opera of *The Duenna*, which has all the fascinations of exquisite music, with all the interest, situation, wit, and character of the most brilliant comedy, was delightfully represented by its admirable comedians, with the aid of Braham and Miss R. Corri, to execute the principal songs. *The Castle of Andalusia* also, which has the same relation to ludicrous farce which the *Duenna* bears to elegant comedy, was performed with equal completeness. *Guy Mannering* was several times repeated—with the somewhat dubious attraction of a young lady in Meg Merrilies! What motive could induce any manager to select such a part for a young lady's first appearance, we cannot imagine. Is it not mere child's play for a girl to attempt a representation of a female who has been made awful by years—who forms a mysterious link to bind one generation to another—and whose enthusiasm is sublime, as lighting up with almost supernatural energy a weather-beaten and wasted frame? The lady was as unlike the part as possible—not only looking young and healthy with all her disguise, but wholly incapable of assuming a sibyl-like tone of voice, or a picturesque grandeur of attitude. She, however, manifested some powers, especially of the pathetic; which were more happily developed afterwards in her *Cordelia*; and though deficient in grace, evidently possesses talent which careful study may render highly serviceable to her profession.

The School for Scandal was charmingly performed, and repeated several times with great applause. It was a

high treat to see Charles Kemble in Charles Surface in this little theatre, where all his airiest graces could be perceived, and his lightest tones of exquisite humour heard and relished in perfection. Mrs. C. Kemble's Lady Teazle was also very arch and spirited. Terry, who has, of late, shewn rare versatility of talent, was an admirable Sir Peter; though we thought his mirth a little too boisterous and long-protracted on telling Charles of the French milliner. The same excellent actor also appeared in Lord Ogleby with considerable applause—and though wanting a certain air of refinement, and dainty nicety of manner, which poor Lovegrove hit off so well, merited high praise. He closed his summer career, and that of the theatre, which he has ably conducted, with a bold attempt to perform Lear. On the whole, if not the best, he was the most equable representative of that tremendous character within our memory. His delivery of the imprecation on Goneril was far superior to that of Mr. Kean. He began in an awful undertone, but gradually relaxed from vengeance to agony, as he described his own feelings under the form of cursing, and after an expression of the intensest bitterness, sunk exhausted on the earth. A little more kingliness of demeanour, and a gentler gradation in his tones, would have given the performance a place among the master-pieces of tragic acting.

The young gentleman who appeared last season at Drury-lane in Hamlet, performed Edgar, and evinced no mean capabilities for his profession, though they are at present obscured by an ignorance of the business of the scene, and a lamentable deficiency in the accomplishment of fighting, which is of consequence to a hero. At the close of the play Mr. Terry delivered an address with great feeling and amidst great applause, announcing the final close of the theatre, and the design of erecting a new one in its room. The old house has our fondest regrets, and the new one our heartiest wishes.

VARIETIES.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Bayeux Tapestry.—The following interesting account of this curious relic of antiquity, illustrative of an important period of English history, is taken from Mr. Dawson Turner's recent Tour in Normandy. As Mr. C. A. Stothard, the son of the eminent Royal Academician, is engaged on a facsimile of the work for the Society of Antiquaries, we may hope to see it executed in a more correct style than the publications of the French artists.—“Till the revolution the tapestry was always kept in the cathedral, in a chapel on the south side, dedicated to Thomas à Becket, and was only exposed to public view once a year, during the octave of the feast of St. John, on which occasion it was hung up in the nave of the church, which it completely surrounded. From the time thus selected for the display of it, the tapestry acquired the name of *Le toile de Saint Jean*; and it is to the present day commonly so called in the city. During the most stormy part of the revolution, it was secreted; but it was brought to Paris when the fury of Vandalism had subsided. And, when the first Consul was preparing for the invasion of England, this ancient trophy of the subjugation of the British nation was proudly exhibited to the gaze of the Parisians, who saw another conqueror in Napoleon Buonaparte; and many well-sounding effusions, in prose and verse, appeared, in which the laurels of Duke William were transferred, by anticipation, to the brows of the child and champion of jacobinism. After this display, Buonaparte returned the tapestry to the municipality, accompanied by a letter, in which he thanked them for the care they had taken of so precious a relic. From that period to the present, it has remained in the residence appropriated to the mayor, the former episcopal palace; and here we saw it. It is a piece of brownish linen cloth, about two hundred and twelve feet long, and eighteen inches wide, French measure. The figures are worked with worsted of different colours, but principally light-red, blue, and yellow. The historical series is included between borders composed of animals, &c. The colours are faded, but not so much so as might have been expected. The figures exhibit a regular line of events, commencing with Edward the Confessor seated upon his throne, in the act of despatching Harold to the court of the Norman Duke, and continued through Harold's journey, his capture by the Comte de Ponthieu, his interview with William, the death of Edward, the usurpation of the British throne by Harold, the Norman invasion, the battle of Hastings, and Harold's death. These various events are distributed into seventy-two compartments, each of them designated by an inscription in Latin. Ducarel justly compares the style of the execution to that of a girl's sampler.

The figures are covered with work, except on their faces, which are merely in outline. In point of drawing, they are superior to the contemporary sculpture at St. George's and elsewhere; and the performance is not deficient in energy. The colours are distributed rather fancifully: thus the fore and off legs of the horse are varied. It is hardly necessary to observe that perspective is wholly disregarded, and that no attempt is made to express light and shadow. Great attention, however, is paid to costume; and more individuality of character has been preserved than could have been expected, considering the rude style of the workmanship. The Saxons are represented with long mustachios; the Normans have their upper lip shaven, and retain little more hair upon their heads than a single lock in front. Historians relate how the English spies reported the invading army to be wholly composed of ecclesiastics; and this tapestry affords a graphical illustration of the chroniclers' text. Not the least remarkable feature of the tapestry, in point of costume, lies in the armour, which, in some instances, is formed of interlaced rings; in others, of square compartments; and in others, of lozenges. Those who contend for the antiquity of Duke William's equestrian statue, at Caen, may find a confirmation of their opinions, in the shape of the saddles assigned to the figures of the Bayeux tapestry; and equally so in their cloaks and their pendent braided tresses. The tapestry is coiled round a cylinder, which is turned by a winch and wheel; and it is rolled and unrolled with so little attention, that if it continues under such management as the present, it will be wholly ruined, in the course of half a century. It is injured at the beginning; towards the end it becomes very ragged, and several of the figures have completely disappeared. The worsted is unravelling too, in many of the intermediate portions. As yet, however, it is still in good preservation, considering its great age, though, as I have just observed, it will not long continue so. The bishop and chapter have lately applied to government, requesting that the tapestry may be restored to the church.”

Pompey's Pillar.—The inscription on the column at Alexandria, known by this name, which has long baffled the radeavours of the learned, has at length been completely deciphered. It proves that the column was dedicated to Diocletian, by Posidius, prefect of Egypt. No tradition informs us how it gained its old appellation. The following is the true reading:—

TON TIMIGITATON ATTOKPATOPA
TON POΛIOTYXON AΛEΞANAPEIAC
ΔIOKANTIANON TON ANIKHTON
ΠOCIAIOC EΠAΦOC AIT'TITOT.

“Posidius, prefect of Egypt (has erected) the most honoured emperor, the guardian deity of Alexandria, Diocletian the Invincible.”

Translation of Enoch.—Dr. Gesenius, who, with Lord Guildford, has been recently transcribing some Arabian MSS. at the Bodleian Library, has nearly completed the singular task of translating the Book of Enoch from the Abyssinian language. This language resembles the Arabic, one fourth of the words perhaps being radically of that tongue, in which the learned Doctor is well skilled, while he is also one of the most celebrated Hebrew scholars on the continent.

Northern Expedition.—Letters from Quebec, 16th August, state, that intelligence has reached there, from the over-land expedition under Lieut. Franklin. It had arrived safely at Fort Chippawain, in the Athabasca Country.

Electrical Experiment.—Place a thin piece of tin-foil vertically between two horizontal and insulated rods of brass, each terminated by a knob, and distant from each other between one and two inches, then pass from one to the other a strong charge of a large electrical battery: the plate of tin will be found pierced by two holes, with their burs in opposite directions. That the experiment may succeed, the tin-foil should be thin, and the charge strong, otherwise only two impressions will be seen on the plate.

Antidotes for Poisons.—By late experiments, M. Drapiez has ascertained that the fruit of the *fenillea cordifolia* is a powerful antidote against vegetable poison. Dr. Chisholm states, that the juice of the sugar-cane is the best antidote known for arsenic.

Remedy for Ophthalmia.—A species of bigonia grows in *La Guyane*, in the neighbourhood of Demerara, in a sandy soil, which contains, under the brown epidermis, a fibrous, pulpy part, from which the Indians collect a juice, by pressing it on cotton. A drop or two of this juice is conveyed into the eye, by means of a paper funnel, once a-day for three or four days, in which time it effects a cure. Dr. Chisholm declares, that he has tried this plant in three cases of ophthalmia with success: having only the dry root, he scraped off the outside, and made a strong infusion of the internal part; six drops of which, applied to each eye once a-day, completed the cure in six days.

Georgian Version of the Scriptures.—By the correspondence of the Rev. Dr. Pinkerton, attached to the Sixteenth Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, it appears that the manuscript translation of the Scriptures into the Georgian language, made by St. Euphemius, in the eighth century, is still preserved in the Iberian or Georgian Monastery, at Mount Athos, with many other scriptural and theological works in the same language. It is proposed to send some persons acquainted with the language to transcribe these important works.

Prevention of Contagion.—By the powerful aid of chlorine, chemists have succeeded in decomposing, or wholly neutralizing, the contagious miasmata, which are exhaled in

certain disorders. The action of this gas is certain; it causes the offensive odour to disappear, and that of the chlorine itself becomes hardly sensible (unless it has been employed to excess), which manifests the reciprocal action of the miasmata and the gas. Fumigations with nitric acid, and of hydrochloric acid (muriatic), may be employed for the same purpose; they are less active than those of chlorine, but they may be used with advantage in many cases. We will here describe the mode of proceeding, for the use of families, in which one or more individuals are attacked by one of those maladies from which contagion may be apprehended, and where the (rather complicated) means of producing chlorine are not at hand. It is sufficient to procure some nitre or sea-salt, pulverized; to put half an ounce into a tea-cup, and to pour upon it sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol). You must stir the mixture, which is of the consistence of paste, with the end of a glass tube: a white smoke is seen to arise from it, the smell of which, though strong, is not disagreeable, and which forms in the chamber, as it were, a slight mist. The operation must be repeated from time to time, and the mixture frequently stirred.

Distant Visibility of Mountains.—(From the Quarterly Journal of Science, Literature, and the Arts):—

	Authority.	Miles Dist.
Himalaya Mountains	Str W. Jones	244
Mount Ararat, from Derbend	Bruce	240
Mowna Roa, Sandwich Islands (53 leagues)		180
Chimborazo (47 leagues)		160
Peak of Teneriffe, from South Cape of Lanzarote	Humboldt	135
Peak of Teneriffe, from ship's deck		116
Peak of the Azores	Don W. Cagigal	126
Temahued	Morier	100
Mount Athos	Dr. Clarke	100
Adam's Peak	Calcutta Monthly Journal	95
Ghaut at the back of Telliebery	Do.	94
Golden Mount, from ship's deck	Do.	92
Pulo Pera, from the top of Penang	Do.	75
The Ghaut at Cape Comorin	Do.	73
Pulo Penang, from ship's deck	Do.	63

Restoration of Paintings.—The white used in oil-painting is, generally, prepared from lead, and forms the basis of many other pigments; and is extremely liable to turn brown or black, when affected by sulphureous vapours. M. Thenard, of Paris, has restored a painting of Raphael's, thus injured, by means of oxygenated water, applied with a pencil, which instantly took out the spots and restored the white. The fluid was so weak, as to contain not more than five or six times its volume of oxygen, and had no taste.

Double Refraction of Minerals.—The following simple apparatus is sufficient for ascertaining this property. Two plates of tourmaline, cut parallel to the axis of the crystal, and placed crossways, so as to absorb all the light: the substance to be examined is to be placed between the plates; if it is doubly

refractive, the light re-appears through the tourmalines; if not, all remains dark.

Veratrine.—A new vegetable alkali has been found in the *veratrum sabadilla* or cevadilla, the *veratrum album* or white hellebore, and the *colchicum autumnale* or meadow saffron. It has been denominated *veratrine*. The substance from which it was chiefly obtained was the seed of the cevadilla.

Purification of Pyroligneous Acid.—This acid, the vinegar of wood, the antiseptic properties of which are noticed in page 212, may be freed from all impurities, by treatment with sulphuric acid, manganese, and common salt, and subsequent distillation. Haddocks and herrings have been successfully cured with this acid, which seems adapted to the preservation of every species of animal food.

Metallic Vegetations.—Place a few filings of copper and iron on a glass plate, at a certain distance one from the other; drop a little nitrate of silver on each parcel—the silver will soon begin to precipitate, while the iron and copper will oxidise and become coloured; then, by a small wooden point, the ramifications may be arranged at will, whilst the flame of a taper, being placed under the plate, will increase the evaporation, facilitate the re-action of the substances, blacken the lower side of the plate, and thus form a design.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Ripening Wall-Fruit.—Mr. Henry Dawes, of Slough, has published the result of an experiment for facilitating the ripening of wall-fruit, by covering the wall with black paint. The experiment was tried on a vine, and it is stated that the weight of fine grapes gathered from the blackened part of the wall was 20 lb. 10 oz.; while the plain part yielded only 7 lb. 1 oz., being little more than one-third of the other. The fruit on the blackened part of the wall was also much finer, the bunches were larger, and ripened better than on the other half; the wood of the vine was likewise stronger, and more covered with leaves on the blackened part.

Preservation of Fruit from Wasps.—Andrew Knight, Esq., F.R.S., the President of the Horticultural Society, has communicated the fact, that his vine, which was formerly much damaged by numerous swarms of wasps, has lately been wholly freed from their destructive encroachments, by the circumstance of some young yew-trees, near the vine, coming into bearing. These have subsequently produced, in every season, an abundant crop of berries, upon which the wasps have preyed with much avidity, apparently preferring the fruit of the yew-tree to that of the vine. The taste of the yew-berry indicates the presence of much saccharine matter, which is mixed with mucilage in a very concentrated state, and it is therefore, probably, very nutritious.

Principles of Vegetation.—In the first part of the fourth volume of the Transactions of

the London Horticultural Society, we find an essay, by the Rev. William Herbert, detailing various experiments on hybrid vegetables, which appear to have been conducted with great care and accuracy. One inference drawn by the Rev. Gentleman from his success in producing varieties in vegetables is, that all the species of plants now existing have branched from original genera; or, in other words, that genera alone were created; and that most of those plants, which are now considered species, are no more than permanent varieties: the saving word *probable* is, indeed, introduced into this hypothesis; but, from the tenor of the whole paper, it should seem, the author gives full credit to this favourite opinion. This conclusion, however, we cannot help thinking unphilosophical; for, on reflection, it naturally occurs, that the same creative power, which produced one individual vegetable, could, with equal facility, create a million; and that if genera in their native soils and climates produced, in the early era of the world, endless permanent varieties, at what period did this propensity to indefinite multiplication cease to act? It may be said, that new permanent varieties, or species, continue to arise at the present day, but this remains to be proved; for since plants have been described with accuracy (we mean, since the time of Ray and Tournefort), what new species do we know, or even suspect, to have been produced in a native locality? That many vegetables under cultivation are apt to run into varieties, is obvious; but the varieties of plants, in a state of nature, are comparatively few in number, and these varieties are generally produced by the individuals growing in situations differing in moisture, temperature, and exposure, from the stations which are natural to them—seldom from seminal admixture; for were there no limit to the power gratuitously ascribed to the first created genera, the vegetable kingdom, long ere this period, would have become a confused and heterogeneous assemblage of hybrids, deviating, in every respect, from one of the most essential and fundamental laws of nature.

Failure of the Olive in France.—Letters from Provence mention the total failure of olive-plantations in that part of France: it has, indeed, been remarked, that, for upwards of half a century, the olives have shewn a tendency to emigrate. The soil of Provence now appears to be entirely ruined, and no hope is entertained there of the future cultivation of olives. For the last fifty years, none of the young shoots have risen to above five or six feet high. It is the same in the adjacent countries, which have all suffered more or less from the cold of late years. Two-fifths of these plants have been cut down to the very roots; and three years will scarcely suffice to enable them to attain maturity. The olives of Marseilles and Var were, some time ago, in excellent condition; but all have perished.

New Species of Potatoe.—*Dr. Laubertius*, a skilful gardener, has introduced into Ghent, from some foreign country, a potatoe, of a species not known on the continent. Having planted it, the crop produced 9,260 lbs. of potatoes, every stalk yielding 15 or 18 lbs. The stem is oblong, colour red, and quality excellent, not unlike to *Dr. Laubertius*. *Botanical Illustrations.*—The ash-tree, which is this year unusually full of fruit or seeds, commonly called keys, will be found worthy the attention of those who are fond of the caprices of nature. The pod of this tree is oblong and contains a seed of a bluish colour, and is called a key.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

EUROPE.

National Statistics, combined and compared.—We take the present opportunity of setting before our readers a slight view of the statistics, the personnel, of several parts of Europe; if it were possible to assemble the whole in the same article, it would possess a common interest,—but, that is not at present in our power.

Kingdom of Naples.—On the first of January, 1810, were enumerated in this kingdom (not including Sicily) 3,006,883 individuals, of which, 2,432,431 were males, and 2,574,452 were females. On the first of January, 1820, the population comprised 3,097,845 inhabitants; of which, 2,478,909 were males, and 2,618,434 were females. According to this comparison, the population had increased, during the year, by the number of 90,460. In the year 1810, there were 48,791 marriages; in 1810, the number of marriages was 69,572; being a majority of 20,781 above the preceding year: and this, it may be presumed, is one result of the more settled and peaceful state of the European community. How far what is reported under the head of Paris, together with the following articles, support the same inference, must be left to the reader's opinion.

Sweden.—It results from the new statistic tables, which have been formed for the use of the government, for the years 1816-17-18, that the population of this kingdom is increased, in these three years, by 78,346 individuals. In the capital, there was a slight increase in 1816, and in the following years a diminution; which is accounted for, by reference to the greater anxiety of the proprietors of extensive estates to devote themselves to the labours of agriculture, and to the superintendence of their mines and furnaces. In 1816, the number of births was 80,644; that of deaths was 56,225; in 1817, the births were 83,821; the deaths were 60,863: in 1818, the births were 85,714; the deaths were 61,745. At the close of 1815, the population of the kingdom amounted to 2,463,066 persons; in 1818, it amounted to 2,549,412. The number of natural children has diminished in a remarkable proportion: in 1816, it was 6,889; in 1817, it was 5,079; and, in 1818, it was 3,754. In

fruit is in shape like a bird's tongue, having only one cell that contains a seed of the same shape. By opening the pod carefully with a penknife, the umbilical cord will be found running from the stalk to the upper-end of the fruit, where it enters to convey the nourishment to the germs, in which (on opening from the reverse end) will be found the future tree, so formed, both in trunk and leaves, as not even to require the assistance of magnifiers to see the perfect plant. We are not aware of any other kernel that affords so distinct a resemblance of its parent.

1816, the number of mothers who bore twins was 1,438; and of those who had three children, the number was 30: in 1817, the number of mothers who had twins was 1,256; and of those who bore three children, the number was 28: in 1818, the number of mothers who had twins was 1,275; of those who had three children, 21. A remarkable decrease of numbers, considered in connexion with the decrease of natural children. It may be presumed, that the number of marriages has increased in proportion to that of births, and to the decrease of natural children: the advantage of this to the state, as well as to individuals, admits of no dispute, and furnishes a fair object of congratulation to the Swedish nation and government.

Denmark.—In this kingdom, during the year 1819, there were 9,188 marriages, 35,405 births, and 21,544 deaths; inasmuch that the births exceeded the deaths by no less than 13,861. Among the deaths, six persons had attained the age of a hundred years and upwards. The number of natural children among the births was 3,028. The reader will compare these numbers with those of the neighbouring kingdom, for 1818. In Sweden, they were 3,754 to 85,714: in Denmark, they were 3,028 to 35,405.

The science of statistics is becoming of great interest throughout all enlightened countries, especially in Europe. We should be glad to see it obtain the attention it deserves in Spain, in Italy, and elsewhere: nor should the results be indiscriminately massed, but distinctly stated, and with greater care and evidence, in countries where the population comprises a variety of tribes. Hungary, for instance, enumerates among its inhabitants, Magyars—Slaves—Bosnians—Croats—Serbians—Germans—Wallachians—Greeks—Armenians—Jews—Bohemians, &c. Can the interests of all these people be the same? Is the ratio of their increase, or decrease, the same? And in what proportion do they differ? &c. &c. &c. Again, the proportion of different religious persuasions, their influence on the public manners and morals, on increase and decrease, &c., of which Russia affords a notable instance. Under that sovereignty, the ecclesiastical organization is regulated in the following manner. The

Catholics of Lithuania, of White Russia, and of Western Russia, have their archbishops, bishops, and religious orders of both sexes, &c.; while the *Protestants*, Lutherans, and the Reformed, in general, have their superior consistory in each government. In Finland, every consistory is presided by a bishop, and, in the other provinces, by a superintendant general. The *Armenians* have their archbishops and bishops, under a patriarch. The *Moravian brethren*, of Sarepta, have their separate ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The *Mahometans*, estimated at three millions, have two muftis. The followers of the *Lama* have their *lamas* or priests. The *Schamans*, and the races of Finlanders, who do not receive baptism, have, nevertheless, their priests. The *Jews* have their synagogues, their rabbins, and a school of the superior description, at Witepsk. In general, all the sects enjoy the greatest liberty throughout Russia, provided that neither of them endeavours to make proselytes.

These inquiries, with others that will present themselves to the judicious, should they be effectually pursued, would throw great light on the present state of the world, its kingdoms, divisions, departments, &c. They would also afford means of comparison, as to the real advantages of civilized life; as to the influence of opinion on the welfare of states; as to the relative prosperity attendant on national pursuits, on professional labours, on acquired enjoyments, on artificial regulations, &c.: and, perhaps, they might contribute to the conviction of some of our discontented countrymen, who suppose other nations to be happier than their own—yet can neither assign, nor even imagine, any reason in support of their anti-national suppositions.

FRANCE.

Expired Patents.—The French have so long been in the habit of copying all our patents, and making profit of English discoveries and improvements, in every branch, that it is but fair they should yield some advantage in return. It is, therefore, not without satisfaction we announce the appearance of a third volume of a work, purporting to contain *A Description of the Machines and processes specified in the Brevets of invention, of improvement and completion, the time of which is expired.* The publication is sanctioned by the Minister of the Interior, and edited by M. Christian, director of the Repository of Arts and Trades. This volume has been anxiously expected in France, and British mechanicians may, undoubtedly, take valuable hints from it; and the rather, as the editor has not contented himself with simply copying the descriptions in many of the patents, but has examined the machines themselves, when in operation; or, has obtained additional information. For it seems that many of these documents are drawn up so loosely, or so imperfectly, or, perhaps, with such intentional obscurity, that no

ordinary penetration can understand them. Some have drawings without explanations, and others have explanations without drawings, where both are necessary: some are mere titles. On the whole, this work demonstrates the interest taken by the government in diffusing important and essential information: it therefore merits the greater attention of all concerned in trade and manufactures.

The Salic Law.—Paris, Sept. 2. M. Cuvion Nissas, jun. has just published a French translation of the *Salic Law*, accompanied with notes. It is strange enough that this oldest code of laws has been long since known to us only by an enactment which it does not contain, namely, the custom of the *Salic Franks*, which has become a fundamental principle of the French monarchy—the exclusion of females (and their descendants) from the succession to the throne. This law, founded on custom alone, has never been a written law at any period of the monarchy, and it is erroneously that some commentators and lawyers have thought it to be contained in the 69d chapter of the *Salic Law*. M. Bignon observes, “A law must have been held in high estimation, to be so strictly observed, that it never was necessary to reduce it to writing.”

Medical Prize Question.—A satisfactory answer not having been given to the question—“Can the existence of Idiopathic fever be doubted?”—proposed last year by the Société de Médecine of Paris, it is re-proposed, the greatest latitude being given to candidates in the choice and development of their opinions. The prize will be a gold medal of 300 francs value; but as a farther stimulus, the society will, if there be opportunity, award gold medals, of 100 francs value, to the memoirs which may most nearly obtain the prize, and silver medals of emulation. The concourse will close on the 30th of September 1821. The memoirs written in French or Latin, to be sent, carriage free, before then, to the Secrétaire Générale de la Société de Médecine, Rue St. Avoie, No. 39.

Prize Question in Natural History.—The Academy of Sciences propose the following:—“To follow the development of the *Triton* or Aquatic Salamander, in its different degrees from the egg to the perfect animal, and to describe the change which it undergoes interiorly, principally in respect to its osteology and the distribution of its vessels.” The prize of the value of 300 francs. Memoirs to be transmitted before January 1, 1822.

ITALY.

Rome: Progress of Science.—In our Magazine for July last, we stated that Mr. Settele, Professor of Astronomy to the Academy della Sapienza, had laid before the Maestro del Sacro Palazzo, the manuscript of his course of lectures, to obtain leave to print it. This was refused, because Settele taught the motion of the earth round the sun, a doctrine

which is known to be condemned by the Court of Rome, and for broaching which Galileo was thrown into prison. Application was therefore made to the Inquisition, to solicit a decision conformable to the present state of the sciences. The holy office gave its decision a few days ago, and permitted the publication of the above-named work, as well as the public teaching of the Copernican system. But Mr. Settele is in a note commanded to remark, "in conformity with the truth," that it cannot appear surprising that Galileo's theory experienced opposition, at a time when it was still new, and by no means generally adopted; and that the persecution which Galileo suffered, was to be attributed more to his conduct, and to the improper language which he used, than to the system which he attempted to prove.

Early Venetian Travellers: Marco Polo.—The services rendered to science, in past times, should not be forgotten, notwithstanding the more prominent events of later ages; we, therefore, announce with pleasure, the intention of the Venetian press to renew the acquaintance of the public with the accounts furnished by travellers of ages past, natives of the Venetian states; or, who travelled under the especial protection and sanction of that government. The first of these has appeared at Venice, in one vol. 8vo, 1818, under the title of *Di Marco Polo, e degli altri Viaggiatori Veneziani piu illustri. Dissertazioni del P. Placido Zurlo; con Appendice sulle Antiche Mappe idrografiche lavorate in Venezia*: Of Marco Polo, and other most illustrious Venetian travellers, &c.—It was in the latter half of the thirteenth century, that Marco Polo was commissioned by the Venetian government to travel into the countries of Asia, for the purpose of making discoveries. Venice was, at that time, the first of commercial cities; and was desirous of retaining and enlarging her connexions. The attempt was worthy the sagacity of her rulers. Not to overlook the interests of the Church, the Pope associated two missionaries with Marco, who, together with their principal, with his kinsman Nicolo, and Matteo Polo, brought to Europe the first authentic information on the subject of the countries east of Persia. Marco Polo wrote his narrative in Latin; and there are extant old translations of it in Italian, French, German, and Portuguese: it is also well known among English collectors of voyages and travels. Sig. Zurlo examines the results of these travels: he treats on the lives of the travellers, and on the highly valuable discoveries with which they enriched geography, natural history, human manners, religion, customs, commerce, the sciences and the arts. For, not contented with exploring unknown countries, they were endowed with great sagacity, and animated with ardent zeal. To Marco Polo we are beholden for our first acquaintance with China, Tibet, the coasts and the islands of

the Indian Seas; and also, the island of Madagascar, though this island he did not visit. P. Zurlo takes occasion to insert an interesting digression on the names *Cataio* and *Mangi*, given to China; and on the opinions entertained by the ancients respecting the people known to them under the appellations of *Sini* and *Seres*. The observations of Polo contribute much to illustrate the history of the Tartars. He found among the Chinese, the arts of painting and printing, which had been long practised; also, refineries for sugar, and medicines prepared by chemical process. Sig. Zurlo goes so far as to think it credible, that this traveller brought from China the first hints or description of gunpowder, of maps or geographical delineations, of the astrolabe, and of the mariner's compass: reasons enough why Venice should boast of her Marco Polo; and also her endeavours to immortalize his name.

An Armenian Gazette is printed in the Armenian convent, which is situated on one of the islands in the Lagunes of Venice. The articles are, for the most part, translated from the best Italian newspapers. Numerous copies are sent to Constantinople, and then dispersed over the Levant. Three of them go to the Seraglio of the Sultan. By their aid the political bulletins are controuled, which the Hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia are obliged to send in every week.

Pompeii: Shower of Ashes.—From a late eruption of Vesuvius, a shower of ashes fell on the now uncovered ruins of Pompeii. M. de Gimbernat, a Spanish naturalist, has compared the substances, of which this recent shower is composed, with those by which the city was anciently overwhelmed. He could not find the smallest resemblance between them; insomuch that it appears doubtful to him whether that city really was ruined by a shower of ashes. The same naturalist has observed, that within a few days after the eruption, the crater of Vesuvius was covered with crystals of sea-salt. We have always understood that the action of water was evident among the concurring causes of the ruin of Pompeii, whether it were fresh water, or consequent on any violent action of the sea. At all events, the comparison instituted by M. Gimbernat, is a laudable attention; and properly pursued, may afford new light on the still obscure history of the calamities which had biotted out Pompeii from among the cities of the earth.

SPAIN.

Literature, Political and Periodical.—A free press is, undoubtedly, one sign of public liberty: it calls forth talents which might otherwise lie hid, and rust in their concealment; and usually, it contributes to the formation of public opinion, though often, as we too well know, it sinks into licentiousness. Before the revolution now in progress, there was at Madrid but one Gazette, not distinguished by ultra-veracity, with an

other journal or two occupied in annunciations of ecclesiastical holidays, processions, &c. or the price current. At present, the list is little short of formidable. It comprises: 1. *The Gazette of Madrid*.—2. *The Ancient Journal of Madrid*.—3. *La Miscelanea*, published every fortnight: it opposes religious intolerance and political prejudices.—4. *Le Constitutionnel*, in the same spirit.—5. *The Law*: in support of legal authority.—6. *The Publicist*, supports the constitution, and opposes despotism.—7. *The Courier, political and literary*: its contents are more miscellaneous than those of the other journals; which, however, do not wholly lose sight of Literature.—8. *The Beehive*, or *Colmena*, exerts itself in favour of the unhappy and oppressed, in firm and determined language.—9. *The Spanish Minerwa*.—10. *The National Minerwa*.—11. *The Palladium*, or Patriotic Journal of the Societies of St. Sebastian, and of the Inn of Malta. This paper takes its tone from the societies it represents: it is now less furiously patriotic than it was formerly.—12. *The Zealous Citizen*.—13. *The Aurora*: this journal records the proceedings of patriotic societies: it has been extremely personal; but is now less violent.—14. *The Conservator*, constitutional and loyal.—15. *The Vigilant*.—16. *The Sun* records accurately decrees and edicts.—17. *The Chronicle of the Arts*.—18. *The Universal Observer* is distinguished by impartiality and moderation.—19. *The Messenger*.—20. *The Economic Library*, or Annals of Arts, Agriculture, and Commerce. Publications of this description have been for some time past popular in Spain: the present has been well received.—21. *Correspondence between two Friends of Liberty*: this paper discusses subjects too elevated for the popular mind.—22. *Letters by a poor little Pretender*, was a work intended to tell truth ironically: the attempt supposes the author to possess much taste, much knowledge of life, and of popular errors and vulgar prejudices. The author has lately directed his attention to the support of other works.—23. *The Pretender's Companion*.—24. *The Periodico-Mania* undertakes to castigate the other journals, and wonders at the liberty of the press, which tolerates them all.—25. *The Contra Periodico-Mania* vindicates the Journals, and their number.

Independently of all these periodical publications, the press teems with answers, apologies, and explanations relative to attacks, allusions, personalities, or errors contained in the journals; and in competition with all these, crowds of sermons, discourses, and commentaries on the constitution, press on the notice of the public. There is, indeed, a Censor of the Press appointed; but, at present, the office is extremely indulgent. The principal country towns also have their journals—Barcelona, Valencia, Saragossa, Cadiz, and Corunna.

It is impossible, among so many conflicting claims for distinction, and our imperfect acquaintance with their principles and performances, to determine the utility of this host of publications; but it may be hoped that the general result of the whole will be a constitutional and honest illumination of the public mind, at this most important crisis to Spain. That the good sense of the Spanish nation may ultimately settle into "Law, Loyalty, and Liberty," must be the wish of every benevolent heart; and then—the effervescence of the present moment will be forgot; or recollected only with gratulation on having escaped the equally fatal extremes of monarchical despotism on one hand, and licentious despotism on the other.

RUSSIA.

Cure for Hydrophobia.—We have seen so many infallible remedies for the hydrophobia announced, that we are somewhat out of heart in recording another; yet duty, no less than inclination, prompts us, as in so terrible a disorder no means should be left unnoticed, or untried. A hint may lead to a specific. M. Salvatori, who is now at Petersburg, considers the following method of cure as certain. It seems that, as well in men as in animals attacked by this most afflictive distemper, a number of whitish pustules shew themselves near the ligament of the tongue; they burst spontaneously on the thirteenth day after the patient has been bitten, at which time the symptoms of the true hydrophobia first shew themselves definitely. By opening these pustules on the ninth day after being bitten, and pressing out all the humor they contain, and washing the mouth thoroughly with salt water, the unhappy consequences of the disorder may be prevented. Such at least is the opinion of M. Salvatori. Several persons have already been cured by this process.

*** We should be glad to see this confirmed; with evidence also, which rendered unquestionable the nature of the disorder; that it was a real canine madness, or other undoubted case of hydrophobia.

PRUSSIA.

Festival in honour of Dr. Jenner.—Whatever posterity may think of the present generation, we hope that it will not be characterized as deficient in men of merit, or as insensible to their importance and usefulness. It seldom happens that the authors of the most considerable discoveries reap all the reputation, or all the advantage, from them, to which they may be entitled, because experience has not confirmed them. To this, Dr. Jenner must be an allowed exception; and it is to the honour of our country to record, that on the 18th of May, the anniversary of the first vaccination performed in Prussia, the medical faculty of Berlin celebrated, as usual, in the garden of the menagerie, their festival in honour of Dr. Jenner, whose discovery places him among the benefactors to mankind. After

the repast, the reports made by authority from the different provinces, were read to the society; from which it appeared that during the year 1818 the number of persons who were vaccinated in the Prussian dominions amounted to 350,000.

Optico-Meteorological Question.—"To give a mathematical explanation of the luminous and coloured crowns which are observed at times round the sun and moon, conformable to experiments on light and the constitution of the atmosphere, and in accordance with observations of the phenomena made with as much precision as possible." Memoirs to be received by the Royal Academy of Sciences of Prussia until March 1822 inclusive.—Prize, fifty ducats, to be adjudged at the public sitting on the Anniversary of Leibnitz, on the 3d of July following.

DENMARK.

Journey of Etymological Inquiry.—There is nothing equal, in point of evidence, to the bringing a theory to the test of experience. Professor Rask, whose Memoir on the Origin of the Northern Languages was crowned by the Academy of Copenhagen, is at this time absent on a journey into Asiatic Russia, with design to examine the various idioms of that extensive country, and to determine whether there really is that resemblance between them and the Slavonian and German languages which has been pointed out by his theory. His intention is, to visit afterwards the mountains of Caucasus, the countries of Persia, and India beyond the Ganges. He allows himself three years for this undertaking. Undoubtedly, the conformity of dialects affords strong proof of the consanguinity of nations, where it can be effectively traced. To this should be added, and we hope the Professor will not overlook it, a comparison of religious opinions, rites, and ceremonies, with the influence they have had on the manners, the expressions, and the still remaining superstitions, preserved most strongly among the lower classes of the population.

* The latest intelligence from M. Rask states his progress towards mount Caucasus, and his personal safety: but adds, that he finds himself under the necessity of waiting till certain feuds among the natives have subsided.

Prize Question.—The Society of Sciences at Copenhagen have proposed the following: "Quibus naturæ legibus regitur primaria evolutio corporum animalium, et formæ sive regularum, normalem, sive abnormem, adsciscant?" The prize a gold medal of fifty ducats value. The memoirs should be addressed, before the end of December 1820, to the Secretary of the Society, Professor Oersted, at Copenhagen.

AFRICA.

Leprosy.—This disease is still very prevalent in Barbary, as appears by the following

extract from Mr. Jackson's late publication, "Shabeeny's Account of Timbuctoo," &c. "There is (says our author), near to the walls of Morocco, about the north-west point, a village, called (*Deshira el Jedilum*) i. e. the Village of Lepers. I had a curiosity to visit this village; but I was told that any other excursion would be preferable; that the Lepers were totally excluded from the rest of mankind; and that, although none of them would dare to approach us, yet the excursion would be not only unsatisfactory, but disgusting. I was, however, determined to go; I mounted my horse, and took two horse guards with me, and my own servant. We rode through the Lepers' town; the inhabitants collected at the doors of their habitations, but did not approach us; they, for the most part, shewed no external disfiguration, but were generally sallow; some of the young women were very handsome; they have, however, a paucity of eyebrow, which, it must be allowed, is somewhat incompatible with a beauty; some few had no eyebrows at all, which completely destroyed the effect of their dark animated eyes. They are obliged to wear a large straw hat, with a brim about nine inches wide; this is their *badge of separation*, a token of division between the clean and unclean, which, when seen in the country, or on the roads, prevents any one from having personal contact with them. They are allowed to beg, and accordingly are seen by the side of the roads, with their straw hat badge, and a wooden bowl before them, to receive the charity of passengers, exclaiming, (*attaine m'ta Allah*) 'bestow on me the property of God!' (*kulshie m'ta Allah*) 'all belongs to God!' reminding the passenger that he is a steward of, and accountable for the appropriation of his property; that he derives his property from the bounty and favour of God. When any one gives them money, they pronounce a blessing on him; as (*Allah e zeed kherik*) 'may God increase your good,' &c. The province of Haha abounds in lepers; and it is said, that the Arganic oil, which is much used in food throughout this picturesque province, promotes this loathsome disease."

CHINA.

Mode of Warfare practised by the Yuen Tartars.—From the *Pekin Gazette* of the 26th of March 1817.—In order to act effectually against certain mountaineers, in a late engagement, the Tartars were ordered to advance, each carrying a bundle of thorns, to enable them to ward off the arrows and stones which were thrown at them. When they had advanced with a gun-shot of the enemy, they were ordered to fall back on their first position. This manoeuvre was repeated for six successive days, when the mountaineers having exhausted their stock of arrows and stones, fell an easy prey to the Tartars. When the latter attack a town,

they are accustomed to seize the inhabitants of the adjacent places, and make them march before them to the walls of the town. Every horseman appropriates to himself ten villagers, whom he dispatches to procure provisions and fuel, or stones and earth, to fill up the ditches of the fortress. The peasantry are employed night and day in this

labour. Those who work slowly, or who do not procure sufficient quantities of provisions, are massacred. When a town is taken, all the inhabitants, old or young, rich or poor, who oppose the victorious party, are slaughtered without mercy, and indiscriminately.

USEFUL ARTS.

NEW INVENTIONS.

Imperishable Cement.—Mr. Randolph, of Richmond, United States, has announced the discovery of a cement which resists the action of water and fire, and which contracts additional hardness with time. The composition consists of two fossils of a mineral or volcanic substance. Two bricks joined together by this cement were laid in water on the 1st of June 1817, and when taken out in August 1818, formed a solid and compact mass, the cement having grown as hard as the bricks. Another experiment has been made, by applying the cement to the surface of a piece of brick-work, exposed to the air, and the result has proved equally creditable to the value of this invention.

Gas Lights, with Earthen-ware Reflectors.—These reflectors, proposed by Mr. Millington, are now used in the city of Bath. They are made of earthen-ware, with the common white glaze; are about eleven inches diameter, and cost about seven shillings a dozen. They not only considerably increase the light, but materially contribute to the protection of the head of the lamp, by preventing its being unsoldered, or injured by the flame.

Le Bateau Roulant.—Some trials of a boat on a new construction have lately been made at Paris. In the second trial, the inventor placed himself, with his apparatus, below the platform of the Pont Neuf. He set out from this point at ten minutes before ten, having on board Mr. Dacheux, an experienced mariner, who took charge of the helm. Messrs. Marlet and Thibault, inspectors of the navigation, followed in another boat, to observe the operations. In twenty minutes at the utmost, he proceeded beyond the Pont Royal, after having passed and repassed under the arches, and landed opposite the Quay d'Orsay. There he made his land apparatus act, and roll the boat to the school of Natation, which was the end of his expedition.

The author of this ingenious discovery wished to prove, that by the aid of his machine, we may, with equal ease, roll on land and navigate on water, without the aid of the wind, or even of ordinary oars; and that the motions on both elements are neither interrupted, nor the velocity impeded. The whole secret lies in the moving power which makes it act, and remains constantly the same, except that the hinder wheel becomes the rudder when the boat is in the

water. You may go with the wind favourable or against you; tack, ascend, or descend a river, at pleasure. The author asserts, that with a small decked vessel of this kind, it would be possible, in calm weather, to cross the channel rapidly, without fear of being overtaken by any boat. — *Foreign Journals.*

Improved Rowlock.—This invention of Wallop Brabazon, esq. is very superior to the common rowlock, both in securing the oars of a boat from being unshipped, and in allowing a greater length of effectual stroke. This rowlock being fastened down, by means of a grommet, to a timber head, and lashing being passed through the two upper eyes, it is impossible for the oar to rise off the gunwale of the boat. This gives the rower a very powerful purchase, by which he may at any time prevent the boat from upsetting, by laying the flat blade of his oar on the surface of the water, and prizing up the gunwale. Besides this, there is another great advantage in the more rapid progress of the boat. In the common rowlocks the oar must have considerable play, by which nearly a foot of the space through which the rower's body moves, when he leans back to pull, is lost, and makes no impression on the boat, as the oar takes that much of his exertion, merely to bring it home to the thowel next to him; and until it once touches that, it does not send the boat forward. But with this rowlock, which fits the oar, the moment the man begins to pull, that moment the boat begins to spring forward. Besides which, as the rowlock has nothing to check it in its turning, the rower may take the longest stroke with the oar that his strength and activity will enable him.

Even should the boat fill with water, the oars being fastened to the gunwale, their buoyancy is now added to the buoyancy of the materials of the boat; and if the oars are made of fir-timber, which is the lightest and the most elastic, each oar will sustain a man in the boat until assistance arrives. Alongside a ship these rowlocks are very easily taken out and put in again. The oar that works in this rowlock must be round, to enable the man to feather it. And it must be frapped with copper or sheet iron, to prevent it from wearing in the working part.

Double Door Spring.—The silver Isis medal of the Society of Arts was voted to Mr.

White, for the invention of a double door-spring; constructed as follows: The axis of the door passes down beneath the floor into an iron box, and has two friction rollers laterally attached to it. These rollers bear on the extremities of two levers, the other ends of which are in contact with a spring of the form of a bow. The centre of this spring lies between two upright pieces, by which it is kept in its place, while the two ends of the spring are each in contact with a lever. When the door is opened inwards, one of the rollers acts on its lever, which, in its turn, strains the end of the spring with which it is in contact; and when the door is let go, the resistance of the spring again brings the door to its former position. The same happens if the door is opened outwards, except that the other lever and roller are brought into action. Besides the simplicity of this construction, a farther advantage is, that the strength of the spring is the greatest, precisely where it is most wanted, namely, to keep the door closely shut. The cost of a full-sized spring of this kind will probably not exceed twenty-five shillings.

NEW PATENTS.

WILLIAM LEWIS, of Brinscomb, in the county of Gloucester, Dyer; for a new or improved Principle of erecting Racks for the Purpose of racking Woollen-Cloths and other Articles. July 15, 1815.

This is a considerable improvement on the racks formerly in use, one of which required a stove, seven feet wide, in using which the work-people were much exposed to the heat. Upon the present principle, they are not so exposed, and a stove of 85 inches, external width, is sufficient for eight racks. Strong bars, fixed in the side walls of the stove, support cross-bars, grooved to receive the wheels on which the cloth-racks run, guided by proper machinery.

JOSEPH TURNER, of Layton, in the county of York, Mechanic; for an improved Rotary Engine, and Application thereof with or without Machinery, to useful Purposes. April 8, 1816.

This engine is for the purpose of obtaining a mechanical force or power, with a continuous rotative motion from the expansive force of steam, or from the hydrostatical pressure of a descending column of water; or may be used for the purpose of raising water or other fluids, by the application of some mechanical force or power to turn the engine with a rotary motion. In the first case, the improved rotary engine will effect the same purpose as a steam-engine, but the steam is made to produce a continuous rotary motion instead of a reciprocating motion, which rotary motion may be applied to all the useful purposes to which steam-engines have or may be applied, and such applications of the improved rotary-engine may be made either with or without a crank and fly-wheel, or other equivalent machinery, in consequence

of its motion being continuous and regular. In the same manner, when this engine is employed for raising water, it will answer all the purpose of a double or forcing and lifting-pump; but in consequence of its rotatory motion, it may be applied to all such purposes without the cranks, levers, or other equivalent machinery, which are necessary to give motion to reciprocating pumps.

JOHN THOMPSON, formerly of Ley-Hall, in the county of Salop, and afterwards of Henley-Castle, Worcestershire, Ironmaster and Coalminer, now of Charlotte-street, Lambeth, Surrey; for a new Method of extracting Iron from Ore. Sept. 20, 1819.

Mr. Thompson's invention is intended to extract iron from iron-ore, or stone, without the intervention of the blast or smelting-furnace, whereby fuel and other expenses may be saved. The iron-ore, or stone, either in its raw or calcined state, must be pulverized in any convenient way, until none of the pieces of iron-ore or stone shall remain larger than an ordinary-sized hazel-nut. It is then to be subjected to washing or other process; by which the whole metallic parts of the iron-ore or stone may, as far as possible, be collected and separated from the other particles of which it is composed: and afterwards mixed either with unburnt or slaked lime, and in the following proportions: if lime-stone be used before it is burnt, about one-fourth in weight of such stone, to three-fourths in weight of the pulverized iron-ore or stone; but if slaked lime shall be used, then about one-sixth in weight of such lime will only be necessary to five-sixths in weight of iron-ore or stone. The patentee also recommends the introduction of the black oxyd of manganese, as a great auxiliary in fusion, having, moreover, an affinity to the earthy, flinty, and calcareous parts of the ore, and tending much to vitrification, but particularly to improve the quality of the iron; about one-twentieth or twenty-fifth part in weight to the aforesaid mixture of the ore and lime. This mixture of iron-ore and lime (or those, together with the manganese, equally well mixed) are to be placed in an ordinary air or puddling furnace; observing that these materials are placed on a layer of coke or charcoal, consisting of one-twelfth or one-fourteenth part, or thereabouts, of the united weight of the iron-ore and lime, previously described; and every succeeding quantity or layer of mixed iron-ore and lime, must be placed on and covered with a like and sufficient layer of coke or charcoal; excepting the last layer of mixed iron-ore and lime, which need not be so covered with a layer of coke or charcoal. It will be advisable to agitate or stir them occasionally, with an iron bar, or other proper instrument, not only while the operation of fusing is going on, but after it is performed, that the whole may be properly fused and separated. When the iron is thus fused, the bottom of the furnace must be tapped, to admit the fluid iron

to quit the furnace, for the purpose of being run or cast into any required shape or form; and the scoria or slag may either follow the fluid iron, or it may be previously removed or disengaged from the fluid iron by an aperture in the furnace, made immediately above the upper surface of the fluid iron. But if such fluid iron is required to be left in the furnace for the purpose of being puddled, and prepared for the hammer or rollers, then it will be improper to tap the furnace at the bottom, but simply at the upper aperture for carrying off the slag or scoria. From the nature of this invention, it is obvious that the proportions of the materials must be governed by the experience of the peculiar character and qualities of the ores employed.

THOMAS JONES, of Bradford Stut, Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, Iron-founder, and CHARLES PLIMLEY, of Bir-

mingham aforesaid, *Referees*, for an Improvement to Blast-Engines and Steam-Engines. May 7, 1819.

The principal improvement in this patent is, the surrounding of the piston with a body of water, or other liquid, instead of packing; which renders it air-tight, and relieves it from the friction of packing. This is effected by the use of an exterior cylinder, within which is an interior one, about half the height of the former; the cavity between the two is filled with liquid, in which the piston, which is also a hollow cylinder, works freely, within the outer and over the inner cylinder. In the latter is a passage for the blast; at its upper extremity is a valve; the lower is open for the admission of air and the blast-pipe passes through it.

(No Patents have passed the Great Seal since the date of our last list.)

MONTHLY REGISTER.

ANTIQUITIES.

Account of a Tour in Normandy; undertaken chiefly for the purpose of investigating the Architectural Antiquities of the Duchy; with Observations on its History, on the Country, and on its Inhabitants. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. By Dawson Turner. Large 8vo. 2 vols.

The intimate connexion between the ancient history of Normandy, its customs, and particularly its architecture, and those of our own country, were the motives which induced Mr. Turner to devote his well-known talents to the investigation of the antiquities of that interesting country, in three successive tours, during the years 1815, 1818, and 1819. The result of these tours is the present publication, which besides extensive and valuable information on the circular and pointed architecture common both in England and Normandy, is replete with curious observations on the history and manners of the ancient and modern inhabitants of the latter country. The refined taste and sound understanding of the author, with his agreeable style and the beauty of his embellishments, render this work highly interesting.

The History and Antiquities of the See and Cathedral Church of Lichfield; illustrated by a series of Engravings of Views, Elevations, Plans, and Details of the Architecture of the Church; with Biographical Anecdotes of the Bishops of Lichfield and Coventry. By John Britton, F. S. A. 4to. 11. 18s.

This volume is the fifth of the interesting series of Cathedral Antiquities, for which the public is indebted to the taste and experience of Mr. Britton. It is a performance worthy the author of the "Architectural Antiquities," and highly creditable to the artists employed in the illustrations and embellishments. Though less voluminous than Mr. Britton's histories of Norwich, Salisbury, Winchester, and York cathedrals, it contains a great mass of information, compiled with a degree of laborious research which antiquaries alone can appreciate, and selected with discriminating judgment. The history of this see, embracing the con-

version of the pagan Mercians to Christianity, and the meritorious exertions of Archbishop Theodore to effect the subdivision of the immense Mercian diocese, the ambitious endeavours to exalt the see of Lichfield into an archbishopric, the intrigues of refractory monks, and the sieges of the church and close, is concisely and clearly detailed from authentic sources; and the biographical department, although from its brevity inadequate to the reader's satisfaction, is judicious and accurate. The plates, executed by the Le Keux after Mackenzie, are among the finest productions of architectural engraving; and the noble and picturesque cathedral of Lichfield has afforded the most favourable opportunities for the exertion of their talents. The view of the beautiful west front, by H. Le Keux, is, we think, the most masterly performance of this kind we have ever seen.

ASTRONOMY.

An Analytical Calculation of the Solar Eclipse, for the Seventh of September, 1820. By D. McGregor. 8vo. 3s. sewed.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A Catalogue of an extensive Collection of Books in General Literature and Theology, on sale by J. Rusher, of Reading Books.

BIOGRAPHY.

Biographical Illustrations of Worcester-shire. By John Chambers, Esq. 8vo. 13s. boards.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

The *Æneis* of Virgil. Translated by Charles Symmons, D.D. of Jesus College, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. Second edition.

We are happy to announce a second edition of this excellent translation, which is the most successful attempt we have yet seen to impart to the mere English reader a sense of the beauties of Virgil's noblest work. Faint indeed that impression must ever be which an English translation can convey; for the diversified harmony of the numbers, and compressed energetic expression of the original, are unattainable in our language. We agree with the author, in his introductory arguments in favour of rhymed verse in general. *Æneis* is a beauty superadded to the harmony of metre,

and is in some measure requisite in our language, as an equivalent for the graces in which we are deficient. But rhyme imposes a restraint on the writer. However vast his resources, and luxuriant his imagination, he must, in producing rhymed verse, submit in some degree to the dominion of sound. This inconvenience will, however, be very slightly felt by a man of genius, in his original compositions; but in translations the case is very different. The translator is already confined by his subject; and if he adopts the additional fetters of rhyme, he must find his power of producing a faithful imitation of his original materially diminished. He will be compelled occasionally, for the sake of the rhyme, to substitute what he may consider equivalents for the expressions of his author; to dilate some phrases, and compress or omit others; by all which expedients the work must necessarily be deteriorated. Dryden's version, with all its merit, is replete with convincing proofs of these remarks; while that of Dr. Trapp, inferior in harmony to the former, and destitute of the attractions of rhyme, presents generally the sense of the Roman poet; but certainly affords little or no idea of the graces of his versification. The present translation is more faithful than that of Dryden, and more elegant than that of Trapp. It even approximates occasionally to the concise and powerful style of the Latin; but this object is sometimes effected by a construction familiar and agreeable to the classical reader, but strange and harsh to those for whom such works are chiefly intended. On the whole, the execution of this very difficult task is highly honourable to Dr. Symmons, and evinces his intimate and critical knowledge of the *Æneid*, his delicate sense of its more refined beauties, and his easy, fluent, and nervous style of versification.

EDUCATION.

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tary work on Geology, and is engaged on a Description of Shetland, upon the same plan as his Description of the Western Isles of Scotland.

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DIGEST OF POLITICAL EVENTS.

THE Queen's trial still continues the great—we may say, the exclusive object of public attention. So completely, indeed, has it absorbed every other consideration, and pre-occupied almost every channel through which political intelligence finds its way to the world, that we scarcely seem to know there are transactions occurring beyond our own shores, in the issue of which our maritime and commercial interests may hereafter be deeply concerned. Even the national topic of conversation, that universal medium of discourse, the state of weather, has been superseded by her Majesty; and now, when two friends meet in the street, instead of informing each other that it is a wet or a fine day—that the wind blows from the north or south—the first question that is asked is, “Well, how does the Queen go on?”

In such a state of the public mind, it would be a vain endeavour to attempt to fix its attention upon any other subject. Politicians, who, five months ago would have been desecrated for a good hour, by “Shrewsbury clock,” upon the revolutions in Spain, Portugal, Naples, and Sicily—now scarcely deign to be reminded that such events have occurred. Half the dynasties of Europe might be overthrown, we verily believe, at this moment, without exciting half that curiosity in the coffee-houses of the metropolis which is called into existence by the second edition of the *Courier*, containing the name of the last witness who had been examined at the bar of the House of Lords. The escape of Buonaparte from the Island of St. Helena would be listened to with less emotion, than a contradiction between Signor Sacchi, and Signor Carlo Forti; and if the same personage were actually landed from a Gravesend passage-boat at Billingsgate, not half so many would crowd to see him, as might be drawn together to witness an address going up to Brandenburgh House. In short, the fever rages with a degree of intensity far surpassing any thing within our recollection.

Nor are we surprised at it, for assuredly no event of equal magnitude has occurred in this country since the Revolution of 1688. Every one now begins to see political consequences likely to result from this proceeding of no ordinary importance. Without meaning to express any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of her Majesty, till the whole

case shall have been gone through, it cannot be denied that a desperate and criminal faction have contrived to identify their cause with hers in a manner sufficiently alarming. The Queen may be unconscious of this connexion, and we hope she is. She may not suspect the real tendency of the answers to addresses which are prepared for her; but the country have a deep and solemn interest in not mistaking the true aspect of this momentous crisis. Her name, her alleged wrongs, and her anticipated triumph, are made the rallying points for every sect and denomination of the disaffected, who seem to have quenched all mutual animosities in the daring and guilty hope of convulsing the country, under the pretext of asserting her rights. Now, in this view of the question, we beg leave to say, that it is a matter of infinitely little importance whether her Majesty shall be invested with all the privileges and authorities belonging to her station and dignity as queen consort, compared with the gigantic question of whether England shall be plunged into civil war. It behoves those, therefore, who from the influence of property, of character, and of rank, must be considered as having the destiny of England in their hands, to consider well the aspect of the times. Let them beware how they embolden faction by timid or insincere councils. Let them firmly resolve to uphold the monarchy in this trying moment of its existence. If justice demands a victim, let justice prevail, and the victim suffer. If, on the other hand, justice demands the triumph of innocence, let that triumph be complete, full, and unequivocal. Above all things, a compromise with the laws is most steadily to be avoided. Whenever the moment arrives, that the laws pronounce a sentence which the executive is unwilling, or unable (for they are synonymous) to carry into effect, that moment they are struck with paralysis, and their decay is inevitable. This, then, is the duty which the people of England have to perform. They must be prepared to stand by the constitution, if perils should surround it. They must determine not to stand neuter, while the king, lords, and commons, are engaged in a fearful struggle with a spirit of insolent democracy. The three estates of the realm are the depositories of its welfare and its glory. They must not be assailed with

impunity: they cannot be resisted, or even questioned, without danger. We do not know that any occasion will arise for this severe exercise of patriotism: most devoutly we hope it will not. But this we know; if the occasion do arise, the salvation of the country will depend upon the timely and determined resistance which shall be opposed to the march of pernicious innovation.

In adverting to the particular topic out of which the preceding reflections have arisen, we are necessarily restricted to a very few remarks. Anything like an analysis of the proceedings before the House of Lords would be obviously impossible, within the limits of this Digest; and comments upon those proceedings could scarcely be indulged without violating that perfect neutrality which we have hitherto observed. We wish to prejudice on neither side; and in order to do so, we must abstain from all observation.

It is necessary, however, as mere matter of record, to state, that on the 3d instant the House of Lords re-assembled, after an adjournment of three weeks, and her Majesty's counsel entered upon the defence of their illustrious client. Mr. Brougham made an elaborate speech, which lasted the better part of two days. He was followed by Mr. Williams, who confined himself chiefly to the legal points of the case, which he argued with considerable ability. They then proceeded to call their witnesses, among whom were the Earl of Guildford, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, his sister, Lord Landaff, Sir W. Gell, the Hon. Keppel Craven, (the last two are her Majesty's chamberlains) and Lieutenants Mlynn and Hownam. The nature and the value of the evidence they gave, we must leave to be determined according to the judgment of those who have carefully perused it. The defence lasted upwards of three weeks, and then followed the replies of the attorney and solicitor-general. There are yet to come the debates of the peers themselves, upon the second reading of the bill, and upon its subsequent stages. These debates will not be among the least interesting of the proceedings; and we anticipate, in particular, from the Lord Chancellor, as luminous and masterly a display of forensic eloquence and acumen, as has, perhaps, ever been exhibited. What course the discussions may take, we presume not to hint at.

It should be observed, that in the

progress of the defence, her Majesty's counsel endeavoured to establish a case of conspiracy on the part of the agents for the prosecution. After a full and impartial investigation of the grounds upon which this charge was attempted to be brought forward, and after hearing the opinions of the judges upon several most interesting questions of law, as connected with it, the house finally determined upon a division, that the mode of proof offered by her Majesty's counsel was inadmissible.

The House of Commons met, pursuant to adjournment, on the 17th inst. and again adjourned to the 23d of next month, by which time it was thought the bill of pains and penalties would either have passed the Lords, or have been rejected. The House, however, did not separate without a debate, which glanced at the great question; and we are sorry to add, that some of the members expressed themselves in language more calculated to inflame mischievous minds out of doors, than to persuade temperate ones in. It is, perhaps, impossible to expect that on such a question there should not be found a considerable portion of acrimony, prejudice, and misconception; but when that acrimony inveighs only against the government, when that prejudice is all on the side of popular delusion, and when that misconception apparently partakes more of wilful than of venial error, it is impossible not to lament that they are found among our legislators.

Another topic which occupied the attention of the House during this its sitting of one evening, was the discovery of an alleged conspiracy—(conspiracies are really very fashionable things at present)—on the part of certain presumed ministerial agents, to produce a revolution! Our readers may stare, but such was actually the conspiracy discovered by Mr. Joseph Hume, or rather we believe adopted; for it was discovered by the radical attorney, Charles Pearson. The discovery, however, was improved upon by Mr. Hume. The plain facts of the case were these.

A most atrocious and inflammatory hand-bill was circulated, purporting to issue from a committee in London who are managing the shilling subscriptions for a service of plate to be presented to her Majesty. *Prah pudor!* We write these words with grief and shame. Mr. Pearson, who is one of the said committee, traced these hand-bills to a man of the name of Francklin, or Fletcher,

and it was also asserted that he was an agent of ministers, and acted under their instructions. It was not enough, however, that the particular hand-bill in question was presumed to be traced to Fletcher, and through him to the ministers: It was immediately asserted that all the seditious placards which have disgraced the metropolis during the last three or four years, emanated from the same source; in fact, that those placards, instead of being the work, as they had hitherto been supposed to be, of the radical incendiaries, were the offspring—*Mirabile dictu!*—of ministers and their adherents!! Gross as this absurdity is, it found believers among those who can believe any thing that tends to degrade the constituted authorities of the country. A warrant was issued for the apprehension of Franklin, and he was taken into custody; but it being on a Sunday, he was liberated by the chief police magistrate Sir Robert Baker, upon his (Franklin's) promise that he would appear to answer the charge next day; a promise, the fulfilment of which was guaranteed by a respectable individual of the name of Williams. In the interim, however, Franklin left London, and has not since been heard of, though a reward of 100*l.* was immediately offered for his apprehension, by the plate committee, and a farther reward of 200*l.* has since been offered by government. It was supposed he had fled to the Continent, and Pearson, the radical attorney, accompanied by Vickery, set off after him; but, according to the latest accounts, the individual whom they pursued, and whom they thought was Franklin, turns out not to be him; and it is now supposed that, instead of having left the country, he is still concealed in it. Here the matter rests for the present. The object of Mr. Hume's motion was to call Sir Robert Baker to the bar of the House of Commons, to explain why he had permitted Franklin to go at large, without adequate bail. The House, however, decided that it could not yet interfere in a case which came more properly within the jurisdiction of the regular judicial tribunals of the country.

What may be the precise issue of this business we know not; but we will venture to predict one thing, that whenever the case comes to be fairly and satisfactorily investigated, there will not be found a shadow of truth in the ridiculous assertion, that Franklin is an agent of Government, or

that ministers have had any thing to do, either directly or indirectly, in the manufacture of those infamous placards which have appeared during the last two or three years.

There remains only one other occurrence of a domestic nature, during the month, which it will be necessary to mention. We allude to the trials of a man of the name of Davison, and of Mrs. Carlile (wife of the convicted blasphemer), for the publication of seditious and blasphemous writings. These trials took place on the 23d inst. at Guildhall, in the city of London; and both the infamous delinquents were found guilty. Had a similar verdict been returned in Hone's case, our firm belief is, that we should never have heard of the tribe of blasphemous and seditious miscreants who have since sprung up. That man's acquittal, and the subsequent patronage which he experienced, stimulated many a needy and profligate wretch to the same course of infamy.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

The south of Europe still continues the theatre of revolutionary agitation. Events in this quarter are still too young, to permit that we can safely pronounce upon their future growth. They may degenerate into anarchy, or they may expand into constitutional vigour: our wishes are for the latter; our fears for the former. Spain, indeed, seems likely to be an exception; and we almost begin to think, that the liberty she has acquired was what she deserved. The Cortes conduct themselves temperately, and, in many respects, wisely. Various questions of domestic polity have been discussed, and amongst them, the liberty of the press, and the trial by jury. Do we not live in strange times? What would the most enlightened, the most prophetic statesman, have said, thirty years ago, had the thing been propounded to him, as a mere hypothesis, that Spain, in the commencement of the nineteenth century, would have a constitutional Monarch, a democratic army drawing the sword for freedom, a representative assembly, an unlicensed press, and the trial by jury? Might he not have smiled at the vision, and yet forfeited no particle of his reputation? The latter privileges, however, remain to be conferred. Hitherto, they have only been discussed; but we doubt not they will shortly be decreed.

Another important subject, a project, it is thought,

occupied the attention of the Cortes, is the reform of the monasteries. In the sitting of the 21st ult. a discussion took place upon the report of the Special Committee appointed to examine the proposals of the deputy, Don Vincent Sancho, with respect to it. The first article of these proposals was as follows:—

“1st. All the monasteries of the monkish orders shall be suppressed, including those of the Benedictine Cloister of Arragon and Catalonia, as also the convents and colleges of the four military orders.”

Signor Castrillo (Suffragan bishop) said it was painful to approve of the opinion of the Committee, but he could not avoid doing so, because he knew the advantages which would result from it to the Spanish nation; and I will shew, he said, the reasons which induced the Committee to propose this article:—1st. The enormous debt of fourteen thousand millions, with which the nation was burthened. 2d. That the monks increase the number of consumers, and diminish that of the productive population, to the great injury of agriculture and industry, and consequently of the nation. 3d. That the monks, presuming on their privileges, esteem themselves free and independent of the civil government, introducing discord among them, of which even St. Bernard complained. He observed, that in 1769, there were in Spain 61,327 monks, 2,051 convents or monasteries.—There was not the least doubt, he said, that the monasteries much contributed to the decline of the nation, by the great property which they had acquired and placed out of circulation; and the nation was at liberty to determine whether those institutions should exist, or not, in which case that property returns to it, which property should be employed for the benefit of the poor, after providing for the support of the monks, in case some monasteries should remain, which he thought would be useful. After some farther debate, the sitting broke up at eleven o'clock; and the debate being continued next day, the article was approved by 107 votes to 32.

The following articles up to the 19th inclusive, were approved in the succeeding sittings of the Cortes up to the 24th ult. The 4th article says, every monk ordained in *sacro*, who is not actually above fifteen years of age, shall receive annually 300 ducats; those from fifty to sixty, 400 ducats; and those above sixty age, 600 ducats.” Art. 5th—Monks shall receive 100, if under 40, and all above

that age, 200 ducats. Art. 10th—no new convent shall be founded, nor any novice proposed, nor any one admitted from this time to take the monkish habit. Art. 11th—there shall not be more than one convent of the same order in each town (*pueblo*) and its district. Art. 8, 9, 10, 11, extend to the convents and communities of nuns; and each of them who shall become secularized shall receive an annual pension of 100 ducats, the same as monks in the same circumstances.

In Portugal, the revolution has taken an auspicious turn; so auspicious, that its complete success has been accomplished without the effusion of a single drop of blood. During two or three weeks there seemed a probability that a struggle would take place between the Oporto constitutionalists and the regency of Lisbon; but, as the troops from the former city approached the latter, so decided a disposition was manifested, both by the soldiers and the people, to unite with them, that all prospect of making a successful resistance vanished. It only remained therefore to propose an union, and by amicable co-operation to avert the mischiefs of civil contention. This resolution, however, was not taken, till the necessity for adopting it became imperative. About four o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th ult. some of the soldiers of the 16th infantry informed their officers that they were going to the Rocio square to proclaim the Constitution, and if they did not find other regiments inclined to follow their example, they intended to march to meet the Porto people. They supplied themselves with ball-cartridge, and marched to the square; no sooner had they shouted *Viva a Constituição*, than every soldier within hearing joined them, and as quick as possible every regiment in and near the city; and in less than four hours the regency was dismissed, each regiment newly organized, a Provisional Junta appointed, St. George's and Belem Castles taken possession of, all the vessels in the river embargoed, every guard through the city relieved with Constitutional troops, and the whole done without one angry word or the smallest accident, although there were assembled not less than 40,000 persons. It really appeared like enchantment; before day-light every fort within 12 miles of the city was taken possession of, and at day-light they all fired a salute of 21 guns each. Sunday the 17th was appointed for all the troops (volunteers, &c.) to fire a *feu de joie*, when upwards of 7000 troops appeared under

arms; but so great was the concourse of spectators, that they could not march round the square in more than four files, and the cavalry in single files. Never did the inhabitants of any place express their joy and gratitude to the troops for their patriotism more than the Lisbonians did. All the youth, beauty, and fashion of the city and its environs, appeared to have been assembled, and their shouts of "*Viva a Constituição*" were deafening. After the dismissal of the troops, persons of all descriptions were parading the streets in parties linked together, of from four to a dozen, singing patriotic hymns. The city was elegantly illuminated, and the bells of all the churches rang till a late hour. The following are the names of the Provisional Junta; perhaps some alteration may be made hereafter, but as it was only the work of three hours, the nomination may be considered a good one, viz.:—Principal Freire, cousin to the unfortunate Gomez Freire, executed as a traitor; Count Sampayo, Count Rezende, Count Penefiel, Lieutenant-general Mathias Azedo, and Herman Brandcamp.

The union of the two bodies—the Oporto Junta and the Lisbon Provisional Junta—being agreed upon on the 28th of September, general satisfaction was expressed at the event; and the arrival of the members of the Oporto Junta was expected in the capital with the utmost impatience. The troops of the line, the militia, and a royal brigade of marines, having been drawn up from Arroios to the squares of Rocio and Terreiro de Paça, received their excellencies, who arrived at the palace of the Government about noon, in the magnificent equipages of the individuals of the capital. They were there received by the President of the Government, and the other members of the provisional administration. The mutual cordiality and striking conformity of views with which the two bodies declared that they would consult the interests of their country and the consolidation of the throne, filled all hearts with delight and confidence. Great crowds were assembled in the Rocio to witness the arrival of their excellencies; and as soon as they appeared—not with the triumphal pomp of conquerors, but covered with the glory of having restored liberty to their country—the air resounded with the most joyful acclamations of the people and the troops—the multitude in the streets and in the houses waved their handker-

chiefs—and the ladies, displaying from the balconies all the richness of their dress and all the splendour of their beauty, heightened the general enthusiasm by the liveliest expression of their patriotic feelings. A discharge of cannon from the castle of St. George, which was answered by the fire of the fortresses and of the ships in the river, announced the arrival of their excellencies; and when all the members of the Government appeared at the balcony of the palace to receive the public applause, joy beamed in every eye, and every tongue was loud in expressions of satisfaction and hope. *Vivas* were pronounced to religion, to the King, to the dynasty of Braganza, to the Constitution which the Cortes are about to form, to the governors of the kingdom, to the Portuguese army, and, in short, to every object of public satisfaction. At night, the theatres exhibited pieces in unison with the occasion; the whole city was illuminated, the whole population was abroad, and triumphal arches, with emblematical figures, were erected at the entrance of some of the streets and squares. A proclamation was issued by the Provisional Government, expressive of its satisfaction at the state of public tranquillity on its union with the Oporto Provisional Junta. "The morning of the 1st of October," it says, "will compose a memorable epoch in the history of Portugal; as it saw the most cordial union of all parties in promoting the welfare of this nation, formerly celebrated for its glorious deeds in all parts of the world, but now more renowned for the firmness of its resolution, and the calmness with which it has effected its political regeneration."

It now remains to be seen what course the incorporated Juntas will pursue, towards consolidating the liberty that has been proclaimed: it remains also to be seen, in what light these events will be regarded by the Court of Brazil, and whether the King of Portugal will continue to reside in his transatlantic dominions. If he should, there is a great probability that he will lose his European ones; for the cordial understanding that already prevails between the revolutionists of Spain and those of Portugal, may perhaps lead to political changes in the latter country not easily to be recalled. Already an union between Spain and Portugal, or, more properly speaking, the annexation of the latter to the former, is talked of; and such a project would find few obstacles, it is thought,

if the King and his Court continue self-expatriated.

We have still another revolution to mention—that of Naples. This one too, as far as Naples itself is concerned, has produced nothing since our last to justify the rational alarms of those who look at revolutions, however produced, with suspicion and dismay. On the 2d instant, the opening of the Neapolitan Parliament took place. At ten o'clock in the morning on that day, the King entered the hall of the deputies, followed by the Ministers, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Presidents of the Courts. His Majesty having taken his seat on the throne, the President and the senior Secretary approached him, the former holding in his hand the book of the Holy Evangelists, and the latter the formula of the oath. The King rose, and with a distinct voice swore fidelity to the Constitution. This grand national act was followed by peals of acclamation; on the subsiding of which, the President, S. Galdi, addressed his Majesty in an eloquent speech, containing sentiments and reflections worthy of the occasion. He dwelt with forcible observations upon the wretched state to which ambition and misgovernment had reduced nations, before the experience of the real principles of social confederacy had been well understood. He described the evil consequences which resulted from the doctrines of those, who would attempt to remedy the existing evils under which declining empires laboured, by the wild theories of the perfectibility of human nature; as well as the mischiefs that sprung from the opposite prejudices of others, who attributed all the evils of society to philosophy, and, making war upon learned men and knowledge, hastened to throw themselves for protection upon barbarism: thus, he observed, flourishing states sunk into ruin under the hands of the powerful and ambitious, while there remained yet the grand problem to be solved, of moderating the pride of nations in their grandeur and prosperity, and of restoring those whose spirit had been broken by injustice and oppression; but the hand of Providence (he continued) could alone point out to people, in their dangerous career, the polar star which was to guide them in this ocean of calamities; and this star of safety was a wise Constitution, the offspring of knowledge and experience. He then proceeded to describe the events which had led to the establishment of the Con-

stitution, the ambition which had humbled the pride and resources of Spain; till its commerce was ruined, its colonies revolted, its vessels burnt, its army destroyed, and its King a prisoner, when all of a sudden, the voice of honour and religion called the Spaniards to arms, and, recovering their independence and their Cortes, they framed a Constitution which served Naples for a model.—“You,” said the President to the King, “have sworn to this Constitution with tears of joy and love. The people have witnessed your emotion. The Heir Apparent has taken the same oath, and the descendant of the inheritors of the religion of St. Louis, and of the civil virtues of Charles the Third, shall not have sworn in vain.” After eulogizing the King and his family, the President went on to state, that the army would recover its ancient virtue, and the nation and monarchy would no longer compromise their glory in political transactions with foreigners. Science and the arts would again flourish on a soil consecrated by their former achievements, and great men and monuments of grandeur would renew the glories of the classic ages.

The King in person replied to the President briefly, to signify his assent to the principles and the wishes which the Chamber expressed through its organ. The acclamations redoubled, and the formal speech of his Majesty was read by his Royal Highness the Duke of Calabria. The speech contained sentiments similar to those which the President had expressed. He gave the full concurrence of the Royal will to all that had been done towards the salvation of the country, and entrusted to the hands of the Deputies the performance of what remained yet to be done, in the internal institutions, in commerce, the ecclesiastical affairs, and all the civil regulations, for the prosperity and consolidation of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

After this discourse, his Royal Highness the Vicar-General addressed a few words of thanks and congratulation to his father and sovereign. At this moment the most moving spectacle of general joy took place—the spectators expressed, in the most touching eloquence, their gratitude to the King, and their love for the Constitution. The enthusiasm of the people was not to be described. When the emotion had somewhat ceased, the President replied to the King.

The hall then resounded with cries of

Viva le Roi; afterwards the General-in-Chief Pepe approached the throne, and in a short but emphatic speech, laid at the feet of his Sovereign the command of that army with which he had achieved the deliverance of his country. His Majesty replied, and expressed his acknowledgments for the gallant and patriotic services of the General.

This scene, so morally splendid, concluded amid universal rejoicings. The King traversed the streets on his return, while flowers were showered on his Majesty and Royal Party from the hands of the citizens of all ranks, who crowded the passages to the Palace gates, and surrounded their Sovereign with the truest of all protections, the affectionate homage of his people.

The latest accounts from Sicily are favourable; inasmuch as they lead us to believe, that that island will achieve

its independence without any farther effusion of blood.

In France, an event has taken place, which may perhaps have a decisive influence in consolidating the interests of the restored dynasty. The Duchess de Berri has given birth to a son, upon whom is conferred the title of the Duke de Bordeaux. Extraordinary pains were taken to establish the fact of this important birth; and, if we may believe the accounts in the French journals, the Duchess herself, animated by a patriotic desire to leave no possibility of doubt, submitted to proofs which must have been a severe trial to her delicacy as a female. Great rejoicings have ensued, and splendid preparations are making, for celebrating the christening of this infant Prince, in a manner suitable to the great destinies which probably hang upon his existence.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE seasonable weather hitherto experienced in the present quarter, has facilitated the operations of husbandry; yet the Wheat-seeding is less forward than might have been expected, considering that the injury sustained by the late-sown wheats of last Autumn is still fresh in our recollection: but the defalcation in the receipts of the past year was to be supplied from the proceeds of the present—the threshing-machine has therefore put in requisition the whole disposable power of the farm, in men and horses; consequently the markets have been overcharged with Grain, prices have fallen in proportion, and a larger quantity of Corn has necessarily been required to command a given sum of money: evil is thus accumulated upon evil, till the pressure is not only seriously felt in its immediate effects, but we fear it will be productive of even worse consequences in the sequel.

Although there has been no want of sun, the first-sown Wheats have made but little progress in vegetation, owing probably to the small quantity of moisture the soil has yet imbibed.

The acreable quantity, and quality of both Wheat and Barley are found exceedingly variable; the best and highly-cultivated soils having produced an immense bulk of straw, and but little grain, and that little of the worst description imaginable; and the inferior and less fertile lands, superior grain and better cast: thus there is a disproportion in the value (of Wheat more particularly) of from 50 to 65, and even 70 per cent.—Oats, Beans, and Peas, are more uniform, and, generally speaking, very good.—Turnips are but little improved since our last. Artificial food will probably be resorted to for grazing, particularly as Hay is plentiful, and not of the best quality, and the inferior Barleys absolutely rejected by the maltster.—Store Beasts are somewhat lower, and Sheep almost unsaleable.—Lean Pigs are in demand, as a medium through which the light-grained corn may be converted into money: this will overstock the market with pork, and thus the end will be defeated in the means.—The sets of Clover which appeared to have been injured by the lodged corn have greatly improved since harvest; and so few instances of entire failure have occurred, that the general prospect may perhaps be considered a good one.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Lloyd's Coffee House, October 20, 1820.

THE first, and the most remarkable thing to be reported on in the present paper, is the late extensive sale of COTTON at the India House; no less than 53,000 bags:—of which from 8,000 to 10,000, says rumour, are bought for the purpose of exportation to China! The fact would exceed belief, were it not well authenticated, and were not the evolutions and involutions of commerce at this moment, completely out of what was formerly thought to be the common way. In effect, British intercourse with some countries is now carried on on notions of speculation, which will either meet and decidedly dismay rivals, or will envelope the speculators in inextricable perplexities.

A quantity so considerable as above stated, brought forward in one sale, naturally attracted the notice of all parties concerned in this branch of business; and to say truth, there was an unusual attendance of country buyers; who, in consequence of the extensive catalogue, depended on a (to them) profitable abatement of price. The event, however, proved otherwise: for, except a few parcels of not prime goods, the article kept up its value; and on the whole, may be said to have realized the general currency so very nearly as not to allow of any difference worth stating. This will be very good news to many persons; as well growers abroad, as importers at home:—nevertheless, whether sales so extensive will prove generally favourable to their interests, is a problem which they will do well to consider, before they trust the solution to deep experiment. It will not be expected, that private contracts for Cotton should be very extensive, at this moment. Prime parcels, however, continue to find purchasers; and the demand, though limited, is not despicable. At Liverpool, it has proved steady; and the prices have rather risen than fallen; which leads to the inference, that the machinery is not inclined to stand still; nor the manufacturers to remain idle. It is but justice to the ingenuity and skill of our countrymen to notice the variety and the excellence of the articles which issue from their looms; accustomed as we are to the daily sight of them, they nevertheless excite our admiration, as to their quality:—their quantity excites our astonishment.

We have watched the progress of the CORN TRADE since the harvest, with some anxiety, for reasons not difficult to be guessed at. At present, it bears rather a cheerful aspect; that is to say, the supply consists of a better quality brought to market: the price varies a trifle in favour of the Agriculturist; and the number of buyers in attendance is considerable; perhaps it is even more than could be expected. The natural consequence is, a fair demand; and we hope that the market will continue that steady proportion between buyer and seller, as is at all times the most satisfactory state of things, when it can be maintained. The prices have had the effect of again prohibiting Foreign grain, after an immense importation. The English supplies of oats and barley, have been lately very limited.

Of our Colonial imports RUM has taken the most noticeable start. We have heretofore hinted at the probability that the very low prices of this article would eventually—perhaps, speedily—bring it into request in foreign parts, as well as increase its consumption at home. That hint appears about to be realized. The price has risen considerably: a more than usual number of speculators has come forward to put their good fortune and judgment to the test; and their speculations have been more than usually extensive. The sorts most in favour were the strong qualities, the leading Jamaicas; and there is now so small a quantity of these left on hand, that the holders insist on an advance of price, with every prospect of obtaining it. It is thought, that not less than 2,000 puncheons have changed hands in the course of a single week. The inferior kinds have felt the benefit in part only—such as the low Jamaicas, and Leewards.

It is understood that the vintage in France has not proved to be so favourable as had been expected: in consequence, BRANDY has experienced a rise. And besides this, it sometimes happens that when one kind of spirit rises with any thing like effect, another kind feels an advantage, somewhat indirectly. It is nothing uncommon for speculators to direct their attention to what purchasers might incline to adopt as a substitute; and this is soon perceived by those who are so deeply interested as holders commonly are. This article may also stand in proof of the extensive sensibilities of commerce: it might be asked, *What is the weather in*

France to us? The answer may be heard very intelligibly in the present rise of Brandy; and ultimately, no doubt, in that of Claret, and other French wines of good quality.

SUGAR has done nothing more than keep up its price, lately; and perhaps that was as much as could be expected. It is an article in which we must expect rivals; and to feel from time to time the action of that rivalry. Refined goods have been steady; but the prices may be quoted a shade lower; with the exception of lumps, which have supported their value, and for which the request has rather increased than diminished.

The COFFEE sales are at this moment altogether languid; of the public sales a considerable proportion has been taken in; and only the superior kinds have maintained the currency of the market. It is, however, a pleasant recollection, that the British productions are the most favourably treated by the buyers; and especially the prime samples. These will find purchasers when the Foreign are scarcely looked at; and if sometimes they suffer a depression, yet it never equals that which befalls the growth of the colonies of other nations.

The first importation of Spanish FRUIT is now arrived, and has come to a fair market. The trade has taken off the whole at a stroke; which is nothing uncommon at this season of the year. Successive arrivals may be daily expected, and the usual regale at Christmas need not this year be despaired of.

We reported in our last, that HOPS were estimated at a very low amount of duty. opinion has once more changed, and from about 80, or 85,000*l.* the estimate has risen to 100, or 105,000*l.* This inclines us to hope, that although the quality of those hitherto brought is only among the middlings, yet that a short time may elicit better specimens than those who have indulged their apprehensions would easily credit.

The PROVISION trade is, at this moment, little other than expectation. It is well known, that money is extremely scarce in Ireland; and that the supply of cattle is great, while the crops have been really fine—the farmer, therefore, is not only urged by necessity, but can afford to make a virtue of that necessity, and to sell at a very moderate rate. Certainly the late Government contract for beef and pork was taken at a very low rate; but those who should know, are of opinion, that if things realize what is said, the holders of that contract will find it an extremely profitable concern. The weather in its changes has had of late, as it always has, an influence on the home market; but the supply seems to be fully equal to the demand; and, if we may judge from the number of cattle, &c. brought to Smithfield, there is no danger of starving for want of roast beef at Christmas.

St. Petersburg, 7-19 Sept. 1820.—Refined sugars maintain their prices here, and also at Moscow; particularly English double loaves, which have a character above any goods manufactured either by our refiners in this city, or at Moscow. Indigo is at present in no demand. Russian goods are slack.

Malta, Sept. 13, 1820.—Coffee continues scarce, and in demand. Sugars accumulate; a parcel of East India yellow has just been sold, at 28 for cash. For a cargo of white Brazils only 45 *sc.* is offered, which, however, would leave a profit on their cost. Indigo is still in demand, but two or three small parcels are on the road, and will cause some decline. Oil has varied very little; but the crops in Barbary and Sicily are said to be bad, and speculators offer 12 *sc.* for Sicilian. The prices of Currants will be above 105 per cwt. laid down in London.

Naples, Oct. 3, 1820.—Our dealers are still at the Salerno fair: we understand that they have sold most of the Colonial produce taken there; which has occasioned some demand here. Coffee has certainly risen; though there are no sales of consequence; and good Berbice would command 80 ducats. Pepper is difficult of sale, and so are all spices.

Parliament opened on Sunday last; but as yet no proceedings of consequence have taken place. Finance and modifying the constitution are likely to be the first measures that will occupy the members. We have no news from Palermo; but the royal army was near it. Some reports mention much fighting, while others insist on an amicable arrangement being actually made. We cannot remain many days more without something positive.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM SEPTEMBER 23 TO OCTOBER 24, 1820, INCLUSIVE.

N. B. In Bankruptcies in and about London, the Attorneys are to be understood to reside in London; and in Country Bankruptcies at the Residence of the Bankrupt, except otherwise expressed.

The Solicitors' Names are between parentheses.

- ANDERSON, J. London, merchant. (Collins Austin, T., J. Gregory, and J. Henson, Bath, haberdashers. (Amory)
- Arison, J. Bridgehouse, Yorkshire, grocer. (Meadowcroft)
- Bidmoad, J. D. Chalford, broad-cloth manufacturer. (Blake; Stone, Tetbury)
- Bidwith, T. Hagglaswood, Stotenden, Shropshire, farmer. (Griffiths; Woodward, Cleobury Mortimer, Shropshire)
- Bonsor, H. Belle Sauvage-yard, Ladgate-hill, victualler. (Fisher)
- Bosher, W. Aldersgate-street, wholesale jeweller. (Townsend)
- Calvert, J. Hedden, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner. (Milne)
- Castley, R. Friday-street, Chesapeake, warehouseman. (Wilde)
- Clarke, G. St. John's-street, shoemaker. (Beetholme)
- Clayton, P. Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, saddler. (Smith)
- Cope, W. Chillington, crate-maker. (Stocker and Co.; Lowe, Nantwich)
- Emson, R. Leaden, Essex, brewer. (Wright)
- Fleghen, J. G. Jun, Wood-street, Chesapeake, glass-dealer. (Pickering and Co.)
- Field, J. Pickett-street, Strand, linen-draper. (Jones)
- Forster, W. Strand, silversmith. (Popkin)
- Gidley, E. Dover-street, Piccadilly, dress-maker. (Drake and Co.)
- Gilbert, M. and R. Tideswell, Derbyshire, linen-drappers. (Hart)
- Griffiths, G. Curator-street, jeweller. (Poole)
- Gruumwell, F. Jun. Leeds, cheesemonger. (Edmonds)
- Harris, J., and C. Cooper, Bristol, wool and cloth-factors. (Alexander and Co.)
- Hart, G. Cheltenham, stone-mason. (Meredith)
- Herbert, W. Overbury, Worcester, farmer. (Cardale and Co.; Parks and Smith, Worcester)
- Houghton, G. Hercules-buildings, Lambeth, carpenter. (Sabine)
- Jeramy, C. Acree-lane, Chapham, linen-draper. (Pickering and Co.)
- Jones, T., and E. Powell, Wrexham, grocers. (Long)
- Koster, T. Liverpool, merchant. (Lowe and Co.)
- Latham, J. Abington, grocer. (Osbaldeston)
- Lee, J. Horsleydown-lane, Southwark, lighterman. (Knight and Co.)
- Loech, J., and J. Hinebell, Cateaton-street, wholesale hosier. (Harrison)
- Leigh, R. Stanley, dealer in ale and porter. (Price & Co.)
- Lockock, S. Bristol, baker. (Desardillon and Co.)
- Mardon, W. East Budleigh, Devon. (Collett and Co.; Turner, Exeter)
- Martitt, R. Pickering, carrier. (Barber)
- Martins, T. Bristol, linen-draper. (Osbaldeston)
- Moskin, W. Ezeleshall, Staffordshire, grocer. (Wright)
- Miller, G. Watling-street, carpet agent. (Tucker)
- Morley, D. Cockspur-street, boot-maker. (Sarrell)
- Morton, A. Lower Thames-street, fish-factor. (Flower)
- Nation, J. Gosport, victualler. (Minchin; T. A. Minchin, Portsea)
- Norris, C. and R. Bury, cotton-spinners. (Herd)
- Parker, W. Birmingham, lime-dealer. (Turner and Co.)
- Paul, H. Old Change, carpenter. (Wilks)
- Payne, J., D. Reid, and T. Hall, Norwich, bombazeen-manufacturers. (Taylor and Co.)
- Parkins, R. Lymington, hants, grocer. (Young)
- Pitt, J. Cirencester, wool-stapler. (Thompson, Jun.)
- Portlock, R. Andover, coach-maker. (Robins)
- Redhead, J. M. Rotherhithe, merchant. (Baker)
- Reynolds, W. Late of the ship Orient, master mariner. (Willis and Co.)
- Roach, J. Plymouth Dock, stationer. (Smith, Plymouth Dock)
- Sabine, H. Fenchurch-street, druggist. (Saxon)
- Seaman, C., and G. Etheridge, Norwich, goldsmiths. (Aron)
- Shirley, R. Bucklersbury, carpet-manufacturer. (Walker and Co.)
- Small, W. Jun. Lower East Smithfield, butcher. (Sharo)
- Smith, T. H. Chancery-lane, tailor. (Carter)
- Smith, J. Jun. Ramsgate, carpenter. (Patten)
- Smith, J. H. Bristol, auctioneer. (Pearson)
- Smith, J. H. Kilkenny, Yorkshire, flax-spinner. (Roe)
- Stannard, W. Norwich, manufacturer. (Taylor and Co.; Turner, Exeter)
- Stickland, S. Budleigh, Salterton, Devon, dealer. (Collett and Co.)
- Sutton, J. sen. Barleston, Leicestershire, butcher. (Constable; Greenway, Attleborough-hall, Warwick)
- Thomson, G., and J. Cabell, Oxford-street, linen-drappers. (Hart)
- Thompson, J. Norwich, merchant. (Sargers)
- Thornon, H. Road-lane, upholster. (Warand)
- Tunnicliffe, G., and J. Tunnicliffe, Stone, grocers. (Wheeler)
- Waldie, J., and S. Waldie, Dalston, manufacturers. (Clarke)
- Weston, M. Wellington, Somerset, mercer. (Burfoot)
- Willet, G. Owen's-row, Islington, picture-frame-maker. (Tottie and Co.)
- Willson, J. Swanton Morley, Norfolk, farmer. (Stocker and Co.)
- Winwick, J. Bathwick, Somerset, money-scrivener. (Stephen)
- Woolcott, C. F. High Holborn, window-glass cutter. (II. H. Turner)
- Young, T. Cheltenham, fishmonger. (Williams)

DIVIDENDS.

- ABBOTT, T. Knaresborough, Oct. 16
- Amhurst, S. Market-street, Westminster, Nov. 11
- Alcock, E. Atherstone, Oct. 23
- Archer, T. Hertford, Oct. 31
- Ashford, C. S. Harrow-road, Paddington, Nov. 11
- Bailey, J. Macclesfield, Nov. 13
- Barrett, T. Upper George-street, Mary le Bone, Nov. 4
- Bate, G. Bristol, Nov. 4
- Baylis, G. Stapleton, Gloucestershire, Oct. 23
- Bidwell, J. G. Exeter, Oct. 28
- Binnis, J. and J. Lone, Oct. 21
- Black, W. and J. Blanch, Bath, Nov. 13
- Blyth, E. Dyer's-buildings, Holborn, Oct. 14, Nov. 7
- Bolton, T. Worcester, Oct. 16
- Bowdler, W. Chesapeake, Nov. 3
- Boyer, A., P. Hole, and R. Keayon, Liverpool, Oct. 23
- Brattle, W. Ragshaw, Kent, Oct. 21
- Bromer, D. Threading-st. Nov. 11
- Brown, T. Strand, Oct. 28
- Browne, J. Charles-street, Grosvenor-square, Nov. 4
- Buchannan, W. Oxenden-st. Nov. 18
- Barton, W. Cornhill, Nov. 7
- Batton, W. sen. and W. Button, Jun. Paternoster-row, Nov. 7
- Cawood, R. Arncley, Yorkshire, Nov. 1
- Cecil, J. Birmingham, Oct. 30
- Clarke, D. T. Gerrard-street, Nov. 14
- Contes, J. Worcester, Oct. 20
- Colbeck, T., W. Ellis, J. Wilks, sen., W. Holdsworth, and J. Holdsworth, Fawston, Yorkshire, Nov. 21
- Coleman, W. Gosport, Nov. 14
- Collins, A. Maidstone, Oct. 14
- Covey, R. Strand, Oct. 28
- Crickett, D. Haugham, Kent, Oct. 23
- Crombie, R. Chelsea, Nov. 4
- Davies, R. New Bond-street, Nov. 18
- Dawson, J. New Windsor, Oct. 31
- Dewar, J. Stamford, Oct. 28
- Divie, P. sen. P. Dixie, Jun. J. Dixie, and B. Dixie, Falcon, Nov. 11
- Edwards, W. Dartford, Dec. 2
- Elgar, W. Maidstone, Nov. 11
- Ellis, W. Fawston, Yorkshire, Nov. 7
- Fariah, W. Whitehaven, Oct. 23
- Farrant, W. Strand, Nov. 7
- Fawcett, W. Liverpool, Oct. 19
- Fish, J. Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nov. 9
- Foster, T. and E. S. Yalding, Nov. 11
- Fry, R. Leicester-square, Nov. 11
- Gallant, W. Leadenhall-market, Oct. 14, 28
- Gardner, J. Newcastle-under-Lyne, Oct. 24
- Gardiner, G. St. John's-street, Nov. 25
- Gaudy, J. Liverpool, Oct. 18
- Gash, R. Bridge-road, Lambeth, Oct. 18, Dec. 9
- George, G. Gosport, Nov. 14
- Gibbs, G. Swanmore, Hants, Oct. 18
- Goddard, J. F., and N. Wood, Gosport, Nov. 1
- Gowland, T. Great Winchester-street, Nov. 4
- Greenwood, W. Elwick, Yorkshire, Nov. 1
- Gribble, N., and M. Hellyer, East Stouchehouse, Devon, Nov. 6
- Grocott, J. T. Salford, Nov. 14
- Gunn, J. Buckland Common, Buckinghamshire, Oct. 14
- Hale, S. London Tavern, Nov. 18
- Hancock, J. Rotherhithe, Nov. 14
- Hanley, M. Mitre-court, Oct. 24
- Harris, T. Hereford, Oct. 23
- Hawke, W. Lamerton, Devon, Oct. 14
- Hayles, C. and J. N. Portsmouth, Nov. 14
- Hemming, J. Long-acre, Nov. 4
- Hindle, W. Leeds, Nov. 15
- Hirst, J. Tower-street, Oct. 28
- Homan, W. Barking, Oct. 21
- Hornby, J. Liverpool, Oct. 30
- Hoyles, T. Nottingham, Oct. 31
- Huggitt, T. Bermondsey-st. Nov. 21
- Jackson, J. Dewgate Wharf, and Jackson, J. Eppleton, Oct. 31
- Jackson, H. Mincing-lane, Nov. 26
- Johnson, D. Brown-street, Hanover-sq. Nov. 6
- Kelly, A. Pall Mall, Nov. 7
- Kemp, T. Knaresborough, Nov. 14
- Kerr, H., and G. Sharp, Newcastle-under-Lyne, Oct. 24
- Kershaw, S. Oldham, Nov. 8
- Kruse, A. Union-court, Broad-street, Nov. 11
- Law, C. Minorities, Oct. 17
- Law, W. Cophall Chambers, Nov. 25
- Law, J. King-street, Chesapeake, Oct. 27, 24
- Leigh, P. Wincham, Cheshire, Oct. 17
- Leigh, J. P. Old City Chambers, Dec. 9
- Lewis, R. Treanury, Montgomeryshire, Oct. 24, Dec. 29
- Lewis, W., and J. A. Henderson, Little Tower-street, Nov. 7

Lloyd, T. Tibberton, Herefordshire, Nov. 3	Rand, J. Gospel Oak, Staffordshire, Nov. 1	Sykes, G. and J. Sykes, Carrier's Hall-court, Nov. 14
Lucas, J. P. Birmingham, Oct. 26	Reay, J. South Shields, Nov. 7	Tallock, J. Stratham, Nov. 14
Lyons, L. Lower Shadwell, Oct. 26	Richards, W. Pensance, Oct. 13, Nov. 17	Terry, R. Holborn-bridge, Nov. 4
Maddy, H., and J. T. Gough, Hereford, Nov. 11	Richardson, J. Sloane-street, Chelsea, Nov. 18	Thorley, S. Levenshulme, Manchester, and J. Beckron, Oct. 26
Manfredi, J. S., T. Luff, and H. Hanshall, Norton Palgate, Nov. 4	Richmond, T. Bell-yard, Carey-street, Oct. 17	Thurkie, G. M. New Street-square, Nov. 11
Mawson, G. Bradford, Yorkshire, Nov. 1	Robb, W. S. Blackfriars-road, Nov. 21	Turnbull, J. & Co. Broad-street, City, Nov. 11
M'Neal, N. London, Nov. 4	Robotham, T. Derby, Nov. 9	Vesning, W. Gutter-lane, Nov. 14
Mayor, C. Somerset-street, Portman-square, Nov. 14	Rutledge, F. W. Lucas-street, Commercial-road, Nov. 18	Voysey, J. S. Ratcliffe-highway, Oct. 26
Meacher, T. Newport Pagnell, Oct. 23	Sanders, R. Worcester, Nov. 9	Walmesly, R., M. Turner, and W. J. Turner, Basinghall-street, Oct. 14
Miller, W. Mitre court, Fleet-street, Oct. 14	Scoles, C. Bensington, Oxfordshire, Oct. 24	Warrington, N. Southwark, Nov. 7
Miller, R. Old Fish-street, Nov. 4	Scott, W. Portsmouth, Nov. 14	Webb, J. Waverhampton, Oct. 26
Millward, J. Reddish, Oct. 26	Seager, S. P. Maidstone, Nov. 11	White, J. and W. French, Kennington, Nov. 7
Mitchin, T. A., W. G. Carter, and A. Kelly, Oct. 26	Sharland, G. South Molton, Oct. 17	Whitehead, J. Catenote-street, City, Nov. 4
Neild, J. Midge-hill, Yorkshire, Nov. 3	Shelby, G. M. Whitechapel, Nov. 4	Wilkinson, W., T. Greenhaigh, and J. Wrigley, Clitheroe, Nov. 6
Newcomb, W. Coventry, Oct. 23	Smith, T. Chepstow, Oct. 26	Wodgate, W. P. Tonbridge, Nov. 11
Perkins, J. Tiverton, Oct. 26	Smithson, R. Walley, Nov. 6	Wood, R. Marborough, Nov. 8
Perkins, J. Coventry, Oct. 23	Souther, J. Canterbury, Oct. 24	Woods, S. Havantise, Hants, Oct. 19
Prichard, J. Church-lane, Whitechapel, Nov. 7	Spanner, S. Prestonville, Nov. 7	Wright, S. White Horse-lane, Whitechapel, Nov. 14
Raine, J. S. Wapping Wall, Nov. 11	Stamm, T., and W. S. Hutton, Sudbury, and T. Adkin, Colechester, Oct. 26	Wye, G. W. London, Nov. 11
Ramsay, J., and R. Forster, Old Broad street, Oct. 21	Street, J. F. and W. Bucklersbury, Nov. 18	Yates, J. E. Shoreditch, Nov. 7
Rand, E. and T. Baker, Great Russell-street, Nov. 7		

Daily Prices of STOCKS, from the 25th Sept. to the 24th Oct. 1820, inclusive.

Days. 1820.	Bank Stock.	3 per Ct. Reduced.	3 per Ct. Consols.	4 per Ct. Consols.	5 per Ct. Navy.	Long Annuities	Imperial 3 per Ct.	India Stock.	South Sea Stock.	4 p. Ct. Ind. Bnd.	Ex. Bills, 2d pr. Day	
Sep. 25			66 $\frac{1}{2}$		102 $\frac{1}{2}$					21 pm.	4 5 pm.	
26			66 $\frac{1}{2}$		102 $\frac{1}{2}$					21 pm.	4 5 pm.	
27			66 $\frac{1}{2}$		102 $\frac{1}{2}$		65 $\frac{1}{2}$	215		21 pm.	5 3 pm.	
28			66 $\frac{1}{2}$		102 $\frac{1}{2}$					20 pm.	4 2 pm.	
29												
30			66 $\frac{1}{2}$		102 $\frac{1}{2}$				73 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 pm.	2 pm. par.	
Oct. 2			66 $\frac{1}{2}$		102 $\frac{1}{2}$					19 pm.	par. 2 pm.	
3			66 $\frac{1}{2}$		102 $\frac{1}{2}$					19 pm.	2 1 pm.	
4			66 $\frac{1}{2}$		102 $\frac{1}{2}$		65 $\frac{1}{2}$			21 pm.	1 2 pm.	
5			66 $\frac{1}{2}$		102 $\frac{1}{2}$			216	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	21 pm.	1 2 pm.	
6			66 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	103 $\frac{1}{2}$		66 $\frac{1}{2}$	216 $\frac{1}{2}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	22 pm.	2 4 pm.	
7			67 $\frac{1}{2}$		103					24 pm.	4 3 pm.	
8			67 $\frac{1}{2}$		103 $\frac{1}{2}$					24 pm.	4 6 pm.	
9			67 $\frac{1}{2}$		103 $\frac{1}{2}$			217 $\frac{1}{2}$		25 pm.	4 6 pm.	
10			67 $\frac{1}{2}$		103 $\frac{1}{2}$			217 $\frac{1}{2}$	218	25 pm.	5 6 pm.	
11			67 $\frac{1}{2}$	67	103 $\frac{1}{2}$			217 $\frac{1}{2}$		25 pm.	4 5 pm.	
12			67 $\frac{1}{2}$	67	103 $\frac{1}{2}$		66 $\frac{1}{2}$	218	$\frac{1}{2}$	23 pm.	4 5 pm.	
13			67 $\frac{1}{2}$	67	103 $\frac{1}{2}$					26 pm.	4 6 pm.	
14			67 $\frac{1}{2}$		103 $\frac{1}{2}$					25 pm.	4 6 pm.	
15			67 $\frac{1}{2}$		103 $\frac{1}{2}$			220		26 pm.	4 6 pm.	
16			67 $\frac{1}{2}$		103 $\frac{1}{2}$					26 pm.	4 6 pm.	
17			67 $\frac{1}{2}$		103 $\frac{1}{2}$					26 pm.	4 6 pm.	
18			67 $\frac{1}{2}$		103 $\frac{1}{2}$			219 $\frac{1}{2}$	220 $\frac{1}{2}$	26 pm.	4 6 pm.	
19	215		67 $\frac{1}{2}$		104		66 $\frac{1}{2}$	220	$\frac{1}{2}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	26 pm.	4 6 pm.
20	215 $\frac{1}{2}$		67 $\frac{1}{2}$		104				74 $\frac{1}{2}$	26 pm.	4 6 pm.	
21			67 $\frac{1}{2}$		104					26 pm.	4 6 pm.	
22			67 $\frac{1}{2}$		104					25 pm.	4 6 pm.	
23			67 $\frac{1}{2}$		104 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{7}{16}$				26 pm.	4 5 pm.	
24	215	66 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{7}{8}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{8}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$						
25												

Oct. 24:—3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Consols 75 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Omnium 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ dis.—Consols for Account 67 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$.

•• All Exchequer Bills dated prior to April 1819, have been advertised to be paid off.

INCIDENTS, APPOINTMENTS, BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, &c. IN LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.

With Biographical Accounts of Distinguished Persons.

Election of Lord Mayor.—The following were the aldermen put in nomination as eligible for the office of Lord Mayor of London for the present year: MAGNAY, BLOXAM, HEYGATE, COX, THORPE, and ROTHWELL. On the shew of hands, the majority was in favour of Aldermen Thorp and Heygate. Messrs. Pearson and Webb then proposed Alderman Wood. The sense of the meeting was again taken, and appeared to be in favour of Aldermen Wood and Thorp, who were accordingly returned to the Court of Aldermen. The Lord Mayor and Court then retired to the Council-chamber, and on their return the Common Serjeant stated the election to have fallen on Alderman THORPE.

Sheriffs of London.—On the occasion of swearing in the new sheriffs on the day after Michaelmas-day, a dispute took place in court between the late sheriffs Rothwell and Parkins, as to the regularity of the appointment of Mr. Collinridge as under-sheriff, in which Mr. Parkins declared he had never concurred. The affair remains, we believe, unsettled. A vote of censure has been passed by the Court of Common Council on Sheriff Parkins, for inconsistent and unbecoming behaviour.

Late Courts at Westminster Hall.—It will be recollected, that in consequence of the preparations for the King's Coronation, the Courts of Chancery and King's Bench, in Westminster Hall, were taken down to make room for that ceremony, and that a bill was subsequently introduced in parliament to enable the judges of the Court of King's Bench to hold sittings in other places than that of the "Great Chamber in Westminster Hall." It is, however, now ascertained, that although the sittings at *Nisi Prius* may be held elsewhere, the actual business of Term must, by old charter, be transacted in some chamber *within* the hall: in consequence of which, a new court must be erected: orders to that effect have been issued, and that it shall be begun immediately, that it may be in readiness to receive the judges on the 6th inst., the Term commencing on that day.

St. Paul's Cathedral.—The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have at length resolved that this splendid Metropolitan Church shall undergo a thorough repair. A number of the windows which were much dilapidated have been removed, and new ones substituted in their place. To those who have not seen the interior, it would be utterly impossible to convey any idea of the miserable state in which it was kept. The beautiful monuments of Johnson, Howard, Sir W. Jones, Lord Hood, &c. were so completely covered with dust, as to render it difficult to judge

of what marble they were made, and even, in some instances, the inscriptions, from the same cause, were almost illegible. Several persons, however, are now employed in cleansing the interior.

Drury Lane Theatre.—A splendid colonnade is erecting in front of Drury-lane theatre. Frequent complaints having been made of the inconvenience to which ladies and parties were subjected on a rainy evening, the manager, with a becoming spirit, has resolved to remedy the evil. The workmen are also busily occupied in making extensive improvements in the interior.

College of Physicians.—At the Annual Election of Officers of the Royal College of Physicians, Sir Henry Hallford, bart. was elected president; Dr. Powell, Dr. Cooke, Dr. Macmichael, and Dr. Peter Mere Latham, were elected censors; Dr. Currey, treasurer; Dr. Hue, registrar. Sir Henry Hallford, bart., Dr. Frampton, Dr. Nevinson, Dr. Hue, and Dr. Bright, were elected commissioners under the act for regulating mad-houses. Dr. Powell, secretary to the commissioners.

New Church at Chelsea.—Thursday, October 12, the first stone of this intended church was laid by the Bishop of London, with the accustomed formalities. The Duke of Wellington was to have performed this ceremony; but his Grace's brother, the Rev. G. V. Wellesley, came forward and read a letter from the Duke, stating, that he was detained by his Majesty on some important business.

Proposed Wool Fair at Uxbridge.—A very respectable meeting of the wool-growers in and about the neighbourhood of Uxbridge, was held on Thursday, the 12th Oct. at the King's Arms Inn in that town, R. H. Cox, esq. in the chair; at which meeting the consent of the lords in trust of the borough was obtained for the establishment of a wool fair, to be held annually on the first Tuesday in August.

St. Margaret's, Westminster.—In consequence of the promotion of the Rev. Mr. Stevens to the Deanery of Rochester, the valuable Lectureship of St. Margaret's, Westminster, has become vacant. Three candidates have already offered themselves for the situation.

Emigration.—A number of applications have recently been made at the office of the Colonial Department, respecting the intention of Government to permit any settlers to go to the Cape of Good Hope on the terms prescribed by the Treasury, and stated in the House of Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. An answer has been sent to the applicants, stating that Government

has, for the present, relinquished any intention of complying farther with the terms formerly mentioned, as the number of persons applying has been more by far than the sum voted by Parliament will provide for. Government, at the same time, has no objection to permit settlers to emigrate with their families to the Cape, provided they can cultivate the land; and the governor has the discretion of granting or refusing such quantity of land as he may think proper.

Christ's Hospital.—The following whimsical period commences an article in one of the Paris journals:—

“Il existe à Londres, aux frais du gouvernement, une école d'arts et métiers, que l'on nomme *Blue Coat*, d'où sont sortis des hommes du premier mérite.”

Who could suppose that this oddly spelt government institution, which sends out men of the highest abilities in the arts, is Christ's Hospital, or the *Blue Coat School*?

NEW APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

The Rev. W. Carey, D.D. is elected Bishop of Exeter, in the room of Dr. Pelham, translated to the See of Lincoln.

The Rev. Rd. Stevens, Rector of St. James Garlick-hithe, and Lecturer of St. Margaret, Westminster, is appointed to the Deanery of Rochester.

The Rev. Dr. Hodgson is appointed Regius Professor of Divinity, in the University of Oxford.

S. Y. Benyon, Esq. Attorney-General for the county Palatine of Chester, is appointed Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, in the room of Sir W. D. Evans, the new Recorder of Bombay.

The King has been pleased to approve of M. Fournier de Serre, as Vice-Consul for his Most Christian Majesty at Hull.

Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart. was, on the 10th of October, sworn of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, and took his seat accordingly.

NEW MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

County of Kilkenny.—The Hon. Charles Harward Butler.

County of Aberdeen.—The Hon. W. Gordon, of Minnies.

Births.] The lady of R. Bernal, esq. M.P. of a daughter—In Bernard-street, Russell-square, Mrs. Wm. Bromley, of a son—The lady of John Beuthin, esq. of Goswell-street-road, of a son—In Chesterfield-street, Mayfair, the lady of Joseph Bastard, esq. M.P. of a son—In Cadogan-place, Mrs. Thomas Broadwood, of a son—In Brompton-crescent, Mrs. H. Chesmer, of a daughter—At Cullan's-grove, Southgate, the lady of William Curtis, esq. of a son—At Bromley, the lady of Thomas Drane, esq. of a daughter—In Southampton-place, Euston-square, the lady of John French, esq. of a son—The lady of J. F. Forster, esq. of Bernard-street, Russell-square, of a son—In Tavistock-place, Russell-square, Mrs. Tho. Gibbs, of a daughter—

In the Commercial-road, Mrs. Robert Hutchinson, of a son—In Great Russell-street, Mrs. Wm. Hussey, of a son—Mrs. Kew, New Palace-yard, of a son—In Tavistock-square, the lady of T. G. Lambert, esq. of a daughter—At Acton, the lady of Andrew Loughnan, of a daughter—At Drayton-green, the lady of Edward Morse, esq. of a daughter—At Turnham-green-terrace, the lady of J. F. Monkhouse, of a son and heir—The lady of Sir Richard M'Pherson, bart. of a daughter—In Charles-street, Berkeley-square, the lady of James Macdonald, esq. of a son—In Old Broad-street, the lady of John M'Rae, esq. of a son—In Cadogan-place, Mrs. B. Martindale, of a son—In Wimpole-street, the lady of Capt. Patterson, of the Hon. Company's ship Canning, of a son—In St. James's-place, the lady of J. Rose, esq. of a son—In Grafton-street, Lady Ridley, of a daughter—At the house of her father, Col. Caldwell, in Montague-square, the lady of Edward Richard Sullivan, of a daughter—In Tavistock-place, the lady of John Smith, esq. of a son—At Highbury-terrace, the lady of Edward Wigan, esq. of a daughter—In Woburn-place, the lady of Thos. Wyatt, esq. of a daughter—In Upper Seymour-street, Lady Anne Wilbraham, of a son.

Married.] At St. Luke's, Chelsea, J. L. Atkinson, esq. of Chiswell-street, to Miss Maria Green, of Chelsea—At St. Andrew's, Holborn, F. G. Aubin, esq. to Miss Paul—At St. George's, Queen-square, S. Babbington, esq. of New Millman-street, to Miss Martha Dickinson, of New North-street, Red Lion-square—At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Mr. George Gibson, of Mecklenburgh-square, to Miss Poingdestre, of Upper Guildford-street—At Kensington, John Greenwood, esq. of Halstead, to Miss Yeldham, of Kensington—At Chelsea, B. Hawes, jun. esq. of Russell-square, to Miss Brunel, of Chelsea—At Mary-le-bone new church, Capt. L. Mackenzie, Royal Scots, to Miss Bancroft—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Chas. Piches, esq. of the Royal Scots, to Miss Elizabeth Cheeke, of Hackney—At St. James's church, G. W. Rowley, esq. to Miss Maine—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Robt. Sayer, esq. of Trinity college, Cambridge, to Miss Frances Errington, of Cotton-hall, Staffordshire—At the new church, St. Mary-le-bone, the Rev. Edward Scobell, to Miss Ann Chessall, of Norfolk-street—At Islington, M. Schmack, esq. to Miss Falt, of the same place—Fletcher Wilson, esq. of Wansford-court, to Miss Morley, of Walthamstow.

Died.] In Grosvenor-place, Miss Catherine Anstruther, daughter of the late Sir Robert Anstruther of Fifeshire, N.B.—At Kentish Town, John Bailey, esq. 83—Mrs. Brown, Grove-street, Camden Town—Mrs. Barker, of Henrietta-street, Covent-garden—Mr. Robert Bruce, of Thaives-inn, 72—At Hendon, John Beck, esq.—At Hammersmith, Charles Cowper, esq. of the Albany—In Cadogan-place, W. S. Cooper, esq.—

In York-place, Miss Douglas—Mr. Dakin, of Friday-street—In Lansdown-place, Wm. Forsyth, esq. of Montreal, in Canada, 23—At Stoke Newington, the Rev. John Farrar, M.A. 62—In Gloucester-place, Sarah, the wife of the Rev. Richard Glover, of Ilford—Mr. Robert Hewitt, of the Middle Temple and Walworth — Mrs. Hawes, of Charterhouse-square—Mr. Holland, of the Salopian coffee-house, Charing-cross—In Green-street, Grosvenor-square, Mr. Hughes—In Red Lion-square, Mrs. Humphreys—David Lance, esq. South villa, Regent's-park—In Manchester-street, H. Lidgbird, esq. 76—In Golden-sq. Mrs. M'Gregor, 83—At Hoinsey, Wm. Nanson, esq. 76—In Caroline-street, Brunswick-square, Henry Ogilvie, esq. late of Madeira—Thomas Pantin, esq. West Smithfield, 59—Mr. Portal, of Great St. Helen's, 61—In Sloane-street, Major Seymour, late of 56th regiment—At Old Ford, Mr. Richard Tyler, 65—John Furnell Tuffen, esq. of Park-lane—In Tavistock-square, Mr. Warren, 75—In Burton-crescent, Wm. Wheeler, esq. 70.

JOHN HATSELL, ESQ.

Died, Oct. 15, at Marden Park, near Godstone, Surrey, in his 87th year, John Hatsell, Esq. Clerk of the House of Commons, a gentleman of distinguished abilities and strict integrity. Mr. Hatsell sat at the table of the House of Commons, as Clerk Assistant, at the close of the reign of George II., and succeeded to the office of Chief Clerk in 1768. He retired from active service in the year 1797; and, from that time, shared the profits of his lucrative office with Mr. Ley, and subsequently with Mr. Dyson. Mr. Hatsell was educated at Cambridge, and did not forget in old age the use and enjoyment of the classical acquirements of early youth. He enjoyed his faculties, and a comfortable state of health, to the last. After having read prayers to his family (as was his usual custom) on Saturday evening, he was seized in the night by an apoplectic affection, which terminated his life at three o'clock in the morning of Sunday. His volumes of "Precedents of Proceedings in the House of Commons" are well known, and the work will long survive him as the text-book resorted to in all cases of difficulty.

SIR HUGH INGLIS, BART.

Died, Aug. 21, at his house in Queen Anne-street, London, Sir Hugh Inglis, Bart. of Milton Bryant, Bedfordshire, in the 77th year of his age. He went to the East Indies in 1762, and returned in 1775. Having been chosen a Director of the East India Company in 1784, he served deputy-chairman in 1796-7, and chairman in 1797-8; again deputy-chairman in 1799-1800, and chairman in 1800-1801; and was appointed Colonel of the 2d regiment of Royal East India Volunteers. In June 1801, he was created a Baronet; and in 1802, was elected M.P. for Ashburton. Sir Hugh Inglis was a man of singular excellence, and of uniform

consistency of conduct in all the relations of life; of great gentleness of manners, disciplined and improved by many Christian graces. Few men enjoyed better opportunities, and none were more industrious, to rescue useful talent from the shade of indigence, and to assist its meritorious progress in the world. His loss is severely felt by his family, and scarcely less so by an extensive circle of old and attached friends; some of whom have witnessed his upright and honourable principles, and duly appreciated their value, through all the transactions of his life.—His remains were deposited in the family vault at Milton Bryant. On this solemn occasion the impressive looks of the humble cottagers, accompanied with many tears, and indeed those of all descriptions of people, assembled from Milton and the neighbouring parishes, gave interesting proofs, that the unassuming benevolence of this good man and truly pious Christian, had long maintained a powerful ascendancy over the best affections of their hearts.

JAMES FERGUSON, ESQ.

Died, Sep. 6, in St. James's Place, James Ferguson, Esq. of Pitfour, M.P. for Aberdeenshire, in his 85th year. He had been engaged in writing his letters, as usual, till within a few minutes of his death, which was instantaneous, and without a struggle. It was caused by apoplexy.—Mr. Ferguson, though the steady supporter of Administration, was most independent in his principles. Through the whole course of his Parliamentary service, he never solicited from Ministers, nor received, either for himself or for any of his relations, the most trifling favour. He was an excellent landlord. For forty years he never moved a tenant nor raised a rent. His great anxiety was to improve the state of the country in his neighbourhood; and he spared no expense in this patriotic labour. He cut a canal, eight miles in length, for the benefit of his tenants; and he left that a garden, which, when he came to his estate, was almost a desert.

PHILIP CIPRIANI, ESQ.

Died, Sep. 17, in Harley-street, Philip Cipriani, Esq. one of the Chief Clerks in the Treasury. He was the eldest son of the celebrated Artist, whose works are characterized by grace, elegance, and beauty. They were the favourite subjects for the graver of his friend Bartolozzi, who derived a great share of his well-merited estimation from the admirable skill with which he copied the beautiful originals. The gentleman who has just paid the awful debt of nature possessed an hereditary taste for the fine arts, as well as for musical excellence. He was a skilful performer on the flute, and his private concerts were admirable treats for his friends. But he was better characterized by worth, knowledge, and good sense, than by accomplishments. His manners were kind, conciliating, and marked by an easy and unaffected

frankness. His health had long been declining, and he was subject to the gout, which debilitated his frame, and at length brought him to the grave, though not far beyond the meridian of life.

THOMAS HARRIS, ESQ.

This highly esteemed and universally respected gentleman closed his mortal career on Sunday night, October 1, at his cottage at Wimbledon. His age was far advanced; it was that of our late lamented Sovereign;—nor has he long survived his venerated Monarch, who, for so long a series of years, was his most gracious patron and kindest supporter. For more than half a century Mr. Harris most honourably filled the arduous situation of chief proprietor and manager of Covent Garden Theatre: when, some years ago, his corporeal powers sunk under the exertion, still no disease could reach his mind, which, to the last, retained all its active energy. At that period he assigned over all his theatrical property to his son, Mr. Henry Harris; and the chief solace and enjoyment of his declining years, has been to guide by his experience, and assist by his advice, his son, in the exercise of the difficult duties of theatrical management. Few possessed so many qualifications as Mr. Harris for this office. His manners were those of a polished gentleman—his temper was firm, yet mild and conciliatory—his principles steady, and faithful to his engagements—his dramatic taste and judgment pure and correct, as those numerous highly-talented dramatists and performers can testify, who have received the advantage of his critical remarks and suggestions. This record of his death we consider due to his memory, as one of those public characters who adorn any age or any country.

WILLIAM FIELDING, ESQ.

This respectable Magistrate died on Sunday, October 1, at his house in Queen-square. He was the resident magistrate of Queen-square Police-office, and had been in the commission twelve years. He had previously practised at the bar. He long laboured under severe attacks of palsy and gout, together with palpitations of the heart; and when it is recollected that more than forty years ago a paralytic stroke deprived him of the use of nearly one side, it is matter of some surprise that he should have survived to so advanced an age as 73 years. It was erroneously stated in some of the papers that he died of the dropsy, and was 80 years of age. He departed this life, without apparent pain, on the evening of Sunday, Oct. 1, and without a struggle; and that firm belief in the Christian dispensation, which had given an elevation to his mind in his progress through this world, imparted increased comfort and confidence to him in his latter days. He was the son of the celebrated and original writer and novelist, Henry Fielding;

and in genius, imagination, and wit, he was the worthy descendant of such a sire. He was allowed, by those who knew him most, to have been one of the best conversational men of his time; and amongst those who were wont to honour his table was the admirable Sir W. Grant, the late Master of the Rolls, and with whom he used to travel the circuit.

The remains of this excellent magistrate, and sound lover of the constitution—of him who years ago dreaded the troubles and divisions that would be produced by "Reformers"—were on Monday consigned to the grave in St. Margaret's church-yard; and while every honest heart must deplore the loss of such a magistrate at such a time, it occasions an additional pang to learn that he has left his widow and a son totally unprovided for. Mrs. F., who had watched over her now departed husband with the utmost tenderness for upwards of 30 years, had four children, but two were still-born. The son and the widow are now exposed to the consequences of a want of worldly prudence, and of constant and severe indisposition, which characterized so considerable a portion of the life of their late support. The funeral was plain and neat: a hearse and four followed by two mourning coaches and pairs. The coffin was attended by several of the officers, by pages with wands, &c.; and it was followed by Mr. Fielding's son and nephew; by Mr. Markland and Mr. Vincent, magistrates, &c.; the procession being closed by the clerks of the office, all in deep mourning. The crowd collected around the grave was very considerable.

R. A. NELSON, ESQ.

The worthy secretary to the Navy Board died on the 19th September. There never was a more zealous and upright servant of his king and country, and of that service upon which the security of the throne and the grandeur of the country rest, than Mr. Nelson. In him every man in the navy, whose situation, or the accidents of whose life, might reduce him to need assistance, has lost a friend. No station connected with that service was below his attention; and the motives for kindness were but increased by the distress of the object. It was on Sunday, the 17th of last month, that he fell down suddenly in a fit of apoplexy, at North-Corner, Plymouth Dock, where he was on a visit: he was immediately conveyed to a small house on the quay. Medical aid was no less instantly applied, but in vain; he lingered till Tuesday, the 19th—not unconscious, it is hoped, of the sympathy and attentions of those by whom he was surrounded, but without the power of returning them thanks. He then expired at 8 o'clock in the afternoon, without a sigh or groan. Mr. Nelson had been in the Navy-office nearly 36 years, during 24 of which he had filled the station of secretary.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES, IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

Birth.] At Luton Park, Lady James Stuart, of a daughter.

Married.] At Leighton Buzzard, Mr. William Rose, to Miss Jane Belton, of Welford, Northamptonshire.

Died.] At Tilbrook, Mr. William Brown, 54.

BERKSHIRE.

A plan is in contemplation for enlarging the market-place at Newbury, by taking down the Pigeons public-house, part of the butcher's market, and the building formerly used as a prison.

An extraordinary meteor was seen on the morning of the 21st of last month at Reading, from about four o'clock till six. It appeared, at first, like a pointed star, rather larger than a crown-piece, and continued so for an hour and a half, seeming stationary over Forbury Hill, when it shot to the southward, after which it gradually passed to northward, diminishing in size, till it was seen no more.—About half an hour before this phenomenon, at nearly half-past three, three very brilliant meteors were seen together exactly over the Forbury, producing an exceeding great light.

Married.] In London, Mr. George Doe, of Newbury, to Miss Weaver, of London.—At Marlston chapel, B. Bunbury, esq. of Marlston House, to Mrs. E. Taubman, widow of Col. Taubman.

Died.] In Reading, John Wilmshurst, esq. 69.—At Coley Cottage, Elizabeth, wife of John Dutton, esq.—At Newbury, Mrs. Julian, 83.—On his way to Bath, the Hon. Dudley Carleton, 30, son of the late Lord Dorchester.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

A heavy storm of thunder and lightning passed over Aylesbury and its neighbourhood, on the 23d September, about noon. At Stone, a village about three miles distant, a fire-ball fell upon the premises of Mr. Charles Monk; and a barn, in which were some men thrashing, and the ricks in the adjoining yard, were in flames in an instant. A very small part of the hay and corn, could be saved; the barn and the agricultural implements were totally destroyed.

Married.] Henry Lucas, esq. of Newport Pagnell, to Miss Eliza Ann Smith, of Surrey-square, London.—At Bourton, near Buckingham, Mr. Philip Lord Box, to Mrs. Jane Lord, of Ensham.

Died.] At Great Marlow, Mr. John Rolla, 68.—At Winslow, Edmund Cox, esq. late of Bunhill-row, London.—At Bavenstone, Mrs. Godfrey, 57, relict of Mr. William Godfrey.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Birth.] At Bourn Hall, the Countess De la Warr, of a son.

Married.] At Haddenham, Rev. Folliott Sandford, M.A., to Anne, daughter of Rev. David Wray, and widow of Rev. John Rose, late rector of Lymington, Somersetshire.—At Balsham, James Taylor Haylock, esq. to Martha Casbourne, eldest daughter of Edward Haylock, esq. of West Wrating.

Died.] At Arrington, Mr. Haydon, a respectable farmer.—At Pease-hill, Mrs. Alice Gillam, 70.—At Trippow, Mr. Ellis, jun. 26.—At Coveney, near Ely, Mr. William Knights, 54.

CHESHIRE.

Births.] At Chester, the lady of Rev. F. Casson, of a daughter.—At the rectory-house of Hawarden Peculiar, near Chester, Lady Charlotte Neville, of a daughter.—At Down Hill, the seat of Sir Harvey Bruce, bart. the lady of James Bruce, esq. of a son at Chorlton House, the lady of J. Stanton, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Davenham, Mr. Taylor, of Liverpool, merchant, to Miss Marshall, daughter of Wm. Marshall, esq. of Winsford Lodge.—At Frodsham, Edward Pemberton, of Warrington, esq. to Mary, second daughter of the late George Whitley, esq. of Norley Hall.—At Everton, Rev. Thomas Keyworth, of Runcorn, to Miss Murrell, niece of the late Lady Barrington, of Thorncroft.

Died.] At Over, Rev. Thomas Crane, rector of that parish, a man of great piety and learning, and peculiarly versed in the knowledge of antiquities. He was possessed of one of the best private collections of Roman, Saxon, and British coins in the kingdom.—At same place, Alderman Walker.—At Chester, Mrs. Mainwaring.—At Knutsford, Thos. Wright, esq. 68.—At Shotwick Park, Colonel Charles Trelawney Brereton.

CORNWALL.

The ferry from Padstow to St. Minver has lately been much improved by the proprietor, who has erected, on a rock in the middle of those exposed sands, a house and stable, for the accommodation of passengers and their horses, where a signal is made for the boat. Heretofore, passengers crossing this ferry were obliged to stand exposed to the inclemency of the weather.

Birth.] At Nansloe, the lady of Philip Vyvyan Robinson, esq. of a son and heir.

Married.] At Probus, Rev. T. R. Winstanley, to Miss Stackhouse, of Trehan.—At Kenwyn, Mr. William Barlow, of Truro, to Miss H. Treleven, of Penzance.—At Talland, Mr. John Johns, to Miss Ann Longmire, both of Polperro.

Died.] At Trawoigie, near Redruth, Mr. Wm. Jenkin, 82.—At Camborne, Mrs. Ann Odgers, of Redruth.—At Callington, Capt. William Nicholls.—At Grampound, Mr. William Simmons, 82.—At Trewanta Hall, near Launceston, Mrs. Hocken, 80.—At Truro, Mrs. HH.

CUMBERLAND.

A lachrymatory has lately been found in a coffin in the neighbourhood of Lanercost. It is a small glass bulb hermetically sealed, containing a liquid to all appearance water. Several similar vessels have been found in the sepulchres of the ancients, and they are supposed to have served to collect the tears of the surviving friends of the deceased, which were thus interred with the remains.

Married.] At Carlisle, Mr. James Weall, of Preston, to Miss Judith Park, of Carlisle.—Mr. George Rensson, to Miss Mary Palmer.—Mr. C. J. Heslop, to Miss Ann Bradshaw.—At Bridekirk, Mr. George France, of Whitehaven, to Sarah, only daughter of the late Rev. David Ruston, of Little Broughton.—At Morpeth, Rev. A. Hutchinson, of Warrenford, to Mrs. J. N. Dickson.—At Whitehaven, Rev. Thomas Harrison, A.M., rector of

Corney, to Miss Mary Ann Benn, of Hensingham House.

Died.] At Carlisle, Mr. Bernard Dorran, 43—Mr. Thomas Knott, of Shaddongate, 20—Mrs. Ann Airey, 80—At Penrith, Mrs. Ann Moss, 50—Mrs. Priscilla Peacock, 58—At Whitehaven, Mrs. Jane Summers, 67.—At Knorren Lodge, Mrs. Blackburn, 72, relict of Quintin Plackburn, esq.

DERBYSHIRE.

Birth.] At Renishaw Hall, the lady of Sir George Sitwell, bart. of a son and heir.

Married.] Rev. Charles Campbell, jun. of Weasenham, Norfolk, to Sarah Jane, eldest daughter of W. B. Thomas, esq. of Chesterfield—At Marston-upon-Drove, R. S. Heacock, esq. to Miss Woodroffe, of Marchington Woodlands, Staffordshire—At Spondon, near Derby, Mr. Lawrence Hall, of Basford, to Mary Tuplin, only daughter of Chas. Antill, esq. of Borrowash Cottage.

Died.] At Leam House, the wife of M. M. Middleton, esq. and eldest daughter of the late R. A. Athorpe, esq. of Dinnington, Yorkshire.

DEVONSHIRE.

The Rev. Arthur Atherley, of Trinity College, Cambridge, is preferred to the vicarage of Heavitree, on the presentation of the Dean and Chapter of Exeter.

Births.] At Exeter, the lady of Lewis Rooke, esq. of a daughter—At Buckland House, near Barnstaple, the lady of Major-gen. Webber, of the Madras army, of a son—In London, the lady of John Bastard, esq. M.P. of a son.

Married.] At Plymouth, Joseph Gill, esq. of Rymouth Dock, to Delia, second daughter of Thomas Husband, esq. banker—At Exmouth, Rev. John Wolcombe, rector of Stowford, to Ellen Jane, eldest daughter of Wm. Webber, esq.—At Hoxton, J. Baker, esq. banker, to Miss A. Sweeting, both of Newton Bushel—At Bideford, Rev. Hugh Bent, rector of High Bray and of Jacobstow, to Emily, daughter of Rev. J. Harriman Hutton, of Stockbridge—At Ashtone, Rev. Christ. Love, to Miss Jane Elizabeth Ogle, of Tynemouth Lodge, North Shields—At Stonehouse Chapel, J. A. Morrell, esq. R.N. to Miss Beddek.

Died.] At Crediton, Samuel Rudall, esq. 76—At Exeter, George Gifford, esq. 64, elder brother of the attorney general—At Bilton House, the Right Hon. Lady Rolle—At Totness, Mr. Wm. Hanneford, 72, bookseller, a man much respected—At Exmouth, Ann Charlotte, third daughter of late Rev. Robert Winton, of Exmouth, 81—At Torquay, John Brooke, esq. 62—At Exeter, Mr. Gilbert Byer, 77, a respectable bookseller. He was possessed of great natural talents, general knowledge and reading; was author of several ingenious works; and was extensively connected with literary characters, as well as with the principal booksellers of Great Britain.

DORSETSHIRE.

The Rev. G. J. Fisher, B.A. of Worcester College, Oxford, is preferred to the rectory of Winfrith, on the presentation of the Bishop of Salisbury.

Married.] The Rev. S. Bulgin, to Miss Saunders, both of Poole—At Poole, Mr. Etty, of Moor Critchill, to Miss Ellen Bristowe, of Poole—Mr. W. Joyce, to Mrs. Miller—At Sherborne, Mr. Dibble, to Miss Ridout, of North Wotton.

Died.] At Weymouth, Sarah, wife of Mr. H. H. Tizard, solicitor—At Up-Cerne, Rev. Charles Berjew, 90—At Lyme Regis, Captain W. H. Kittoe, R. N. 87, after a severe paralytic affliction of nine

years, which he bore with patient resignation and fortitude.

DURHAM.

The Rev. Henry Philpotts has been presented by the Lord Bishop of Durham to the valuable rectory of Stanhope, in Weardale.

The Bishop of Durham has conferred on Rev. J. B. Sumner, of Eton College, the vacated prebendal stall in his cathedral.

Married.] At Stockton, Mr. G. W. Todd, merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Jennett—At Durham, Mr. Ralph Thwaites, to Miss Elizabeth Hopper—At Bishopwearmouth, Mr. Robert Teesdale, of Stone Bridge paper-mill, to Miss Mary Shepherd, of Bent House, near Durham—Mr. Burn, of Leeds, to Miss Blackland, of Bishopwearmouth.

Died.] At Durham, Mr. Frederick Hall, 26—Mrs. Ebdon—Mr. James Thurlow—At Cornforth, Mr. Robert Bell, 83. He was wounded at Quebec on the day that General Wolfe lost his life; and was also at the siege of Gibraltar with General Elliott, in 1782—At Ketta House, near Darlington, Rev. Henry Hardinge, rector of Stanhope, brother of the late Mr. Justice Hardinge, and father of Sir Henry Hardinge, K.C.B. M.P. for Durham—At Cockerton, near Darlington, Mrs. Dorothy Richardson, 80—At Darlington, Mrs. Jane Widdop, 70—At South Shields, Mrs. Ripon, 29.

ESSEX.

Births.] At Wood House, Stanstead, the lady of Rev. J. Brasse, M.A. of a daughter—At Colchester, the lady of Rev. Thomas S. Hodges, of a daughter—At Toppenfield rectory, Mrs. Lewis Way, of a son—At Priore, the lady of Colonel Hamilton, 8d guards, of a son.

Married.] At Chelmsford, Captain Cheslyn, 78d regt. to Mrs. Corfield—At Barston, near Dunmow, Mr. William Acason, to Miss Venden, of Pratt Place, Camden Town—At Weald, Mr. Thos. Tilley, of Brentwood, to Miss Elizabeth Ann Mitchell—At Hatfield Peverell, John Stirling Wright, esq. of Birch Holt, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Peter Wright, esq. of Hatfield Priory—Norfolk Bureleigh, esq. of Baythorn Hall, to Miss Milner, niece of the late Rev. Dr. Milner, dean of Carlisle.

Died.] At Gosfield Hall, Thomas Astle, esq. 52—At Sadron Walden, Joseph Collin, esq. formerly captain in the Essex militia, and one of the magistrates for the county—At Roehford, George Wyatt, esq. 17 years one of the magistrates of this county—At Marden Ash, Ongar, John Hughes, esq. colonel of the 5th Essex local militia.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

There is now growing at Allastone Court, a Siberian crab-tree, which has this year produced two perfect crops of fruit. The tree was planted a few years since, in a north aspect, (in order to retard vegetation in the spring,) for the purpose of obtaining its anthers, at the proper season, to fructify some apple-blossoms. This year the tree has, in addition to the spring blossom, produced blossoms and perfect fruit on the wood of the mid-summer shoot.

Births.] At Longford House, near Gloucester, Lady John Somerset, of a son—At Gloucester, the lady of Robert Morris, esq. of a daughter—At Wotton House, near Gloucester, the lady of William Goodrich, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Dursley, John Wallington, esq. to Miss Ann Sheppard, of the Ridge—Rev. H. Welsford, of Tewkesbury, to Miss Newman, of Castle-street, Leicester-square—At Cold Aston,

Robert Whittington, esq. of Hamswell House, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Robert Bush, esq. of Tracy Park.

Died.] At Cheltenham, George Haig, esq. of London—At Cherrington Park, James, eldest son of John George, esq. 32—At Fairford, Mr. John Absalom, 82—At Coaley, Mr. James Ricketts—At Berkeley, Mr. Robert Cole, late of Peddington.

HAMPSHIRE.

The Rev. Charles Shrubsole Bonnet has been instituted to the rectory of Arrington, on the presentation of his Majesty.

Married.] At Swanmore House, by special licence, Right Hon. the Earl of Huntingdon, to Eliza Mary, widow of the late Alexander Thistlethwayte, esq. of Hampshire, and daughter of the late Joseph Bettesworth, esq. of the Isle of Wight—At Stoke, Captain Priddle, R.M. to Miss Hawford—At Kingston, near Portsmouth, Rev. Hiram Chambers, late of the Missionary seminary, Gosport, to Miss Rhoda May, of Rhyde, Isle of Wight.

Died.] At Southampton, Hon. Mrs. Wallop, sister of Lady Bayning—Mrs. Prescott, relict of Captain Thos. Prescott, R.N. 86—At Hurstborne Tarrant, Anne, wife of Joseph Blount, esq.—At Romsey, Mrs. Butler, relict of Captain Butler—At Twyford, near Winchester, Miss Mary Lavington, 23—At Portsmouth, John Charles Mottley, esq. 68.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

The Rev. James Johnson, M.A. of Worcester college, Oxford, is preferred to the rectory of Byford and vicarage of Bridge Sollars.

The Rev. James Bullock, M.A. of the same college, has been instituted to the perpetual curacy of Grendon Bishop.

Married.] At Clifford, Rev. Rice Price, to Mrs. Elizabeth Anne Gwynne, of Llancluaad, Radnorshire.

Died.] At Weobley, Mr. Richard Oakley, 93.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

The Earl of Bridgewater is one of the greatest stock-masters at present in the kingdom. From 1812 to the present year, his lordship has had on his walks at his seat at Ashridge, on an average, 4414 Southdown ewes, which have produced 6151 lambs; making an addition to his lordship's stock, after deducting the number sold, and loss by deaths, of 1787 ewes!

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Married.] At Water Newton, John Francis, only son of the late M. S. Dalby, esq. of Biggin, near Derby, to Miss Ann Butt—At St. Neots, William Rowley, esq. of the Priory, to Miss Jane Catherine Maine.

Died.] At Kimbolton, Mr. Nathaniel Beedham, 21—At Spaldwick, Mrs. Sharman—At St. Ives, Lieut. John Launcelot Houghton, R.N.—At Stilton, Jane, wife of Rev. Daniel Twining, rector of that parish—At Eiton, Mrs. Smith, 40.

KENT.

T. H. Powell, esq. of Quex Park, has a complete ring of bells in one of the towers of his residence, and is the only gentleman in the kingdom who keeps in his service a regular band of bell-ringers.

Preparations are making for lighting the town of Maidstone with gas.

The Rev. R. Stevens, M.A. late chaplain to the House of Commons, is instituted to the deanery

of Rochester, in the room of the late Dr. Wm. Busby.

Married.] At Canterbury, George Curteis, esq. to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late John Hodges, esq. of Barham—Richard Halford, jun. esq. to Charlotte, widow of the late George Denne, esq. of Paddock House—At the cathedral, James Beckwith Wildman, esq. of Chilham Castle, M.P. for Colchester, to Miss Lushington, daughter of S. R. Lushington, esq. M.P. for Canterbury—At Dover, J. C. Dickens, esq. to Elizabeth Helen, second daughter of Colonel West, Lieut.-governor of Langward Fort—At Pluckley, Richard Ashbee, esq. to Miss Beacon, of Ashford—At Romney, B. Cobb, esq. mayor of Romney, to Miss Elizabeth Pollett—At Bromley, John Scott, son of Jas. Scott, esq. to Susanna Louisa, daughter of Rev. J. F. St. John, prebendary of Worcester cathedral—At Darenth, Henry Chapman, esq. to Martha, daughter of Richard Waring, esq. of Lewisham—At Tenterden, Lieut. John Sutherland, R.N. to Miss Mary Sutton.

Died.] At Dover, Lieut.-colonel Alexander Allan, bart. one of the directors of the East India Company, and late M.P. for Berwick-upon-Tweed, 66—Charles Siwewright, esq. agent for packets at Holyhead—At Canterbury, Mr. Stephen Harde-man, 23—At Neckington, Richard Milles, esq. 85—At Maidstone, the wife of John Mares, esq. of that town—At Brockley House, Lewisham, Isabella, only daughter of Henry Ibbetson, esq.

LANCASHIRE.

The first stone of a new Parish Church was laid in Blackburn on the 2d September. A public procession was formed on the occasion, after prayers had been read in the chancel of the old church. The site of the new erection is partly upon the burial-ground lately added to the old church-yard, and partly upon the grounds attached to the vicarage-house. A number of the latest gold, silver, and copper coins were deposited in the foundation-stone, in a leaden box, together with a plate of the same metal.

Married.] At Manchester, Mr. Barker, to Jane, only daughter of James Hall, esq. of Cocker Hill, near Stayley Bridge—William Watkis, esq. to Sarah, eldest daughter of Samuel Harding, esq. of Heaton Norris—At Warrington, Edward Pemberton, esq. to Mary, daughter of the late George Whitley, esq. of Notley Hall, Cheshire—At Lancaster, Henry Myers, esq. of Crosby House, in this county, to Eleanor, daughter of the late John Watson, esq. formerly of Preston.

Died.] At Manchester, Ortho Hulme, esq. 69—Mr. John Bell, merchant, 64—Mr. Thomas Bentley—At Pendleton, Thos. Hewitt, esq. of Manchester, solicitor—Rev. Rowland Broomhead, a Catholic minister—At Leigh, Rev. Robert Caunce, late of Emanuel college, Cambridge, and curate of Bolton.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Mr. Isaac Lovell is chosen mayor of Leicester for the ensuing year.

Birth.] At the vicarage, Claybrook, the lady of Rev. Andrew Burn, of a daughter.

Married.] At Cold Overton, Mr. Meadows, jun. to Miss Bailey, of Oakham—Mr. Samuel Hunt, of Loughborough, to Miss Hyde, of Quorndon.

Died.] At Leicester, Mrs. Ann Chapman, 86, daughter of Mr. Newton, nephew of Sir Isaac Newton—Mr. Turner—Lieut. John Cooper, 75, of the Leicestershire militia.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

A quantity of silver coins, weighing 8lb. 5oz. and consisting of 125 pieces, in good preservation, were lately discovered in the yard of Mr. Searson, farmer, at Ropsley, near Grantham. Many of them are of the reign of Philip and Mary, and of James I.

The Rev. Fred. D. Perkins, B.A. of Brazen-nose college, Oxford, has been instituted to the rectory of Swayfield, on the presentation of the Lord Chancellor.

Married.] George Hay, esq. of Bradford, to Miss Amelia Caroline Whitlamb, of Cuxwold—Mr. S. Bidge, of Grantham, bookseller, to Miss Deborah Wyles, of Stretton.

Died.] At Carlton, in Moorlands, the wife of Rev. W. Brocklebank, 59—At Asgarby, Mr. John German, 67—Mr. John Child, 87—At Tealby, Miss Grantham, 17—Miss West, 20—Mr. Joseph Shaw, 45—At Louth, Miss Diana Eland.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Married.] At Usk, John George, esq. to Miss Mason.

Died.] At Usk, S. B. Prothero, esq.

NORFOLK.

Oct. 12. This day the first stone of the Chapel of the Holy Trinity, at Bordesley, was laid by the Earl of Plymouth, in the presence of an immense assemblage of people.

The Rev. Robert Ferrier Blake is instituted to the rectory of Bradfield, on the presentation of Lord Suffolk.

John Goate Fisher, esq. is elected mayor of Yarmouth, and Scarlett Everard, esq. mayor of Lynn, for the ensuing year.

Births.] At Narford Hall, Mrs. Fountaine, of a son—At Scole Lodge, the lady of Rev. R. Walpole, of a son—At Postwick parsonage, the lady of Rev. Robert Bathurst, of a son—At Yarmouth, the lady of Edmund Preston, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Norwich, Rev. R. W. Tunney, chaplain to his majesty's forces, to Miss Spicer, daughter of Captain Benjamin Spicer, of Southwold—Mr. Robert Ledbrook, to Miss Symonds—At Thetford, D. B. Hickie, esq. late of Dublin, to Mrs. C. Chambers, of Euston—At Weasenham, Rev. Charles Campbell, to Sarah Jane, daughter of W. B. Thomas, esq. of Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

Died.] At St. Peter's, near Watlington, Henry Bell, esq. of Watlington Hall, senior alderman of Lynn. He was taking a morning ride, when his horse fell, and he was killed on the spot—At Thetford, Richard Fowell, esq. 59—At Yarmouth, Capt. Samuel Bly, 91—Captain John Roberts—At Caistor, near Yarmouth, Catherine, wife of J. R. Daniel, gent. 50—At Fakenham, Daniel Jones, esq. 75—At Aylsham, Mr. Saunders, surgeon, 58.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Mr. William Hensley is chosen mayor of Northampton for the year ensuing.

The Earl and Countess Spencer, on the receipt of the joyous intelligence of their son, the Hon. Captain Charles Spencer, being safe and well, (who was reported to have been killed in a duel in South America,) had four fine oxen slaughtered on the occasion, and distributed them, with a large quantity of bread, to the poor around their seat at Althorpe.

Married.] Mr. Richard Linnell, of Stow, to Miss Sarah Manning, of Harpole—Mr. Thomas Dames, of Coaton, to Miss Jane Checkley, of Northampton—Henry Clement, esq. to Sarah Caroline, only daughter of Captain Jones, late of the 3d king's own dragoons—At Northampton, Mary Anne, daughter of the late John Foster, esq. of Leicester

Grange, and granddaughter to Dr. Kerr, to Rev. E. White, of Epperstone, Notts.

Died.] At Daventry, Catherine, relict of H. B. Harrison, esq. 88—Mary, relict of Charles Watkins, esq.—At Edmondscote House, Mrs. Willis, 84—At Cransley, John Robinson Rose, son of John Capel Rose, esq. 19—At Ecton, Mrs. Ruth Allen, 84—27th Sept. Suffield Edward Burton, aged 16, fourth son of Rev. Charles Burton, rector of Blatherwick, in this county, and vicar of Laven-odon, Bucks. He lost his life in attempting to cross a pole on some part of the ship Albion, of which he was midshipman—At Peterborough, Mrs. Barrow, 74.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Married.] At Malvern, Edward Collingwood, of Dissington Hall, in this county, esq. to Arabella, only daughter of General Calcraft—At Eglingham, Wm. Hay, esq. of Hopes, East Lothian, to Frances Anne, third daughter of the late Robert Ogle, esq. of the former place.

Died.] At Alndike House, Jane, wife of Charles Forster Charleton, esq. 29—At Gateshead, Hon. Mrs. Smith, sister to Earl of Donoughmore and Lord Hutchinson—At North Shields, Mrs. Catherine Foster, 31—Mr. Jacob Bell—At Simonburn, Mrs. Mary Kirsop, widow, 77, who, since the month of December 1812, had been dreadfully afflicted with dropsy—At Newton Hall, Robert Jobling, esq. 69, one of his majesty's deputy lieutenants for this county.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Married.] At Nottingham, Charles Antill, jun. esq. of Giltbrook, to Evelina, only daughter of the late Matthew Stanfield Dalby, esq. of Biggin, Derbyshire—At Epperstone, Rev. E. White, to Miss Mary Anne Foster, of Leicester Grange—Rev. Henry Bolton, to Selina, youngest daughter of late Mr. Jackson, of Eastland House, in this county.

Died.] At Newark, Mr. Wm. Sheppard, architect, 86—At Southwell, Mrs. Hibbert, 63—At Hobecks, Mrs. Bennett—At Nottingham, John Blatherwick, esq.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Herbert Parsons, esq. is elected mayor, and Mr. E. Juggins and Mr. C. Foster are chosen bailiffs of this city for the year ensuing.

Birth.] At North Aston, the lady of Charles O. Bowles, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Oxford, Mr. Joseph Nash, surgeon, to Miss Jane Amelia Stephens, of Edmondston—At Bath, Rev. Dr. Routh, president of Magdalen college, to Eliza Agnes, third daughter of J. Blagrave, esq. of Calcot Park—Mr. George Davis, to Miss Elizabeth English—At Mexbury, Mr. Thomas Rogers, to Miss Sarah Shrimpton, of Marlboro—At Grimabury, Mr. John Simpkins, to Miss Fanny Eliman—At the Friends Meeting-House, Witney, Charles Gurney, of Bristol, to Mary Hankins, of Witney.

Died.] At Oxford, Mrs. Anne Pantin, wife of T. P. Pantin, esq. of Queen's college—Mrs. Tideman, relict of Richard Tideman, esq. of Ipswich—Mrs. Mary Wyatt, 98—Mr. William Hambridge, 30—At Coombe, Denis Vernon, esq. of his majesty's customs, London.

RUTLANDSHIRE.

Married.] At Oakham, Mr. Pick, of Hallaton, Leicestershire, to Miss Tacey, of Oakham.

Died.] At Liddington, Mr. Thomas Pretty—At Oakham, Mrs. Stanger, 68—At Knippton, Nathaniel Jones, gent. 68.

SHROPSHIRE.

Lately, one of the Holyhead coaches came safe to the inn, Oswestry, without either coachman or guard, with three terrified insides.—The horses had been started about a mile from the town by some asses, which occasioned the driver to be thrown, and the endeavour of the guard to stop the horses was ineffectual.

Births.] At Porkington, the lady of W. Ormsby Gore, esq., of twins, a boy and girl.—At Alington Hall, the lady of John Offley Crewe, esq. of a son and heir.

Married.] At Shrewsbury, Mr. Edw. Marshall, to Miss Mary Davies.—Mr. W. Hotchkiss, to Miss Jane Pugh.—At Selattyn, near Oswestry, Mr. Malpas, of Porkington, to Mrs. Spencer, of Belmont.—At Norton, Mr. E. W. Oldaker, of Pershore, Worcestershire, solicitor, to Miss Jane Backer, of Highfields, Cheshire.—At Much Wenlock, Mr. B. H. Lee, of Shrewsbury, to Miss Mary Ann Lloyd.—At Bridgnorth, Mr. Jones, master of the old Castle school, to Miss Alingworth, of the Hay, near Bridgnorth.

Died.] At Shrewsbury, Rev. Owen Williams, 64.—At Wem, Miss Briscoe, 25.—At Oswestry, Mrs. Jeffreys, relict of Rev. Mr. Jeffreys, 68.—At Newport, Mr. George Collier, 24.—At Middle, highly respected, Mrs. Turner.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

A new Road is forming on the approach to Glastonbury, by which the series of hills on the western side of the town will be avoided.

The endowed Grammar-school at Taunton, which has been held as a sinecure for the last 25 years, is about to be restored as an efficient seminary for the children of the townsmen, under the care and management of the assistant preacher of the parish.

A complete service of Sacramental Plate for the use of the New Free Church in James's-street, Bath, has been presented by an unknown benefactor; it is truly beautiful, consisting of two flagons of the ancient urn shape, two chalices, and two small and one large salver for the sacramental bread; the whole is richly chased and highly wrought; the flagons and chalices are gilt inside. On the rim of each piece is engraved, "An offering of gratitude to Almighty God by a native of Bath."—The church is nearly finished; little more remaining than to complete and decorate the interior, which will in every respect correspond with the beauty of the exterior.

Married.] At Ashwick, Philip George, jun. esq. of Bath, to Caroline Seymour Bovey, youngest daughter of Rev. Dr. Bovey, of Henstridge, in this county, and granddaughter of Lord Francis Seymour, late Dean of Wells.—At Frome, William Stephenson, jun. esq. of Cobham, Kent, to Miss Mary Ann Bayly, of Frome.—At Babcary, John Cann, esq. of Fuidge House, Devon, to Bridget Sherston, eldest daughter of Rev. Dr. E. S. Newman, rector of Sparkford.—At Westbury, Mr. John Wintle, to Miss Mary Anne Peacock, both of Bristol.—At Yeovil, Mr. W. Williams, of Bristol, to Miss L. Lyne, of Yeovil.—At Taunton, Wm. Methold, esq. to Elizabeth, daughter of Wm. Harton, esq. of Childsall Park, Yorkshire.

Died.] At Bristol, John Walter, late of Little Sodbury, gent.—At Down House, near Bristol, Maria, wife of Jeremiah Hill, esq.—At Bath, Mrs. Irwin, widow of James Irwin, esq. of Hazely Hall, Essex.—Charlotte, second daughter of Mr. John Upham, bookseller in Bath.—On Walcot Parade,

E. Dawson, esq. 73, proprietor of the cough lozenges.—In Pulteney-street, Thomas Grame, of Oldbury Court, in the parish of Stapleton, co. Glouc. esq.—At Ilchester, Edward Tuson, esq. solicitor.—At Bishop's Hull, near Taunton, Major-general Kersteman, royal engineers.—At Yeovil, Miss Gertrude Watts.—At Frome, Mr. James Crocker, bookseller, much esteemed and regretted by those who consider integrity and benevolence as the surest means of promoting the best interests of man.—At Taunton, Rev. Isaac Tazer, 25 years pastor of the dissenting congregation there.—At Wellington, Rev. E. Browne, curate of Lambrook.—At Westcombe, Mrs. George, 76.—At Stoke-under-Hamdon, Rev. Christopher Tatchell, 86, rector of Spaxton and Fiddington.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

The Rev. James Gisborne, is preferred to the perpetual curacy of Barton-under-Needwood.

Died.] At Stafford, John Collins, esq. 54.—At Glaze, J. G. Hall, M.D. and F.R.S. 55, whose superiority of mind and universality of knowledge will make his loss long regretted by the learned part of the community, while his amenity of manners, sociability of disposition, and benevolence of heart, will endear his memory to those who were gratified with his acquaintance, or served by his philanthropy.—At Wolverhampton, George Molineux, esq. banker, 79.—At Fulford, Thomas Brookes, a woodman, 105.—At Rock House, near Burton-upon-Trent, Mrs. Peel, 66, relict of John Peel, esq. of the Pastures House, Derbyshire.—At Lloyd House, near Wolverhampton, R. B. Marsh, esq.

SUFFOLK.

The Rev. Henry Wilson is preferred to the vicarage of Flixton St. Mary, on the presentation of Alexander Adair, esq. of Flixton Hall.

Births.] The lady of Col. Rushbrooke, of Rushbrooke Park, of a daughter.—At Sudbury, the lady of Captain Sims, of a daughter.

Married.] At Hulver Hill, Rev. Charles Clarke, to Ann, daughter of late Alexander Brown, esq. of Cringleford, near Norwich.—At Orford, Mr. T. Kersey, of Fakenham, to Miss Emma Wade, of Gedgrave.—At Dennington, Mr. N. J. Scott, of Hetherington Lodge, to Miss Hannah Welham, of Dennington Hall.

Died.] At Beccles, Miss Hannah Iverson Catermole, 21.—At Bungay, Miss Hester Redgrave, 18.—Mr. Isaac Barnes, 76.—At Ipswich, Mrs. Orford.—Mr. George Pilkington, 86.—At Copdock, Mrs. Duell, 90.

SURREY.

Married.] At Chobham, Rev. Henry Hoare, to Margaret, daughter of late John Bainbridge, esq. of Crimble House, near Harrogate.—Mr. William Baker, of Battersea Fields, to Sophia Georgiana, only daughter of Thomas Glover Holt, esq. of Belmont Place, Vauxhall.

Died.] At Godstone, Rev. Charles Edward de Coetlogon, M.A. rector of Godstone, and a magistrate for Surrey.—At Petersham, Robert William Brettingham, esq. 62.

SUSSEX.

Married.] At Eastbourne, Mr. David Thomas, late of the engineer department, to Mrs. Susan Reid.

Died.] At Bognor, Harriet, daughter of the late Lord Spencer Chichester, 14.—At the Passonsage, Bexhill, Mrs. Schaumann, relict of Captain

Schaumann, of the King's German Legion, who fell at Waterloo—At Chichester, Capt. Lorymer, of the Monmouth and Brecon militia—At Twyford Lodge, the widow of late Sir Thomas Sewall, formerly master of the rolls, 77—At Storrington, Charlotte, wife of George Mant, esq. and third daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Mant, rector of All Saints, Southampton—At Warburton, Mr. Benj. Cole, 86.

WARWICKSHIRE.

The performances of the late Birmingham musical festival, went off with great eclat; the total amount of the receipts was 9080*l.* 5*s.* 2*d.*

Birth.] At Spring Hill, near Birmingham, the lady of J. H. Galton, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Ashton, Mr. John Wood, of Bishopsgate-street, London, to Miss Kenrick, of Mancey House, Sutton Coldfield—At Lincoln, Mr. John J. Waddington, of Birmingham, to Miss Panny Foster, of Northallerton—At Honingham, Lieut. T. R. Snow, R. N. to Susannah, youngest daughter of the late Col. Fitzherbert, 98th regt.

Died.] At Coventry, suddenly, Thomas Butterworth, gent. 68—At Warwick, Mr. Wm. Stiles, 43—At Weston-super-Mare, R. H. Mallory, esq. of Woodcote, in this county.

WESTMORELAND.

Died.] At Ambleside, Mr. Scambler, surgeon, 36—At Kendal, Miss Dorothy Shaw, 48—Mrs. Ann Gaskell, 86—At Burnside, near Kendal, Mr. John Laycock—At Crosthwaite, Sir Daniel de Fleming, bart.

WILTSHIRE.

Births.] At All Cannings Rectory, the lady of Rev. T. A. Methuen, of a son—At Ramsbury, the lady of John Butler, esq. of a daughter—At Blaxworth House, the lady of Hon. Capt. Noel, R. N. of a daughter.

Married.] At Trowbridge, Mr. Wm. Nightingale, to Miss Ann Brookman—Mr. James Fleming, of Heytesbury, to Miss Ann Smith, of Bishopstone—At Collingbourn Ducis, Mr. Levi Smith, to Miss Bunning.

Died.] At Westcott, Mrs. Winifred Clark—In London, Mr. James Lawson, bookseller, Trowbridge, 26—At Trowbridge, Mrs. Heritage—At Heytesbury, Catherine, wife of Rev. D. Williams—At Chelsea, Sarah, daughter of J. D. Astley, esq. M. P. for this county, 16—At South Warminster Lodge, the wife of Richard Harrison, esq. remembrancer of first fruits and tenths—At West Cholderton, Wm. Blatch, esq.—At Studley Grange, John Iles, esq. 81.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Birth.] At the Vicarage House, Dudley, the lady of Rev. Dr. Booker, of a daughter.

Married.] At Pershore, Mr. E. W. Oldaker, solicitor, to Miss Jane Baker, of Highfields, Cheshire—At Dudley, Tho. Penn, esq. of Brierty Hill, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Tho. Bannister, of Reddall Hill—George Bloomer, esq. of Cradley, to Miss Mary Haden, of Upper End.

Died.] At Worcester, Mr. Thomas Gardner, 38—At Levant Lodge, near Worcester, J. W. Dorville, esq.—At Grove House, near Malvern, Mr. Bullock, 80—At Gloucester, Mr. George Yates, of Broadway Wood House, in this county, 47.

YORKSHIRE.

The building of the new barracks on the Harrogate road, is at length commenced with great earnestness.

A horse mail has been established between Leeds and Wakefield. It starts from Leeds, fifteen minutes after the arrival of the new Liverpool mail, and returns at forty-five minutes past two o'clock in the afternoon, in time for letters to be forwarded to the West by that conveyance. Letters for Wakefield, put into the post-office after eight o'clock at night, will be forwarded by the horse mail. The new Liverpool mail will be extended to York, after the 25th instant, and all letters for Tadcaster and York, put into the post-office after the departure of the old mail, will be sent by this new conveyance.

We have been favoured with the following accurate measurement of the spire of St. Mary's Castlegate, York, by the ingenious stone-mason by whom this beautiful spire has just been repaired, from the injury occasioned by the lightning on the 6th ult.

Battre height from the floor of the church	ft. 6.
to the vane	156 6
Spire to the top of the vane	90 6
Body of the church and belfry	55 0
Top stone in diameter	1 3
Neck below ditto	0 7
Diameter of bottom of spire—outside	18 0

The spire is built of ashler stone, not more than 6 inches in bed; and is hollow to within 7 feet 9 inches of the top stone. There are but two apertures in the height of the spire, one of which is now glazed.—According to Lieutenant-colonel Mudge's Trigonometrical Survey of Great Britain, the North latitude of the spire is 53*d.* 57*m.* 30*s.* and west longitude, 1*d.* 4*m.* 23*s.*

An immense augmentation has lately taken place in the funds of St. Andrewgate York grammar-school. A part of the tithes of Stillingfleet belonging to the school, had been let on lease more than 50 years ago, at 30*l.* per annum. The lease expired in March last, and these tithes are now let at 1200*l.* per annum.

The Rev. John Baker, M.A. is presented to the vicarage of Thorpe Arch, in this county.

Birth.] At Bedale, the lady of Rear-admiral Sir J. Beresford, bart. of a son.

Married.] At Ripon, Richard Nicholson, esq. solicitor, to Elizabeth, daughter of Alderman Brittain—At Kirbymoorside, Mr. George Atkinson, to Ursula Phebe, daughter of Rev. Joseph Smyth, vicar of that place—At Bolton Abbey, Mr. Herniman, bookseller, Leeds, to Miss Ann Galt, late of Notton—T. W. Stansfeld, esq. of Leeds, to Miss Ann Briggs, of Halifax.

Died.] At York, John Taylor, esq. 87—At Leeds, Rev. Joseph Bowden, 42 years minister of Call-lanc chapel—At Darnall Hall, Samuel Stanforth, esq. 81, formerly of Sheffield—The Rev. Samuel Smallpage, 60, vicar of Whitkirk, near Leeds—At Hull, Mr. J. S. Bowden, merchant, 50—Mr. Wm. Gibson, shipbuilder, 67—At Bradford, Mr. Richard Sedgwick, 59, printer and bookseller—At Alverthorpe Hall, Benjamin Clarkson, esq.—At Halifax, Mrs. Hannah Broome, relict of Richard Broome, esq.—At Sedburgh, Mr. John Dawson, 83, teacher of mathematics.

WALES.

At the recent meeting of the Anglesey Agricultural Society, prizes were offered to the overseers of the high roads in the county, who shall have repaired the road within their parish in the most judicious manner. And with a view to an improved system of road-making, it was ordered that extracts from Mr. M'Adam's pamphlet be translated into Welsh, and printed at the expense of the

society. Prizes were also given to women for spinning the greatest quantity of thread and yarn; and to cottagers for possessing the cleanest cottages, and best cultivated gardens.

Lately as the mail coach was on its way from Llandilo to Carmarthen, the driver fell from the box, on his head, and was killed on the spot: the guard took the reins, and drove the coach into Carmarthen, but, by coming in contact with the church-yard wall, a male outside passenger had one of his legs fractured, and a female passenger was severely injured.

The Rev. E. Evans is preferred to the rectory of Hirnam, Montgomeryshire.

Married.] The Rev. Evan Williams, rector of Llangefni, Anglesea, to Maria Dorothea, eldest daughter of the late Herbert Jones, esq. of Llynnon—At Llanbadarnfawr, Cardiganshire, George Peacock, esq. of Bath, to Miss Jemima Duenford, of Aberystwith—The Rev. Rice Price, to Mrs. Elizabeth Anne Gwynne, of Llanclued, Radnorshire—At Yspsyttycynfyn, Cardiganshire, Wm. Jones, esq. of Hafodau, to Margaret, third daughter of William Hughes, esq. of Tynyllwyr, near Aberystwith—At Haverfordwest, Captain Davies, R.N. to Miss Pavin, of the Happy Retreat, near Milford.

Died.] At Brynlithrig, near St. Asaph, Rev. P. Whitley, vicar of that cathedral, and rector of Cwm, Flintshire—At Welch Pool, Rev. William Moody, jun. son of Rev. Wm. Moody, of Bathampton House, Wiltshire—At Llanfdechau, Montgomeryshire, Rev. Mr. Evans—At Llandillo, Mr. Wm. Tollerton.

SCOTLAND.

There is at present to be seen, at Arbroath, a beautiful phenomenon of nature, arising from stagnate water by the late hot weather. In a basin belonging to a salt-work, stopt some time ago from working, the combination of gases occasioned by the decomposition of the water, has become so powerful that, after dark, its surface appears as if sparkling with fire; and when a stone, or other weighty substance, is thrown in to disturb the fluid, a brilliant bluish flame immediately takes place.

A monument has recently been erected in the Grey Friars church-yard, Edinburgh, to the memory of the Scottish poet, Allan Ramsay.

Births.] At Dunnekeir House, the lady of Lieut.-General Sir John Oswald, of a son—At Gester, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, of a daughter—At Cullen House, the lady of Col. Grant, M. P. of a son—At Edinburgh, the lady of Captain David Campbell, of a son.

Married.] At Westerhall, Dumfriesshire, Major Weyland, 16th lancers, to Lady Johnstone, widow of Sir John Lowther Johnstone, bart.—At Edinburgh, Capt. Wm. Cunningham Dalryell, R. N. to Maria, youngest daughter of A. J. Sampayo, esq. of Peterboro' House, Middlesex—At Westerhall, in Annandale, Major Weyland, of Woodstock House, Oxfordshire, to Lady Johnstone, mother and guar-

dian of Sir Frederick George Johnstone, bart. a minor (grandson of the late Governor Johnstone), to whom the immense estates of the late Sir Wm. Pulteney descended.—At Kirkhill, near Aberdeen, Thomas Barclay, esq. of London, to Mary, second daughter of Captain C. Adamson, of Kirkhill.

Died.] At Portobello, near Edinburgh, Right Hon. Alexander Lord Elibank—At Blackadder, near Sanguhar, Wm. Johnstone, esq. of Roundstonefoot, one of his majesty's justices of the peace for Dumfriesshire, 87.

IRELAND.

The new magistrates for the city of Dublin are, Alderman B. King, lord mayor, Wm. Whiteford, and W. C. Brady, esqrs. high sheriffs.

Dr. Kyle is appointed provost of Trinity college, Dublin.

Government intend to erect a lunatic asylum, capable of containing 100 persons, for the counties of Limerick, Clare, Kerry, Tipperary, and the city of Dublin.

Births.] At Ballygiblin, the lady of M. W. Becher, esq. M. P. (late Miss O'Neil) of a son, since deceased—In Tuam, Lady Matilda Burke, of a son—In Ely Place, Dublin, the lady of Hon. Henry Caulfield, of a son and heir—In Dublin, the lady of Hon. and Rev. John Pratt Hewitt, of a son—The lady of Thomas Purcell, esq. solicitor, of a son—In Mountjoy-square, Dublin, the lady of Sir Nicholas Conway Colthurst, bart. of a son and heir—In Waterford, the lady of T. Hutchinson, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Moss Hill, co. Roscommon, Patrick Coury, esq. to Susan, daughter of Patrick O'Beirne, of Dangan, in same county, esq.—At Kilworth, Thomas St. John Grant, esq. of Kilmunry, to Anna Esther, daughter of Rev. Alexander Grant, vicar of Clondelane, co. Cork—At Lyons, the seat of Lord Cloncurry, Henry, Baron Robeck, to Hon. Mary Lawless, his lordship's eldest daughter—At Taney, Wm. Maxwell Eason, of Stephen's Green, Dublin, esq. to Charlotte, daughter of Daniel Beern, of Mount Anville, esq.—At Kilshannick, co. Cork, James De la Cour, esq. of Beauforest, to Henrietta Georgiana, daughter of late James Lombard, of Lombardstown, esq.—At Wexford, Rev. Richard Waddy Elgee, son of the archdeacon of Leighlin, to Cassandra, daughter of late Rev. Samuel Hawkhshaw, prebendary of Lyhallen, diocese of Clougher.

Died.] At Carrigatoy Castle, co. Kerry, Mrs. Gaff, wife of Christopher Gaff, esq. 55—At Sallymount, near Dublin, William Bourke, esq. late of Limerick—Capt. Robert Mayne, R. N. 90—At Mydora, co. Meath, Peter Cruise, esq. 83—At his seat, Knockthomas, Richard Evans, esq. 47, justice of the peace for the county of Carlow—In Merriem Square, Dublin, Mary Anne, only surviving daughter of late Sir John Hort, and sister to the present Sir William Hort, bart. 24—In Rutland Square, Dublin, Dr. James Clarke, 32—In Londonderry, Dr. Robert Maginnis.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET, FLEET STREET.



Thomson sculp^r

B. R. HAYDON, ESQ^R

London Published by Henry Colburn & Co Conduit Street Dec^r 1st 1820.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. 83.]

DECEMBER 1, 1820.

[VOL. XIV.

MEMOIR OF BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON, ESQ.

(WITH A PORTRAIT)

TO RECORD the successful efforts of a man of genius is one of the most pleasing tasks of the biographical writer, who is too often engaged in the melancholy office of describing the painful and unavailing struggles of merit and virtue with poverty, neglect, and obscurity. Of the numbers possessed of talents intended for the improvement, instruction, and delight of society, how few attain that publicity and extended scope of action essential to the development of their powers! and out of the small number who succeed in thus attracting attention, how few are entitled to boast that merit has been the only cause of their distinction. The individual who relies on truth and the consciousness of his talents, who, disdainful of every by-path, resolutely and industriously pursues the road to fame over its most rugged rocks and steep acclivities, destroying instead of avoiding the obstacles which impede his progress—this man, whatever be his fate, is sure of the esteem of the wise. But when his noble efforts are seen crowned with triumphant success, those who can appreciate the merit of his endeavours, join with the most heartfelt pleasure in the universal applause which success never fails to command.

Mr. Haydon is an instance of this undeviating pursuit of truth, which has led him to his present well-merited eminence in art. His life has been remarkable for the contentions in which he has been involved, by his enthusiasm in the cause of historical painting, unrestrained by the prudential considerations which usually guide the conduct of those who aspire to reputation, and who are aware of the danger of relying on merit only. Whether the splendid proofs of talent which he has exhibited will ever reconcile those whom his steady opposition and blunt contradictions have rendered less sensible to his merits than the public in general, we cannot predict; but it is evident that

the painter of the Judgment of Solomon, and the Triumphant Entry of Christ into Jerusalem, will be considered by posterity as a man whose opinion on works of art was entitled to some respect, even when it has differed from that of connoisseurs, and been expressed without much delicacy for the feelings of his opponents. The writings of this artist, elicited by his disapprobation of the conduct of individuals and societies connected with the fine arts, will long continue to delight and instruct the students and admirers of those arts, when the persons and occasions which called forth these powerful effusions of professional zeal and science are forgotten. Sanctioned and dignified by the productions of their author's pencil, they will prove the disinterested ardour with which he laboured for the advancement of the fine arts, not only by his own performances, but by pointing out to all his competitors the means of attaining excellence, and to society at large the true principles of criticism. Nothing is more admirable in Haydon's character than the rational diffidence which induced him to prepare himself by the severest studies for realizing those splendid images which must have prevailed in his mind when he determined to become a painter. He maintains, indeed, in one of his publications, that young artists do not begin to paint sufficiently soon; that they form exaggerated notions of the preparatory requisites for a great picture, and delay the attempt to think, ostensibly from diffidence, but in reality from idleness or imbecility. But as well by the context as by his own practice, it is evident that he means only that they should try to paint in order to discover and remedy their deficiencies, not with the idea that genius will supply the want of acquired skill, or that patronage ought to attend their crude indications of talent.

Benjamin Robert Haydon was born at Plymouth, Jan. 26, 1786. He is de-

scended from a respectable Devonshire family. His grandfather and father were booksellers at Plymouth, and both had some taste for painting. While yet an infant, Haydon shewed a strong predilection for the arts which have since raised him to eminence. This inclination was confirmed during his education at Plymouth grammar-school, then conducted by the Rev. Dr. Bidlake, a man of taste, and a tolerable painter and musician. Haydon frequently attended the doctor while engaged in painting, and soon became ambitious of producing something original himself. His first attempt was the caricature of a schoolfellow, whom he represented crying and holding a cup to catch the tears; a production which was greatly admired by his juvenile companions. After this performance Haydon received some instructions from a drawing-master; but the devotion he evinced for the art alarmed his father, who never intended him to cultivate it as a profession. He was therefore sent to a school at Honiton, kept by the Rev. W. Haynes, who was vainly requested to check the growing inclinations of the future painter. But the worthy master soon discovered not only that his pupil's ardour was inextinguishable, but that it was rapidly communicating to every boy in the school. He therefore advised Haydon's father no longer to attempt to repress the youth's inclination. Being afterwards sent to learn merchants' accounts, Haydon neglected those tedious studies for poetry and drawing, to the disappointment of his family, who wished to see him qualified for *making his way* in the world.

His father's perseverance in this contest with nature produced an agreement that Haydon should for seven years attend to his father's affairs, and afterwards be at liberty to follow his own inclinations. He continued, however, his favourite pursuits with unabated eagerness. About two years afterwards he became possessed of Reynolds's admirable discourses, which, by the encouragement they offer to industry and talent, finally and irrevocably decided Haydon's profession. From this time he began to study regularly and intensely: he copied the plates in Albinus' Anatomy, and made himself master of the names, forms, situation, and uses of the muscles. When Mr. Haydon, sen. found his son thus arduously toiling through the drudgery of art, he perceived that all farther opposition must

be unavailing, and therefore consented to his going to London for the purpose of studying at the Royal Academy. Accordingly, in May 1804, he arrived in the metropolis.

He applied himself immediately and most earnestly to study, having determined to draw and dissect for two years before he should begin to paint. This resolution was founded on the most correct principle; whether the object might not be attained in a shorter period we know not. Fuseli, Opie, and Smirke, approved his resolution, but it is said that another distinguished artist affected to think anatomy a superfluous study for a painter! Through the kind offices of Mr. Prince Hoare, to whom Haydon had obtained a letter of introduction, he was enabled to cultivate the friendship of these great painters, particularly of Mr. Fuseli, who was much interested in his favour by the talent and industry he evinced, and took pleasure in every opportunity of advising and assisting him in his studies. In 1805 he acquired the friendship of Wilkie, then lately become a student in the academy, and, we are happy to say, the mutual regard of these two highly-gifted artists has ever since continued to increase.

Haydon began his first historical picture in 1806, which he finished in March 1807, and exhibited at the Royal Academy the same year. The subject was, Joseph and Mary resting on the road to Egypt after a day's journey over the parching Desert; Joseph holds the Divine Infant, while the Virgin sleeps under the protection of two Guardian Angels. This picture excited universal admiration; and being afterwards exhibited at the British Gallery in 1808, was purchased by Mr. T. Hope.

About this time some dissensions arose between the students and some of the academicians, on occasion of the present of a silver vase made to M. Fuseli by the students; and, as Mr. Haydon took an active part in the arrangement of this well-merited compliment, it has been asserted that he became thenceforth obnoxious to some of the academicians. It is certain that a law was passed, prohibiting similar expressions of approbation on the part of the students for the future. This transaction elicited the hostile feelings which were afterwards heightened by the dissatisfaction of Haydon at the conduct of the academicians, in hanging his second historical picture, the *Death of*

Dentatus. This vigorous effort, painted by commission for Lord Mulgrave, evinced the great capabilities of the artist; the story is admirably represented, and the figure of Dentatus is a fine personification of valour, strength, and rage. Treacherously attacked by his own soldiers in a narrow defile, the Roman veteran rushes on his assailants with irresistible fury, determined to sell his life dearly. A villain is seen in the act of hurling from above a huge piece of rock, to crush the hero beneath its ponderous mass. This picture shewed the great improvement which the painter had derived from his assiduous study of the works of Titian at the Marquess of Stafford's, particularly the Diana and Actæon, and the Four Ages. His method was to examine a piece of colouring, then paint it from recollection at home, and afterwards compare his own performance with that of the master. It was also during the progress of this picture that he first had an opportunity of studying the Elgin marbles, then at Lord Elgin's house in Piccadilly. On the first view of these treasures of art, he declared to Mr. Hamilton that they would overturn the authority of the antique statues, which had till then been regarded as the perfection of art. Canova afterwards confirmed this opinion. From these works, Haydon persevered, indefatigably, in drawing ten, twelve, and even fifteen hours at a time. The Dentatus was designed upon principles derived from these assiduous labours, and obtained the first prize at the British Institution.

Encouraged by this success, Mr. Haydon offered himself as an associate of the Royal Academy; but his reception by some of the academicians was so far from satisfactory, that he relinquished his intention. The impression which this treatment made on his ardent mind, has been often declared to the public most unequivocally in his numerous writings. An additional offence was unfortunately given to him the following year, by the refusal of a place in the great room for his picture of Romeo and Juliet. Upon this new affront, he withdrew his pictures, and commenced a system of open warfare against the academicians, which has ever since been carried on by him and his friends, particularly in the periodical work entitled "*Annals of the Fine Arts.*" We have no doubt that his censures have been too severe and indiscriminate; nevertheless, they have been of that sort

of service, which the vigilance of opposition produces in a free government.

Thus opposed to one of the great national institutions for promoting the fine arts, it might have been expected that he would have courted the favour of the other with obsequious attention. But Haydon was much more an artist than a man of the world. Observing in the *Edinburgh Review* of August 1810, an article by Mr. Payne Knight, on the works of Barry, which he conceived to be of a pernicious tendency, and calculated both to mislead and discourage young artists, Haydon forgot that Mr. Payne Knight was a distinguished connoisseur, and director of the British Institution; and came forward in defence of the art, and the memory of a neglected, but great artist, with overwhelming energy and truth, in a series of letters published in the *Examiner* Sunday newspaper, under the signature of "*An English Student.*" Mr. Knight's criticism was certainly a fair object of censure; it appeared to have no other object than that of depreciating the greatest efforts of art, and confining the ambition of the painter to a successful imitation of visible objects; and this on a small scale. These absurd dogmas were most successfully controverted by Haydon; but it is to be feared, that the freedom and poignancy of his style gave offence in a quarter where it was his interest to conciliate. In 1812 he finished the picture of Macbeth for Sir George Beaumont, and sent it to the British Gallery to compete for the prize. But the directors unanimously voted, that no picture worthy of their prizes of 300 or 200 guineas had been exhibited; and adding those premiums together, purchased with the amount the picture of Christ healing the Blind, by Mr. Richter. This disappointment was by no means alleviated by the considerate offer made by the Institution to allow Mr. Haydon thirty guineas for his frame, which proposal was indignantly refused.

At this time Mr. Haydon was nearly destitute. The purchaser of his picture had not taken it, in consequence of some misunderstanding about the size. He no longer received any assistance from his family; and was engaged on his great picture of the Judgment of Solomon, without any prospect of support during its progress. Few artists would have resisted such an accumulation of motives for employing their talents in the lucrative business of portrait

painting. Haydon hesitated for some time, but nobly determined to adhere to the more elevated pursuit, and strenuously persevered, under the pressure of great privations, in finishing his picture. His efforts proved injurious to his health, which has never since been completely re-established.

Whatever might have been Mr. Haydon's errors, every member of the directory of the British Institution must have felt, on witnessing the exhibition of the Judgment of Solomon, how completely that establishment had abandoned the objects of its institution, in abandoning an artist capable of producing such a work. As some reparation, they now voted him a present of 100 guineas. It is unnecessary for us to describe the picture, which is almost as well known in this country as the subject it represents, and will be regarded centuries hence with a degree of admiration which twenty years ago it was scarcely hoped that a British picture would ever elicit. Its depth, harmony, and richness, as a picture, can scarcely be excelled; it is designed in a style of simple grandeur; it contains nothing like bombast on the one hand, or meanness on the other; the variety of expression which the subject so liberally affords is faithfully and nobly rendered; the easy dignity, and prompt unerring sagacity of the youthful monarch are admirably conceived; the contrasted countenances and attitudes of the mothers, the living and dead child, the figure of the executioner, and even the subordinate personages, are all admirable. The figures are neither crowded nor scattered; they are contrasted, but not ostentatiously or affectedly. We are not to learn that unqualified praise is often indicative only of the critic's ignorance; but the faults of this work are so trifling in comparison with its merits that they have faded from our memory, while the beauties remain indelibly impressed. The Mayor and Commonalty of the Borough of Plymouth, Haydon's native town, voted him the freedom of their corporation as a testimony of their admiration of his talents, and particularly of "The Judgment of Solomon."

The appearance of this work at the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-colours at Spring Gardens, was an era in the history of the fine arts of this country. It was hailed with general admiration and delight, as a national success. The Royal Academy would now have received the painter with pleasure; but he determined to remain

unconnected with public bodies. His picture being advantageously sold, he visited Paris for the restoration of his health at that favourable period, in 1814, when the choicest works of art, the spoils of all the Continental nations, enriched the Louvre, while the city itself abounded in objects of study and interest for a painter, in the concourse of military from all parts of Europe, and some of Asia, which filled its streets.

On his return to England he commenced his grand historical work, lately exhibited in Piccadilly, from the scriptural subject of "Christ's Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem." But a general debility and extreme weakness of sight with which he was afflicted during almost the whole of 1815, retarded the progress of this work. About this time Canova visited England, and became acquainted with Haydon, who afterwards sent him a cast of the Ilysus. In the following year, when the purchase of the Elgin marbles became a subject of parliamentary discussion, Lord Elgin requested that Mr. Haydon, whom he knew to be well acquainted with those works, should be examined. But Mr. Haydon was not called; and this neglect has always been ascribed by his friends to the influence of Mr. Payne Knight. This gentleman had long previously declared his unfavourable opinion of these marbles in his "Specimens of Ancient Sculpture, published by the Dilettanti Society," pronouncing them to be "merely architectural sculptures, executed from the designs of Phidias, under his directions probably, by workmen scarcely ranked among artists." As he gave a similar opinion in his examination before the select committee of the House of Commons, Haydon came forward eagerly in their defence, nothing loth, we suspect, to have another round with his old antagonist. He accordingly published a letter, entitled "The Judgment of Connoisseurs upon Works of Art compared with that of Professional Men; in reference more particularly to the Elgin Marbles." With more justice than prudence this enthusiastic artist declared, that the patrons of art laboured under the disadvantage of a defective education, since painting formed no part of their studies; and that when they have occasion to appreciate works of art, being too proud to consult the artist of genius, they resign their judgment to the gentlemen of pretension." He reminds them that in no other professions but those of the fine arts, is the opinion of amateurs pre-

ferred to that of professors; and concludes by declaring, that while he lives, or has an intellect to detect a difference, or a hand to write, he will never suffer a leading man to put forth pernicious sophisms on art without doing his best to refute them, or unjustly to censure fine works by opinions, without doing his best to expose them; that is, if they be of sufficient consequence to endanger the public taste. This pamphlet caused a very strong sensation among the patrons and professors of the fine arts, and probably influenced the decision to which this country is indebted for the possession of the noblest works of antiquity.

The President of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg wrote to Haydon in 1818, on the subject of the Elgin marbles; at the same time sending him two beautiful casts. In return, the English artist presented the Russian with two casts from the Elgin marbles.

In a former part of this volume* we have fully expressed our opinion of Mr. Haydon's picture of Christ's Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem. It has received from other writers approbation still more unqualified than ours. We are happy to record Mrs. Siddons's entire approbation of the expression of the principal figure, the only point on which we felt it difficult to enter into the conceptions of the painter; such an authority would greatly overbalance that of all us periodical critics together. We are not, however, in possession of the reasons on which that lady's opinion is founded, while our own have been candidly stated to our readers. The subscription raising by the Marquess of Stafford, Sir C. Long, Sir G. Beaumont, Lord Mulgrave, Lord Ashburnham, the Bishop of London, and other distinguished patrons of the arts, for the public purchase of this grand picture, is a touchstone which will try the real state of British knowledge and feeling on the subject of the fine arts. If it should not be completely successful, the absurdities of the Edin-

burgh Review†, which has revived (for the sake of contradiction) the old exploded doctrine of *the influence of climate*, will actually gain some attention; and the writer who has amused himself with calling the Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem "the ground-work and scaffolding of a noble picture, but no more," and tells us that our artists want only "to have their pictures exhibited and sold," will no longer appear so pre-eminently dull as at present. But we hope for better things. Leaving the worthy reviewer out of the question, the taste of the British public, as well as the British artists, has increased, is increasing, and will increase.

The multitudes who crowded Haydon's exhibition-room during the whole of last summer, afford the best refutation of those who would persuade us that the fine arts are not the natural growth of our country. We learn, with much satisfaction, that another proof in our favour will shortly be forthcoming, in a picture of Christ's agony in the garden, which Haydon is now painting for Mr. Phillips, M.P., and will be exhibited in the spring. He is also employed on a picture of the Raising of Lazarus, of 19 feet by 14½, also to be exhibited when finished.

The private character of this artist has not been spared in the acrimonious contests which have been alluded to in the preceding pages. Unable to resist the proofs of his talents as a painter, some adversaries have called him a radical reformer, and others a deist. We believe that, when he has found associates of talent and worth, he has seldom inquired into their opinions on politics and religion. As to his own, we have reason to know that he is sincerely attached to the British constitution, and considers the principal reform of which it is capable to be an extension of national encouragement to historical painting. So much for his politics. His religion may be discovered in his pictures.

THE NEW ADVENTURER.—NO. III.

"Disputez maintenant, colériques argumentans; présentez des requêtes les uns contre les autres, dites des injures, prononcez vos sentences, vous qui ne savez pas un mot de la question."—*Voltaire*.

SIR,—We live in the age of alembicated systems, and the plainest matters become the subjects of far-fetched researches; so that, while by poring over our books we have, physically, become

myopic, and can with difficulty preserve our heads from a post, we are, metaphorically, increasing every day in long-sightedness, and are as telescopic in our notions as the inhabitants of Laputa.

To this reflection I was led by the metaphysico-physiological reveries of the Gallists; not indeed that the fault is peculiarly theirs, for philosophers of almost every colour and shade of doctrine, almost the whole genus *quod exiit in ologist*, are infected with the same error, and seem agreed to overlook and despise knowledge which is too easily obtained, or which, being obtained, is not too transcendental to be intelligible.

I was looking the other day at one of those prepared casts of heads in which the *habitat* of our several faculties is ticketed according to the system of the German professor; and while I pondered over the immense regions assigned to a few dirty animal propensities, and marvelled at the number of useful and noble capabilities "pent up" in that *Utica thesauriput*, (without entertaining a very high notion of my own acquirements)

"Still the wonder grew
One little head contain'd the whole I knew."

True it is that the soul was infinitely less at ease when it was perched a-cock-horse upon the pineal gland; and its lodgings in the ventricles of the brain must have been both damp and aguish, as well as more cramped and confined than those of which Dr. Gall has given it a lease*. Still, however, the matter is not much mended; for in any man, who in the least degree has "a soul above buttons," such a nest of pigeon-holes as the Doctor has crowded beneath the *os frontis*, must be deemed both an unsuitable and an uncomfortable habitation. Sir, I defy him to swing the idea of a cat in such a tenement†.

It does not require much learning to shew that all this is error, and error of the grossest description; and I think I shall convince you that the brain has nothing to do with the business. In the first place we are told, and I myself have seen it, that so many parts of the brain are diseased, while the faculties remain sound and unaffected, as

fairly dislodge the said faculties from all and every of the aforesaid premises, and demonstrate beyond all possibility of dispute, that they do not "run up and down concealing themselves" (to use the law cant of my old master the attorney) in that part of the microcosm. The idea is perfectly absurd, and can only have arisen from that tendency in mankind, before noticed, of overlooking what is near at hand, and, according to the proverb, of not seeing the bear till it bites them. As long ago as in the days of Shakspeare the implication of the brain in the intellectual processes seems to have been doubted, as appears from the following passage:—

"and his pure brain.

Which some suppose the soul's fair dwelling-house:"

which could not have been written among a people with whom such a notion was very generally prevalent.

This conjecture is still farther supported by a passage in Coriolanus, where speaking of the most intellectual part of the inhabitants of Rome, the poet says "the senators of Rome are this good belly;" plainly allusive to an opinion to which I shall presently call your attention.—If however, instead of pursuing abstractions, or poring with a scalpel over "filthy corpses," we but open our window and look abroad into the streets, the first man that passes may serve as a testimony that the soul has no certain or fixed habitation, but wanders at pleasure over every part of the body, halting for the time being in that particular member or organ which may best suit its present views and convenience. Do we not see the soul changing its quarters at the different periods of the day? He whose soul is in the morning God knows where, finds it very regularly return about the hour of dinner to his stomach; where, taking possession of the *œsophagus*, it is wholly occupied in the examination of the morsels as they descend; and be-

* Dryden seems to have had this notion of the soul and its habitation within the *malaria* of the ventricles; for he distinctly ascribes all the perturbations of the mind to an *intermittent*.

"These heats and colds still in our breasts make war,
Agues and fevers all our passions are."—*Indian Emperer*.

On this account for "breasts" read "brains"—*sic corrige meo periculo*.

† Foote, the actor, having purchased a house made up of very small rooms, it was objected to him, that he could not swing a cat in them. "Sir," said he in reply, "I don't intend to swing cats." But the case is very different with the soul, which, if it be a "choice soul," or a "merry soul," a "convivial soul," or any soul but the soul of a weaver‡, has caprices for which it could not answer beyond ten minutes at a time.

‡ "A catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver."—*Shakspeare*.

comes grave or gay, morose or good-humoured, in the combined ratio of their quantity and quality. Follow this same gentleman to the theatre when his favourite actress is on the stage, you will find his soul concentrated in his eyes. At a concert it shifts to his ears; and though I do not think with Horace that it can actually take a hop, step, and jump, from Thebes to Athens, while the body remains tranquilly sitting in the front row of the pit; yet am I perfectly convinced that it can extend itself from the hand into a dice-box, or a pack of cards, and suffer the most extraordinary sympathetic perturbations from their shufflings and revolutions.

It is however not less true that there are certain parts in each individual which the soul habitually prefers (whether by the force of habit, or by innate peculiarity, this deponent saith not), removing occasionally from part to part, but returning speedily to its favourite spot; just as the master of the house *visits* his stables and offices, but *lives* in his drawing-room or library. No one will, I presume, deny that the soul of a dandy, though generally expanded over the surface of his body, resides more especially in the neck; passing from the skin to the innermost folds of the cravat, and animating it with a living grace of stiffness that starch alone could never effect. Neither will it be disputed that the soul of the *warm men*, of the other end of the town, lurks about the upper part of the thigh; since the fact is proved by the great air of satisfaction with which their hand ever and anon buries itself in the breeches pocket; and this idea is confirmed by the habit of such persons, when at a loss for an argument, of seeking their wits in the same quarter, and trusting the victory to the *argumentum ad crumenum*, a large wager. Thus the soul of a pickpocket resides chiefly in his finger's ends, the soul of a lover in his lips, the soul of a *gourmand* in his palate, and the soul of a critic in his eye-brows. So strongly indeed was St. Augustin convinced of this truth, that he makes it an argument to refute a prevalent opinion among the ancients that the human soul was in substance a portion of the divinity. "*Ita non eos movet tanta mutabilitas animæ, quam Dei naturæ tribuere nefas est.*" After such an authority it is hardly necessary to cite the case of acephalous monsters, which being born alive must have souls, but which having no brains for them to inhabit, would embrace

incompatibilities if this faculty of locomotion be obstinately denied to their animating principle.

Taking the species however in the general, and passing over the peculiarities of individuals, I am inclined to trace the finer and more subtle of the soul's faculties to the stomach; an opinion, indeed, of which I cannot claim the merit, since it is to be traced in the authors of the greatest acumen in all ages.

Magister artis ingenique largitor
Venter.

The stomach, says Aretæus, takes the lead in our pleasures and pains; and we know this organ to be the centre of so many sympathies, that we are irresistibly compelled to make it the headquarters of animation. So also Virgil uses hunger for desire, *Auri sacra FAMES*; and the Roman satirist, in endeavouring to exalt the intellectual subtlety of the Greeks to the highest pitch, takes care to indicate the state of the gastric organs—

Græculus esuriens, in calum jussuris, ibi.

The analogies between the intellectual and gastric functions are very many. A man is said to be at his wits end, when he wants a dinner; and it is upon this occasion that Plautus energizes the intellects of his parasite, making him say, *unum ridiculum dictum de dictis melioribus*. As a little learning is a dangerous thing, and too much drives a man mad, so the stomach is equally embarrassed with too small or too large a supply of nutriment. If this analogy did not subsist, why, it may be asked, are we so cross the last half-hour before dinner, when that dinner is protracted by a lingerer? and why so pleasant after a full meal?

Farther proof of this verity lies in that judicious practice of students at law and of fellow-commoners, who eat their way to university and legal honours; a practice totally inexplicable without this close and necessary connexion between the intellect and the stomach. The common language of mankind points to the same truth in the frequent recurrence of metaphors founded upon the hypothesis: *Digests of law, constipated imaginations, undigested ideas, feasts of reason, hunger and thirst after righteousness*, are phrases which pass current alike among the learned and the vulgar. So likewise we are told not to *stomach* an insult; and we are *sick* of an argument, when it does not meet our

own notions on the subject : and here I cannot but notice the happy explanation which this hypothesis affords of that, otherwise extraordinary, anomaly, the application of the word *taste* metaphorically to express our judgments on the most intellectual compositions. In this respect, instinct has served us better than reason, which certainly would have suggested very different analogies.

There is, however, one mode of judgment, or if I may be allowed, one faculty more obviously connected with the stomach, and which admits of no mistake ; I mean that faculty, which in its different applications is designated as faith, credulity, or cullibility. And first, it is impossible to overlook the leading fact that John Bull, who is notorious for his facile credence of every cock-and-bull story, of a minister of finance or a newspaper editor, a sea-serpent, a fast-ing-woman, or a Cock-lane ghost, is at the same time remarkable for his substantial feeding. So also the able-bodied seamen, who think a certain part of their crew mere *fruges consumere nati* on board a ship, regularly consign all exaggerated narratives and incredible propositions to their "willing ears," according to *nostrum illud solenne*, "You may tell that to the marines."

Thus also the rosy gills, and "fair round bellies with good capon lined," of our orthodox professors and fellows of colleges, when contrasted with the lantern jaws and mortified flanks of schismatics and sectarians, speak volumes in favour of the doctrine I advance ; and it is in this point that the whole "*vis*" lies of Hudibras's remark :

What makes all doctrines plain and clear ?

About two hundred pounds a year.—

And that which was proved true before

Prove false again !—Two hundred more.

It is indeed impossible to attach any meaning to this passage other than that a difference in the rate of feeding occasions a difference in the intellectual faculties, and the patient is stimulated to different degrees of faith, according to the quantum of spice he can afford to put in his cookery. This too was the opinion of that great moral philosopher Paley, who objected to an unreasonable Bishop that it was not just to try the faith of a parish priest of six hundred a year, by that of a church dignitary of six thousand.

Here also we have the physiological explanation of that melancholy influence which place and pension exercises

on the credulity of senators, and which compels them to place implicit credit in the heaven-born minister—for the time being. It explains too, in the shortest possible manner, why extreme inequalities of condition are unfavourable to the peace and harmony of society ; the various feeding of the several classes setting their opinions (i. e. stomachs) to such various keys, that Beethoven with all the dièses in the world could not reduce them into any reasonable tune. Thus in our own times we have seen Cobbett relaxed to a minor third or a sharp second ; the Courier mounted by an imperceptible improvement in the last quarter's revenue to a sharp sixth ; the corruptionists in the dominant, the Manchester magistrates in the *supertonic*, and all the contributors to the poor-rates full three commas below concert-pitch. Then again what a horrible discord do the manufacturers and agriculturists make with the corn-bill, because, by a strange contradiction, the more there is to eat, the less chance some people have of getting a bellyfull.

But *quorsum hæc tam putida* ? you will say. Simply to this, that in all wise governments the first care of the police should be to have an eye to the kitchens of the community ; to note down as jacobinical all houses whose chimneys emit no smoke ; and to keep an eye upon such as are bad customers to the butcher and baker. Prevention, however, is not all. I would, in order to produce a desirable uniformity of opinion, open a certain number of cook-shops in every parish, and multiply civic feasts to the utmost limits of possibility. The Romans were governed by *panem et circenses* ; and Louis XVIII. knows no better means of de-jacobinizing his subjects than the periodical establishment of *Mâts de Cooagne*, with donatives of wine and eleemosynary tongues and sausages. The efficacy of this plan is well known to electioneers ; and, in private life, every Amphitryon employs it in composing the society of his table to an unison with his own notions. But above all, I would recommend it to the proprietor of the New Monthly Magazine, to act vigorously on the stomachs of his tributary authors, in order to maintain unabated the literary reputation of his wide-spreading miscellany ; and, in the hope that I may participate in the effects of this stimulant system, I remain, his and the reader's obedient servant.

ON THE WRITINGS OF CHARLES BROWN, THE AMERICAN NOVELIST.*

THE reputation of an author is seldom justly proportioned to his merit. For the last seventeen years our circulating libraries have contained several novels by C. B. Brown, an American author—of whose existence we were ignorant (and this ignorance, we have reason to suspect, is pretty general) until an accident lately led us to the perusal of some of his works—yet, if Wieland, or Arthur Mervyn, or Edgar Huntly, were now to be for the first time ushered into the world with some such magical addition as “by the Author of *Waverley*” in the title-page, we doubt not that every reader would be in raptures with their beauties, and every babbling critic tendering his tributary stream of shallow admiration of the writer’s powers. But it was the fate of those works, when first reprinted in this country, to issue from one of the common reservoirs of sentimental trash, and, consequently, (as we imagine) to share in the general contempt attached to those poor productions, which, like the redundant and needy members of a great house, have nothing but sounding titles to sustain them. The genius of the man certainly deserved a different destiny—and, though he is now beyond the reach of human praise, we feel irresistibly impelled, “even in his grave, to do him justice.” We believe that this sentiment is not exclusively confined to ourselves, and that ere long the public attention will be called to the same subject in more detail than our present limits can afford.

Brown’s novels* are of a very peculiar kind, and afford a singular example of the successful application of certain principles of effect (manifestly borrowed from a distinguished writer of our own country), by which our attention is at the outset powerfully raised, and our sympathy during the entire progress of the work intensely fixed upon persons who are rendered interesting, not so much from their individual qualifications, as from the strange situations in which a fatal series of untoward accidents has involved them. This mode of arresting the reader’s interest and cu-

riosity, is more or less adopted in every work of fiction—but the first time that it was systematically employed as the mainspring of the interest—as the general pervading principle of the whole—was (as far as our knowledge of such productions extends) in Godwin’s “*Adventures of Caleb Williams*.” And we are far from meaning to detract from the author’s originality, when we express our opinion, that the artifice in question was not resorted to in consequence of any previous design, but suggested itself in the course of the details as an obvious and indeed almost inevitable inference from the more comprehensive moral and political purpose of his work.

The professed object of “*Caleb Williams*” was to give a strong picture of the “modes of domestic and unrecorded despotism,” of which, in defiance of the boasted free spirit of our institutions, an innocent person may be rendered the victim. For this purpose it would have been easy to have selected examples of flagrant and not improbable injustice. Caleb Williams, having become the object of his master’s vengeance, might have been summarily disposed of. He might, by Falkland’s contrivances, have been immured for life in the cells of a private mad-house—or, on his false accusations, have been brought to suffer the utmost penalty of the laws against convicted criminals. The mind of every reader will suggest many similar expedients—but such atrocities of revenge, though strictly illustrative of the writer’s object, would, if confined to a single instance, have rendered the continued support of the interest a task of extraordinary difficulty—or if multiplied without reserve, would have been so harassing and improbable as to shock the reader’s taste and judgment. In order, therefore, to reconcile the general scope of his work with the order of natural events, and with the interest indispensable in fictitious narrative, the author very judiciously selected a tale of oppression, in which the physical suffering is for the most part incidental and unintended by the oppressor—where our sympathy and indignation are excited, not so much by any gross palpable acts of vindictive power, as by the victim’s persevering but unsuccessful efforts to evade them—and by the impassioned workings of his mind upon the strange complexities of feeling and

* The following remarks apply only to the three already named. We have not pursued the others. Their titles are “*Ormond*,” “*Jane Talbot*,” and “*Clara Howard*.” They have been represented as considerably inferior to the three first.

situation in which those efforts involve him.

The character of Williams, in itself, has nothing very extraordinary or admirable. He is a young man of moderate capacity, and homely habits and education. Whatever energies he displays are rather muscular than intellectual—but we follow his narrative with the most intense and unintermitted interest and expectation, because, throughout, his breast is a theatre of vehement conflict and debate, as each vicissitude of circumstance suggests a train of contradictory emotions. His first suspicions and discovery that the accomplished Falkland is a murderer!—his contrasted feelings of horror at the crime, and of pity and habitual veneration for the perpetrator—his intolerance of the tyrannical but necessary restraints imposed by his master—his flight as if he were the criminal—his arrest and imprisonment on the false charge of robbing Falkland—his appeal to Falkland on that occasion—his plans of escape and their execution—his subsequent disguises to evade pursuit—his hiding behind a hedge to avoid Falkland's carriage—his reading the handbill offering a reward for his own apprehension by the light of a lamp in the streets of London—these, and the other principal incidents in the novel, may be referred to as so many instances where the facts related affect us, not as novel or peculiarly interesting occurrences, but as excitants of the most impassioned and varied emotions in the bosom of the narrator. These remarks do not extend to the general character of Falkland—one of the finest and most original conceptions of modern literature—nor to the description of Tyrrel—nor to the affecting episodes of the fates of Emily Melville and the Hawkinses—but certainly, as far as our sympathy for Caleb Williams is concerned, the external events he passed through, would never have obtained such a grasp of our imagination, had it not been for the deep conflict of passions within, to which they are made subservient, and of which the spirited and elaborate analysis forms the principal attraction of his story.

We have found it necessary to premise these observations upon "Caleb Williams," because we conceive that the peculiarities just adverted to in that celebrated work, form a complete key

to the prevailing style and manner of the novels of Brown*. The subject matter of the latter is indeed widely different, as is also their philosophical tendency—still, not only has the American made use of the same modes of chaining down the reader's attention, and of harassing him with every passion that agitated the fictitious personages, so successfully adopted by Godwin, but he has caught the tone and style of his model, even in the minutest peculiarities, with a spirit and accuracy that really looks more like identity than imitation. We must, however, add that this imitation (though inveterately persevered in throughout) is managed with all the ease, and skill, and copiousness of an original manner. Certainly the English seed has not degenerated in the foreign soil on which it has fallen. We should rather say, that in its transplanted growth it displays much of that bursting energy of vegetation, and often expands into all that transatlantic wildness and profusion, which we associate with the productions of the younger hemisphere. But what renders Brown the most singular and original of imitators, is that, notwithstanding his pertinacious predilection for the phraseology and manner of another, he has in no instance betrayed any disposition to adopt that person's speculative views of human affairs. He appears to have instinctively seized the secret of Godwin's power, and to have used it as freely and familiarly as if he were the rightful owner; but the views and purposes to which he has applied it, have not the remotest connexion with those of which it was originally made the vehicle—so that, looking at those novels in this single point of view, and without any reference to their more general merits, we cannot help pronouncing them to be a very singular literary curiosity. They are, besides, almost the only American productions of the kind with which we are acquainted; and, as nearly all the personages and events are American, we have considered them as so many experimental specimens of its native materials for fictitious composition—and in this view have found in their perusal a peculiar source of interest, which has probably been lost upon those more familiarly conversant with the habits and manners of American society.

* Wieland, the first of the series, was published in 1796, four years after the appearance of Godwin's novel.

Brown, however, (it should be remarked) does not profess to present any thing like a formal picture of the social peculiarities of his country. His characters are not introduced (like Smollet's and Fielding's) for their own sakes, as so many active, prominent, and bustling individuals, containing each a little world of human nature within himself—but appear rather as passive instruments powerfully operated upon by external circumstances, strange and perplexing in the extreme, from the resistless influence of which on their thoughts and conduct, the main interest of the situations is made to arise. In Brown's personages there is little previous adaptation of condition and temperament. They have nothing of that restless spirit of adventure that would naturally predestine them to be actors in the particular scenes they are called upon to witness—but they are as so many mirrors from which we see, most strikingly reflected, the groups of mysterious and shadowy forms with which the author's imagination has enveloped them. His heroes, on the whole, are rather ordinary beings, whom some accident suddenly plunges into difficulties and perplexities, that awaken all their faculties, while they baffle their comprehension—and the plot and mystery thickening around them with each successive effort to extricate themselves, they thus become raised into objects of our intensest sympathy, from their connexion with the scenes of dark enchantment through which they are made to move:—still, though the display of individual character seems to have formed so small a part of this author's plans, he has almost unconsciously scattered over his portraits many distinctive traits that sufficiently point out the country of the writer, and of the subjects of his fictions. In the language and conduct of Edgar Huntly and Arthur Mervyn there is a certain Colonial cast of frankness, frugality, and intelligent simplicity, mixed up with habits of steady, unostentatious benevolence, and patient self-denial, betokening the American notions of the qualities best befitting the youth of their republic—while in the occasional decision and physical energy that they display, we recognise the importance annexed to those more masculine attributes, by which the gigantic infant is destined one day to ascend to the heights of power and renown.

But it is time to illustrate these ge-

neral remarks—and perhaps Edgar Huntly, though not the first or the best of the series, is, on the whole, the most characteristic of the writer's powers and peculiarities.

Edgar Huntly, a young American, residing with his uncle near Norwalk, on the borders of the Indian territory, addresses his narrative to a young lady—his intended wife—and sister of Waldegrave, who had been lately murdered, under very mysterious circumstances, near the habitation of Inglefield, in the same district. The story opens with Edgar's account of a night journey performed on the road that skirted the scene of Waldegrave's assassination.

"By nightfall I was within ten miles of my uncle's house. As the darkness increased and I advanced on my way, my sensations sunk into melancholy. The scene and the time reminded me of the friend whom I had lost. I recalled his features, and accents, and gestures, and mused with unutterable feelings on the circumstances of his death. My recollections once more plunged me into anguish and perplexity. Once more I asked who was his assassin? By what motives could he be impelled to a deed like this? Waldegrave was pure from all offence—his piety was rapturous—his benevolence was a stranger to remissness or torpor. All who came within the sphere of his influence, experienced and acknowledged his benign activity. His friends were few, because his habits were timid and reserved; but the existence of an enemy was impossible. I recalled the incidents of our last interview—my importunities that he should postpone his ill-omened journey till the morning—his inexplicable obstinacy—his resolution to set out on foot during a dark and tempestuous night—and the horrible disaster that befel him. The first intimation I received of this misfortune—the insanity of vengeance and grief into which I was hurried—my fruitless searches for the author of this guilt—my midnight wanderings and reveries beneath the shade of that fatal elm—were revived and re-acted. I heard the discharge of the pistol—I witnessed the alarm of Inglefield—I heard his calls to his servants, and saw them issue forth with lights, and hasten to the spot whence the sounds had seemed to proceed. I beheld my friend stretched upon the earth, ghastly, with a mortal wound—alone—with no traces of the slayer visible—no tokens by which his

place of refuge might be sought—the motives of his enmity—or his instruments of mischief might be detected.”

Revolving these thoughts, Edgar feels irresistibly prompted once more to seek the elm, and explore the spot anew for some clue to the mystery. “The tree which had formerly been shunned by the criminal, might, in the absence of the avenger of blood, be incautiously approached. Thoughtless, or fearless of my return, it was possible that he might be at this moment detected hovering near the scene of his offences.” Edgar accordingly turns off from his road, and approaches the fatal spot. There he observes something distinguishable by its motions near the trunk of the tree, and which he instantly suspects to have some connexion with the fate of Waldegrave. He advances warily; and, to elude observation, conceals himself among the rocky masses scattered amidst the shrub-oaks, and dwarf-cedars, that covered the ground. “At this time the atmosphere was somewhat illuminated by the moon, which, though it had already set, was yet so near the horizon as to benefit me by its light. The shape of a man, tall and robust, was now distinguished. Repeated and closer scrutiny enabled me to perceive that he was employed in digging the earth—something like flannel was wrapt round his waist, and covered his lower limbs: the rest of his frame was naked. I did not recognise in him any one whom I knew. A figure, robust and strange, and half-naked, to be thus employed, at this hour and place, was calculated to rouse up my whole soul. His occupation was mysterious and obscure. Was it a grave that he was digging? Was his purpose to explore, or to hide? Was it proper to watch him at a distance, unobserved and in silence, or to rush upon him, and extort from him, by violence and menaces, an explanation of the scene? Before any resolution was formed, he ceased to dig. He cast aside his spade, and sat down in the pit that he had dug. He seemed wrapt in meditation—but the pause was short, and succeeded by sobs, at first slow and at wide intervals, but presently louder and more vehement. Sorely charged was indeed that heart whence flowed these tokens of sorrow! I was suspended in astonishment. Every sentiment at length yielded to my sympathy—every new accent of the mourner struck upon my heart with additional force, and tears found their way spon-

taneously to my eyes. I left the spot where I stood, and advanced within the verge of the shade. My caution had forsaken me—and instead of one whom it was my duty to persecute, I beheld in this man nothing but an object of compassion. My pace was checked by his suddenly ceasing to lament. He snatched the spade, and rising on his feet, began to cover up the pit with the utmost diligence. He seemed aware of my presence, and desirous of hiding something from my inspection. I was prompted to advance nearer, and hold his hand—but my uncertainty as to his character and views, the abruptness with which I had been ushered into this scene, made me still hesitate—but though I hesitated to advance, there was nothing to hinder me from calling. He stopped—the spade fell from his hand. He looked up, and bent forward his face towards the spot where I stood. An interview and explanation were now, methought, unavoidable. I mustered up my courage to confront and interrogate this being. He continued for a minute in his gazing and listening attitude. Where I stood I could not fail of being seen, and yet he acted as if he saw nothing. Again he betook himself to his spade, and proceeded with new diligence to fill up the pit. This demeanour confounded and bewildered me—I had no power but to stand, and silently gaze upon his motions. The pit being filled, he once more sat upon the ground, and resigned himself to weeping and sighs with more vehemence than before. In a short time the fit seemed to have passed. He rose, seized the spade, and advanced to the spot where I stood. Again I made preparation as for an interview, which could not but take place. He passed me, however, without appearing to notice my existence. He came so near as almost to brush my arm, yet turned not his head to either side. My nearer view of him made his brawny arms and lofty stature more conspicuous—but his imperfect dress, the dimness of the light, and the confusion of my own thoughts, hindered me from discerning his features. He proceeded with a few quick steps along the road, but presently darted to one side, and disappeared among the rocks and bushes.”

This strange appearance naturally awakens the utmost curiosity in the mind of Edgar. The extraordinary being, he concludes, from one part of his demeanour, must have been *asleep*; while

the more he ruminates on the other particulars, the more thoroughly he is persuaded that he must be Waldegrave's assassin. Full of this suspicion, and incapable of repose till it be confirmed or dissipated, he repairs on the following night to the same spot. The apparition returned, and acted as on the former occasion. It then stalked away with a solemn and deliberate pace; Edgar followed close upon its heels. The mysterious leader proceeded along an obscure path that led to a wood, then striking out of it, burst through every impediment of bush and briar, and conducted Edgar a circuitous and weary way through brakes, and glens, and rivulets. It seemed to be the sole end of his labours to bewilder or fatigue his pursuer—to pierce into the deepest thickets—to plunge into the darkest cavities—to ascend the most difficult heights, and approach the slippery and tremulous verge of the dizziest precipices. At length they find themselves under the projecture of a rock situate in a deep valley. Here the apparition, deliberately removing some stalks that concealed the aperture of a cavern, plunged into the dark recess, leaving Edgar as perplexed as ever, but by this time too exhausted in mind and frame to encounter the possible danger of continuing his pursuit. He contents himself with watching at the entrance of the cave until the following morning, when, the object of his curiosity not re-appearing, he returns to his home.

The whole of this singular chace is given with great eloquence and descriptive power. The same scene is repeated on the ensuing night, except that on this occasion the apparition, instead of taking cover in the cave, winds back to the point whence it started, and enters an out-house, which Edgar recognises to be a lodging-room appropriated to two of Inglesfield's domestics. One of these, an Irish emigrant, Clithero Edny, a person of sober, gentle, and industrious habits, with a mind and education above his present condition, but withal silent, thoughtful, and melancholy, turns out to be the somnambulist. Edgar frankly states his suspicions, and demands an explanation of his midnight wanderings. We have here Clithero's story, revealing the causes of his emigration and of the remorse that consumes him, but it has no connexion with the fate of Waldegrave. Clithero soon after absconds, and Edgar determines on exploring the cave in search of him. There is here a very

animated picture of his subterraneous gropings and adventures, and of the wild magnificence of the surrounding scenery. He discovers the unfortunate fugitive seated on the summit of a rock that overhung a dreary chasm, his aspect denoting the extremes of famine and despair. At the sound of Edgar's voice, he starts from his position and escapes. Edgar forbears to pursue the wretched maniac (for such he has become), and contents himself with bringing food, which he places within his reach and retires. We find some difficulty in giving a brief and connected abstract of the main plot, or indeed in discovering any main plot. It comes out that Waldegrave had been murdered by a marauding Indian. Then, as to Clithero, the purport of his story is that he had been educated by a benevolent lady, Mrs. Lorimer, and was under her auspices about to be united to her niece Clarice; but a little before the intended marriage, a brother of Mrs. L., an abandoned profligate, attacking Clithero by night in a narrow lane of Dublin, meets his death. Clithero's horror at having killed the brother of his benefactress produces a temporary insanity, in which he lifts his arm against herself. On the return of reason, he flies from her house and emigrates to America, abominating himself as a monster of ingratitude; and hence his nocturnal inquietudes. The general story closes with the arrival of Mrs. Lorimer in America, now the wife of Sarsfield, Edgar's early friend and instructor, and who now adopts him as his son. Clithero, the prey of anguish and despair, occasionally flits across us; he is finally seized, and about to be immured in a mad-house, but he bursts from his conductors, and plunging into a river is seen no more. This is the general outline of the story; but one third of the work is occupied with a very extraordinary and interesting episode. Clithero's somnambulism is, it seems, contagious, and Edgar Huntly's dreaming fancies carry him by night to the cavern which he had passed the previous days in exploring. We must refer to the book itself for the description of his bewildered sensations on awaking, benumbed with cold and bruises, half-naked, half-starved, in utter darkness and ignorance of his situation; as also for his subsequent adventures, in which with his single arm he kills a panther and five marauding Indians, and after many astonishing efforts of courage and agility, effects his return to his home.

From this slight sketch the reader will at once perceive the palpable want of skill in the construction of the story (and Brown's other works are similarly defective); but he was a man of genius and has made great amends. We have seldom met with fictions having less the air of fictions. His imagination was in the midst of his scenes, and not an item is omitted that can authenticate their reality. Circumstance follows circumstance, strange and inexplicable, suspending our faculties in wonder or alarm; but in the midst of all the youthful buoyancy and intrepidity with which he plunges into his subjects, there is such a matter-of-fact earnestness, such an anxious enumeration of every the minutest fact or sentiment that could belong to each situation—so resistless is the body of circumstantial evidence adduced—that we find it impossible to withhold our implicit faith. For this reason, no separate extracts can convey a just notion of the author's powers. It is only by following him in all his details, that we can appreciate his extraordinary faculty of forming, frequently out of the most ordinary persons and transactions, such mysterious combinations as to give them all the grand and per-

plexing interest of supernatural occurrences. Upon the whole, to sum up our opinion of these novels, there is want of skill in the plots, and of variety in the personages and events; they contain no sentimental raptures—no fascinating pictures of love and gallantry; they have neither heroines nor heroes, properly so called—no poetic mendicants—no impassioned hags—no sublime marauders; they have few allusions, political, historical, religious, or literary; and finally, they are, as far as we can discover, absolutely without a moral; but with all these deficiencies, they are the first-fruits of a young and powerful mind; they are full of life and freshness and enterprise—those “vital signs” by which works of genius will ever be distinguished; and although (as already stated) the author has condescended to borrow from another, yet what he has taken he has so felicitously applied and extended, developing with extraordinary skill throughout several volumes all the latent resources of particular modes of producing fictitious interest, that we must add to his other merits that of decided originality.*

The perusal of Brown's novels has thrown us upon some general reflections

* Since writing the above article, we have had an opportunity of perusing “The Life of Charles Brockden Brown, by W. Dunlap,” an American publication, that has we believe never been in circulation here. It gives a most favourable impression of the character and genius of Brown. He was born in Philadelphia in 1771, had all his life a frail constitution, and was carried off by a consumption in his 39th year. He was a student from his childhood; at the age of sixteen he sketched the plans of three epic poems on American subjects. He studied the law for some years, but relinquished it in disgust. About the age of twenty-six he became an “author by profession,”—the first known in America. His first novel, *Wieland*, was published in 1798. In the following year he had five novels in hand, two of which, *Arthur Mervyn*, and *Edgar Huntly*, were published before the year was out. *Ormond*, begun in the preceding, was also published in this year. This astonishing rapidity accounts for their defects. He was in the habit of sending the sheets, as he wrote them, to the press, before he had determined on his plot. In addition to his five novels, he had in the same year a *Monthly Magazine*, that he edited, to supply with original articles. We find our statement, that he must have imitated Godwin, fully confirmed by his own letters. He was in despair when he compared one of his first productions with the “transcendent merits of *Caleb Williams*.” From 1806 to his death he conducted an *American Annual Register*. He also published three political pamphlets of considerable length, and much commended by his biographer. Brown's private qualities are represented as peculiarly engaging. He was affectionate, generous, and unexact. Among strangers he was silent and embarrassed; but he is only one of numerous instances where persons the most nervous and timid in conversation form the boldest writers. His favourite studies were metaphysics, architecture, and geography. He was habitually thoughtful; and an attentive observer of the operations of his mind—of this an affecting example is given. Shortly before his death, he had one of those mysterious foretastes of bliss that come to cheer the dying sufferer. Fixing his eyes serenely on the sky, he desired that he might not be interrupted. After some minutes he said to his wife,—“When I desired you not to speak to me, I had the most transporting and sublime feelings I ever experienced. I wanted to enjoy them, and know how long they would last.”—The descriptions of the plague in *Arthur Mervyn* were copies of what he witnessed. “He mused and wrote amidst the groans of the dying and the rumbling of hearses.” Brown uniformly abstained from animal food and all kinds of spirituous liquors,—a fact worthy the attention of some who imagine that stimulating the frame invigorates the imagination.

connected with fictitious writing, and with the part that America may hereafter sustain in that department of literature. With us, the living materials for original compositions of this sort are daily becoming scantier. Since the times of Fielding, Richardson, and Smollet—the classic age of our fictitious literature—English society has undergone many changes so fatal to the views of their successors, that our modern novelists can hardly hope for durable celebrity from faithful delineations of the existing models that surround them. They find all the old national peculiarities already occupied by their predecessors, and the new ones too dull, we suspect, to form sufficiently attractive pictures. And hence we see our clever writers, of late days, turning in despair from the objects before them, and wandering into foreign lands and distant times, and into mysteries and metaphysics, in search of foundations on which to erect their fictions. Mr. Godwin's first novel is a strong view of the imperfection of our criminal code embodied in a narrative; while in *St. Leon*, in order to give his hero some novelty, he is compelled to throw in the supplemental attributes of eternal youth and boundless riches. Mrs. Radcliffe had to scour the convents of Italy, and grope amidst their vaulted ailes and cells, and sepulchres, out of which, with the aid of Alpine scenery and troops of banditti, she has formed the principal subjects of her magnificent romances. Mr. Lewis gives us the *Devil incognito*. Mr. Maturin, in his *Montorio*, a work of infinite genius, presents us with a ghastly compound of life and death, that for two volumes and three quarters, passes for the same personage, as well it may; and if we are rightly informed, the reverend writer meditates letting us one day see what, in the dearth of human heroes, an able pen can make of the *Devil* himself, without embellishment or disguise. And finally, there is Sir Walter Scott, with all his dramatic and descriptive facility, condemned to antedate his fictions from sixty to six or seven hundred years; thus (with all due reverence for his powers we say it) of necessity substituting for pictures of the living manners of the times, the fanciful, though often exquisite combinations of his inventive genius.

Now, if we mistake not, here are strong symptoms that the present ordinary routine of daily life and manners has too much of sedateness and uni-

formity to suggest any thing like the delightful representations of our earlier Novelists. In truth, England has become, from several causes, the most unromantic region upon earth. Its security—its repose—its conveniences—its universal cultivation, quite unfit it for the scene of original exploits. What a death-blow, for example, to adventure and interest, is our system of cheap travelling! Who could have sympathized, as we now do, with *Sophia Western* in her flight, had she been snugly in the corner of a light post-coach, carrying only four inside? Then, except now and then that an opposition coach upsets, the dangers of the road are absolutely gone. Our old friends the highwaymen, who have given us so many delicious hours, are now no more. The terrors of *Hounslow* heath are gone for ever. We face it now on the darkest winter night, and should not condescend to remember where we are, only that it reminds us of *Smollet*. In short, nothing of interest in this department remains, except an occasional runaway trip to *Gretna Green*; and even this the House of Lords are threatening to take away by an amendment of the marriage act. The modern modes of cheap and rapid communication have done more. By virtually approximating the most distant parts of the empire, they have powerfully contributed to destroy those varieties in language, manners, and sentiment, without which the *Novelist* is like a workman without material. A common character has been diffused over the surface of English society. The people of *Exeter*, *Bristol*, *Liverpool*, or *York*, act, speak, and dress precisely like the worthy citizens of *London*. New opinions, new fashions, and new absurdities, regularly start every night from the *General Post-office*, and are hurried along at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour (including stoppages) to every quarter of the kingdom. Let an original *Dandy* appear to-day in *Bond-street*, with his stilted gait and buried chin, and his air of refined apathy and inscrutable fatuity,—and ere a week elapses, we shall have attested copies in every street of *Dublin* and *Edinburgh*.

But there remains one cause which, more than all the others, has tended to reduce us to a common level of sentiment and demeanour—the late long war, and the tremendous addition it has made to the national debt. Every reflecting Englishman's mind is now engrossed

with politics, as the most interesting portion of his private concerns. In a walk from Hyde-Park-Corner to Cornhill, you can tell by the face of every man you meet that he is thinking of the assessed taxes. We have no longer the leisure or the affluence to indulge in those eccentric fancies which the Novelist might turn to account. Our highest flights of originality consist in blocking up a superfluous window, or passing off a tilbury for a taxed-cart, or devising some other ingenious method of baffling the Chancellor of the Exchequer. If we go to France, it is not, as heretofore, to learn French airs and sentiments, but to live cheaply. If we meet an old friend just returned from the East, the first question we ask him is whether he can discount a bill. In a word, from being a nation of humourists, we have become a people who can do nothing from morning till night but think and talk about the sinking fund and poor-rates, and corn laws, and Mr. Malthus, and commutation of tithes, and—radical reform.

But we fancy we can see that a different scene is opening in America, and that at a future day her society will display a new and entirely original stock of materials for many delightful fictions, of which her yet unborn men of genius will not fail to avail themselves.

Hitherto the profits of capital invested in agricultural and commercial speculations have been so great, that generally speaking, all the money and the mind of America have flowed in those alluring channels. How long this is to continue, such is the amazing extent of her yet virgin territory, it is quite impossible to predict; but sooner or later, changes will come on. The first step will be the diversion of the overplus of capital to manufactures. Then, as families grow rich and idle, and fond of superfluities, the finer arts will start up to answer the growing demand. Fine stuffs and fine thoughts, instead of being imported as at present, will be manufactured by native workmen. In a word, the accumulation of wealth will, in the natural course of things, call forth a race of painters, poets, philosophers, and novel-writers. Now it appears to us, that one of the regular effects of the same superfluity of wealth in which the general literature of every country must originate, is to diffuse throughout the community a large portion of those personal peculiarities and sentiments of which the skilful delineation forms the chief

charm of fictitious narrative. Indeed it strikes us that there may be observed in the progress of all societies a certain *critical period*, when, from the joint effects of competence and idleness, and from the absence of the restraints of refinement, men are most apt to run into those extremes of self-indulgence, both in conduct and sentiment, that are peculiarly suited to the purposes of the dramatist and novelist. Communities, as well as individuals, have their early flush of high animal spirits and youthful extravagance—their season of untamed passion—of buoyant expectation—of generous reliance—of petulant frolic—of absurd self-complacency—that short and joyous stage between infancy and maturity, in which the young creature riots in the exuberance of health and hope, and instead of subjecting his impulses to intellectual controul, calls in the aid of whatever intellect he yet possesses, to justify, and give a grace to his most wayward excesses. In England this age of “humours” is passed; but the illustrious dramatists of Elizabeth’s time (the period in question) were fortunately thrown upon it, or, more correctly speaking, were formed by it, and their vivid records of the passions and follies they witnessed and shared in, have been ever since referred to as the standard glories of the British stage. In those times novel-writing was unknown; but had it existed, we cannot hesitate to assert that it would have found a still more copious and interesting supply of varied character and incident than was reserved for the more refined and comparatively monotonous times of Richardson and Fielding. We had intended to illustrate these observations by some references to the rise of comedy in ancient Greece, and in some of the comedies of modern Europe, but our limits do not permit us; we must therefore leave it to our readers to determine how far they apply to America. The origin and progress of that country has been so peculiar, that an exact coincidence with other societies, in each stage of its advancement, cannot be expected; but that some such crisis, more or less modified, will arrive, we consider to be inevitable. In truth, though hitherto speaking of the future, we are not certain that the period may not have actually arrived, and that we may not yet live to see some transatlantic Fielding or Scott immortalizing himself and his country by bold and faithful delineations of manners and scenes peculiar to the western

hemisphere. The elements of noble materials are certainly at hand. The division of the country into separate states, and the consequent variety of individual character—the emigrations to the back-settlements—the rencontres with savage tribes—the collisions between the habits and sentiments of the remoter and more central districts—the multiplicity of religious sects—the developments of the republican character

in its progressive stages of refinement—all this, and much more, added to the magnificent aspect of the country, with its gigantic mountains and primeval forests, and wide savannas and majestic rivers, must furnish such stores for romantic, pathetic, comic, and descriptive representations, as it would be vain to look for in the now-exhausted resources of the parent country.

ON STUDY AND STUDENTS.

—He trimmed his lamp,
Which, like a marse-light, quivered curiously,
And from his oaken booke-shelf taking down
A ponderous tome, he did unchape the boards
That bound it, and with deep and earnest glance
Scouled on the letters; then, anon he raised
His raven-eye, and saide his name was *Study*.

The Clerke of Oxenforde.

LEARNING has now become a matter of course. Every man is supposed to know something of every thing, and consequently the rays of knowledge, like those of light, must necessarily be less powerful when they are spread over a greater surface. A century ago, a country gentleman might have passed very reputably through the world if he could write his own name, and carry a laudable quantity of wine under his belt, while his daughter's accomplishments were confined to making a savoury pudding, and spending a spare hour or two over some serious or devotional book. This will not do at the present day. The squire must at least be a politician, or perhaps an agriculturist; and for this purpose he must read Malthus, and Ricardo, and Arthur Young: while it is absolutely indispensable that the young lady should be intimately acquainted with all the celebrated authors of the day, whose names are always in men's mouths; that she should speak, or at least read Italian and French; and she may think herself well off if she is never asked whether she does not read German, and what she thinks of Goethe's *Faustus*. But while the universality of knowledge has thus been extended, we shall not find that we have become deeper students. Even in the learned professions, where such a circumstance would more probably have occurred, we do not find it to be the case. Divines have not grown more laboriously learned than they used to be, and the gentlemen of the long robe have greatly degenerated from the fame which

their predecessors gained by their persevering intensity of study. Our old lawyers, during their studies, used to read books for relaxation, which our young students at law would groan over in their most laborious hours; in fact, as Doctor Johnson said some thirty or forty years ago, no one reads now; a student attends the courts and gains what knowledge he can there, but nobody reads. The Doctor must certainly have meant that no one now devotes his mind to study with the same zeal and intense earnestness as formerly, for that every body reads, Sir Walter Scott and the circulating libraries can bear witness. The pigmies of the present day raise their eyes in amazement when they number on their fingers all the volumes of novels which Sir Walter has elaborated; but let them turn to the monuments which such men as Erasmus and Montfaucon have left behind them—let them examine Aldrovandus, one of whose closely-printed folios would be almost sufficient to gorge Sir Walter's whole offspring. There never was a period when intellect was more active than at present; but there have been times when it has been more laboriously employed. We have very few great scholars, and a great many tolerable ones. Perhaps the change is all for the better; for the welfare of a country does not depend on the learning of individuals, but on the information of the community at large.

There is great magic in the word Student. It conjures up a very strong and vivid picture. We see a thin, pale, young

man, with long straight black hair, which appears to have been unprofaned by a comb since its last visit to the night-cap. We see him sitting in a threadbare black coat, old pantaloons, and slippers, bending over a table enlightened by a single candle, the wick of which is beginning to grow of portentous length. His breast is curved, his head is bent towards the paper, and a little on one side, and his right hand holds a pen which traverses the paper with eager and steady velocity. The only cessation is when the labourer raises his eyes to guide the pen to the ink-stand, or when in endeavouring to recover some idea, which in the rapidity of thought had escaped him, he raises his left hand to his forehead and ponders for some half minute. Behind him stands his little library, and upon the table in one promiscuous *mêlée* lie quartos, and octavos; and twelves; poetry, philosophy, and criticism; Newton and Milton in friendly contact, and the Rape of the Lock peacefully resting on the Novum Organum. Scraps of paper between the leaves, and dog-eared pages, serve as the guides through this inextricable labyrinth, which the young scholar traverses with the ease and confidence of one who has been long accustomed to the way. "Unheard the clock repeats its hours;" in the fever of intellectual excitement, the mind takes no account of time. The candle gradually decreases, and, as its last flame is quivering in the socket, the exhausted student casts himself on his bed, to snatch amid phantoms of books and ghosts of pens and ink-stands, a short respite from the destructive and continued action of mind, which is so fatally undermining all his bodily powers. Horse-racing and cock-fighting are said to be very fascinating occupations, and a gamester can seldom overcome the temptation of the dice; but not even these allurements can be compared with the charms which science and literature possess for a young and enthusiastic votary. "I can prove," says the unfortunate Robert Heron, who ended his days within the walls of a gaol, "I can prove that I have, for many years, read and written, one day with another, from twelve to sixteen hours a day." Exertions like these may be continued for a time, but the human machine will wear out, and the mind, ever depending on the sanity of the bodily powers, shares the dreadful decay. We have absolutely written

ourselves serious, and almost feel inclined to lay down our pen, which has scarcely been in our hand three quarters of an hour, for fear that we should be seized with some of "the thousand ills which authors are heirs to." We really began to apprehend that we were destined to be cut off, like James Hay Beattie, or Henry Kirke White, in the flower of our age; but as we have no chance of getting Mr. Southey for a biographer, we thought it better to lengthen our stay amongst the folios and quartos of this world, than allow them to vanquish us in the contest.

The most formidable of all students are the dull and heavy ones. A thick elephant folio, closely printed in double columns, is the type of these men. They are the mill-horses of literature, treading the same laborious path, and wearing out a long life in compiling works which few or none afterwards read. They delight in folio editions and immense sheets of foolscap. They are gluttons, as contradistinguished from epicures, swallowing vast quantities of erudition, without being particularly nice as to the quality. They were men, who a century and a half ago always wrote in Latin when they could, and of whom at present there is scarcely a vestige remaining. Such a man was Anthony Wood, who tells us, that "books and MSS. formed his elysium, and he wished to be dead to the world." Such a man was Barnes the Greek professor; and more lately the Rev. Mr. Cole, who left behind him about forty folio volumes in his own hand-writing. Of this class are the Lexicon-makers, the commentators, and the compilers. They grow so devoted to the offspring of their brain, that they care for neither men, women, nor children; and they only account fortune valuable, inasmuch as it may serve to bring their works before the public. In fact, when a man has been employed day after day, and perhaps at the rate of ten hours per diem, for about forty years, upon some laborious literary undertaking, it cannot be supposed that he will not feel his heart yearn towards it with a considerable degree of affection. These Titans in literature, who attempted to scale heaven by heaping folio on folio, have all passed away; and we now see our pigmy men of letters, resting their fame on foolscap octavos. At no period indeed did these bulky and learned speculations answer; the reward of the indefatigable Stow was a gift of letters patent, allowing

him freely to ask alms from all charitable Christians throughout the realm of England. Only think of a man in these days publishing a learned work in nine volumes folio! And only think of any body reading it!

The dull and heavy students may perhaps with propriety be distinguished into two classes—the dull, heavy, and learned, and the dull, heavy, and ignorant. There are some men who cannot, for the life of them, though they have the best disposition in the world for it, make their brains retain any thing that passes through them. They are like Sir Hugh, in Miss Burney's 'Camilla,' who believed that all virtue and wisdom consisted in learning, and who employed Dr. Orkborne to teach him *the Elements*, which however he was never able to master. The heads of these men are the reverse of Fortunatus's purse, which was no sooner empty than it filled again immediately, for they are no sooner full, than on the instant we find them as vacant as ever. They are generally people who have been neglected in their youth, and in their after-years attempt to do too much. This is often the effect of over-reading.

Pale Study, by the taper's light,
Wearing away the watch of night,
Sate reading, but with o'ercharged head
Remembering nothing that he read.

The reverse of this class of students are the light and fanciful ones. They are the butterflies of literature, skimming along the air, and alighting on every tender and beautiful flower. They never trouble themselves with laying up stores of honey, they only consume it. The student of poetry is a genus of this class. He hates any thing which has the appearance of a chain of laborious reasoning, which it is impossible for him to pursue steadily when his imagination is flying off at every individual step. He will not read long at a time, and he has a great dislike to a thick volume. He forgets many of the acquirements which he made in his childhood, and which were forced on him as a task; and he has very wide notions on geography and astronomy. Arithmetic to him is an abstruse science, which he has very seldom occasion for, and which he is therefore very content to remain in ignorance of; for of all things in the world mathematical studies are his abhorrence. When he writes poetry, it is not in Latin; and

when he reads Horace, he now and then makes a slip in the metre.

Another genus of the same class, and certainly the lowest in it, are the mere novel-readers. These romanesque people absolutely terrify the ears of the uninitiated by a bare recital of titles. We used to think that we were tolerably well versed in the lore of the circulating libraries—for instance, we were acquainted with all the first-rate horrors, such as the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, and the rest of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, and many others of inferior note. *Pride*, however, must have a fall; for as we were journeying a little time ago in a certain stage-coach, which travelled all night, we happened to be seated next to a lively young lady, and wishing to be courteous we introduced the subject of novels and romances, when our companion instituted such a strict examination into the depth of our knowledge—Had we read the *Fatal Banquet* of St. Hildebrand?—Otho or the *Black Bandit*?—Manfrone or the *One-handed Monk*?—The *Altar of the double Assassination*? with a thousand others, that we were forced to resort to a little manœuvre; and observing the coach leaning considerably on one side, we uttered a loud scream, and begged the coachman to stop, which effectually broke the thread of the conversation. We laid our terror to the score of our nervousness, whereupon our fair friend very kindly produced a bottle of lavender-water, and we gradually revived. The taste for novel-reading is very insatiable and destructive. It is as pernicious to the mind as drinking is to the body, being a temporary excitement and leaving a proportionate depression afterwards. When taken in moderation, novels, like brandy or wine, may be very salutary. A glass of whisky will not injure a man when he is climbing a mountain, and a romance will have no prejudicial effect on the mind, when its powers have been strained over some difficult and abstruse point of learning.

The *indicia* of professional students are very palpable. You shall know, what in that revered book *The Doctor and Student*, is called a *Student in the laws of England*, by a certain puzzle-headed look of satisfaction, which would seem to say he has pored over some knotty point till he has taken it all in. You shall see a contemplative furrow in his forehead, caused by the

contraction of the eyebrows, and an occasional compression of the lips, which has evidently become habitual from his straining over moot points. As he walks, you may perceive that his mind is dwelling on some obstinately difficult case, which he in vain endeavours to banish from his recollection. His eye is often sunk in his head, and his complexion generally assumes the hue of an ancient piece of parchment. He is frequently slovenly in his dress, and in general you would call him an ill-looking fellow. When he arrives at the dignity of a wig, you may sometimes distinguish him by the *reliquia* of powder on the collar of his coat, for which there appears no adequate reason, seeing that he possesses a head of strong black hair, which exhibits no symptoms of any such application to it. After he is called also, you may often see him in a morning with black silk stockings and short black gaiters. By these external signs shall you know him, and no less will he betray himself by his conversation. His trade is to argue at all events—

"Tho' heaven and earth his client croak."

He has so often been the *forlorn hope* of an argument, that the possibility of owning himself vanquished never once enters his head. He is superlatively obstinate; and as fast as you drive him from one position, he fortifies himself in another. When he is young, he loves paradoxes of all kinds, and fancies he displays a prodigious subtlety in maintaining what is denied by every one else. You may detect him likewise by the use of certain words and phrases peculiar to his profession, which he will infallibly drag into use in half an hour's conversation. When he throws off his wig, he has often a good deal of fun about him, and he is addicted to the odious sin of punning. He has not the smooth solemnity of the divine, though he can put on an air of great gravity when there is occasion for it. Nor does he possess the smiling urbanity of the physician, though he can be exceedingly courteous when his object is to manage a witness.

The habits of a physician are certainly very different. How easy it is to tell a young man who is studying surgery and walking the hospitals! We do not here allude to the immediate conviction which sometimes flashes on our olfactory nerves when one of these gentlemen enters the room, though we have

more than once had occasion to recognize the frequenter of a dissecting-room by this method. Independently of this characteristic, there is a peculiar appearance about these young *nosologists* by which they are capable of being known. It is not, we believe, the effect of mere imagination, but we have always thought we could perceive something wild and cadaverous in their look. They have a prying inquisitive glance in their eyes, as if they were busy in probing for a bullet; and they often look you in the face with this same sharp scrutiny. They too often acquire habits of cruelty by performing infamous and torturing experiments on defenceless animals, for which one time or another, in spite of their cant about the improvement of science, they must be punished. They are inclined to be sceptical in points of belief, and they are not very strict in matters of morality. If they should ever happen to be exalted by a diploma, their character suffers a material change. They become affably authoritative, and carry their gold-headed canes with a sort of insinuating dignity. They never appear to doubt or hesitate in the presence of their patients or their friends; for if they do, like a woman, they are lost. Their prescriptions, which are written in Latin, or something approaching to it, are a sort of type of their manners and professional conversation, which ought to be clothed with a due degree of learned obscurity, in order to impress the mind with a full conviction of the great effect which so much unintelligible wisdom is capable of producing.

It would be unpardonable to omit, in a paper devoted to study and students, the character of a thorough-bred *university man*, who imagines that learning never grew but under the fostering protection of a four-cornered cap. He will never acknowledge that a man can possess sound acquirements, if he has not worn a certain black gown; in short, he is thoroughly persuaded that there is only one royal road to learning, and that runs through Oxford and Cambridge. He is well *grounded* in classical literature; and though he cannot write a single line of poetry in his own language which is not execrable, he can pour out Latin verses by the score, while tutors applaud and freshmen listen in amazement. He pays little regard to modern literature, and does not know how to pronounce French; but his classical knowledge, though it may sometimes want elegance, is seldom deficient in

correctness. He cannot bear that you should argue with him, and refuse to be convinced, unless you have certain cabalistic letters at the end of your name, which are generally the two first of the alphabet. As he grows old, he perhaps becomes a fellow, and takes up his residence at Alma Mater, whose importance gradually waxes greater in his eyes, till universities and university-men become the *summum bonum* of places and mortals.

We think we could paint a student after our own heart. He should be young, ardent, and enthusiastic, with just as much mathematics in his head as will enable him to reason closely and methodically, and with a due portion of logic to prevent him mistaking nonsense for argument. We would give him a good library, rich in the *belles-lettres* and criticism, all his time to himself, and a quiet corner in the country, with the power of visiting town without taking an unreasonable journey. Here our student should enjoy his "ease and alternate labour." He should rise just early enough to take a short pleasant walk before breakfast, merely for the purpose of getting an appetite; for we hold studying before breakfast to be heretical. To study with effect, a man should neither have a craving, nor an overloaded stomach; therefore let him not attempt it either before breakfast or after a six-o'clock dinner. The most healthy period for study is undoubtedly that after breakfast; the mind has been calmed and pacified by sleep, and the stomach has been placated with hot rolls and eggs, so that all the bodily and mental powers are in full condition for exertion. Our student will now fairly break the neck of the thing by reading some four or five hours—copying, compiling, collating, and criticising; in short, in this period he will consume and digest a vast quantity of nutritious food. He will then, like the man in the *Spectator*, fetch another walk—a good long one; during which he will cast off all deep and learned thoughts, and on his return he will find himself quite ready for the feast.

Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-headed Phillips dresses.

Then after dinner, if it be summer, and the weather is tolerable (not a very probable circumstance), he will open his window, draw his chair and table towards it, and over his coffee enjoy the luxury of cutting open the leaves of

some interesting volume, freshly imported from the precincts of Paternoster-row by the coach which runs through the village about two miles distant. This is his Elysium which he enjoys for an hour or two; but, as the shades of night advance, he again, for a short time,

"In trim gardens takes his pleasure,"

to breathe a few sighs of the freshening night-breeze before he sits down again in his high company of wits, philosophers, and poets. Now and then, at his own option, he passes some fleeting evenings in graceful and enlivening society, where the delight and charm of womanly conversation is mingled with the deep but mild wisdom of manly thought. If the country should grow dull, or solitude pall on his feelings; or if he should wish to consult the thousand learned treasures which the metropolis encloses, he locks the door of his library, chooses the conveyance he likes best, and ere the sun sets, he is safely seated in his favourite hotel, amid the brilliancy, the learning, and the heartlessness of London, from which he is very speedily glad to escape to his own quiet study, his unobtrusive books, and the charms and silence of his loved country retreat.

We shall only say a word or two on the amusements of students. These should, as much as possible, consist in corporeal exertion. We know of only one exception to this rule, and that is in favour of the game of chess. Riding on horseback is a good amusement and exercise for a student. It has been said that this exercise is favourable to thought*, but thought should be banished when the mind is indulging in relaxation. A garden furnishes a very fit employment for a scholar. While he is clearing away the weeds, or tying up his carnations, the mind is sufficiently busied about these little occupations to prevent it dwelling on deeper things, and he enjoys, at the same time, the benefit of pure air and of gentle manual exertion. But after all, there is, perhaps, nothing that so well suits the

* "Solitary ride!" exclaimed the Dean, "Have you forgotten the philosopher's noble adage, *Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus*? I should allow a man brought up in business to urge such a pretence, but in a scholar I cannot admit it. *The very trot of a horse is friendly to thought.* It beats time, as it were, to a mind engaged in deep speculation."

Stillingfleet's Amusements of Clergymen.

genius of scholarship as a quiet walk through a beautiful country, either alone, or in company with some one who will not dispute about the road. A man whose most powerful weapon is his pen, will not feel much inclined to become one of *the fancy*, and trust for victory to brute violence alone. He will not seek for exercise and diversion at the Fives-court, in spite of Mr. Egan, and Blackwood's Magazine. Although chess has been considered by some rather in the light of a labour than an amusement, it is nevertheless extremely useful in turning the train of thought. This divine game is fit to employ the leisure hours of a philosopher. There is, in fact, no other game that is worth the attention of a scholar. There are some lighter amusements which, perhaps, may

be mentioned, such as playing music. It has indeed been said that men have been known to fiddle away a fit of the spleen; and as studious people are sometimes attacked by that disease, it would, perhaps, be as well that every student should be taught to torture catgut. If, however, he should happen to be a student at law, and resident in chambers, it should, perhaps, be remarked, that this accomplishment may prove more interesting and agreeable to himself than to his neighbours. As to dancing, your student generally cuts a poor figure in a quadrille; he might, perhaps, have succeeded in dancing before all the judges in Lincoln's Inn Garden, when such annual exhibitions were customary; but he certainly will not do for the meridian of Almack's.

MUSE EROTICE.

Proposals and specimens of an useful work to be entitled "*MUSE EROTICE, OR THE LOVER'S MANUAL*," being a collection of sonnets, chansons, and canzonets, adapted to lovers of every age, temper, and condition; together with practical directions as to the best mode of conducting a suit; to which is added a selection of proper forms. By several hands.

"Over the mountains, and over the waves,
Under the fountains, and under the graves,
Over floods which are deepest, which Neptune obey,
Over rocks which are steepest, love will find out his way."—*Percy's Collect.*

OUR readers cannot have failed to remark, that however anxious we may have been to contribute to their amusement, our efforts have been no less strenuously directed towards their edification; and they may also have observed, that sometimes, by a fortunate conjunction of circumstances, we have been enabled to accomplish our double task at one effort. Nothing affords us more satisfaction than this; and we never experienced greater pleasure than we now do, in finding it in our power to offer to the notice of all who at the commencement of every calendar month look anxiously for the appearance of the green-coloured wrapper of the *New Monthly*, a work which we are fully persuaded will prove of the utmost utility to them in the most critical and difficult situations in which they can be placed.

We have "*Guides to London*," we have "*The Stranger in Paris*," we have the "*Complete Farrier*," and the "*Attorney's Vade Mecum*," but we have no "*Guide to Matrimony*," no "*Lover's Manual*." While the principles of every science and art have been investigated and explained, while quartos

have been written on the best mode of refining sugar or bleaching a pair of cotton stockings, the most important and difficult of all arts has never attracted the attention of a single English writer; and the unfortunate and modest man who seeks for information on this arduous subject, is compelled at last to trust to his own discretion, and to rush blindly along the path, "where angels fear to tread."

It was from a consideration of the very great importance of the subject, that the present work was undertaken. A number of gentlemen have associated themselves for the purpose, amongst whom are a clergyman, two very distinguished names from Almack's, an Oxonian, two Templars, a physician of most conciliating manners, and a dancing-master. As soon as a portion of the work is written, it is submitted to two juries, one of matrons, and the other of maidens; and if a verdict is given against it by either, it is rejected. It was indeed proposed that, in imitation of the immaculate Glasgow Horace, the proof sheets of the work should be hung up for public inspection at three places, viz. at Almack's, in the saloon

of Covent Garden, and at the tea-gardens at Bagnigge Wells, and that a large reward should be offered for the discovery of any errors.

The prospectus informs us, that the work will be divided into three parts. The first, being entirely poetical, will contain love poems of all kinds, gay, melancholy, comic, bold, languishing, despairing, in short, they will run through the whole *gamut* of the passion; and a hint is held out that the assistance of a celebrated professor in this line may perhaps be obtained. The second part consists of practical directions, adapted to every diversity of time, place, character, and circumstance, forming a body of most valuable information; and to this is subjoined a table shewing the various degrees of approximation between different characters. The third part is a collection of proposals, or declarations, suited to every person, with references to the practical directions; and it likewise contains a vocabulary of love phrases, on which innumerable changes may be rung. If these sentences are once committed to memory, it is impossible for a lover ever to experience a lack of conversation, unless his courtship should last sixty-five years, and he talk incessantly, during that period, eight hours and three quarters a day, a calculation which the Oxonian made, and which is given at length in the prospectus. At the end of the volume, there will be a short treatise written by the dancing-master, on the most accomplished way of kneeling to ladies. We have great pleasure in giving the following extract from the introduction to the first part:—

“Poetry is, *ἡ γλῶσσα τοῦ ἀγαπᾶν*, the language of love. It is the language of a race above man, and of a passion above mortality. In poetry and love the soul finds its most exquisite food, for it is an union of the highest thoughts and the richest language which are given to man. With every other passion the dregs of earth are mixed up, but the purity of love is undefiled by the leaven of the world. There are the seeds of selfishness in every other passion. Ambition would sit in the high places, that he may enjoy the upraised eyes of the multitude; charity too often delights in openly bestowing her alms; devotion builds churches to fame; and even patriotism is too frequently satisfied with “the fickle reek of popular breath;” but love, pure and heavenly-minded love, would purchase happiness for the

object of its devotion, though every moment of that bliss should be bought with a drop of his own dearest heart's blood. It is he alone who has triumphed over time, and change, and check, and who can find, in his own immutable devotion, his “exceeding great reward.” Amongst his highest claims to our gratitude, it was love who first strung the lyre. Since that period, how many hands have passed over it, and yet how seldom it has answered to their touch! Sappho's fingers trembled over them, and melody burst from the chords. Anacreon touched them, and they revelled in gladness. At the command of Petrarch they poured forth a melancholy and tender fall; while the young hand of Shakspeare once more drew rapture from their strains. In our own time they have been awakened to livelier music, and many a youthful heart has been entranced as it listened to the exquisite poetry of Moore. It is in vain to say that love is better told in plain and intelligible prose; we deny the assertion: the shepherd, were he able, would pour forth his passion in numbers, for cold and bloodless indeed must that heart be, which is not exalted by the highest of all human feelings to something above the monotonous dullness of prosaic expression.”

This extract, which we suspect is written by the younger of the two Templars, is, we confess, a little too flowery for our taste. We cannot, indeed, perceive how it would be possible to introduce the question of settlements, with any propriety, in poetical language, and yet, most undoubtedly, that is a very material point in all such transactions. Jointures, and annuities, and estates for life, and remainders to the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth sons of the marriage, and powers of leasing, and trustees, are all very awkward words for rhyming; and indeed we question if they could be reduced into poetry by any means, unless by making use of the stanza of Swift's verses by Molly the Cook. The Templar, however, goes on in a more reasonable style:—

“It has been said, though we are far from acceding to the truth of the remark, that women are exceedingly fond of flattery. Now flattery, administered in naked plain prose, can scarcely fail of disgusting the object of it; since every compliment, as Dugald Stewart says, is better received in proportion to the remoteness and delicacy of the

allusion. The prescriptive language of adulation is poetry, and by its aid you may endow the object of your affection with all the virtues and attractions which were ever possessed by woman. Nay, you may even forsake the earth, and clothe her in the semblance of a goddess, all which, if told in plain prose, would, we are afraid, excite laughter, or indignation, rather than pleasure. We very well remember a young friend of ours, who, finding the lady of his heart inexorable to every persuasion, had recourse at last to the Muses, and transmitted to the object of his adoration a sonnet written on the pure Italian model, the effect of which was so powerful that she relented, and admitted his addresses."

The first part of the volume is divided into several sections or heads, such as the Rejected Lover, the Accepted Lover, the Melancholy Lover, &c.; and at the bottom of each page there are various readings given, in order to adapt each piece to the different persons to whom it may be addressed, as in the following:—

SONNET.

Nay, turn away those eyes of heavenly blue,
I cannot trust them. I have gaz'd till all
My thoughts and feelings held high festival,
While reason slept—Oh, I have gaz'd till through
The channels of my heart the poison flew,
Destroying me, with sweetest death—Now all
Those cherish'd hopes are past, 'thou wouldst
recal

The feelings my unwounded spirit knew.
Vainly! the bosom of the ocean plain,
Tho' smooth and still, is painful to the eye
Of him whose treasures in its dark folds lie:
The trumpet's breath speaks but of grief and pain
To many an orphan. I, in those blue eyes,
See but the lurking guile that in them lies.

"If this sonnet be addressed to a dark-eyed beauty, the first line will run thus,

Nay turn away those eyes of raven hue,

and the epithet *blue* in the twelfth line will be changed to *dark*."

Amongst the melancholy verses there are some which, in our opinion, are extremely pathetic, and which indeed affected us almost to tears. Our next extract is entitled

CONSOLATION TO A REJECTED LOVER.

The love thou bearest hath not been in vain,
Though it hath struck upon thy young heart's
chords,

Which have return'd no music—tho' it be
Treasured and hidden from the eyes of all,
And most from her's who woke it. It hath been
Thy comforter in trouble, when the thought
Of harsh opinion, and false friends had made
Thy memory a wilderness, when hopes
Were ashes, and thy prospects desolation.
It was a light when all beside was dark,

A lamp amid thy night of sorrowing;
And when, in gazing on the future, thou
Hast trembled, it hath spoken loftiest things,
Which have endued thy heart with hope and
strength,

And holy trust; and to the promised course
Of honour and high deeds, which were thy goal,
It led thee on. Oh! it hath never been
Useless within thy bosom, for its voice
Spake still of virtue, and those lovely things
Virtue delights in.

This is pretty tolerable, but we think it bears evident marks of the pensive soul of the younger Templar; the following lines, which may, we believe, be attributed to the clergyman, are much more to our taste, though at the same time it is very evident that they lack that deep and sincere feeling which pervades the two pieces we have just extracted, a circumstance which may be accounted for when we consider the clergyman's age, which is said to be seven and forty.

TO A DISCONSOLATE LOVER.

Weep no more, forsaken lover!
Though thy brightest dreams are o'er,
Though thy words have fail'd to move her,
Pensive lover! weep no more.

Though her hard heart hath bereft thee
Of thy young hopes golden glow,
Weep not, even she hath left thee
One sweet comfort in thy woe.

This, when gloomy thoughts distract thee,
Of the bliss thou ne'er canst feel,
This shall never fail to bless thee,
This thy wounded heart shall heal.

This shall be a balm for sorrow,
This bear comfort to thy breast;
From its virtue thou shalt borrow
Bliss by day, and nightly rest.

This shall charm away thy sadness,
This shall calm each rising sigh;
This can make the beam of gladness
Sparkle brightly in thine eye.

She who thus thy love hath slighted,
She was forc'd to leave thee this;
And by this, thy prospects blighted
Once again may beam with bliss.

Weep no more, but proudly tell her
Thou disdainest to repine;
Then betake thee to thy cellar,
Comfort dwells in old port wine.

Though we admire this little effusion very much, and agree with Mr. Barnet in Dr. Moore's "*Edward*," that good old port can never injure man, woman, or child; we yet think, that as the young Templar possesses too much, the clergyman exhibits too little sentiment. We feel no doubt, however, respecting the efficacy of the remedy, which the clergyman himself is said to have proved. This little piece was very nearly thrown out by the jury of maidens; but the Oxonian (a Brazen-Nose man) made an oration in favour of it, and succeeded

in securing it a place. For our own part, we believe there is a still surer remedy than even port wine, and that is absence.

We shall close our sentimental extracts with the following sonnet, in which the imitation of Mr. Barry Cornwall is somewhat too close and apparent. We fear the author is a disciple of that renowned metropolitan poet; and, if we mistake not, it can be proved that they were seen conversing together in the shades of Gray's Inn Gardens. We earnestly protest against the licentious use of the double rhymes.

SONNET.

Even now, amid this shadowy light, perchance,
The lady of my love, silently watching
The clouds that touch the moon and pass, is
catching
Soft spirits, from the shadows that advance,
Despite the cold moon's silvery countenance;
And even now, my love's fair bosom matching
The calm of Nature, from her book is snatching
A lesson, whose pure wisdom shall enhance
Her after-years. My spirit on the air
Is trembling too, as fervently as thine,
And my 'scaped heart holds a communion there
With thee, tho' thou be distant. O divine,
And guileless-hearted! distance hath no power
Over the sweet dream of an evening hour!

We shall now proceed to give our readers some idea of the second part, which contains the practical directions, and which will be elaborated by the joint exertions of the whole society, the physician, who is a man of great address, bearing a principal part. We quote the following sentences from the preface or introduction to the second part—

“Hints as to Talking.

“If the lady you are addressing be young, it is absolutely requisite that you should learn to talk nonsense. This is a difficult art, but it may be acquired by experience and attention. You will find sentiment the most useful after this. There is no medium between them. You must never talk sense. It is dull and vapid, and never takes. But you must take great care that you talk sentiment at the right time. Nonsense may be talked with propriety at any time, but not so with sentiment.

“Never look bashful—self-possession is half the battle. You may appear amazed and confounded, but never ashamed. You may shew reverence, but not fear. Casting your eyes on the ground has frequently a good effect. Be not too bold at first, or it may retard your conquest. Humility is always an acceptable gift at the shrine of beauty.

NEW MONTHLY MAG.—No. 83.

“Jealousy and pique, if well managed, are excellent weapons in the hands of a lover; but beware of being worked on by them yourself. A woman will sometimes play with you as a Scotch angler does with a salmon—she will give you plenty of line, and just when you think you have escaped, she will draw you back again, and she will repeat this till she kills you. ‘Pique her, and soothe by turns,’ says a man, who understands what he is writing about.

“If you are very young, beware how you are entrapped into a declaration, especially if you are residing in Scotland, and there are witnesses by, for you shall assuredly repent of it, as Mr. Edgeworth did of proposing to his first wife: as a precautionary measure, it would, perhaps, be well to repeat the multiplication-table, or something of equal length, ere you make the proposal.”

We are sorry that we have not space to transcribe more of these very useful directions: we cannot, however, forbear giving the following.

“Receipt for looking tender.

“Lean back in your chair, throw back your head, place your right hand on your heart, shut your eyes, and shew your teeth.”

With regard to the third part, which contains forms of proposals, declarations, answers, &c. we shall only say, that from the specimens given, we believe it to be a very complete body of useful precedents. To shew the necessity of a work of this kind, we need only relate to our readers two proposals, which we have been assured were actually made.

“Dr. — having determined to place his housekeeper at the head of his table, one evening, as they were sitting on each side of the fire-place, proposed to her thus:—

Dr. Nancy!—N. Doctor!

Dr. What do you think, Nancy?

N. I think as you do, Doctor!”

Now this is the absolute *sal merum* of courtship. On seeking for a declaration suitable to this occasion in the prospectus before us, we found it filled an octavo page and three quarters!

Our readers may, probably, some of them have heard of the celebrated Dr. Ballard's proposal to Miss Clutterbuck, which ran, as nearly as we can recollect, as follows:—

If you, Miss Clutterbuck,
Will be my little duck,

I, Doctor Ballard,
Will be your little mallard.

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It may, however, be objected, that the forms given in this work are not selected from actual practice; but to that we are enabled to give a very complete answer. It was resolved that the Oxonian and the younger Templar should each select a lady of their acquaintance, and prosecute their suits, according to the rules of this work, till their consent should be obtained. Some objection was made to this, on the score of the great impropriety of the measure, as the gentlemen never intended to fulfil the engagement; but the opinion of the clergyman was taken, who declared that

he thought the beneficial results to society would be great enough to outweigh any chagrin which the ladies might suffer. The physician also undertook to attend them in case their health should suffer; and the dancing-master, who also teaches fencing, has engaged to step forward if an affair of honour should be the consequence. When we heard last of the matter, it was proceeding very prosperously, though there was some fear that the young Templar would be entangled in his own net.

ON ANGLING. BY AN AMATEUR.

LETTER VII.

The Pike.—Sketch of Blenheim Lake and its surrounding scenery, introductory to Pike-fishing—Peculiarities of this Fish—Trolling—New Method of Trolling—Useful Directions—Diverting Method of catching Pikes.

I ANNOUNCE to you my arrival at Woodstock, near to which is Blenheim, the magnificent palace of the Duke of Marlborough. It stands in an extensive park, reported to be fourteen miles in circumference. On entering this park at the grand gate, one of the most beautiful prospects you can imagine presents itself. The palace appears in front; in the vale below to the right, a grand lake expands its winding waters, crossed by a magnificent bridge. A lofty column on the rising ground, a rich variety of hill and dale of the softest verdure, crowned with clumps of trees, and groves, all conspire to strike the eyes with the most attractive charms. I never saw a place where the embellishments of art have been so well applied to improve the beauties of nature.

Two sycamore trees of ample size and luxuriant foliage mark the spot where formerly stood a royal palace. Here Elizabeth was confined by her cruel sister, Mary. And in Woodstock's "rosy bowers," in a more remote period of our history, Henry the Second indulged his passion for the fair Rosamund; and here he is said to have contrived a labyrinth to secure his peerless mistress from the jealous eyes of his Queen Eleanor. This retreat was near the spring of pellucid water that still bears the name of Rosamund's Well; and every traveller, who has the least

pretensions to sensibility and taste, cannot fail to visit this spot with peculiar pleasure.

Imagine, if you can, the gratification I have felt in having many of these beautiful scenes in full view as our boat glided along the bosom of the lake, and we commanded the objects that embellish both its sides. The lake covers an expanse of 500 acres: it is supplied by two streams, the Evenlode and the Glym, and it produces pike, perch, carp, and tench. The pike caught here are probably not larger than those bred elsewhere, but they are very remarkable for delicacy and firmness. In compliment, therefore, to water so favourable to their excellence, I have begun my observations on the pike, and pike-fishing, with this imperfect sketch of the beauties of Blenheim.

The nature of the pike is peculiar, as it is a solitary fish. Pikes never congregate in shoals like most other fish; so that you will rarely find more than two in the same hole. They frequent the deepest waters, lie near the banks, and among bull-rushes, reeds and woods, or under stumps of trees, and at the mouths of ditches and rills. They spawn in February or March, according to the forwardness of the spring, and are then to be seen lying motionless in ditches, where, in an unsportsmanlike manner, they are taken with wire snares. The best pikes are bred in rivers; they are more firm, whiter, and better-tasted than those bred in ponds, and large sheets of stagnant water.

The pike bites most keenly in cloudy and windy weather. He is fond of such baits as the roach, dace, minnow, or piece of an eel. One of his favourite

morsels is a gudgeon. You may substitute a small perch, but the back fin should be cut off. The fishermen of the lakes in Cumberland and Westmorland bait their night-lines for pike with frogs and mice. After all, no fish is a more alluring bait than a small trout; this is a secret well worth knowing, particularly when you have no other temptation for him.

The pleasantest manner of fishing for pike is trolling. I do not enter into a description of the tackle, or a detail of the practice, because I do not think I could convey very clear ideas of them: you may indeed be assured that instruction and observation taken for one day from a good troller will make you more perfect in the art, than the perusal of all the rules given in angling books, not excepting *Nobbs's* famous work upon the subject.

April is reckoned a good month for trolling, soon after the pikes have spawned; but September and October are preferable, for then the weeds are in a state of decay, and the water presents less entanglement to your tackle, and the fish are in the highest condition. Trolling comes in well at this time to continue the diversion of the angler, when most other kinds of fishing are going out of season.

You will find pleasant sport in spinning a gudgeon, small roach, or dace for a pike, in the same manner as you spin a minnow for a trout. Your tackle must be strong; and if you manage your bait in a dextrous manner, the pike will dart at it with the eagerness that a cat springs at a mouse. You must strike the instant you see the fish bite, and use no ceremony, but with a steady pull bring him ashore as quickly as you can. As I was not pleased with the tardy process of waiting and counting the minutes, which you must do in trolling after the pike has seized your bait, I tried this method, and found it answer my most sanguine expectations of sport.

There are three things, in regard to trolling, that are particularly worth your observation. Inprimis, as in trout-fishing, you need never make more than two or three casts in the same place; for if a pike be there, and is disposed to bite, he will instantly do so. Secondly, if you troll from the shore, fish at home, that is, play your bait near the bank for a longer time than any where else, and do not snatch it hastily out of the water,

because the pike will often seize it at the surface. Thirdly, you can hardly give the pike too much time to gorge the bait, after he has run with it to his hold.

Fishing for pike with Leiger lines, or *liggers*, as they are called in Norfolk, is an excellent method of catching them. You have a double advantage of time, if, after you have laid your leigers, you actively employ yourself in angling. For your bait no one is so good as a gudgeon; the next in excellence is a dace. I have seen a yellow frog tried, but without success.

When you have caught a pike, take care how you handle him. The best method of taking him out of the water, if you have not a landing-net, is to press his eyes with your fingers and thumb, and so lift him on land. If you examine his mouth, you will find that his jaws are armed with six rows of large, long, and sharp teeth; and if your hands should come in contact with them, he will lacerate your flesh in a violent manner. Some say his teeth are venomous: this I think a vulgar error; but as I have experienced his bite, I feel all the force of the old adage—*ictus piscator sapit*, and give you a useful caution.

The fishermen have a very diverting method of catching pikes in the lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland. A line and a bait (sometimes it is a frog) are fixed to a float of wood, or to a blown bladder, which being thrown into the water to the windward, are driven across the lake, and in their passage the bait is seized by the pike. I refer you to Colonel Thornton's Sporting Tour for a very pleasant description of this kind of fishing.

I conclude this letter with expressing a wish, that you may resemble this renowned brother of the angle in one respect—and that is in his uniform success. According to his account, as the historian of his own exploits, he always meets with the finest fish; and such is his infallible skill, that he always catches them. His exertions are equally fortunate when he pursues other diversions; as a *Venator* and an *Auceps*; for no hawks fly so high, no greyhounds run so swiftly, as his own. And I think it probable, that when you have perused all he has said of himself, you will be inclined to add to his fame, and declare, that no archer shoots with so long a bow! Adieu.

LETTER VIII.

The subject continued.

Anecdotes illustrative of the voracity of the Pike—Instances of their extraordinary size—A French dish recommended.

As the pike is the fiercest and the most voracious of our river fish, Pope has thus well described the species :

"And pikes the tyrants of the watery plains."

With reference to the well-known properties of other animals, they may be called water-wolves, or fresh-water sharks. Fishes of prey seem designed by nature to consume the superabundant produce of the waters, and particularly the sickly and the feeble; and as they are unlike the human race, who are designed to endure a course of trial and probation with reference to another world, they are best removed immediately out of the way by these ravenous devourers.

I proceed to give you a few well-attested anecdotes, to confirm the opinion you may have formed of the pike as the greatest glutton of all the inhabitants of fresh water:—

The Glym I have before mentioned as one of the streams that feeds Blenheim Lake. It meanders round the beautifully situated vicarage-house at Glympton. There the worthy rector nourished a brood of ducks, and anticipated the pleasure of seeing them one day adorn his table with the delicious accompaniment of green peas. But how fallacious are the hopes of man! It was observed for several mornings, that the old duck had one less of her brood than she had the day before. This gradual decrease induced a gentleman, on a visit to the rector, to watch the place frequented by the ducks; and on looking at the spot brightened by the sunshine, he saw a large pike basking. He shot the pike, and when it was opened the disappearance of the ducklings was easily accounted for, as two were found in his belly undigested, and it was easy to conjecture in what way the others had been disposed of, and what fate awaited the old one.

The fisherman at Trentham, the seat of the Marquis of Stafford, saw the body of a swan with its neck and head under water. This position did not at first surprise him; but as he observed the swan in the same place and the same position the next day, his curiosity was awakened—he rowed his boat to the place, and to his astonishment saw a large pike adhering to the swan. The

ravenous fish had gorged the swan's head and part of his neck, and the swan and the pike were both dead.

That pikes will devour any of the finny, or the feathered race, and even each other, are facts so well ascertained that they require no proofs of their truth. An old angler informed me, that as he was playing a roach in deep water in the river Wensum, a small pike seized it, and as he was playing this small pike a much larger one did the like. The angler added, that if his companion had been alert with the landing-net, all three fish might have been caught. I assure you I met with a similar occurrence when fishing in Blenheim Lake.

A Yorkshire gentleman assured me that he had caught a pike of a good size with an artificial fly. I told him I knew so much of his general voracity, in taking any thing that moves upon the surface of the water, whether ducks, or frogs, &c. as to have no doubt of the fact.

In the fishing-tackle shops in London I have been shewn some large gaudy artificial flies; the wings were made of the eyes of peacocks' feathers, and the tails of pheasants' feathers, and they were armed with large hooks. There is a demand for them in Scotland and Wales, where the anglers will find the pikes will take them greedily when the weather is dark and windy.

But of all the proofs of the accommodating appetite of a pike, surely no one can exceed the following:—As a worthy brother of the angle was fishing for roach with red paste in the Thames above Godstow-bridge, he caught a small jack with that bait. I was present, and unhooked the fish. Was this the effect of hunger, squeamish appetite, or wantonness?

You will determine how unjustifiable it is to kill very small pikes, when you are told the size they will reach. They are taken in Whittlesea Meer of twenty pounds weight. Two very large ones in the course of one summer were found dead, floating on the surface of Blenheim Lake, each weighing twenty pounds. One that was 45 inches long, and weighed 22 pounds, was taken out of a piece of water near Nacton in Suffolk, March 27, 1780, by Mr. Stanley. He seized a small pike by the middle, that had been hooked in trolling, and which he would not quit, but suffered himself to be drawn to the bank, and was taken out with an iron hook that was struck into his side. Pike of the great weight of 35 pounds have been

taken in Winander Mere. Daniel, in his *Rural Sports*, says, "that pike are in great perfection in Lochdee in Kircudbright, they grow to the size of 20 to 30 pounds, and one of 57 pounds has been caught. They bite at the fly, or line baited with burntrouts, or frogs."

To complete the climax of pikes comes Colonel Thornton. He describes one he caught trolling in Loch Alva, that was five feet four inches long, and weighed nearly 48 pounds. He says it was so monstrous a fish that his land-

ing-net admitted only the nose!! We are much indebted to the French for many additions to the luxuries of our tables, exclusive of ragouts and fricasees. They highly esteem various kinds of cold fish, and particularly cold pike. You will find it excellent, whether you eat it *a-la-Française* with oil, or with vinegar only. It has much of the flavour of cold turbot, or sole, and will be highly gratifying to your taste as an epicure, particularly if you have caught the pike yourself. *Experto crede.* Farewell.

ON AMERICANISMS, WITH A FRAGMENT OF A TRANS-ATLANTIC PASTORAL.

"Our mountains are Andes, our rivers are grandees,
Our country abounds with diversified wonders."

American Song.

"I suppose, Sir," said a London shopkeeper to the Earl of Marchmont, "I suppose, Sir, you are an American." "Why so, Sir?" said his lordship. "Because, Sir," replied the shopkeeper, "you speak neither English nor Scotch, but something different from both, which I conclude is the language of America."

This is related by Boswell; and since that time, the Americans have been gradually making a decided progress towards the formation of a separate language.

Amongst all the mutable things of earth, language is perhaps the most unstable. Governments, manners, fashions, rise, flourish, and fade, but they revive again, the same in form and mould: a language once changed or perished, can never resume its original character, or live again in its ancient shape. The change in language is certainly very gradual, but it is very sure; and though this progress may be accelerated by adventitious circumstances, centuries may frequently intervene before we perceive any radical alteration. Where the people who have formed one nation become divided into separate states, these discrepancies in language become the more remarkable—like the waters of a large stream, which flowing through the same channel are of one hue and clearness, but when separated into different courses become tinged with various colours, according to the nature of the channels through which they pass. Had America still continued a colony of England, the change would have been more gradual, but still it would have taken place; for we cannot suppose it possible that two

countries so far distant from each other, though united by the same government, could have preserved the extensive and constant intercourse on which a community of language must always depend: The independence of America accelerated the change; and amongst the other privileges which her inhabitants claim, as the consequence of such emancipation, is the right to *make new words*.

The Americans have accordingly thought proper to exercise their ingenuity in this manner; and it will not perhaps be unentertaining to trace the progress they have made in the improvement of the English tongue. The task has certainly been begun, and will as certainly proceed, till the day arrives when Englishmen will read the works of some descendant of Cadwallader Colden, *done* into English from the original American: or according to the anticipation of Mr. Pickering, in his *Essay on Americanisms*, "when Americans shall no longer be able to understand the works of Milton, Pope, Swift, Addison, and other English writers, justly styled classical, without the aid of a translation into a language that is to be called at some future day the American tongue." It is not necessary to say who would be the losers in such an event.

The Americans have not, however, confined themselves to the coinage of new words, but they have retained the use of many which are obsolete amongst us, and to others they have attached new meanings. The taste for these useless innovations is said to be on the decline. It is only from the literature of a nation that a correct idea of the

language can be formed; for the conversation of any class of society will not be a sufficient criterion. In the warmth or carelessness of friendly dialogue, words are used which the better judgment of a writer in the retirement of his closet would reject; and there is no class which is exempt from a certain *slang*, either of fashion or vulgarity. The "Lancashire dialect" would not afford a very accurate specimen of the English language; and it will not therefore be just to insist on certain representations which some travellers have given of the conversational language of America. The dialogues which Mr. Fearon has recorded, are certainly very facetious, but an American would collect without much difficulty, in almost any county in England, sentences equally ridiculous. In England, now, our authors seldom fail to produce what may be fairly termed English; but the language of the American writers is not always entitled to the same denomination. The use of words by some persons in a particular sense, to which others attach a different meaning, has sometimes a very ludicrous effect. In this manner the word *awful* is used in America to signify any thing which creates surprise; and we rather think that in the Scotch dialect a similar meaning is attached to it. Pickering, in his Vocabulary, tells us that in New England many people would call a disagreeable medicine *awful*; an ugly woman, an *awful-looking* woman; a perverse child that disobeys his parents would also be said to behave *awfully*. Indeed every thing that creates surprise is *awful*. What an *awful* wind! *awful* hill! *awful* mouth! *awful* nose! In a similar manner they pervert the word *balance*, (and, if we are to believe their commercial rivals, the thing itself,) using it for remainder: thus they would say, "I spent a part of the evening at a friend's house, and the *balance* at home.

Half the enemy were killed, and the *balance* taken prisoners." What a specimen is this last sentence of the attachment of the Americans to commerce! Besides giving a new sense to old words, the Americans have been very ingenious in the invention of new ones, some of them formed on the basis of old words, and others of a completely novel nature. Thus, for diminish, Mr. Jefferson uses *belittle*; and an author is called a *composuist*; instead of a country being compromised, it is *compromitted*; so we find *Christianization*, *constitutional*, *consternated*, *customable*, *governmental*, *deputize*, *gubernatorial*, *happifying*, *lengthy*, and a thousand other similar improvements. At the meaning of these words, however, we can make a tolerable guess, for we hear something like them at home; but when we hear of *reluct*, and *scow*, and *slangwanger*, and *squiggle*, and *clush*, and *squirm*, it certainly makes us look very *awful*, Anglicè, we feel somewhat surprised. We are at the same time reminded of Mr. Leigh Hunt's ship which *swirls* into the bay; but more respecting our own *naturalization* of these barbarisms another time.

The lines which follow, and which are unfortunately only a fragment, will give a tolerable idea of a few of the slight peculiarities of trans-atlantic phraseology. Should we be enabled to complete our copy, and to obtain the remainder of the eclogues, which we are told amount in number to twelve, we intend to publish them with Souter, of St. Paul's Church-yard, who imports American books. We have heard that in one of these bucolics, the interlocutors are Mr. Birkbeck and all the Five Nations; while in another, Mr. Flower, a young Chikasi squaw, and a large brown bear contend for the prize of skill in the discovery of honey. We have with much labour and research added some explanatory notes to the pastoral.

FRAGMENT OF AN AMERICAN ECLOGUE.

¹ A Backwoodsman and a Squatter.

² On Susquehanna's banks, where timber brah

³ Slumps in the flood with many a hideous crash,

¹ The people who inhabit to the westward of the Allegany mountains are called Backwoodsmen. Squatters, sometimes called Lumberers, are people who enter on your lands, and don't find it convenient to leave them, like morning visitors who are fond of sitting too long.

² We think this opens almost as beautifully as the first stanza of Gertrude of Wyoming.

³ "To sink or fall into the water or mud through ice, or any other hard substance."—Webb's Dict.

Where boatable, she pours her waters bland
 Thro' prairies ⁴ green, and muggy bottom-land ⁵,
 And waters in her course the sloshy swamp
 That yields sweet meals of succotash and samp ⁶,
 Two guessing Yankees met ⁷, slang-whangers ⁸ both,
 And men of gumption they ⁹, and nothing loth
 To squal ¹⁰ loose jaw, and slam an angry oath;
 One a backwoodsman, who with axe and glut ¹¹
 Had built himself a handsome ¹² clapboard ¹³ hut;
 The other was a squatter, who was bent
 From off his neighbour's land to tote a cent ¹⁴:
 Both kedge and sprigh ¹⁵, and men that in a scrouge
 Could jeopardize their foes, and neatly gouge ¹⁶.
 Leaving his chore ¹⁷, thus the backwoodsman spoke:
 B. So, Jonathan, a very pretty joke!
 Are then my bottom-lands so rich and fat,
 That you must come and on my prairie squat?
 Once in a while ¹⁸ it perhaps were no great matter,
 To give some mush ¹⁹ to some poor likely squatter;
 But you're too clitchy ²⁰, so I must confess
 I fain would obligate you to progress.
 S. Progress! you think a squatter may be trounced,
 And patiently from post to pillar jounced.
 But I'm a Yankee too, and to your loss
 I'll shew you speedily you're not my boss ²¹.

⁴ A Gallicism—so say the Edinburgh Reviewers.

⁵ A very expressive word, signifying damp or wet, of which Dr. Johnson gives the following example—

“Cover with muggy straw to keep it moist.”

Bottom-lands, rich flat grounds, sometimes called interval land.

⁶ Samp, boiled maize for feeding little Copper Indian children.

⁷ Generally called “nasty guessing Yankees.”

⁸ A slang-whanger is properly a newspaper writer, but it signifies any noisy, bullying writer or talker: thus we should say “the slang-whangers of *Blackwood's Magazine*.”

⁹ A fine old word signifying intellect.

¹⁰ Very similar to the author of Rimini's favourite word *swale*. It is to throw any thing horizontally.

¹¹ A large wooden wedge.—See *Rees's Cyclopædia*.

¹² Every thing is *handsome* in America.

¹³ A narrow board used to cover buildings.—*Web's Dict.*

¹⁴ To carry off something.

¹⁵ Words of infinite meaning. Kedge signifies brisk and lively; *ex. g.* How are you to-day? I guess I'm pretty kedge. Sprigh, we apprehend, is a contraction of *sprightly*. is used by a Columbian bard in the following manner.

“Now I chace the butterfly,
 Tho' he thinks himself so sprigh.”

¹⁶ To gouge is an elegant and captivating amusement, on which we may shortly promise ourselves an article in *Blackwood*, when pugilism is exhausted. The art consists in dextrously “twisting the forefinger in a lock of hair near the temples, and turning the eye out of the socket with the thumb-nail, which is suffered to grow long for this purpose.”—*Lambert's Travels*, vol. 2. p. 300.—We believe a similar practice used to exist a few years ago in the northern parts of England; but we hope it is now nearly obsolete, unless it be revived by some “young gentleman of the fancy.”

¹⁷ “A small job, domestic work.”—*Web's Dict.*

¹⁸ In referring to our friend Pickering for an explanation of this phrase, which we find means *sometimes*, we were struck with another instance of American ingenuity. A writer in the *Cambridge Literary Miscellany*, proposes a new preposition (*onto*) to be used in such phrases as these: “an army marches *onto* a field of battle; a man leaps *onto* a fence.” How this new preposition would have pleased Horne Tooke!

¹⁹ “Food of maize, flour and water, boiled.”—*Web's Dict.*

²⁰ *Clitchy*, is clammy, sticky, glutinous, like a poor friend in want of a dinner.

²¹ This word has baffled the discriminating faculties of the ablest etymologists and lexicographers, and even all the acumen of the *Quarterly Review* has been thrown away upon it in vain. We presume our friend Pickering omitted it in his *Vocabulary* from absolute despair. The curious inquirer will see some remarks on this word in Mr. Fearon's *Sketches*. At the first view it seems undoubtedly to be derived from the Latin, and we

Is't not enough to waste my strength and cunning,
 Trying to get a scanty meal by gunning,
 Wading thro' dismal swamps, and nearly spent,
 But you must grudge your countryman a cent?
 I'd have you know it's well I ask no more,
 For Mister Jackson, when he gets the floor²²
 In Congress, tells us that we all are men
 And every Yankee is a citizen.

(*Cætera desunt.*)

LETTER OF THE LATE SIR HERBERT CROFT, THE BIOGRAPHER OF DR. YOUNG,
 IN JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.

It is well known that the late Rev. Sir H. Croft was the author of the life of Dr. Young, among "Johnson's Lives of the Poets." An intimacy with Frederick Young, the son of the author of the "Night Thoughts," enabled Herbert Croft, at that time a young man studying the law, to learn particulars respecting the Poet, which Johnson, it is probable, had no means of obtaining from any other source. The Memoir furnished by Croft, being deemed by the biographer sufficiently correct for publication, he gratified the ambition of his young friend, and his own indolence at the same time, by giving it to the world as he received it from the writer. The following extracts from a letter of Sir Herbert Croft, independently of their coming from the pen of a man of learning, which he undoubtedly was, furnish some other circumstances relative to Young; and an anecdote of the late Lord Camelford, which is not uninteresting. Every incident relative to departed genius is deservedly dear to the public; and there is naturally a disposition to cherish such, in hearts open to the delightful impressions produced by the labours of the poet. A melancholy pleasure is always felt on reading or hearing any thing new regarding a genius who is "gathered to his fathers." The researches of many curious persons who endeavour to rescue from oblivion a *jeu d'esprit*, a stanza, or some trifle in itself of little moment but for its connexion with a great name, afford society a pleasure, or at least harmless entertainment.

It appears that Croft at one time projected what he denominated a Tour of Utility, during which he meant to have addressed letters to particular friends touching the history of the times; and

that idea was probably not relinquished when he wrote this letter. It is addressed to George H——, Esq. at Husum in Denmark, and is dated Lisle, Tuesday June 5, 1804; the writer being at that time resident in France, among the English detained there at the commencement of hostilities in 1802.

It is most certain that, during fifteen or sixteen years at least, we have always had to say—"The present moment is more extraordinary than any of which history tells;"—and, behold, we still find ourselves, on the present 5th of June 1804, in the incredible moment in which we make use of exactly the same wondering language. Bonaparte said, during the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, "Rien, dans l'histoire, ne ressemble à la fin du 18^{me} siècle;" and every hour since has proved the truth of his words, applied to the beginning of the 19th century. We feel, day after day, like Pope's traveller in the Alps, in that exquisite and just simile in his "Essay on Criticism," which Johnson, in Pope's life, calls "the best comparison that English poetry can shew:" and perhaps even now, after all that we have seen for so many years—after wandering amidst such moving rocks and yawning precipices, and meeting, at every turn, new and loftier mountains, which, if their heads touch the skies, may often be said to take root in Tartarus—our aching and astonished sight has still to discover fresh wonders, and mountains more gigantic and more threatening than those which have so repeatedly frozen the boldest blood. Alas! my friend, may no overwhelming avalanche detach itself, in mighty ruin, from these projecting Alps, and bury,

immediately recur to the "bos piger," but nothing can be farther from the truth, as it does not signify a bullock, but a master; thus an American servant would say, "I guess, Boss, I shall dixe with you to-day."

²² This expression is equivalent to our parliamentary phrase of "Getting possession of the House."

for ever, hundreds of harmless people, in its fall!

Lord Camelford, however, will see none of these cloud-capt events which perhaps await us. If the *avalanche* cover him, it must fall on the Swiss grave he has chosen, in the canton of Berne, on the margin of lake Saint-Pierre, not far from the real awful Alps. Poor fellow! He was certainly strange, and almost more than strange; as you and I agreed at Cuxhaven: but I sincerely wish that all men of large fortune had part of his strangeness. His directing his relations to deposit his remains in the grave he points out in Switzerland, at the foot of the middlemost of three trees, far from all the haunts of men, where he had often meditated on the mutability of human affairs and on the ingratitude of mankind; what a melancholy, and perhaps instructing, contrast does it not form with a young man of twenty-nine spending more than four thousand pounds of his income, every year, in a personal contest with Misfortune; in making his wretched fellow-creatures happy, notwithstanding all that she could do to the contrary! His principal delight was extricating young officers, in the navy or army, from the clutches of misery, and enabling them to get on in their profession.

You perhaps have seen the English papers which speak of his manly death, in consequence of a duel, the beginning of March, with Captain Best, of the navy, an old and intimate friend? He lived till the next day, and seems to have chiefly employed his time in obviating any unpleasant consequences to his antagonist for killing him. I once knew a fine fellow who fell also in consequence of a foolish quarrel, by the hand of a friend, to whom, in a will made afterwards, he left a considerable legacy, which the other, of course, declined. The French account of Lord C.'s conduct and death (which is all I have seen) affected me much. He had a noble mind; and he would certainly have made a first-rate character, could his intellects have been regulated, and could their energies have been directed into a proper channel. It is far from my intention to censure his father, Mr. Thomas Pitt, created Lord Camelford in 1784; indeed I have heard that he and others bestowed all proper pains on the late Lord's education; but I apprehend that the contrary conduct in a parent may affect more than the powers of the mind, as we are all agreed; that

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it may unhinge even the intellects, as we call them. I knew, full well, the son of one of the most eminent English poets; and I am confident of what my friend would not let me say, during his life-time, in my account of Dr. Young, among "Johnson's Lives," in 1779—I am confident that, with different care taken of his youth, and with such care as such a poet ought to have given to the only child of her whom he wrote the "Night-Thoughts" to lament, the world would have seen not only one individual the less in the class of those who are miserable, but one the more in the rank of those who reflect honour upon human nature. Frederick Young, the representative of our great poet and of the Lichfield family, and the heir of all his father's talents, died of a broken heart, or by his own too-culpable hands; because he who begot him neglected his youth and his education, and quitted the nursery of his wife and his own parlour, in order to make excursions to Parnassus. Poets and authors will defend their cause, by accusing their accuser of want of feeling; but I abstained from saying this, which it has always been my intention to add to my "Life of Young" for twenty-five years, while a single individual of the family survived; and I absolutely disclaim all enmity, which is impossible, to the memory of a poet whose works I revere. Gentlemen, if you choose to marry, and to enter into new duties, more numerous than you are aware of, you are bound to fulfil them. No number of laurel-crowns will ever conceal from the eyes of posterity, neglect, much less ill-usage, of a wife and children: the world has seen but three or four epic poems; and even a fifth, superior even to those we have, will never make amends for such conduct. The third duty of a married poet is to be a good poet; but the first is to be a good husband, and the second to be a good father.

My poor friend's poetical father, whose eye overlooked his only child in "glancing from Heaven to earth, from earth to Heaven;" this Rembrandt of English poetry missed a fine opportunity of adding to his gallery of human portraits, in his "Satires." His harmless florist worshipping a tulip, is nothing to what Young's strong and natural pencil might have painted.

He might have shewn us the poet, who, absorbed in his super-mundane pursuits, flatters himself that the best

verses of Virgil, and almost the worst of Bavius, or of Mævius, will always compensate for his being a good-for-nothing or only a middling character, in his conjugal and paternal capacities: who condescends to marry a poor lady, the object of his contempt, because she has never been taught Greek and Latin; and then commits, every night, more than adultery, with his little dirty Muse: who, in short, does worse than neglect his own legitimate flesh and blood, heir to powers of mind still richer than his father's, and doomed to imitate that father in neglecting his own children, and so on, *ad infinitum*; who, forsooth, "in his fine frenzy," (as Shakspeare calls it) does nothing but fondle his sickly, "mewling, puling" bastard, when it is not likely to live, nor worthy to live, a week—when it is already dead—when it never was any thing but still-born.

Young would not have laid aside his dark and gloomy pencil, even from sketching satirical portraits, without piously representing such a wretch, while, in his poetical capacity, he hears his useless lays finally damned by all his contemporaries; and while, in his paternal character, he plainly foresees, on his death-bed, that his memory will be cursed by his latest posterity.

My good friend, when you acquit me of meaning to insult Young as a man, understand me not to hint that a syllable of this applies to the best of Young's works. Young, I well know, was a poet, in the full sense of the word:—

*Ingenium cui sit, cui mens diviniore, atque os
Magna sonaturum; des nominis hujus honorem.*

I do not mean to say that he was not, in his happiest moments, all that Horace demands: but what then? I do mean to say, that he was bound to be a father, as well as a poet: I will say, that God, of whom the author of the "Night Thoughts" is almost the particular poet, created Young, and all of us, for still nobler ends than to make verses. It is, indisputably, permitted to us, to compose and to publish either prose or poetry, either verses much inferior to Young's, or dull letters of history like these; provided we exert our talents, as Young always did, to improve, and not to corrupt our fellow creatures: yet we have not the right to be even useful, in this way, until we have fully answered every one of those other and nobler ends of our creation. All the private happiness of at least one whole family, and from generation to generation, is far

too much to pay for the possible instruction, or perhaps only the doubtful amusement, of part of the public, in only one language.

Either Sophocles or Euripides, at a very advanced age, produced a tragedy to the judges who were assembled to examine into the charge of his having lost his intellects: but, supposing the Athenian court of justice to understand its duty, in vain would he have offered in evidence the best of all his tragedies, had his children accused him of being a bad father, instead of brutally charging him with having fallen into a second childhood.

Racine has a name worthy to be mentioned with either Sophocles or Euripides; and yet he did not blush to be both a husband and a father. Unable one day to convince the politeness of a gentleman-usher how impossible it was that he should attend him, to dine at the Prince de Condé's, "because he had been engaged for a week by his wife and children to partake of a large carp with them;" and pressed by the courtier, with "the prince's necessary mortification, as the company was to be very brilliant;" the poet sent for the fish. "There, sir! be judge yourself. Did you ever see so fine a carp? Is it possible for me to disappoint the poor things, who make a holiday of giving me this treat, and who would not perhaps touch a bit without me?" This scene deserves to be applauded and studied, as much as any in the best of Racine's tragedies.

Alas! when the only child of Young came home to Welwyn, for the vacation, from Winchester-school, where he was for two years senior boy, it happened repeatedly, according to the best possible evidence, that his poetical father only saw him on the first day and on the last; and that he left him to spend the intermediate time exactly as the boy pleased.

"These little things are great to little men:—"

or rather, the smallest things of this kind are of the greatest consequence, in giving perhaps a colour to a whole life. This poet's neglected child paid afterwards more attention, during two or three vacations, to me, a perfect stranger, to whom he only took a fancy in the five-court at Winchester, when I was at school there, with the wise Mr. Addington, than, according to the oldest inhabitants of Welwyn, he experienced from his own father during his whole youth.

Should these hasty reflections, which I have not borrowed from any language—for all languages hold out authors, and more particularly poets, in a manner much too attracting—should these reflections ever have their use, some fine morning, this part of my letter will be as completely epistolary, as if I told you where I dined yesterday, or what sort of weather we have to-day; as if I sent you untrue intelligence—for where is even the dirty spy who can procure true?—of the new emperor's long preparations, at Boulogne, for his threatened descent upon England. "Handsome is, as handsome does;" saith the proverb. That I hold to be a real live letter, or a real any-thing-else, which is calculated to do real good.

What I have been saying does not, as I have carefully observed, reflect on the family of Lord Camelford; who would, I fear, have been little less original, though five Fénélons had guarded his youth and guided his education. I do not mean to say any thing indecorous, but I would humbly, though seriously, submit to Lord Grenville, who takes all the property in right of his lady, the sister of Lord Camelford, whether along with *Laurent* in Norfolk, and *Boconnoc* in Cornwall, and I know not how many thousands a year, they do not strictly inherit part of the late owner's originality; and whether they be not bound, if not legally, more forcibly for certain minds than by any law, to dispose of some trifling portion of his great property, every year, in the exemplary manner in which he annually spent so much of it. I can readily believe what is said of this conduct of his in the newspapers; which do not often flatter the dead, and in this way; for I knew one instance that time at Cuxhaven, when he was five years younger than at his death.

You recollect the young English officer who came with me from Germany, and who pleased you and every one so much by his good sense, and by his want of affectation, not only as a soldier, but in all respects. I mentioned his cruel situation to Lord Camelford, that windy day that you left us walking upon the pier-head together, and told us we should be blown off to Heligoland. His Lordship desired me to draw up all the facts for him to consider; and begged I would bring my young friend to him, when we got to England, adding, "we will see how we can force misfortune to raise the siege of this

Saint Jean d'Acre, which your friend *defends* so gallantly." I wanted no repetition of such requests; and, on the 3d of January, his Lordship, at his house in Oxford-street, told my friend "that he did not see how he could begin the year 1800 better, or more pleasantly, than by paying the debts of one who was so worthy a son and a brother; and by enabling him to purchase a superior commission." The officer, who has since considerably distinguished himself, may perhaps not be unwilling that his name should be known; but, without his permission, I must not mention it.

Silly ladies spin out silly books, by inventing improbable tales of this sort: let us not be backward in recording such a fact, when we witness it with our own eyes. The Emperor Napoleon himself will grant you permission to let this letter pass, on account of this anecdote; for I know more than one such of him, since he became First Consul.

In your present situation, on the borders of Holstein, you may perhaps meet with some good old English tale, of a different degree of interest; since it is a fact that the Saxons set sail from precisely the spot where you now are, in three or four wretched boats, formed of skins, about 1350 years ago; invited by the Britons to make a descent, in order to defend them against the Picts, Lord Melville's Scottish ancestors. When I was in your neighbourhood, I remember to have seen a very old map of Holstein, &c. in which the last town on the sea-shore was marked, singularly at least, *Lunden*; and where I observed, in a hasty view, several names, which we certainly have in Dorset, Devon, and on the coast. Should you light upon Howell's entertaining letters, published in Queen Elizabeth's days, as I did, and was therefore struck, you will see one or two, which he writes from the part of the world where you are stationed, to my ancestor Sir James Croft, and in which he says, "that the people have so much the appearance of English, he almost thinks himself at home." If so, and if you have found a pleasant society among these descendants of those from whom we are descended

(*Labitur et labetur in omnia volubilis ævum*),

I do not much lament your remaining still abroad.

Adieu, my dear Sir! It is more than possible that you may find this epistle

much too long; but I had a good deal to say, and you remember Swift's excuse, "that he had not time to make his letter shorter." However, I will whisper you a mighty good method of shortening any letter, the dullest and the longest: read only so much of it as you like, and skip all the rest. You will not, in this letter, skip the anecdote of poor Lord C.

My kind compliments to your good lady, whose merit as a mother I have not forgotten; and my best wishes to your amiable daughter, if she have not already found a husband worthy of her; and to her husband, if she have found one. Should they see no other end answered

by these letters, you and they will at least pore over the historical parts of them hereafter, with no common kind of pleasure: as I shall make a point of recording, in some way or another, every event that happens. May I soon have to speak of your appointment to some station worthy of your talents and long services! and in which I am persuaded you would never act as your late visitor, Mr. D., is charged with having acted at Munich. Few events would be recorded by me with more real pleasure; for I am,

My dear H—,

Your sincere friend,

H. C.

LETTERS TO MR. MALTHUS ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY,
AND PARTICULARLY ON THE GENERAL STAGNATION OF COMMERCE.

BY M. SAY.

LETTER IV.

SIR,—I expected to have found in your "*Principles of Political Economy*," something calculated to settle public opinion on the subject of machinery, and all those inventions for facilitating production by which manual labour is saved, and the quantity of produce is increased without any addition to the costs of production. I was in hopes to meet with such definite principles, such exact reasoning, as would ensure general conviction; such, in short, as your *Essays on Population* have accustomed us to expect; but the present work is not the *Essays on Population*.

You seem to admit (for after reading your demonstrations, I am sometimes reduced to the necessity of using this form of expression) only one advantage in the use of machinery and improved methods of production; namely, that of multiplying produce to such a degree, that even when its price is diminished, the total value of the quantity produced still exceeds the value of the quantity produced before the introduction of the improvements.* The advantage which you particularize is incontestable, and

it had previously been observed, that the total value of the cotton manufactures, as well as the number of labourers employed in that pursuit, was singularly increased since the introduction of the improved methods of manufacture. An analogous observation had been made with respect to the printing-press, the machine employed in the multiplication of books, a branch of produce which now employs (besides authors) a much greater number of industrious persons, than formerly when books were copied by hand, and produces a sum far exceeding what it produced when books were more expensive than they now are. But this very substantial advantage is only one amongst many which nations have derived from the use of machines. It only refers to certain articles of produce, the consumption of which was capable of sufficient extension to counterbalance the diminution of price; but there is another advantage in the introduction of machinery; an advantage common to every economical and expeditious process; an advantage which would be felt, even where the consumption of

* "When a machine is invented which, by saving manual labour, reduces the cost price of manufactures, the ordinary effect is such an augmentation of demand, that the total value of the mass of commodities thus produced, exceeds by far the total value of the quantity of the same manufactures which was previously produced, and the number of workmen employed in its fabrication is rather increased than diminished."—*Malthus's Principles of Polit. Econ.* p. 402.

"But it must be allowed, that the principal advantage arising from the substitution of machines for manual labour, depends on the extension which may take place in the market, and the consequent encouragement to the consumption of the article; and that without these, the advantage of the invention is nearly lost."—p. 412.

the article produced was not susceptible of any increase; an advantage which ought to be more strictly appreciated in the *principles* of political economy. You will excuse my returning to some elementary notions for the purpose of clearly explaining myself on this point.

Machines and tools are both productions which, as soon as they are produced, become *capital*, and are employed in the production of other articles. The only difference which exists between machines and tools is, that the former are complex tools, and the latter are simple machines. As there are neither tools nor machines which create power, they must be considered as means by which we transmit an action, a vivid force of which we have the power of disposing to an object intended to be modified by that force. Thus a hand-hammer is a tool by means whereof we employ the muscular force of a man, sometimes to beat out a leaf of gold; and the hammers of a great forge are likewise tools by means whereof we employ a fall of water in flattening iron bars.

The employment of a power gratuitously furnished by nature, does not create any essential difference between a machine and a tool. Weight multiplied by quickness, which makes the power of a goldbeater's hammer, is no less a physical power of nature, than the weight of the water which falls from a mountain.

What is the whole of our industry but the employment of the laws of nature? It is by obeying nature, says Bacon, that we learn to command her. What difference do you perceive between knitting-needles and a stocking-frame, but that the latter is a tool more complex and more efficient than the needles, but, like them, applying, to greater or less advantage, the properties of metal, and the power of the lever, to fabricate the vestments with which we cover our feet and legs?

The question is, therefore, reduced to this:—Is it advantageous for man to take into his hands a tool more powerful, capable of doing a much greater quantity of work, or of doing it much better, in preference to another tool of a gross and imperfect construction, with which he must work more slowly, with greater toil, and less effectually? I should be doing injustice to your good sense and that of our readers, were I to doubt of the universal answer.

The perfection of our tools is connected with the perfection of our species.

It is this which establishes the difference between ourselves and the savages of the South Seas, who have hatchets of flint, and sewing-needles made of fish-bones. Writers on political economy are not now allowed to recommend the prohibition of such means as chance or genius may furnish us with, for the express purpose of reserving more labour for our workmen. An author so infatuated, would soon find all his own reasoning employed to prove that we ought to retrograde, instead of advancing in the career of civilization, and to relinquish, successively, all the discoveries we have made, and render our arts more imperfect for the purpose of multiplying our toils, and reducing the number of our enjoyments.

Undoubtedly there are inconveniences inseparable from the transition from one order of things to another, even from an imperfect order to one which is better. What wise man would wish to abolish, all at once, the imposts which oppress industry, and the customs and duties which impede the intercourse of nations, prejudicial as they are to general prosperity? On these subjects the duty of well-informed persons consists, not in suggesting motives for preventing and proscribing every species of change, under pretext of the inconveniences which may arise from innovation; but in fairly appreciating those inconveniences; in pointing out the practicable means of averting or mitigating them, in order to facilitate the adoption of a desirable amelioration.

The inconvenience resulting from the use of machinery is a shifting of income, which, when sudden, is always more or less distressing to that class whose revenues are diminished. The introduction of machines diminishes (sometimes, but not always) the income of the classes who derive their subsistence from their corporeal and manual faculties, and augments the revenues of those whose resources consist in their intellectual faculties and their capitals. In other terms, machines which abridge labour, being, in general, more complex, demand more considerable capitals. The person who uses them is, therefore, obliged to purchase more of what we call the *productive services of capital*, and requires less of what we call the *productive services of labourers*. At the same time, as the general and particular management of machinery demands extensive combinations and more sedulous attention, mechanical production re-

quires more of that species of service whence the profit of the proprietor is derived. A cotton-spinning establishment in which the small wheel is used, as it was formerly in many parts of Normandy, scarcely merits the name of a factory; whilst a cotton-spinning house on a large scale, is a factory of the first consequence.

But the most important, though not the most generally perceived, effect resulting from the use of machinery, and, in general, from every expeditive and facilitating process, is the increase of income which is thereby acquired by the consumers of the articles produced, an increase which costs nothing, and merits some more detailed examination.

If people were now to grind their corn as it was ground by the ancients, by manual labour, I estimate that it would require twenty men to grind as much meal as is ground by a pair of stones in our mills. These twenty men, constantly employed, would cost, in the neighbourhood of Paris, 40 francs per day; and counting 300 working-days in the year, would cost annually—*fr.* 12,000

The machine and the grinding-stones would cost originally	
20,000 francs, of which the annual interest is	1,000
It is not probable that any person would undertake such a business, unless it would bring in annually about	3,000
The making of the meal which may be ground in a year by a pair of millstones, would cost by this method about	16,000

Instead of which a miller can now rent a windmill for about	2,000
He pays his man	1,000
Suppose he gains for his trouble and management	3,000
The same quantity of meal may therefore be produced for	6,000

instead of 16,000, which it would have cost if the process of the ancients had been still in use.

The same population is nevertheless fed; for the mill does not diminish the quantity of meal produced; the profits gained in society still suffice to pay for the new produce; for as soon as the 6000 francs are paid for expenses of production, that moment 6000 francs are gained in profit; and society enjoys this essential advantage, that the individuals of whom it consists, whatever be their means of existence, their in-

comes—whether they live by their labour, their capitals, or their landed possessions, reduce the portion of their expenses devoted to paying for the making of meal, in the proportion of sixteen to six, or by five-eighths. Where a man must formerly have expended eight francs a year in food, he will now have to lay out only three, which is exactly equivalent to an increase of income: for the five francs saved in this article may be spent on any other. If equal improvements had occurred in every article of produce in which we expend our incomes, those incomes would actually have been increased by five-eighths; and a man who gets 3000 francs a year, whether by grinding corn, or in any other manner, would really be as rich as if he had gained 8000 before these improvements were made. These considerations must have escaped the attention of M. Sismondi, when he wrote the following passage: “* Whenever the demand for consumption exceeds the means of producing, every new discovery in mechanics or the arts is a benefit to society, because it furnishes the means of satisfying existing wants. But when the production is fully equal to the consumption, every such discovery is a calamity, because it only adds to the enjoyments of the consumers the opportunity of obtaining them at a cheaper rate, while it deprives the producers even of life itself. It would be odious to weigh the value of cheapness against that of existence.”

It is plain that M. Sismondi does not adequately appreciate the advantages of cheapness, or conceive that what is saved in the expense of one article, may be laid out in additional purchases of another commodity, beginning with the most indispensable.

Hitherto no inconvenience has been known to arise from the invention of corn-mills; and their beneficial operation is seen in the diminished price of produce, which is equivalent to an increase of income to all those who make use of the invention. But it is said that this increase of income obtained by the consumers, is taken from the profits of the nineteen unfortunate persons whom the mill has deprived of employment. This I deny. The nineteen labourers retain the possession of their industrious faculties, with the same strength, the same capacity, the same means of work-

ing, as before. The mill does not place them under the necessity of remaining without occupation, but only of finding another employment. Many circumstances are attended with this hardship, without producing similar advantages to compensate for it. A fashion which passes away, a war which closes a market, a change in the course of commerce, are a hundred times more ruinous to the labouring class than any new invention whatever.

It may still be insisted that, supposing the nineteen discarded labourers were instantly to find capitals to set them to work in some new branch of industry, they would not be able to sell their produce, because the mass of the productions of the society would be thereby increased, while the sum of its revenues would remain without addition. Is it then forgotten that the revenues of the society are increased by the very circumstance that there are nineteen new labourers? The wages of their labour form a revenue which enables them to acquire the produce of their labour, or to exchange it for any other equivalent commodities. This is sufficiently established by my preceding letters.

Strictly speaking, then, one disadvantage only remains—the necessity for these men to find a new occupation. Now the progress which is made in a particular department of industry, is favourable to industry in general. The increase of income which the public derives from a saving in the expense of one article of consumption, tends to an expenditure on other objects. Nineteen men accustomed to grind corn have been deprived of one particular employment; a hundred new occupations, or extensions of the old branches of industry, have been thrown open to their exertions. I desire no better proof of this than the increase which has taken place in the works and population of every place in which the arts have attained a high degree of cultivation. We are so much accustomed to see the productions of new arts, that we scarcely remark them; but how forcibly would they strike the ancient inhabitants of Europe, could they revisit the earth, and behold the works of its present inhabitants. Let us imagine for a moment some, even of the most enlightened, such as Pliny or Archimedes, walking about one of our modern towns; they would think themselves surrounded by miracles. The abundance of our crystals and glasses, the magnitude and

number of our mirrors, our clocks, our watches, the variety of our stuffs, our iron bridges, our engines of war, our ships, would astonish them beyond expression. And if they were to visit our workshops, what a multitude of occupations of which they could not have the least idea! Would they ever imagine that thirty thousand men are constantly employed all night, in Europe, in printing newspapers which people read the next morning while they are taking tea, coffee, chocolate, and other refreshments, as strange to the ancients as the newspapers themselves? Doubt not, Sir, that if the arts continue to improve, as I find pleasure in thinking they will, new millions of men will, in a few ages, produce things which, could we rise up to see them, would excite in our minds no less surprise than Archimedes and Pliny would feel if they were to revive amongst us. We who scribble paper in search of truth, must be on our guard: if our writings should go down to our grandchildren, the terror with which we contemplate improvements which they will have greatly excelled, may probably appear to them somewhat laughable. And as to the workmen of your country, at once so ingenious and so miserable, our descendants may, perhaps, look upon them as persons who were forced to dance upon a rope with a weight fastened to their feet, in order to get their livelihood. They will read in history that some new plan was every day proposed to enable them to continue dancing, but unluckily the only one which could have been efficacious was omitted—the simple expedient of taking off the weight. Then our descendants, after having laughed at us, may, perhaps, see reason to pity us.

I have said that beneficial improvements may be attended with transient inconveniences. Those hardships which are produced by the invention of expeditious methods, are fortunately mitigated by circumstances which have already been described, and by others to which I have not yet alluded. It has been said, that the cheapness resulting from an economical process, promotes the consumption of the article produced in such a manner, that a greater number of people are employed in its production than before, as has been observed in the spinning and weaving of cotton: and you yourself consider this circumstance as alone capable of more than compensating for the injury. I will add, that in proportion as machines and ac-

celerating methods become more numerous, the difficulty of still discovering new improvements is increased, particularly in an old art in which the workmen are already formed. The most simple machines were first invented; afterwards came others more complex; but as they grow more complex, they are more expensive to establish, and require more human labour in their formation, which, in some degree, indemnifies the labouring classes for the work which they lose through the use of the new machine. The complication and dearness of a machine are obstacles to its being too suddenly adopted. The machine for dressing cloth by means of a rotary movement, cost, originally, from 25,000 to 30,000 francs. Many manufacturers were at first unable to lay out such a sum; others hesitated, and still hesitate, to adopt it, waiting for a more full and satisfactory confirmation of its success. When machines are thus slowly introduced, almost all the inconveniences of such inventions are avoided. In short, I have always found, practically, that new machines produce more alarm than injury. As to the benefit arising from them, it is constant and durable.

M. de Sismondi raises an objection founded on what would happen supposing a hundred thousand knitters to make with their needles ten million pair of stockings, and a thousand workmen with stocking-frames to produce the same quantity. The result, according to him, would be, that the consumers of the stockings would only save fifty centimes per pair, and yet that a manufacture which formerly maintained a hundred thousand persons, would now support only twelve hundred. But he obtains this result only by suppositions which are inadmissible.

To prove that the consumers of stockings would only pay fifty centimes less than before, he supposes that the costs of production would be, in the first case, as follows:—

10 millions for the purchase of the materials.

40 millions for the wages of 100,000 knitters at 400 francs each.

50 millions of francs, of which 40 millions would be distributed amongst the working manufacturers.

And in the second case, he sets down the expenses thus:—

10 millions for the materials.

30 millions for the interest of the capi-

tal sunk, and profits of the proprietors.

2 millions for the interest of the circulating capital.

2 millions for repairs and renovation of machines.

1 million for the pay of 1200 workmen.

— 45 millions; of which one only would be devoted to the labouring class, instead of forty.

Now I observe in this account thirty millions for the interest of capital sunk, and the profit of the proprietors; which is to suppose a capital of two hundred millions for an undertaking capable of supporting twelve hundred men, and paying fifteen per cent for capital: a supposition truly extravagant.

A workman cannot use two frames at once; a thousand workmen would therefore require a thousand frames. A good stocking-frame costs six hundred francs; the thousand would consequently cost six hundred thousand francs. Add to this capital, a like capital for other utensils, workshops, &c., still the capital required will be only twelve hundred thousand francs. Admit that the interest and profits of the proprietors should be fifteen per cent on this capital, which is very fair; for a permanent business, which should produce more, would be reduced by competition to this rate of profit. This being allowed, we shall find for interest and profits of the proprietors one hundred and eighty thousand francs instead of thirty millions. A like observation applies to the two millions for the expenses of repairs, &c.; for even if new machines were to be bought every year instead of repairing the old ones, still they would only cost six hundred thousand francs. Nor would the circulating capital cost any thing like two millions; for of what is this sum composed, according to M. Sismondi's hypothesis? Of the original materials, which he estimates at ten millions, and the wages, for which he allows one million: altogether eleven millions, the interest whereof at five per cent is five hundred and fifty thousand francs. But as in this business the manufactures may be completed and sold in less than six months, the capital paid for the year may be employed twice, and would cost each time only two hundred and seventy-five thousand francs instead of two millions.

All these expenses together make only twelve millions fifty-five thousand francs,

instead of fifty millions, which, according to M. de Sismondi's suppositions, would be the costs of the stockings made by the knitting-needles. I am far from supposing that the saving would be so enormous, for while the author has greatly exaggerated the capital requisite for the machines, he has attributed to them a degree of efficacy far beyond their actual power, in supposing they would enable twelve hundred workmen to do the work of a hundred thousand; but I say, that if the saving in this production were really so great, the low price of the stockings, or any other article of clothing produced under similar circumstances, would operate so favourably in extending the consumption, that instead of the hundred thousand supposed labourers being reduced to twelve hundred, their number would in all probability be doubled.

And if the consumption of this particular article would not admit of so excessive a multiplication of the same commodity, the demand for other kinds of produce would be increased in proportion; for observe, that after the introduction of the machines, the society retains the same revenues as before; that is to say, the same number of labourers, the same amount of capital, the same landed possessions. Now, if instead of devoting, out of this mass of revenue, fifty millions to the purchase of stockings, the introduction of the frames should make it no longer necessary to lay out more than twelve in this article, the thirty-eight millions remaining would be applicable to the purchase of other articles of consumption, if not to the extension of the same manufacture.

These arguments we learn from principles, and they are confirmed by experience. The distress endured by the population of England, which M. de Sismondi laments with the feeling of a true philanthropist, originates in other causes: it is chiefly caused by the *poor-laws* of that country; and, as I have before observed, by a mass of taxes, which renders production too expensive; so that when goods are offered for sale, the incomes of a great proportion of consumers are insufficient to enable them to pay the prices which the manufacturer or producer is absolutely compelled to demand.

LETTER V.

SIR,—In reading your *Principles of Political Economy*, the first object which

forcibly attracted my attention, was that cruel disease by which the human race is now aggrieved, and prevented from subsisting upon its productions. Although a discussion on the nature of wealth ought certainly to precede these considerations in the natural order of our ideas, in order to enable the mind to comprehend all the phenomena relative to the formation and distribution of riches, I felt it not incumbent on me to yield implicitly to this arrangement, because I consider that inquiry as interesting more particularly those who cultivate political economy as a science, without any view to a practical application of its principles. I cannot, however, lay down my pen without acquainting you with my opinion on this subject. You sanction me in this, by the noble frankness with which you invite discussions for the information of the public. "It is desirable," you say, (p. 4,) "that those who are considered by the public as competent judges should agree upon the principal propositions." We need not be apprehensive of affording too much light.

You censure, and I think very justly, Lord Lauderdale's definition of wealth, "that it is all that man wishes for, as capable of being useful or agreeable," as too vague. I look for the definition which you propose to substitute for his Lordship's, and I find that you denominate wealth all the *material* objects which are necessary, useful, or agreeable to man (p. 28). The only difference which I observe between these two definitions, consists in the word *material*, which you add to that of Lord Lauderdale; and I must own this qualification does not seem to me founded in truth. You must surely anticipate my reasons. The great discovery of political economy, that which makes its everlasting value, is the demonstration that wealth may be created of all sorts of materials. Thenceforward mankind have known, or might have known, how to set about the task of acquiring those desirable means of gratifying their wishes. But, as I have already had occasion to observe, it is beyond the power of man to add one atom to the mass of materials of which the world is composed. If then man creates wealth, wealth cannot be matter; there is no medium. All that man can do, is by means of capital and land to change the combinations of matter, and give it the quality of utility; but utility is an immaterial quality. Nor is this all,

Sir ; I fear that your definition does not contain the essential character of wealth. Permit me to enter into some explanations in support of my opinion.

Adam Smith, and many others, have long since observed that a glass of water, which may be a most precious thing to a thirsty man, is not wealth. But it is a material object, necessary, useful, or agreeable to man. It agrees with all the terms of your definition ; yet it is not wealth ; at least, that species of wealth which forms the subject of our studies, and of your book. What is wanting to render it such ? To have a value.

There are then things which are natural riches, very precious to man ; but which are not the wealth which is the subject of political economy. Can they be increased or consumed by its maxims ? No ; they are regulated by other laws. A glass of water is subject to the laws of physics : the attachment of our friends, our reputation in the world, depend on those of morals, and are uninfluenced by those of political economy. What then is the wealth to which this science relates ? That which is susceptible of formation and destruction, of *more* and *less* ;—and what is signified by more or less, but value ?

You have been obliged to admit this in several places. You say, (page 340,) "It appears, then, that the wealth of a nation depends, partly, upon the quantity of produce obtained by its labour," (you should have said it depends wholly on this) ; and partly on the adaptation of its labour to the wants and means of the population, to the effect of giving value to its produce." And in the following page you are still more positive. After entering more deeply into the question, you allow that "it is evident that, in the actual state of things, the value of commodities may be considered as the only cause of the existence of wealth." How is it then, that this most essential condition of value, is entirely omitted in your definition ?

But this is not enough ; our knowledge of the nature of wealth will be very imperfect, unless we succeed in giving a precise signification to this word value. In order to be very rich, have we only to set a very high value on our possessions ? If I have built a house which I consider charming, and I choose to consider it worth a hundred thousand francs, am I really worth a hundred thousand francs as proprietor of this house ? We receive a present

from a person who is dear to us ; this present is inestimable in our eyes : does it follow that it renders us immensely rich ? You cannot, of course, imagine so. Before value can constitute wealth, it must be value *recognized*, not by the possessor only, but by some other person. Now, what unanswerable proof can be given that a value is recognized, except that people are willing to give in exchange for it a certain quantity of other things to which a value is attached. Notwithstanding my valuation of my house at a hundred thousand francs, if I can find no one who will give more than fifty thousand for it, I cannot maintain that it is worth a hundred thousand ; it only makes me master of fifty thousand francs, or whatever can be purchased for that sum.

Adam Smith, too, immediately after having observed that there are two sorts of values, and named them, (improperly enough, in my opinion,) the one, *value in use*, the other *value in exchange*, abandons the former altogether, and alludes, throughout the subsequent parts of his work, to exchangeable value only. You, Sir, have referred to this sort of value only* ; so has Mr. Ricardo ; so have I ; so have we all ; for this reason, that no other value is known in political economy ; that this alone is subject to fixed laws, is formed, distributed, and destroyed according to invariable rules which may be scientifically studied. It necessarily follows that the price of every article being its exchangeable value estimated in money, there are none but current prices in political economy : what Smith calls *natural prices*, are not more natural than the rest : they are the costs of production ; the current prices of productive services.

You have, Sir, in Mr. Ricardo, a powerful and respectable auxiliary : He opposed you on the question of markets ; he opposes you in that of values ; but notwithstanding the terms on which he and I are, and the mutual esteem which we profess for each other, I have already dared to combat his reasons† ; his primary objects as well

* "It is then evident that the value of commodities, that is to say, the sacrifice in labour, or any other article, which people consent to make for the purpose of obtaining them in exchange," &c.—Malthus, Principles of Political Economy, p. 241.

† See M. Say's notes annexed to the French translation of Mr. Ricardo's Principles of Political Economy, by M. Constanco.

as mine, and, I dare say, yours, being the public good and truth.

Mr. Ricardo expresses himself thus : "The value of wealth varies essentially ; for value does not depend on abundance (of things necessary or agreeable), but on the difficulty or facility of producing them. The manufacturing labour of a million of persons will always produce the same value, but will not always produce the same wealth. By means of more perfect machines, greater practice, a better division of labour ; by the opening of new markets admitting of more advantageous exchanges, a million of persons may produce twice or thrice the quantity of necessary or agreeable articles which they could have produced in a different situation of society ; and nevertheless they will add nothing to the sum of values."*

This argument, founded on facts which are not contested, appears to agree perfectly with the sense which you support. The question is, how these facts confirm, instead of weakening, the doctrine of values ; the doctrine which teaches that wealth is composed of the value of the things we possess, restricting this word value, to such value as is acknowledged and exchangeable.

What, in short, is value, but that quality susceptible of appreciation, of *more* and *less*, which exists in the things we possess. It is the quality which enables us to obtain things of which we stand in need, in exchange for things which we have. The more we can thus obtain of the articles we want, the greater is the value of those which we have. Thus when I want to exchange a horse which I possess for corn, for which I have occasion, that is to say, when it suits me to sell my horse for the purpose of buying corn, if my horse be worth six hundred francs, I shall obtain double the value in corn which I should get if my horse were worth only three hundred francs : I shall have twice as many bushels of corn ; and this portion of my wealth will be twice as great. And, as the same reasoning will apply, generally, to all I possess, it follows that the value of the things which we possess is the measure of our wealth. No one can reasonably deny this consequence.

Nor can you deny, Mr. Ricardo may say, that the *more agreeable* and *necessary* things people have to consume, the

richer they are, whatever may be the *value* of those articles. Agreed ; but surely to have the power of acquiring things to consume, is the same as to have the things themselves. To possess greater wealth, is, to be able to purchase a greater quantity of useful things, a greater quantity of utility, understanding by this expression all that we find necessary or agreeable. Now this proposition is not at all opposed to so much as is true in the definition of wealth given by you and Mr. Ricardo. You say that wealth consists in the quantity of necessary or agreeable things which one possesses ; but as the signification of these words, quantity of necessary or agreeable things, is vague and arbitrary, and cannot be admitted into a good definition, I fix their meaning by the idea of their exchangeable value. Then the limitation of the idea of utility is, to be equal to some other utility which other people may consent to give in exchange for that which you possess. Hence results *equation* ; one value may be compared with another by the help of a third : a sack of corn is an article of wealth equal to a piece of stuff, when each is exchangeable for an equal number of crown-pieces. Here we find a basis for comparisons ; a method of measuring an augmentation or diminution ; in a word, the foundations of a science. Without this, political economy has no existence ; by this consideration alone, it has been drawn forth from the region of reveries ; and this quality is so essential that you acknowledge its importance even against your will ; nor is there one of your arguments in which it is not expressed or understood. Otherwise you would have caused science to retrograde, instead of enriching it with additional truths.

The definitions given by you and Mr. Ricardo are deficient, not only in precision, but in extent : they do not comprehend the whole of what constitutes our wealth. Is our wealth confined to *material* objects necessary or agreeable to us ? What, then, are our talents ? Are they not productive funds from which we derive revenues, some greater and some less, just as we obtain more or less rent for a rood of good land or a rood of furze. I know able artists who have no income but what they derive from their talents, yet who are in opulence. According to you, they would be no richer than sign-post daubers.

You cannot possibly deny that whatever has an exchangeable value is a part

* Principles of Political Economy, by Mr. Ricardo. 2d edition, chap. 2.

of our wealth, which is essentially composed of the productive funds we possess. These funds are either lands, capitals, or personal faculties. Some of these funds are alienable and not consumable, as lands; others are alienable and consumable, as capitals; and others inalienable and yet consumable, as talents, which perish with their possessor. These funds produce the revenues by which society is supported; and (what may appear paradoxical, although perfectly true,) all these revenues are immaterial, being all derived from an immaterial quality, namely, utility. The different utilities obtained from our productive funds are compared with each other by means of their respective value, which it is unnecessary for me to distinguish as value in *exchange*, because, in political economy, I acknowledge no other value than that which is exchangeable.

As to the difficulty raised by Mr. Ricardo, where he says, that by improved methods of working, a million of people may produce twice or thrice the quantity of wealth, without producing more value, this difficulty ceases to exist when we consider production as we ought to consider it, an exchange in which a man gives the productive services of his labour, his land, and his capital, to obtain their produce. By means of these productive services it is, that we acquire all the produce which exists in the world; and thence, by the bye, arises the value of produce, which, when people have acquired it by a burdensome process, they cannot afford to part with for nothing. Now since our first *wealth* is the productive funds which we possess, since our first *revenues*

are the productive services which emanate from those funds, the greater the *quantity of useful things* which we obtain in the exchange called *production*, the greater is our wealth or the value of our productive services. And, at the same time, as obtaining a greater quantity of those useful articles, and obtaining them cheaper, are synonymous expressions, the greater the abundance and cheapness of articles, the richer are those who produce. I say those who produce, in general, because competition obliges them to give their productions for what they have cost: so that if those who produce corn and stuffs should contrive to produce, by means of the same productive services, a double quantity of corn or stuffs, all other producers would be able to buy a double quantity of corn or stuffs with the same quantity of productive services, or with the produce derived from them, which is the same thing.

Such is the well-connected doctrine without which, I will confidently declare, it is impossible to explain the greatest difficulties in political economy; and particularly how it can happen that a nation may become richer when its productions are diminished in value, although wealth is value. You now see that I am not afraid to reduce my pretended paradoxes to their most simple expression. I strip them entirely bare, and leave them to your candour and that of Mr. Ricardo, and to the good sense of the public. But I reserve to myself the right of explaining them if they shall be misunderstood, and of defending them with perseverance from every unfair attack.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE STATE OF MUSIC IN LONDON. BY LOUIS SPOHR.

M. SPOHR, the celebrated violin performer, whose visit to London last spring excited such extraordinary interest, has, since his return to Germany, published a brief account of the present state of music in the British metropolis: the following extracts from which will, no doubt, be deemed acceptable by our musical readers.—

“In England the winter season commences at the beginning of March, namely, at the period when it is drawing to a close in other countries; and the English nobility spend the finest months of the year in town, when, on the Continent, all persons of rank retire to their country residences. This cir-

cumstance, which is occasioned by the late meeting of parliament, is so far favourable to travelling musical professors, that during the three summer months, when concerts are not thought of on the Continent, they may employ their talents advantageously in London; on the other hand, however, it is by no means agreeable for a public performer to appear, in the summer season, in a crowded concert-room lighted with gas, where the overpowering effect of the heat prevents even those who are accustomed to it from doing full justice to their talents.

“The concerts of the *Philharmonic Society* take the lead of all musical per-

formances in London. A classical selection of music, the most careful rehearsals, and an orchestra composed of the first performers in London, give the Philharmonic concerts a superiority over all others. The two first-mentioned advantages may indeed be possessed by other institutions; but an union of all the most able performers on stringed instruments is only to be found in the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society; for one of their rules strictly requires that each member and professor shall take a part in the concerted pieces, when it is not his turn to lead, or to play a solo. Formerly these concerts could boast of possessing, at the same time, Viotti, Salomon, Cramer, Bailiot, Weichsel, Vaccari, Spagnoletti, Mori, and other distinguished *virtuosi* of the first rank, who sustained the violin parts, while other concerts could with difficulty obtain one of the above professors to act as leader. Considering the importance of the violin and bass* in an orchestra, it will readily be acknowledged that no concerts in the world possess so excellent a collection of performers on stringed instruments. Unfortunately the wind-instruments are not equally distinguished, as the performers, for want of suitable subjects, have not such good scope for the display of their ability: my countryman Griesbach, the oboe-player, is undoubtedly entitled to the first rank. The company who attend the Philharmonic concerts are no less select than the orchestra; for the directors, as far as lies in their power, receive, as subscribers, only such persons as evince real taste and respect for art, and who go to a concert solely for the love of music. Out of 750 subscribers, there are not, probably, 100 who visit these excellent concerts merely for fashion's sake. It will, therefore, readily be supposed that the performances are listened to with silence and attention from beginning to end. It is worthy of remark, that the audience manifest a great taste for symphonies and overtures, and (when particularly well performed) these compositions always elicit stronger marks of approbation than solos:—it not unfrequently happens that a beautiful symphony-movement, even though it should be a long *adagio*, is rapturously encored.

I was the more gratified by this di-

rection of public taste, as I have observed that in Germany the relish for lofty and scientific music, and especially for the symphony, that noblest species of instrumental composition, is gradually declining. It is indeed possible to travel through the whole of Germany, (Leipzig, and one or two other cities perhaps excepted) without having an opportunity of hearing a grand symphony performed and listened to with satisfaction. This is the more lamentable, when it is considered that the symphony has been created and brought to perfection by German composers, and that no other nation has produced any thing in this branch of composition at all comparable to the master-pieces of Mozart, Haydn, &c.

The music performed by the Philharmonic Society is, as I have before observed, of the most choice description; and it seldom happens that any inferior compositions find their way to these concerts. Unfortunately, however, this observation applies only to the instrumental music and the concerted vocal pieces. The selection of the songs is now consigned to the singers, to obviate the inconvenience which occasionally arose when the songs allotted to them did not suit their powers. Even at these concerts, therefore, it frequently happens that the noblest master-pieces of ancient and modern times are succeeded by a song composed on the model of the newest fashion, by which the sublime effect of the preceding music is obliterated. One of the rules laid down at the foundation of the Society, ordained, that a symphony, either by Haydn or Mozart, shall be performed at every concert; and all concertos are prohibited, with the exception of Mozart's for the piano-forte. As, however, most modern concertos are not objectionable on the score of incorrect composition, this rule is by no means rigidly adhered to; at least, every foreign professor, on his first visit to London, is permitted to choose a concerto for his *début*.

In each of the Philharmonic concerts there are usually performed two whole symphonies, two overtures, one concerto, one quartett or quintett, two songs, and two or three vocal concerted pieces, amounting, altogether, to ten or twelve different compositions. The concerts, including a pause of fifteen or twenty minutes, last from eight to twelve o'clock. It is certainly too much to expect that an audience should listen

* Among the violoncellists I shall mention only Lindley, and among the bass-performers, Dragonetti.

to music for four hours, almost without interruption; and that the attention is sooner exhausted by listening to composition and execution of a superior kind, cannot be doubted. However, as it is usual for all concerts and dramatic representations in London to continue till twelve o'clock, it would be difficult to alter the custom.

Of the execution of the music, I can only speak in terms of unqualified praise. The overtures and symphonies are performed by the orchestra of the Philharmonic (consisting of sixty-six individuals) in a style which leaves nothing to be wished. This particularly excited my astonishment, for, considering the way in which orchestras are led in England, it must be extremely difficult to carry the whole through correctly. According to old custom (for the English are always loth to relinquish an old custom, even when they know of a better), the person presiding at the piano-forte accompanies from the score, and takes no part in the direction of the orchestra. On the contrary, the first violin, who may be properly called the leader, has merely the part of the first violin placed before him, and therefore it is impossible that he can either observe the introduction of the wind-instruments, or see that the whole be accurately performed. He does not even mark the time with his bow—a precaution which seems indispensably necessary in an orchestra arranged on so unconnected a plan—but merely executes his part as the rest of the performers do. It is not, therefore, surprising that failures should occasionally arise, particularly in forte passages—a circumstance which can never happen when the time is marked visibly, but not audibly. Of this fact I have had ample opportunities of convincing myself in all the concerts I have led. A new symphony, which I composed in London, was performed at the Philharmonic concerts in a style of accuracy which left me nothing to wish for.

As a German, I observed, with pride, the superiority in music which my own country now enjoys over every other:—the programmes of the Philharmonic concerts seldom contain any names except those of German composers; occasionally an Italian name appears, but seldom an English one.

Next to the Philharmonic, the Concerts of Ancient Music most excited my interest. As far as my knowledge goes, these are the only concerts in the world

which are limited to the performance of old music, and from which not only the productions of living composers are excluded, but also the works of those masters, even though deceased, who belong to the modern school, such as Haydn, Mozart, &c. Handel fills almost the whole programme; and I must acknowledge, that at the Concerts of Ancient Music, I first learned duly to appreciate the dignified simplicity of that master's works. Handel's airs, in particular, when sung as I have heard them at the Ancient Concerts, and accompanied on the organ in a style which may be counted a traditional inheritance of the English, can certainly well dispense with the incongruity of modern additions and ornaments. The London singers, who are much practised in the execution of Handel's compositions, are doubtless indebted to that circumstance for one advantage, in which the Italian and German singers of the present day are strikingly deficient; namely, firm, pure intonation, and a clear, distinct shake; an ornament which is indispensably necessary in the performance of Handel's music. The overtures and concertos by the old masters, performed at the Ancient Concerts, are far inferior to the vocal music, and afford convincing proofs that instrumental science has been brought to perfection only by the German composers of modern times; while, on the other hand, it is obvious that vocal composition is rather retrograding than advancing. The first professors in every department are engaged at these concerts, which are attended by numerous and brilliant auditories."

Mr. Spohr makes the following observations on *Logier's Institution*, and Messrs. Erard's Harp Manufactory, both of which he visited while in London.

"Mr. Logier (a German by birth, but who has resided for fifteen years in England) teaches the piano-forte, together with the principles of harmony, on a new plan, of which he is himself the inventor. The most remarkable feature of this new system is, that the pupils, who frequently amount to thirty or forty in number, all practise their lessons at the same time. Mr. Logier has written three volumes of *Studios*, all grounded on a simple theme, of five notes to each hand, and advancing progressively to the most difficult combinations. While the beginners play merely the *Thema*, the more advanced

pupils practise variations more or less difficult. It might be supposed that the confusion arising from this method would render it impossible for the master to detect the faults of his pupils; but as all who practise the same lesson are ranged close to each other, the master, when near them, is capable of judging of their performance, without being disturbed by those who are playing other lessons. He occasionally orders one half, or all the scholars to stop, while he directs his attention to each individually. For beginners he employs his *Chiroplast*, by which the children, even in their earliest lessons, acquire a proper position of the hand and arm. It cannot be denied that this machine is admirably contrived for the object it is intended to fulfil; and it of course affords vast assistance to Mr. Logier in superintending a number of pupils at once. It might also be advantageously employed for learners in general; for though at the period of giving a lesson, the master has the opportunity of pointing out and correcting bad habits; yet children, when abandoned to themselves, are but too apt to contract awkward positions of the hand and arm in the practice of the piano-forte. As soon as the pupils are so far advanced as to know the notes and keys, the machine is removed first from one hand and then from the other, and they are next taught the proper motion of the thumbs, and to run up and down in the different keys:—these runs are performed by the pupils all at once, and with the strictest accuracy as to time. When a certain class is advanced to a new lesson, and cannot all play it with equal rapidity, they strike only a few notes in each bar; the difficulty, however, it may readily be supposed, is soon overcome, and in a short time the new lesson is played with as much facility as the old one.

“Another advantage of Mr. Logier’s system is, that he instructs his pupils in the principles of harmony along with the first practical lessons on the piano-forte. How this is done I know not: it is a secret which, for the payment of 100 guineas, he communicates to those teachers who choose to adopt his plan. The result of Logier’s system, as evinced by the progress of his pupils, is most astonishing. Children of from 7 to 10 years of age, who have been learning no longer than four months, solve the most difficult musical problems. I wrote down a triad on a tablet, and mentioned the key into which I wished it

to be modulated, and one of the youngest girls, after a little reflection, noted down, first the figured basses and then the upper notes of the chords. I repeated this proposition in the most difficult ways possible, requiring that the scholars should modulate it into the remotest keys, where enharmonic changes were necessary, and in no instance did they commit a fault. If one pupil hesitated, a second wrote down the notes, and her figured bass was again corrected by a third, while, at the same time, they pointed out to their master the fundamental bass of all the chords. At last I wrote down a simple treble, just as it occurred to me by chance, and requested each of the scholars to write the three lower parts on their little tablets; observing that I would inscribe in my musical pocket-book, and carry home with me, as a memorial, that harmony which Mr. Logier and myself might pronounce to be the best. They all eagerly set to work, and in a few minutes the youngest girl, who had previously distinguished herself both in playing and in solving problems of harmony, brought me her tablet. In her haste, however, a faulty progression of octaves occurred between the bass and the middle parts. I had no sooner pointed out her error, than she coloured, took back her tablet, and with tears in her eyes made the necessary correction. As her harmony was now unquestionably the best, I accordingly inserted it in my memorandum-book. The parts written by the other children, which were in four different keys, were more or less good, but all perfectly correct. They moreover played their examples off at first sight without hesitation.

“It is to be regretted that Mr. Logier’s system is not known in Germany; as it would enable our Dilettanti to unite a knowledge of the theory of music with their astonishing practical execution, and they would not then select as their favourite compositions those which are most strikingly incorrect and deficient in harmony. The advantage which would thereby ensue to professors is obvious.

“I shall, perhaps, render a service to the harp-players of Germany, by giving a brief notice of the newly-invented *double-movement* harps, which are now generally introduced in London, and which, I believe, are scarcely known in Germany. They differ from the ordinary pedal harps in this important particular,

that each string may be twice raised a half-tone, by means of the same pedal, which consequently has a double movement; thus with respect to facility of modulation they unquestionably possess a vast advantage over the harps hitherto in use. The complicated machinery of these instruments was invented some years ago by Mr. Sebastian Erard. Double movement harps are now, however, manufactured by all the principal makers in London, and Mr. Stumpf has recently introduced a very ingenious improvement on them, by which the first and second movements of the pedals

may be made to act independently of each other. For instance, if in the key of C natural major (in which the harp is tuned) all the seven pedals be down, by raising them the performer may modulate into C flat major, or, by touching the second movement, into C sharp major. I question, however, whether these harps will ever be generally adopted on the Continent, owing to the enormous price at which they are sold. The plainest of those manufactured by Messrs. Erard cost 110 guineas; and the richly ornamented ones are sold at 160 guineas."

ON THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF WORDSWORTH.

(Concluded from our last Number.)

THE spirit of contemplation influences and directs all Wordsworth's poetical faculties. He does not create a variety of individual forms to vivify them with the Promethean fire of dramatic genius, and exhibit the living struggle of their passions and their affections in opposition to each other, or to destiny. "The moving accident is not his trade." He looks on humanity as from a more exalted sphere, though he feels his kindred with it while he gazes, and yearns over it with deepest sympathy. No poet of ancient or modern times has dared so entirely to repose on the mere strength of his own powers. Others, indeed, have given hints of the divinest truths, even amidst their wildest and most passionate effusions. The tragedies of Sophocles, for example, abound in moralities expressed with a grace and precision which often ally the sentiment to an image, and almost define it to the senses. In Shakespeare the wisdom is as much deeper as the passion is intenser; the minds of the characters, under the strongest excitements of love, hope, or agony, grow bright as well as warm, and in their fervid career shed abroad sparkles of fire, which light up for an instant the inmost sanctuaries of our nature. But few have ventured to send into the world essentially meditative poems, which none but the thoughtful and the gentle-hearted can truly enjoy. Lucretius is the only writer of antiquity who has left a great work of this description; and he has unhappily lavished the boundless riches of his genius on doctrines which are in direct opposition to the spirit of poetry. An apostle of a more congenial faith, Wordsworth, stands pre-eminently—

almost alone—a divine philosopher among the poets. It has been his singular lot, in this late age of the world, to draw little from those sources of interest which incident and situation supply—and to rest his claim to the gratitude and admiration of the people on his intense and majestical contemplations of man and the universe.

The philosophical poetry of Wordsworth is not more distinct from the dramatic, or the epic, than from the merely didactic and moral. He has thrown into it as much of profound affection, as much of ravishing loveliness, as much of delicate fantasy, as adorn the most romantic tales, or the most passionate tragedies. If he sees all things "far as angel's ken," he regards them with human love. His imagination is never obscured amidst his profoundest reasonings, but is ever active to embody the beautiful and the pure, and to present to us the most august moralities in "clear dream and solemn vision." Instead of reaching sublime conclusions by a painful and elaborate process, he discloses them by a single touch, and fixes them on our hearts for ever. So intense are his perceptions of moral beauty, that he feels the spirit of good however deeply hidden, and opens to our view the secret springs of love and of joy, where all has appeared barren to the ungifted observer. He can trace, prolong, and renew within us, those mysterious risings of delight in the soul which "may make a chrysome child to smile," and which, when half-experienced at long intervals in ripened age, are to us the assurances of a better life. He follows with the nice touch of unerring sympathy all the most subtle

workings of the spirit of good, as it makes its little sanctuaries in hearts unconscious of its presence, and blends its influences unheeded with ordinary thoughts, hopes, and sorrows. The old prerogatives of humanity, which long usage has made appear common, put on their own air of grandeur while he teaches us to revere them. When we first read his poetry, we look on all the mysteries of our being with a new reverence, and feel like children who, having been brought up in some deserted palace, learn for the first time the regality of their home—understand a venerableness in the faded escutcheons with which they were accustomed to play—and feel the dim figures on the stained windows, or on the decaying tapestry, which were only grotesque before, speaking to their hearts in ancestral voices.

The consecration which Wordsworth has shed over the external world is in a great measure peculiar to his genius. In the Hebrew poetry there was no trace of particular description—but general images, such as of tall cedars, of sweet pastures, or of still waters, were alone permitted to aid the affections of the devout worshipper. The feeling of the vast and indistinct prevailed; for all in religion was symbolical and mysterious, and pointed to “temples not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” In the exquisite master-pieces of Grecian inspiration, free nature’s grace was almost excluded by the opposite tendency to admire only the definite and the palpable. Hence the pictures of nymphs, satyrs, and deities, were perpetually substituted for views of the magnificence of earth and heaven. In the romantic poetry of modern times, the open face of nature has again been permitted to smile on us, and its freshness to glide into our souls. Nor has there been wanting “craft of delicate spirits” to shed lovelier tinges of the imagination on all its scenes—to scatter among them classical images like Ionic temples among the fair glades and deep woods of some rich domain—to call dainty groups of fairies to hold their revellings upon the velvet turf—or afford glimpses of angel wings floating at even-tide in the golden perspective. But the imagination of Wordsworth has given to the external universe a charm which has never else, extensively at least, been shed over it. He has not personified the glorious objects of creation—nor peopled them with beautiful

and majestic shapes—but, without depriving them of their own reality, has imparted to them a life which makes them objects of affection and reverence. He enables us at once to enjoy the contemplation of their colours and forms, and to love them as human friends. He consecrates earth by the mere influences of sentiment and thought, and renders its scenes as enchanted as though he had filled them with Oriental wonders. Touched by him, the hills, the rocks, the little hedgerows, and the humblest flowers—all the grandeurs and the tendernesses of creation—shine in a magic lustre “which never was by sea or land,” and which yet is strangely familiar to our hearts. These are not hallowed by him with “angel visits,” nor by the presence of fair and immortal shapes, but by the remembrances of early joy, by lingering gleams of a brightness which has passed away, and dawnings of a glory to be revealed in the fulness of time. The lowliest of nature’s graces have power to move and to delight him. “The clouds are touched, and in their silent faces does he read unutterable love.” He listens to the voice of the cuckoo in early spring, till he “begets again the golden time of his childhood,” and till the world, which is “fit home” for that mysterious bird, appears “an airy unsubstantial place.” At the root of some old thorn, or beneath the branches of some time-honoured tree, he opens the sources of delicious musing, and suggests the first hints which lead through a range of intensest humanities to the glories of our final destiny. When we traverse with him the “bare earth and mountains bare,” we feel that “the place whereon we are standing is holy ground;” the melancholy brook can touch our souls as truly as a tragic catastrophe; the splendours of the western sky give intimation of “a joy past joy;” and the meanest flowers, and scanty blades of grass, awaken within us hopes too rapturous for smiles, and “thoughts which do often lie too deep for tears.”

To give all the instances of this sublime operation of the imaginative faculty in Wordsworth, would be to quote the far larger portion of his works. A few lines, however, from the poem composed on the Banks of the Wye, will give our readers a deep glimpse into the inmost heart of his poetry, and of his poetical system, on the communion of the soul of man with the spirit of the universe. In this rapturous effusion—in

which, with a wise prodigality, he hints and intimates the profoundest of those feelings which vivify all he has created—he gives the following view of the progress of his sympathy with the external world:—

—“Nature then

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements, all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite: a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrow'd from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
Have follow'd, for such loss I would believe
Abundant recompense. For I have learn'd
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A spirit which disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of mind:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.”

There are none of the workings of our poet's imaginative faculty more wonderful in themselves, or more productive of high thoughts and intense sympathies, than those which have for their objects the grand abstractions of humanity—Life and Death, Childhood and Old Age. Every period of our being is to him not only filled with its own peculiar endearments and joys, but dignified by its own sanctities. The common forms of life assume a new venerableness when he touches them—for he makes us feel them in their connexion with our immortality—even as the uncouth vessels of the Jewish law appeared sublime to those who felt that they were dedicated to the immediate service of heaven. He ever leaves us conscious that the existence on whose beginning he expatiates, will endure for ever. He traces out those of its fibres which are eternal in their essence. He discovers in every part of our earthly course manifold intimations that these our human hearts will never die. Childhood is, to him, not only the season of novelty, of innocence, of joyous spirits, and of mounting hope—but of a dream-

like glory, which assures to us that this world is not our final home. Age, to him, is not a descent into a dark valley, but a “final eminence,” where the wise may sit “in awful sovereignty” as on a high peak among the mountains in placid summer, and commune with heaven, undisturbed by the lesser noises of the tumultuous world. One season of life is bound to another by “the natural piety” which the unchanging forms of nature preserve, and death comes at last over the deep and tranquil stream as it is about to emerge into a lovelier sunshine, as “a shadow thrown softly and lightly from a passing cloud.”

The Ode in which Wordsworth particularly develops the intimations of immortality to be found in the recollections of early childhood, is, to our feelings, the noblest piece of lyric poetry in the world. It was the first poem of its author which we read, and never shall we forget the sensations which it excited within us. We had heard the cold sneers attached to his name—we had glanced over criticisms, “lighter than vanity,” which represented him as an object for scorn “to point its slow unmoving finger at”—and here—in the works of this derided poet—we found a new vein of imaginative sentiment opened to us—sacred recollections brought back on our hearts with all the freshness of novelty, and all the venerableness of far-off time—the most mysterious of old sensations traced to a celestial origin—and the shadows cast over the opening of life from the realities of eternity renewed before us with a sense of their supernal causes! What a gift did we then inherit! To have the best and most imperishable of intellectual treasures—the mighty world of reminiscences of the days of infancy—set before us in a new and holier light; to find objects of deepest veneration where we had only been accustomed to love; to feel in all the touching mysteries of our past being the symbols and assurances of our immortal destiny! The poet has here spanned our mortal life as with a glorious rainbow, terminating on one side in infancy, and on the other in the realms of blessedness beyond the grave, and shedding even upon the middle of that course sweet tints of unearthly colouring. The following is the view he has given of the fading glory of childhood—drawn in part from Oriental fiction, but embodying the profoundest of elemental truths:—

" Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting :

The soul that rises with us, our life's star,

Hath elsewhere known its setting,

And cometh from afar ;

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God that is our home :

Heaven lies about us in our infancy !

Shades of the prison-house begin to close

Upon the growing Boy,

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,

He sees it in his joy ;

The Youth that daily farther from the east

Must travel, still is Nature's priest,

And by the vision splendid

Is on his way attended ;

At length the Man perceives it die away,

And fade into the light of common day."

But the following is the noblest passage of the whole; and such an out-pouring of thought and feeling—such a piece of inspired philosophy—we do not believe exists elsewhere in human language :—

" O joy ! that in our embers

Is something that doth live,

That nature yet remembers

What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed

Perpetual benedictions : not indeed

For that which is most worthy to be blest ;

Delight and liberty, the simple creed

Of Childhood, whether fluttering or at rest,

With new-born hope for ever in his breast :—

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise ;

• But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings ;

Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realiz'd,

High instincts, before which our mortal Nature

Did tremble like a guilty Thing surpriz'd :

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain light of all our day,

Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;

Uphold us, cherish us, and make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,

To perish never ;

Which neither listlessness, nor mnd endeavour,

Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy !

• Hence, in a season of calm weather,

Though inland far be we,

Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither,

And see the Children sport upon the shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

After this rapturous flight the author thus leaves to repose on the quiet lap of humanity, and soothes us with a strain of such mingled solemnity and tenderness, as " might make angels weep :"

" What though the radiance which was once so bright

Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour

Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;

We will grieve not, rather find

Strength in what remains behind,

In the primal sympathy

Which having been must ever be,

In the soothing thoughts that spring

Out of human suffering,

In the faith that looks through death,

In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And oh ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,

Think not of any severing of our loves !

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;

I only have relinquish'd one delight

To live beneath your more habitual sway.

I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,

Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they ;

The innocent brightness of a new-born Day

Is lovely yet ;

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun

Do take a sober colouring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;

Another race hath been, and other palms are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,

To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The genius of the poet, which thus dignifies and consecrates the abstractions of our nature, is scarcely less felicitous in its pictures of society at large, and in its philosophical delineations of the characters and fortunes of individual man. Seen through the holy medium of his imagination, all things appear " bright and solemn and serene"—the asperities of our earthly condition are softened away—and the most gentle and evanescent of its hues gleam and tremble over it. He delights to trace out those ties of sympathy by which the meanest of beings are connected with the general heart. He touches the delicate strings by which the great family of man are bound together, and thence draws forth sounds of choicest music. He makes us partake of those joys which are " spread through the earth to be caught in stray gifts by whoever will find" them—discloses the hidden wealth of the soul—finds beauty every where, and " good in every thing." He draws character with the softest pencil, and shades it with the pensive tints of gentlest thought. The pastoral of *The Brothers*—the story of Michael—and the sweet histories in the *Excursion* which the priest gives while standing among the rustic graves of the churchyard, among the mountains, are full of exquisite portraits, touched and softened by a divine imagination which human love inspires. He rejoices also to

exhibit that holy process by which the influences of creation are shed abroad in the heart, to excite, to mould, or to soften. We select the following stanzas from many passages of this kind of equal beauty, because in the fantasy of nature's making "a lady of her own," the object of the poet is necessarily developed with more singleness than where reference is incidentally made to the effect of scenery on the mind:—

"Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, a lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take,
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own!
Myself will to the darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power,
To kindle or restrain.
She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And her's shall be the breathing balm,
And her's the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.
The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.
The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean on air
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face!"

But we must break off to give a passage in a bolder and most passionate strain, which represents the effect of the tropical grandeur and voluptuousness of nature on a wild and fiery spirit—at once awakening and half-redeeming its irregular desires. It is from the poem of "Ruth,"—a piece where the most profound of human affections is disclosed amidst the richest imagery, and incidents of wild romance are told with a Grecian purity of expression. The impulses of a beautiful and daring youth are thus represented as inspired by Indian scenery:

"The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.
Whatever in those climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound,
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seem'd allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of Nature wrought,
Fair trees and lovely flowers;
The breezes their own languor lent;
The stars had feelings which they sent
Into those gorgeous bowers.

Yet in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent:
For passions link'd to forms as fair
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment."

We can do little more than enumerate those pieces of narrative and character, which we esteem the best in their kind of our author's works. The old Cumberland Beggar is one of those which linger most tenderly on our memories. The poet here takes almost the lowliest of his species—an aged mendicant, one of the last of that class who made regular circuits amidst the cottages of the north—and after a vivid picture of his frame bent with years, of his slow motion and decayed senses, he asserts him not divorced from good—traces out the gentle links which bind him to his fellows—and shews the benefit which even he can diffuse in his rounds, while he serves as a record to bind together past deeds and offices of charity—compels to acts of love by "the mild necessity of use" those whose hearts would otherwise harden—gives to the young "the first mild touch of sympathy and thought, in which they find their kindred with a world where want and sorrow are"—and enables even the poor to taste the joy of bestowing. This last blessing is thus set forth and illustrated by a precious example of self-denying goodness and cheerful hope, which is at once more tear-moving and more sublime than the finest things in Cowper:—

—"Man is dear to man; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life
When they can know and feel that they have been,
Themselves, the fathers and the dealers out
Of some small blessings; have been kind to such
As needed kindness, for this single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart.
—Such pleasure is to one kind being known,
My neighbour, when with punctual care, each week
Duly as Friday comes, though prest herself
With her own wants, she from her chest of meal
Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip
Of this old mendicant, and from her door
Returning with invigorated heart,
Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in Heaven."

Then, in the *Excursion*, there is the story of the *Ruined Cottage*, with its admirable gradations, more painful than the pathetic narratives of its author usually are, yet not without redeeming traits of sweetness, and a reconciling

spirit which takes away its sting. There, too, is the intense history of the Solitary's sorrows—there the story of the Hanoverian and the Jacobite, who learned to snatch a sympathy from their bitter disputings, grew old in controversy and in friendship, and were buried side by side—there the picture of Oswald, the gifted and generous and graceful hero of the mountain solitude, who was cut off in the blossom of his youth—there the record of that pleasurable sage, whose house death, after forty years of forbearance, visited with thronging summonses, and took off his family one after the other, “with intervals of peace,” till he too, with cheerful thoughts about him, was “overcome by unexpected sleep in one blest moment,” and as he lay on the “warm lap of his mother-earth,” “gathered to his fathers.” There are those fine vestiges, and yet finer traditions and conjectures, of the good knight Sir Alfred Irthing, the “mild-hearted champion” who had retired in Elizabeth's days to a retreat among the hills, and had drawn around him a kindred and a family. Of him nothing remained but a gentle fame in the hearts of the villagers, an uncouth monumental stone grafted on the church-walls, which the sagest antiquarian might muse over in vain, and his name engraven in a wreath or posy around three bells with which he had endowed the spire. “So,” exclaims the poet, in strains as touching and majestic as ever were breathed over the transitory grandeur of earth—

“So falls, so languishes, grows dim and dies,
All that this world is proud of. From their spheres
The stars of human glory are cast down;
Perish the roses, and the flowers of kings,
Princes and emperors, and the crowns and palms
Of all the mighty, withered, and consumed.”

In the *Excursion*, too, is the exquisite tale of Poor Ellen—a seduced and forsaken girl—from which we will give one affecting incident, scarcely to be matched, for truth and beauty, through the many sentimental poems and tales which have been founded on a similar woe:

“Beside the cottage in which Ellen dwelt
Stands a tall ash-tree; to whose topmost twig
A Thrush resorts, and annually chaunts,
At morn and evening from that naked perch,
While all the undergrove is thick with leaves,
A time-beguiling ditty, for delight
Of his fond partner, silent in the nest.

“Ah why,” said Ellen, sighing to herself,
“Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn pledge;
And nature that is kind in Woman's breast,
And reason that in Man is wise and good,
And fear of Him who is a righteous Judge,
Why do not these prevail for human life,

To keep two hearts together, that began
Their spring-time with one love, and that have need
Of mutual pity and forgiveness, sweet
To grant, or be received, while that poor bird,
—O come and hear him! Thou who hast to me
Been faithless, hear him, though a lowly creature,
One of God's simple children that yet know not
The universal Parent, how he sings
As if he wish'd the firmament of Heaven
Should listen, and give back to him the voice
Of his triumphant constancy and love;
The proclamation that he makes, how far
His darkness doth transcend our sickle light!”

Such was the tender passage, not by me
Repeated without loss of simple phrase,
Which I perused, even as the words had been
Committed by forsaken Ellen's hand
To the blank margin of a Valentine,
Bedropp'd with tears.”

With these tear-moving expressions of ill-fated love, we may contrast the following rich picture of the affection in its early bloom, from the tale of Vandraccour and Julia, which will shew how delightfully the poet might have lingered in the luxuries of amatory song, had he not chosen rather to brood over the whole world of sentiment and passion:—

“Arabian fiction never fill'd the world
With half the wonders that were wrought for him.
Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring;
Life turn'd the meanness of her implements
Before his eyes to price above all gold;
The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;
Her chamber window did surpass in glory
The portal of the dawn; all paradise
Could, by the simple opening of a door,
Let itself in upon him; pathways, walks,
Swarm'd with enchantment, till his spirit sank,
Surcharged, within him,—overblest to move
Beneath a sun that walks a weary world
To its dull round of ordinary cares;
A man too happy for mortality.”

Perhaps the highest instance of Wordsworth's imaginative faculty, exerted in a tale of human fortunes, is to be found in “The White Doe of Rylstone.” He has here succeeded in two distinct efforts, the results of which are yet in entire harmony. He has shewn the gentle spirit of a high-born maiden gathering strength and purity from sorrow, and finally after the destruction of her family, and amidst the ruin of her paternal domains, consecrated by suffering. He has also here, by the introduction of that lovely wonder, the favourite doe of his heroine, at once linked the period of his narrative to that of its events, and softened down the saddest catastrophe and the most exquisite of mortal agonies. A gallant chieftain, one of the goodliest pillars of the olden time, falls, with eight of his sons, in a hopeless contest for the religion to which they were de-

voted—the ninth, who followed them unarmed, is slain while he strives to bear away, for their sake, the banner which he had abjured—the sole survivor, a helpless woman, is left to wander desolate about the silent halls and tangled glades, once witnesses of her joyous infancy—and yet all this variety of grief is rendered mild and soothing by the influences of the imagination of the poet. The doe which first with its quiet sympathy excited relieving tears in its forsaken mistress, which followed her a gentle companion through all her mortal wanderings, and which years after made Sabbath visits to her grave, is like the spirit of nature personified to heal, to bless, and to elevate. All who have read the poem aright, will feel prepared for that apotheosis which the poet has reserved for this radiant being, and will recognize the imaginative truth of that bold figure, by which the decaying towers of Bolton are made to smile upon its form, and to attest its un-earthly relations:—

“ There doth the gentle creature lie
With these adversities unmoved;
Calm spectacle, by earth and sky
In their benignity approved!
And aye, methinks, this hoary pile,
Subdued by outrage and decay,
Looks down upon her with a smile,
A gracious smile, that seems to say,
‘Thou art not a Child of Time,
But daughter of the eternal Prime!’”

Although Wordsworth chiefly delights in these humanities of poetry, he has shewn that he possesses feelings to appreciate and power to grasp the noblest of classic fictions. No one can read his *Dion*, his *Laodamia*, and the most majestic of his sonnets, without perceiving that he has power to endow the state-liest shapes of old mythology with new life, and to diffuse about them a new glory. Hear him, for example, breaking forth, with holy disdain of the worldly spirit of the time, into this sublime apostrophe:—

“ Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn:
So might I, standing on some pleasant lee,
Have glimpses which might make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn!”

But he has chosen rather to survey the majesties of Greece, with the eye of a philosopher as well as of a poet. He reviews them with emotions equally remote from pedantry and from intolerance—regarding not only the grace and the loveliness of their forms, but their symbolical meaning—tracing them to their

elements in the human soul, and bringing before us the eldest wisdom which was embodied in their shapes, and speedily forgotten by their worshippers. Thus, among “the palpable array of sense,” does he discover hints of immortal life—thus does he transport us back more than twenty centuries—and enable us to enter into the most mysterious and far-reaching hopes of a Grecian votary:—

—“ A Spirit hung,
Beautiful region! o'er thy Towns and Farms,
Statues, and Temples, and memorial Tombs;
And emanations were perceived, and acts
Of immortality, in Nature's course,
Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt
As bonds, on grave Philosopher imposed
And armed Warrior; and in every grove,
A gay or pensive tenderness prevail'd
When piety more awful had relax'd.
—‘Take, running River, take these locks of mine,’
Thus would the votary say—‘this sever'd hair,
My vow fulfilling, do I here present,
Thankful for my beloved child's return.
Thy banks, Cephissus, he again hath trod,
Thy murmurs heard; and drunk the crystal lymph
With which thou dost refresh the thirsty lip,
And moisten all day long these flowery fields.’
And doubtless, sometimes, when the hair was shed
Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose
Of life continuous, Being unimpair'd,
That hath been, is, and where it was and is
There shall be,—seen, and heard, and felt, and
known,
And recognized,—existence unexposed
To the blind walk of mortal accident;
From diminution free, and weakening age,
While man grows old, and dwindles, and decays;
And countless generations of mankind
Depart: and leave no vestige where they trod.’”

We must now bring this long article to a close—and yet how small a portion of our author's beauties have we even hinted! We have passed over the clear majesty of the poem of “*Hart leap well*”—the lyrical grandeur of the *Feast of Brougham Castle*—the masculine energy and delicate grace of the *Sonnets* which with the exception perhaps of one or two of *Warton* and of *Milton* far exceed all others in our language—“*The Waggoner*,” that fine and hearty concession of a water-drinker to the joys of wine and the light-hearted folly which it inspires—and numbers of smaller poems and ballads, which to the superficial observer may seem only like woodland springs, but in which he who ponders intently will discern the breakings forth of an under-current of thought and feeling which is silently flowing beneath him. We trust, however, we have written or rather quoted enough to induce such of our readers as hitherto have despised the poet on the faith of base or ignorant criticism to

read him for themselves, especially as by the recent appearance of the *Excursion* in octavo, and the arrangement of the minor poems in four small volumes, the whole of his poetical works are placed within their reach. If he has little popularity with the multitude, he is rewarded by the intense veneration and love of the finest spirits of the age. Not only Coleridge, Lloyd, Southey, Wilson, and Lamb—with whom his name has been usually connected—but almost all the living poets have paid eloquent homage to his genius. He is loved by Montgomery, Cornwall, and Rogers—revered by the author of *Waverley*—ridiculed and pillaged by Lord Byron! Jeffrey, if he begins an article on his greatest work with the pithy sentence "*this will never do*," glows even while he criticises, and before he closes, though he came like Balaam to curse, like him "blesses altogether." Innumerable essays, sermons, speeches, poems—even of those who profess to despise him—are tinged by his fancy and adorned by his expressions. And there are no small number of young hearts, which have not only been enriched but renovated by his poetry—which he has expanded, purified, and exalted—and to which he has given the means of high communion with the good and the pure throughout the universe. These, equal at least in number to the original lovers of Shakspeare or of Milton, will transmit his fame to kindred spirits, and whether it shall receive or be denied the honour of fashion, it will ever be cherished by the purest of earthly minds, and connected with the most majestic and undecaying of nature's scenery.

Too many of our living poets have seemed to take pride in building their fame on the sands. They have chosen for their subjects the diseases of the heart—the sad anomalies of humanity—the turbulent and guilty passions which are but for a season. Their renown, therefore, must necessarily de-

cline as the species advances. Instead of tracing out the lineaments of the image of God indelibly impressed on the soul, they have painted the deformities which may obscure them for a while but can never utterly destroy them. Vice, which is the accident of our nature, has been their theme instead of those affections which are its groundwork and essence. "Yet a little space, and that which men call evil is no more!" Yet a little space, and those wild emotions—those horrid deeds—those strange aberrations of the soul—on which some gifted bards have delighted to dwell, will fade away like the phantoms of a feverish dream. Then will poetry, like that of Wordsworth, which even now is the harbinger of a serener day, be felt and loved and held in undying honour. The genius of a poet who has chosen this high and pure career, too, will proceed in every stage of being, seeing that "it is a thing immortal as himself" and that it was ever inspired by affections which cannot die while the human heart shall endure. The holy bard even in brighter worlds will feel, with inconceivable delight, the connection between his earthly and celestial being—live along the golden lines of sentiment and thought back to the most delicious moments of his contemplations here—and rejoice in the recognition of those joys of which he had tastes and intimations on earth. Then shall he see the inmost soul of his poetry disclosed—grasp as assured realities the gorgeous visions of his infancy—feel "the burthen of the mystery of all this unimaginable world," which were lightened to him here dissolved away—see the prophetic workings of his imagination realized—exult while "pain and anguish and the wormy grave," which here were to him "shapes of a dream," are utterly banished from the view—and listen to the full chorus of that universal harmony whose first notes he here delighted to awaken!

T. N. T.

THE ART OF BARBERY.

THE term "useful arts" as applied to handicraft trades, is particularly appropriate in modern days, when the chief requisite to make a man respectable is money, let his profession be what it may. It was first used, as well as can be ascertained, by the celebrated *Very*, the restaurateur of Paris; whose merits

resound from Petersburg to Cadiz, as the very best maker of ragouts and savory sauces, that France or indeed any other country can boast. On a tombstone erected in the cemetery of *Père Lachaise*, in his native city, the following epitaph contributes its aid to immortalize this son of a ladle:—

J. B. VERT,

Décédé 21 Jan. 1809.

Toute sa vie fut consacrée
aux Arts utiles!

The propriety of the term cannot be disputed; and the conceit of its adoption may be well defended by the laudable ambition of its professors. *Les arts utiles* are necessary to our comforts; and no one can doubt that some literary men, in appearing to deem them unworthy of their consideration, have cast a slight over them; a circumstance which by no means reflects credit upon literature. What would society be without good cooking, good tailoring, and, before all, superior *shaving*? The mention of the art naturally leads to some consideration of the artist; and every unprejudiced person must confess, that he feels the weighty importance which attaches to a right view of both.

Many might suppose the writer ironical, and that he meant, in reality, to descant upon a different method of shaving from that practised with soapsuds and water. The term shaving is very extensive in its application; and is often used metaphorically for cheating, over-reaching, or outwitting. Lawyers are thus said to shave their unhappy clients, doctors their unlucky patients, parsons their sleepy congregations, and death all mankind;—but such is not the writer's intention. There is "ample room and verge enough," in the shaving performed by the simple metallic razor, without having recourse to simile or metaphor.

The art of barbbery is among those "useful arts" which at present seem to pursue their course neglected through the world; cruelly doomed "to waste their sweetness in the desert air." The barber, it is true, was once a man of some note in society; and poets have drawn many of their happiest allusions from the barberic art, which shall be noticed in the sequel. Arts, like empires, have their rise, their zenith, and their decline; the art of barbbery is, it may too easily be inferred, in the last of these stages. Surgeons have stepped forward in modern times, and taken away the profitable branches of bleeding, tooth-drawing, physicking, and corn-cutting, which were parts of the profession, and which ought by every tie of legitimacy to remain attached to it. King Henry VIII. gave a charter to the barber-surgeons of the city of London, in which they are permitted, exclusively,

to take under their especial care matters, to use the royal words—"respecting wounds, bruises, hurts, and other infirmities of our liegemen, and healing and curing the same, as in letting blood, and drawing such our liegemen's teeth." The charter then goes on to state that unskilful men, foreigners, had practised:—"from which cause some of our said liegemen have gone the way of all flesh." The same document made them a company, with the exclusive privilege of physicking and corn-cutting, &c.—a wise provision; that all who might perchance die from excess in either operation, might have the satisfaction of reflecting, on the eve of that event, that they gave up the ghost under a duly authorized operator. By an act, however, of the 32d of the before-mentioned prince, barbers and surgeons were made separate professions, though incorporated into one company. This cruel enactment left tooth-drawing and shaving to the barber, and made over to the surgeon, physicking, corn-cutting, &c. &c. to the manifest injury of the before-mentioned art.

The next unfortunate occurrence for the interest of the barberic art, was the act of Geo. II. which disunited the twin professions, and made them separate corporations. Since that time surgery hath marvellously prospered, and erected itself a palace in one of the largest squares of London; while the barberic art has fallen so low, that its humble practitioners are often at a loss to find wherewith to purchase a pole and bason, the ancient symbols of their trade; nay, many are even practising the art without any such appendage, and that for the aforesaid reason only.

Mr. Pitt also arrayed himself among the enemies of barbbery, by levying a vexatious tax on hair-powder; thereby lopping off another branch of the art from the unfortunate few left, and reducing it to a lower state than ever; whence it is probable it will never more lift up its head, as in times of old.

It may not be amiss to notice the etymology of the word barber or barber-surgeon; which latter was the ancient appellation. The word barber is derived from the Latin *barba*, a beard; yet so ancient and universal is the art, that many different languages have, as it were from respect, agreed in giving it a similar derivation; thus, barber *Eng.* barbe *Fren.* barbero *Span.* and barba *Lat.*—plain evidence of the universality of the art. Some insist the original

word barber-surgeon or rather barber-chirurgeon, is derived from the beard of Chiron, thus : *barba Chironis* for the Latin ; *barbe de Chiron* French ; and thence the English *barber-chirurgeon*. Chiron was a noted physician, and from him came naturally the word *chirurgeon* ; for, by taking off the *n* from Chiron, and substituting a *u* for an *o*, and adding *rgeon* to make a word of a most eligible length, we have *chirurgeon*. This is surely a more natural way than deriving it from the Greek *χαιρουργος*, as some lexicographers have done ; and is a method of derivation much followed in etymologies, both among writers in Great Britain and foreign countries ; but more particularly among our antiquaries. Chiron, besides being noted for his skill in medicine, was a centaur, or half horse and half man. Thus the twofold nature of the appellation seems to be explained. There is little doubt but Chiron had a beard of no mean cut ; not like that which Butler describes :—

In cut and dye so like a tile
A sudden view it would beguile—

but a regular, full-grown, classical, wavy, curly appendage, such as is seen on the chins of the Neptunes and Hercules of antiquity. Beards were anciently held in great esteem, and no doubt barbers must have been much respected. Zoilus kept his head close shaved, lest the hair on his crown should “draw off the nourishment from his chin, and so starve his beard.” Quevedo, that merry-making Spaniard, observes that beards were much venerated in his time in Spain. In his “Vision of the last Judgement,” he says, that a dandy Don “was taken into custody by a couple of evil spirits, after sentence had been passed upon him ; but they happening to disorder his mustachoes, were forced to recurl them with a curling-iron, before they could get him to file off.”

That the barbaric professors were formerly held in high repute by mankind, we may gather from many admired works. Cervantes has recourse to one upon all matters of importance. Mr. Nicholas, the barber, was consulted, and mainly aided in the destruction of the books of chivalry which had turned the head of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance ; whence it may be inferred he ranked high in intellectual accomplishments. The affair of Mambrino’s helmet, though it does not greatly tend to prove the courage of its owner, shews he was much in repute

as a barber-surgeon, having the bason with him, for the purpose of breathing a vein, when met by the Mirror of all knighthood.

But who can forget this useful art that has read the story of honest Strap, or Monsieur d’Estrapes, as he was once called ? Who has not read the *Barber of Seville* ? Who has not lauded the barbers of the East, in those delightful tales the Arabian Nights ? Barbers were evidently, from them, much in vogue during the reign of the renowned Caliph Haroun Alraschid, with his sage vizir Giafar. Now it cannot be supposed that authors would thus frequently allude to the operator or operation of shaving, if the claims of the latter were not of the highest order.

In the East, it is the custom for a man to swear “by his beard :” a common oath also among the Mahometans is “by the beard of the prophet :”—ejaculations which shew how much this ornament of the human countenance is prized in that part of the globe, whence all wisdom is supposed to have originally proceeded. Barbers have good employ, too, in countries where beards are not shaven. To trim and dress the beard is an operation of no small importance among its professors, where shaving the beard, in the European sense of the term, is unknown.

Nay, our greatest poets seem often to have had the barbaric art in their minds when composing their immortal works. Milton clearly alludes to it in the lines included among those which the censor of the profligate Charles II. wished to suppress :—

As when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams.—

Again in *Il Penseroso* —

— walk unseen
On the dry smooth shaven green.

In *Sampson Agonistes* :—

— nor by the sword
Of noble warrior so to stain his honour,
But by the barber’s razor best subdued.

Thus it is plain that Milton had the image of this important art often recurring to his imagination, amid the hierarchies of angels, phantasms, devils, and unearthly things, with which it was filled.

Shakespeare, in *Hen. IV. act 1, scene 2*, devotes two lines of his immortal pen to shaving :—

Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reaped
Shewed like a stubble-field at harvest-home.

Again, in 2d part Hen. IV. :—

— my lord archbishop,
Whose beard the silver hand of Peace had touch'd.

And in the Tempest :—

Till new-born chins be rough and razorable.

Sir John Falstaff, that merry, dissolute, witty, "purse-taking" companion of a prince, says, in one of his ejaculations—"May I never wear hair on my face more;" from which ejaculation we may gather the value set on a beard, as an ornament of the human countenance, in the time of our Henries.

What poet or philosopher ever wrote about a tailor or a shoemaker?—the stitching a sole, or mending a pair of breeches, would have sunk the poet and his subject to the lowest pitch of the bathos. On the contrary, how sublime are the illustrations drawn from the barberic art!

Cicero writes :—*Quid enim consensus superiore[m] illum Dionysium, quo cruciata timoris angi solitum?—Qui cultos metuens tonsorios, candente carbone sibi adurebat capillam.—Offices, page 114, small edition. A note adds,—*"Aut corticibus nuchum sibi *barbam* comburebat filiorum ministerio."

Thus not only the moderns, but the ancient writers as well, have been eager to pay due homage to this "useful art."

Most barbers, in ancient times, were musicians also. A viol or lute was kept in every shop, as a newspaper is at present, that all who came to be shaved, and were obliged to wait, might entertain themselves therewith. This, no doubt, often gave rise to trials of skill, in which the owner of the instrument took his part, and was generally a superior performer; as in modern days barbers are, for the most part, accomplished politicians. The pole too, which was formerly displayed in front of a barber's shop, ornamented with spiral lines of various colours, might have been originally an heraldic honour conferred upon the profession in the time of the crusades, or perhaps earlier. If so, every barber ranks higher in the heralds' office than the worthy fig-sellers of the city, who retire with a plum, and then purchase the ornaments for their carriage pannels from the neighbourhood of St. Paul's.

The French, that elegant and polite people, have always esteemed the art of shaving. Among them, its first-rate professors pass the razor over the face as deliciously as a zephyr breathes over

a bed of roses. They also call the light which precedes a comet, the *beard* or *hair*, not the *tail*; which last they naturally think should follow, rather than precede the body, "*la chevelure lumineuse et rayonnante qui précède la comète.*" Notwithstanding the example of Milton, who says,

And like a comet burned
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war—

John Bull still makes the comet's tail precede it's head, because he cannot tolerate Gallicisms! In France, too, they draw illustrations from this noble art; as, *pour rire dans sa barbe*, means to "laugh in one's beard," or, as we say, "in one's sleeve." The Marquis de Promenars, on being asked why he did not shave, said, "*Le roi me dispute ma tête; quand on s'en va qui elle doit demeurer, si est à moi, j'en aurai soin.*" Whence Mat. Prior imported the speech where he says, when accounting for his own deafness—"I took little care of my ears, while I was not sure that my head was my own."

Thus poets, men of all countries, legislators, and kings, have not thought it beneath them to notice the art of barbary. Alas! how mutable is every sublunary thing: the haunts of the worthy professors of this science are to be found, at present, in courts and alleys, in obscure corners and dingy recesses—thus are the mighty fallen! Now and then, indeed, a more aspiring, or more fortunate, son of the profession than his brethren, seems to struggle to attract notice in a modest appeal to the public; but it seems only a convulsive start made by a drowning wretch, which sinks him yet deeper in the waters. The following is one of these unassuming addresses, which appeared not long ago, and must speak its own merits :—
"M——, Hair-cutter and Perruquier—animated with feelings of heartfelt gratitude for the shining and pre-eminent patronage with which a generous public has enriched him—begs to reiterate to the fashionable world his former pledges, of having his luxurious fancy ever and anon employed in sources of new discovery, for the embellishment of its votaries. Hebe herself beautifies not a more youthful, or Venus a more heavenly love-like appearance, than do the British fair, when decorated by the magical taste of M——. The Horatii and Curatii of old were the most comely youths of their age; but M——'s skill imparts

to Britain's sons that noble distinction—that certain *je ne sai quoi*—which Greek or Roman never possessed. M— feels diffident in eulogizing himself; but as there are arrogant and empyrical pretenders in his immediate neighbourhood, it is an imperative duty to caution. It is distressing to witness the havoc those voracious and superficial quacks make in a head of hair; for with heads as empty as their wooden blocks, they cut, and cut, and cut—and God knows that is all. M— operates on two hundred heads of hair weekly, and pledges his professional reputation, which is dearer to him than life—that others are paid for disfiguring that beautiful ornament which a skilful hand can alone preserve in beautiful and luxuriant tresses; he being the only barberic professor who ever obtained a prize of 300*l.* for his excellence in his art, and

he now challenges all Europe for 1000*l.*! Come the four quarters of the globe, with comb and scissors, and he will hurl them to the tomb of all the Capulets. The Rubicon is crossed—*aut M—, aut nullus!* M—'s abilities are amply sufficient to excite the envy of a certain professional calumniator; but as M— is determined never to sacrifice his character for the paltry consideration of money, so he shall say to his disappointed rival, 'Cease, viper! you bite against a file.'—Days of Cervantes! did ye ever witness a barber like this?

Should my humble efforts succeed in communicating to the public any portion of the veneration with which I have learned to regard this important art and its professors—I shall not have lived in vain!

SS.

NOCTES ATTICÆ.—REVERIES IN A GARRET.

CONTAINING SHORT AND ORIGINAL REMARKS ON MEN AND BOOKS, &c.
BY PAUL PONDER, GENT.

Nubes et inania captat.

LONGINUS.

How different is this ancient critic from modern artists in the same line! The Greek critic pointed out beauties with a noble spirit and taste. Modern critics seem like flies that fix on the sore parts of an author. Pope has described a real critic in his praises of Longinus:

"Thee, bold Longinus, all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire.

Art of Crit.

ACTION (ORATORICAL.)

The praises of gesticulation, so often mentioned by ancient writers, may, perhaps, be fully justified and illustrated by dumb animals, whose language consists of various attitudes and motions, which convey their ideas very significantly. The utility of "action" is farther explained, when we consider that the deaf and dumb receive all their instruction by means of "action," which may be properly called a language of which the eye is the interpreter.

ROUND ASSERTIONS.

These random declarations are much used by persons of little intellect and caution; but more prudent persons weigh the particulars of a story before they bring it forward. We seldom see in an attorney's bills lumping sums; but when large ones are inserted, they

are generally qualified, and made probable by adding at the end of the articles shillings and pence, and even farthings.

VIRGIL AND OVID.

I fear that to prefer the latter as a poet to the former, will be considered by many as a treason against the "majesty" of Virgil; yet I cannot but think that Ovid is a more interesting poet than Virgil, to the generality of readers. Ovid's story of Phaeton, his Contest of Ajax and Ulysses for the Arms of Achilles, would attract more readers than the epic poem of the Mantuan. The correctness of style, the dignity of expression, are all on the side of Virgil; but amusive invention recommends Ovid to the majority of readers of mere poetry.

INFLUENCE OF CIVILIZATION.

Nations and individuals in the same degree in which they are uninstructed and unpolished, are without shame and delicacy in their actions and demeanour. The blush of self-reprobaton is unknown in a barbarous age. On iron just extricated from the ore, no visible alteration is perceived by any additional soil;—it is on polished steel that every spot is discovered that diminishes its lustre.

VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL KINGDOMS.

How obvious, in many instances, is the analogy between animal and vegetable beings! We may observe that trees which bear evident marks of disease and decay, are yet found to bear abundance of fruit; and sickly and infirm women are often seen surrounded with a numerous progeny. Bishop Watson, in his ingenious Chemical Essays, has brought forward many examples of these analogies.

DISCRETION.

The late Lord Mansfield, no less eminent for his great acquirements than the acuteness of his understanding, was once asked by a country gentleman, whether he should take upon himself the office of a justice of peace, as he was conscious of his want of legal knowledge? "My good friend," replied this sagacious lawyer, "you have good sense, honesty, and coolness of temper; these qualities will enable you to judge rightly, but withhold your reasons of decision, for they may be disputable."

THE EXPLANATION.

When the late Doctors P. and S., eminent physicians, were on a shooting-party, they missed every shot for some time. The gamekeeper requested leave to follow the last covey now on the wing, adding—"for I will soon *doctor* them." "What do you mean, fellow," quoth Dr. P., "by doctoring them?" "Why kill them, to be sure," replied the impetuous rustic.

PLAYS.

How much false criticism on plays and players has been produced by an error which prevails among many writers and readers, that a dramatic composition is an exact representation of real actions. But poetry, like painting, claims its privileges, and discovers its inequalities; and a sober critic will no more expect life to be exactly represented in a play, than to see nature scrupulously copied in a landscape.

A QUAKER'S DRESS.

I take it for granted, on the clearest principles of human nature, that men who assume a peculiarity of habit, do not thereby mean to disfigure their persons, or to degrade their situations. I cannot, therefore, ascribe the plainness of a Quaker's dress to humility, but rather to a love of distinction. There are gay and grave coxcombs; and of the

two, I should look on the former as more agreeable.

ANCIENT SENTIMENTALISTS.

We are told, in Warton's learned and entertaining History of our Ancient Poetry and Manners, that whilst the most splendid theories on the pure and Platonic passion of love were taught by the Troubadours, and greedily perused by the "gentle and simple," the greatest indecencies were practised in these castles of faithful knights, and by the Troubadours themselves.

MILTON.

There is much truth in what Dr. Johnson, in his Lives of the Poets, has said of this great genius, namely, that the perusal of the *Paradise Lost* is an effort of the mind from which we willingly recede. Admiration is, indeed, a painful sensation; and the eye, soon fatigued with the stupendous mountain, relaxes by surveying the humble and luxuriant valley.

INVENTION.

M. Pascal has very wittily, and perhaps also very truly, accounted for the generality of the world being set against inventors and projectors. "Few men," says that profound mathematician and acute reasoner, "are blessed with the gift of invention; so that when a man of genius breaks out in that department with unusual light, all the owl-like blockheads, in great numbers, pursue him with envious hootings."

VARIOUS KINDS OF READERS.

The Slow.

Some read so slowly, that they divide every word from that which follows, and become not only tedious but unintelligible. The finest composition is destroyed by this disjointing mode of enunciation; and I never hear such orators but I am reminded of the antique Roman inscriptions, where every word on the stone is separated by a nail's head.

Bawlers.

These are persons of strong lungs and weak intellects, and are more fitted to be town-cryers than orators; and loudness, and not articulation, seems the glory of such self-appointed heralds. It may truly be said of such modern Stentors, that they are so loud that they cannot be heard: and to them may be applied, in a direct sense, the proverb, that "we cannot see the wood for trees." The ear of a deaf man is more easily penetrated by distinctness than loudness.

The Emphatic.

These readers seem afraid that the audience may not understand the author, and so they lay a stress on every word with almost equal force; and, to use a vulgar expression, "*hammer things into your head.*" Such men may be said to read always in *italics*.

The Rapid.

These gentlemen seem to wish to finish their job as soon as they can, and would excel, were a premium offered for expedition, in the performance of their task. These orators sometimes, unfortunately, are church orators; and if they are employed in more than one place of worship, they are seen to gallop over the town with the same expedition they use in the service of the liturgy.

The Dramatic.

These persons seem to consider reading as acting; and if any dialogue lies in their way, their imitation of the characters becomes truly ridiculous, or, at least, it requires the utmost judgment not to appear so, for unnatural tones must, of course, be used, and the reader's voice be put often into a masquerade.

The Careless.

These men read every thing as if they contemned the writer and his subject, "and sleep themselves to make their hearers sleep." A newspaper, a sermon, a senator's speech, are all one to them; and the frequent yawn of the reader is as frequently communicated to the audience. Swift's flapper here would be of great use.

Whisperers.

These men betray great weakness of nerves, tenuity of voice, and great modesty or shyness, and appear to be unwilling that the audience should partake of their communications. Such persons should be confined to sick rooms as envoys extraordinary between the nurse and the physician.

Monotonists.

This species of orators, more common than the rest, and often partaking of the faults of all, confound all distinctions of composition. The pathetic, the declamatory, the apostrophe, the narrative, &c. are all amalgamated into one mass. Such unvaried monotony reminds me of the churchwarden who *beautified* a church by one regular and universal white-wash. The various colours displayed in the figures and fields of the

ancient coats of arms, that adorned the walls and gratified the ancient gentry of the neighbourhood, were all hidden in one broad and monotonous pall of snow.

EURIPIDES.

The many very moral and political, and I wish I could say religious, reflections in this author, adorned by noble specimens of pathetic and poetical excellence, attach our affections to the frequent perusal of Euripides, and make us pass by his obsolete subjects, the want of variety in his characters and interest in his dialogues. The "*Alcestis*" is indeed an exception to the foregoing strictures, as the story is interesting in a high degree, and the conduct of it excellent. Hercules appears in a very amiable light, and an example of most active friendship.

LUCIAN.

We are not only indebted to this writer for the amusement which he has afforded to us by his own powers of playful satire on the vices and follies of mankind, but also for giving rise to many excellent imitators. Rabelais, Fontenelle, and Le Sage, Montesquieu, Dean Swift, and Lord Lyttelton, are indebted for much of their wit and satire to the various parts of the writings of Lucian; and most of these writers have avoided the improprieties of their Pagan original.

ÆSOP AND M. BUFFON.

When smiling Æsop endeavours to enlighten our understandings without outraging our pride, and makes dumb creatures interpreters of his counsels, we think the boldness of the fiction can scarcely be countenanced by its utility and ingenuity. When the great M. Buffon goes still farther, and gives to beasts the passions and opinions of men, and calls this natural *history*, we applaud the writer, and admire his fictions as the science of a philosopher. I cannot help preferring the fables of little Æsop.

CHEMISTRY.

When this science is carried no farther than decomposition, it claims no other merit but mere analysis, and resembles the play of those children who amuse themselves with pulling their toys in pieces. The synthetical process is the point in which philosophy and real utility concur to recommend this fashionable study.

DR. ROBERT SOUTH.

This eminent wit and pulpit orator seems not always to have considered propriety of diction in discourses in church, or due respect to his audience. In a sermon preached at court, the orator, displaying the superiority of intellectual pleasures over the sensual gratifications, says, "How vastly disproportionate are the pleasures of eating and drinking, and the thinking man! Indeed as different as the *silence* of Archimedes in his study of a problem, and the *stillness* of a sow at her wash."

HAPPINESS.

In discoursing on this subject errors frequently occur, by making it a general instead of a particular question. One situation is agreeable to A, another to B; change them, and they both become unhappy. A contemplative life is pleasing to some, others place all their happiness in activity and bustle.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE EDUCATION.

The same kind of error takes place on this subject as in the former, viz. the making that question general that is true only in particular. Some boys, from the constitution of their minds and bodies, are most adapted to a private education: other boys, of hardier temperaments and more ungovernable dispositions, need the harsher restraints and discipline of public schools.

MARRIAGE.

Women gain by marriage the liberty of speaking their thoughts, which, during their maiden condition, they are taught to conceal, and are therefore more inclined than men of the same age to the marriage state. Men are more liberally educated than women, and assume greater liberties in society, and are therefore not so ready to give up

"Their free and unboas'd condition,"

as the Moor of Venice expresses the freedom of celibacy.

REMARKS ON "MELMOTH."*

THIS is the most daring, wild, and powerful of all the romances of its author. Its ground-work is more awful—its incidents more terrific—and its intrusions on the sanctities of nature more frequent and more startling, than those which have astounded us in his *Montorio*, *Women*, or the *Milesian*. It gives us a higher idea of his powers, and a deeper regret for the uses to which they are often devoted. Its merit is not in the idea, which is compounded from the *St. Leon* of *Godwin* and the infernal machinery of *Lewis*—nor in the plot, which is ill-constructed—nor in the characters, which are for the most part impossible—but in the marvelous execution of particular scenes, and in thickly-clustered felicities of expression, which are spread luminously over the darkness of its tenor, like fire-flies on a tropical ocean.

The tale is professedly, and we doubt not sincerely, written with a moral and even religious purpose. Its author informs us in his preface, that its hint was taken from the following passage in one of his own sermons—"At this moment is there one of us present, however we may have departed from the Lord, disobeyed his will, and disre-

garded his word—is there one of us who would, at this moment, accept all that man could bestow, or earth afford, to resign the hope of his salvation?—No, there is not one—not such a fool on earth, were the enemy of mankind to traverse it with the offer!" This idea is developed by the story of a being—once human but thrall'd by alliance with the "king of fiends"—who after death is permitted to traverse the world in his old form of flesh and blood, with supernatural powers, that he may tempt men at their utmost need to purchase immediate relief on condition of eternal torture. He accumulates on his intended victims the most ingenious tortures—and, when their agony is most intolerable, whispers his proposal to them, and is always rejected. We are afraid there is no very elevated moral in all this. The question repeatedly solved in the romance seems to us not one of religion but of nerve. A naked proposition by a direct emissary of Hell to deliver a man from present wretchedness on the terms of his suffering worse anguish for all eternity, is an experiment not on the religious tendencies of the heart, but on its mere strength to bear present pain as balanced

* *Melmoth the Wanderer: A Tale.* By the author of *Bertram*, &c. In four volumes, 8vo. Edinburgh and London 1820.

against its capability to anticipate future agonies. Men neglect their salvation, not from a calm choice of present delight and endless woe in preference to self-denial and Heaven, but from a lurking disbelief of eternal punishment, or from a vague idea of the divine mercy, or from an intention to repent at a future period, or from utter thoughtlessness of all beyond the grave;—and if these refuges can be taken from them; if things unseen can be forced on their thoughts as assured realities; if they can be made to feel that in committing wilful sin they do in effect make the terrible election to which our author refers; the best moral result may be expected. But is there one step gained towards this end by the wild fiction of "Melmoth?" Needs "a ghost come from the grave to tell us" that if Satan were so infatuated as to tempt by a distinct proposition of which everlasting woe was a part he would be rejected? The position is even put as a truism by the author, who writes four volumes to expound it. A metaphysician might as well compose a folio to demonstrate that whatever is is, or an adept in mathematics attempt to shew in a thousand ways that a part is less than the whole!

A moral, in the technical sense, is not, however, necessary to a good romance. When obtrusively forced on the reader, it defeats its own purpose; and when merely deduced at the end, produces no effect at all. If admiration is excited by excellence whether suffering or triumphant—if the heart is touched by noble pity—if the mind is enriched with pure images and lofty thoughts—the tale is truly moral, though no one precept is lectured on through its pages, or forced into its conclusion. We are afraid this praise cannot be rendered to the work before us. Nothing vicious is ever recommended or palliated by its author; but its evil consists in the terrible anatomy of vice—in the exhibition of supernatural depravity—in the introduction of blasphemous expressions, though they are introduced to be hated. Alas! the pollutions of the imagination too soon find their way to the heart—"out of which are the issues of life." The best purity is that of him who thinks no evil. The very sentiment of peculiar detestation fixes black thoughts on the memory—the soul recurs to them with a kind of morbid curiosity—till they grow familiar to it, and lose their horror. Mr. Maturin has not only put ap-

propriate blasphemies into the mouth of his fiend, but has himself too often borrowed illustrations from objects which ought to be shut out from the soul as infected merchandize from a city. We will not stigmatize these instances as some of them may appear to deserve, because our allusions would assist the evil, and because we believe the author to be entirely innocent of an intention to seduce or to defile. His besetting tendency, as an author, is a love of strength and novelty in thought and expression, for which he appears willing to make any sacrifice. He will ransack the forgotten records of crime, or the dusty museums of natural history, to discover a new horror. He is a passionate connoisseur in agony. His taste for strong emotion evidently hurries him on almost without the concurrence of the will, so that we can scarcely help thinking that his better nature must be now and then shocked when he calmly peruses his own works. We entreat him—when he is about to unveil some dreadful enormity to the gaze of the world—to reflect on that principle which he has so finely developed in his own *Montorio*, that evil thoughts, repeated even to shuddering souls, may stain and fascinate them for ever!

Melmoth is not so properly a tale as a series of tales very inartificially connected, but relating to the agency of the same being, and having the same purpose. The work opens in the year 1816—a period somewhat too recent for the advent of an emissary of Satan—with the visit of John Melmoth, a student in the university of Dublin, to the mansion of his dying uncle. This uncle is actually sinking into the grave from terror occasioned by the sight of one of his ancestors in palpable form, whose portrait hangs in a chamber of the mansion. After his death, his nephew and heir burns the portrait, and discovers a manuscript in the same room to which he had been directed by his expiring relative. This manuscript relates to the attempts of the original of the portrait, also named John Melmoth, who lived in 1646, to win the soul of an Englishman named Stanton, thirty years after his own apparent decease. Young Melmoth is himself visited twice by this fearful being, but is not subjected to his tortures or his proposals. In a dreadful tempest he rescues a Spanish gentleman, who narrates to him his history. Out of this history, which refers to the same being, and which

runs almost to the end of the work, other stories arise of a similar character. The Spaniard, flying from the Inquisition, finds shelter in the terrible hiding-place of a Jew, who gives him a manuscript to read, containing another narrative of the Stranger's wanderings. This narrative is, in its course, interrupted by two other parenthetical stories, which the Stranger himself tells to the father of one of his intended victims. The first narrative, which includes all the rest, is never completed at all; but the work concludes with an actual visit of the wanderer to his descendant and the Spaniard, and his final disappearance from the earth. This arrangement, which it is difficult even clearly to explain, is unfavourable to the interest of the whole; but its defect is of the less consequence, as the tale rather claims to be regarded as an exhibition of power than attempts to create any feeling of its reality in the reader. The general idea of a being in human shape, who lives from generation to generation, bears a resemblance to St. Leon; but the feelings excited by the two works have nothing in common. The novel of Godwin is a piece of genuine humanity;—for the hero, though immortal, has all the loves, passions, and desires of his species; and these are seen more clearly, as well as in a more awful light, in the loneliness to which his destiny condemns him. The style too of the writers entirely differs—that of Godwin being as simply majestic as that of Maturin is wild, excursive, and fanciful.

We cannot give a minute analysis of the various processes by which Melmoth endeavours to seduce his victims. Suffice it to say, that Stanton is assailed amidst the horrors of a madhouse—the Spaniard in the cells of the Inquisition—one of the objects of temptation amidst a starving family—another by the side of a lover sunk into idiocy—and the last, a most beautiful girl, whom the Stranger had married, and who had borne him a child, in the dungeon when her infant is about to be taken from her for ever. All the tales are full of terrible pictures, which exhibit a power like that of Salvator. In the first tale, there is a view of a receptacle for lunatics most appalling, and yet, amidst its terrors, displaying traits of nature which are really and tearfully affecting. The Spaniard's story includes a short tale of the punishment of two lovers detected in a convent, who were closed up in a

small recess, and there left to perish. It is told by the wretch who watched from choice at the outside, and heard the progress of their agony in language which we shudder to recal. The tale of the lady who marries the fiend, sets out very beautifully with a description of a forsaken Indian isle, where the girl had been left in infancy, and had grown up in utter solitude, but amidst Nature's choicest luxuries. All the rest, however, is too revolting to be dwelt on. A picture of starvation in the story of Walberg is also frightful. One of its incidents is a son snatching food from his father, who is half unconsciously devouring more than his portion; after which, we are told that the father "rose from his seat, and with horrid unnatural force, tore the untasted meal from his grand-children's lips, and swallowed it himself, while his swelled and toothless mouth grinned at them in mockery at once infantine and malicious!" But we will endeavour to select from the work passages which our readers may peruse with almost unmingled pleasure. The following description of a storm in which two lovers are stricken dead amidst some magnificent ruins in Spain, appears to us of singularly rich colouring:

"The magnificent remains of two dynasties that had passed away, the ruins of Roman palaces, and of Moorish fortresses, were around and above him;—the dark and heavy thunder-clouds that advanced slowly, seemed like the shrouds of these spectres of departed greatness; they approached, but did not yet overwhelm or conceal them, as if nature herself was for once awed by the power of man; and far below, the lovely valley of Valencia blushed and burned in all the glory of sunset, like a bride receiving the last glowing kiss of the bridegroom before the approach of night. Stanton gazed around. The difference between the architecture of the Roman and Moorish ruins struck him. Among the former are the remains of a theatre, and something like a public place; the latter present only the remains of fortresses, embattled, castellated, and fortified from top to bottom,—not a loop-hole for pleasure to get in by,—the loop-holes were only for arrows; all denoted military power and despotic subjugation & l'outrance. The contrast might have pleased a philosopher, and he might have indulged in the reflection, that though the ancient Greeks and Romans were savages, (as Dr. Johnson says all people who want a press must be, and he says truly), yet they were wonderful savages for their time, for they alone have left traces of their taste for pleasure in the countries they conquered, in their superb theatres, temples, (which were

also dedicated to pleasure one way or another), and baths, while other conquering bands of savages never left any thing behind them but traces of their rage for power. So thought Stanton, as he still saw strongly defined, though darkened by the darkening clouds, the huge skeleton of a Roman amphitheatre, its arched and gigantic colonnades now admitting a gleam of light, and now commingling with the purple thunder-cloud; and now the solid and heavy mass of a Moorish fortress, no light playing between its impermeable walls,—the image of power, dark, isolated, impenetrable. Stanton forgot his cowardly guide, his loneliness, his danger amid an approaching storm and an inhospitable country, where his name and country would shut every door against him, and every peal of thunder would be supposed justified by the daring intrusion of a heretic in the dwelling of an *old Christian*, as the Spanish Catholics absurdly term themselves, to mark the distinction between them and the baptised Moors.—All this was forgot in contemplating the glorious and awful scenery before him,—light struggling with darkness,—and darkness menacing a light still more terrible, and announcing its menace in the blue and livid mass of cloud that hovered like a destroying angel in the air, its arrows aimed, but their direction awfully indefinite. But he ceased to forget these local and petty dangers, as the sublimity of romance would term them, when he saw the first flash of the lightning, broad and red as the banners of an insulting army whose motto is *Vae victis*, shatter to atoms the remains of a Roman tower;—the rifted stones rolled down the hill, and fell at the feet of Stanton. He stood appalled, and, awaiting his summons from the Power in whose eye pyramids, palaces, and the worms whose toil has formed them, and the worms who toil out their existence under their shadow or their pressure, are perhaps all alike contemptible, he stood collected, and for a moment felt that defiance of danger which danger itself excites, and we love to encounter it as a physical enemy, to bid it 'do its worst,' and feel that its worst will perhaps be ultimately its best for us. He stood and saw another flash dart its bright, brief, and malignant glance over the ruins of ancient power, and the luxuriance of recent fertility. Singular contrast! The relics of art for ever decaying,—the productions of nature for ever renewed.—(Alas! for what purpose are they renewed, better than to mock at the perishable monuments which men try in vain to rival them by.) The pyramids themselves must perish, but the grass that grows between their disjointed stones will be renewed from year to year. Stanton was thinking thus, when all power of thought was suspended, by seeing two persons bearing between them the body of a young, and apparently very lovely girl, who had been struck dead by the lightning. Stanton ap-

proached, and heard the voices of the bearers repeating, 'There is none who will mourn for her!' 'There is none who will mourn for her!' said other voices, as two more bore in their arms the blasted and blackened figure of what had once been a man, comely and graceful;—'there is not one to mourn for her now!' They were lovers, and he had been consumed by the flash that had destroyed her, while in the act of endeavouring to defend her. As they were about to remove the bodies, a person approached with a calmness of step and demeanour, as if he were alone unconscious of danger, and incapable of fear; and after looking on them for some time, burst into a laugh so loud, wild, and protracted, that the peasants, starting with as much horror at the sound as at that of the storm, hurried away, bearing the corse with them."

We think the view of the London theatres in 1677, which we are about to extract, an admirable sketch of old manners. It half excites a fear, considering the subject of the tale, that the author did not come honestly by his knowledge. Our readers, we are sure, will regret that a man who can paint thus from the gayest scenes of "this bright and breathing world," should descend to narrate the vagaries of fiends:—

"The London theatres then presented a spectacle which ought for ever to put to silence the foolish outcry against progressive deterioration of morals,—foolish even from the pen of Juvenal, and still more so from the lips of a modern Puritan. Vice is always nearly on an average: the only difference in life worth tracing, is that of manners; and there we have manifestly the advantage of our ancestors. Hypocrisy is said to be the homage that vice pays to virtue,—decorum is the outward expression of that homage; and if this be so, we must acknowledge that vice has latterly grown very humble indeed. There was, however, something splendid, ostentatious, and obtrusive, in the vices of Charles the Second's reign.—A view of the theatres alone proved it, when Stanton was in the habit of visiting them. At the doors stood on one side the footmen of a fashionable nobleman, (with arms concealed under their liveries,) surrounding the sedan of a popular actress*, whom they were to carry off *vi et armis*, as she entered it at the end of the play. At the other side waited the *glass coach* of a woman of fashion, who waited to take Kynaston (the Adonis of the

* Mrs. Marshall, the original Roxana in Lee's *Alexander*, and the only virtuous woman then on the stage. She was carried off in the manner described, by Lord Orrery, who, finding all his solicitations repelled, had recourse to a sham marriage performed by a servant in the habit of a clergyman.

day), in his female dress, to the park after the play was over, and exhibit him in all the luxurious splendour of effeminate beauty, (heightened by theatrical dress), for which he was so distinguished.

Plays being then performed at four o'clock, allowed ample time for the evening drive, and the midnight assignation, when the parties met by torch-light, masked, in St. James's park, and verified the title of Wycherley's play, "Love in a Wood." The boxes, as Stanton looked round him, were filled with females, whose naked shoulders and bosoms, well testified in the paintings of Lely, and the pages of Grammont, might save modern puritanism many a vituperative groan and affected reminiscence. They had all taken the precaution to send some male relative, on the first night of a new play, to report whether it was fit for persons of 'honour and reputation' to appear at; but in spite of this precaution, at certain passages (which occurred about every second sentence) they were compelled to spread out their fans, or play with the still cherished love-lock, which Prynne himself had not been able to write down.

The men in the boxes were composed of two distinct classes, the 'men of wit and pleasure about town,' distinguished by their Flanders lace cravats, soiled with snuff, their diamond rings, the pretended gift of a royal mistress, (*n'importe* whether the Duchess of Portsmouth or Nell Gwynne); their uncombed wigs, whose curls descended to their waists, and the loud and careless tone in which they abused Dryden, Lee, and Otway, and quoted Sedley and Rochester; — the other class were the lovers, the gentle 'squires of dames,' equally conspicuous for their white fringed gloves, their obsequious bows, and their commencing every sentence addressed to a lady, with the profane exclamation of "Oh Jesu!" or the softer, but equally unmeaning one of "I beseech you, Madam," or, "Madam, I burn." One circumstance sufficiently extraordinary marked the manners of the day; females had not then found their proper level in life; they were alternately adored as goddesses, and assailed as prostitutes; and the man who, this moment, addressed his mistress in language borrowed from Orontes worshipping Cassandra, in the next accosted her with ribaldry that might put to the blush the piazzas of Covent Garden †.

* Vide Pope, (copying from Donne).

† Peace, fools, or Gonson will for Papists seize you, If once he catch you at your Jesu, Jesu."

† Vide the Old Bachelor, whose Araminta, wearied by the repetition of these phrases, forbids her lover to address her in any sentence commencing with them.

† Vide any old play you may have the patience to peruse; or, *instar omnium*, read the courtly loves of Rodolphil and Melantha. Palamede and Doratice, in Dryden's *Mariage à la Mode*.

The pit presented a more various spectacle. There were the critics armed cap-à-pie from Aristotle and Bossu; these men dined at twelve, dictated at a coffee-house till four, then called to the boy to brush their shoes, and strode to the theatre, where, till the curtain rose, they sat hushed in grim repose, and expecting their evening prey. There were the templars, spruce, pert, and loquacious; and here and there a sober citizen, doffing his steeple-crowned hat, and hiding his little band under the folds of his huge puritanic cloke, while his eyes, declined with an expression half leering, half ejaculatory, towards a masked female, muffled in a hood and scarf, testified what had seduced him into these "tents of Kedar." There were females, too, but all in vizard masks, which, though worn as well as aunt Dinah's in Tristram Shandy, served to conceal them from the "young bubbles" they were in quest of, and from all but the orange-women, who hailed them loudly as they passed the doors*. In the galleries were the happy souls who waited for the fulfilment of Dryden's promise in one of his prologues †; no matter to them whether it were the ghost of Almanzor's mother in her dripping shroud, or that of Laius, who, according to the stage directions, rises in his chariot, armed with the ghosts of his three murdered attendants behind him; — a joke that did not escape l'Abbé le Blanc ‡, in his recipe for writing an English tragedy. Some, indeed, from time to time called out for the "burning of the Pope;" but though

"Space was obedient to the boundless piece, Which oped in Mexico and closed in Greece,"

it was not always possible to indulge them in this laudable amusement, as the scene of the popular plays was generally laid in Africa or Spain; Sir Robert Howard, Elkanah Settle, and John Dryden, all agreeing in their choice of Spanish and Moorish subjects for their principal plays. Among this joyous group were seated several women of fashion masked, enjoying in secrecy the licentiousness which they dared not openly patronise, and verifying Gay's characteristic description, though it was written many years later,

"Mobbed in the gallery Laura sits secure, And laughs at jests that turn the box demure."

Stanton gazed on all this with the look of one who "could not be moved to smile at any thing." He turned to the stage; the play was Alexander, then acted as written by Lee, and the principal character was performed by Hart, whose god-like ardour in making love, is said almost to have compelled the audience to believe that they beheld the 'son of Ammon.'"

* Vide Southern's *Oroonoko*, — I mean the comic part.

† "A charm, a song, a murder, and a ghost." *Prologue to Oedipus*.

‡ Vide Le Blanc's Letters.

As a specimen of the awful scenes of the work—not certainly as one of the most powerful, but as one of the least unpleasing,—we give the narrative of the destruction of the Inquisition by fire, which delivered one of Melmoth's victims :

"It was on the night of the 29th November 17—, that this extraordinary circumstance took place—extraordinary from the well-known precautions adopted by the vigilance of the holy office against such an accident, and also from the very small quantity of fuel consumed within its walls. On the first intimation that the fire was spreading rapidly, and threatened danger, the prisoners were ordered to be brought from their cells, and guarded in a court of the prison. I must acknowledge we were treated with great humanity and consideration. We were conducted deliberately from our cells, placed each of us between two guards, who did us no violence, nor used harsh language, but assured us, from time to time, that if the danger became imminent, we would be permitted every fair opportunity to effect our escape. It was a subject worthy of the pencil of Salvator Rosa, or of Murillo, to sketch us as we stood. Our dismal garbs and squalid looks, contrasted with the equally dark, but imposing and authoritative looks of the guards and officials, all displayed by the light of torches, which burned, or appeared to burn, fainter and fainter, as the flames rose and roared in triumph above the towers of the Inquisition. The heavens were all on fire—and the torches, held no longer in firm hands, gave a tremulous and pallid light. It seemed to me like a wildly painted picture of the last day. God appeared descending in the light that enveloped the skies—and we stood pale and shuddering in the light below.

Among the group of prisoners, there were fathers and sons, who perhaps had been inmates of adjacent cells for years, without being conscious of each other's vicinity or existence—but they did not dare to recognize each other. Was not this like the day of judgement, where similar mortal relations may meet under different classes of the sheep and goats, without presuming to acknowledge the strayed one amid the flock of a different shepherd? There were also parents and children who did recognize and stretch out their wasted arms to each other, though feeling they must never meet,—some of them condemned to the flames, some to imprisonment, and some to the official duties of the Inquisition, as a mitigation of their sentence,—and was not this like the day of judgement, where parent and child may be allotted different destinations, and the arms that would attest the last proof of mortal affection, are expanded in vain over the gulph of eternity? Behind and around us

stood the officials and guards of the Inquisition, all watching and intent on the progress of the flames, but fearless of the result with regard to themselves. Such may be the feeling of those spirits who watch the doom of the Almighty, and know the destination of those they are appointed to watch. And is not this like the day of judgement? Far, far above us the flames burst out in volumes, in solid masses of fire, spiring up to the burning heavens. The towers of the Inquisition shrunk into cinders—that tremendous monument of the power, and crime, and gloom of the human mind, was wasting like a scroll in the fire. Will it not be thus also at the day of judgement? Assistance was slowly brought—Spaniards are very indolent—the engines played imperfectly—the danger increased—the fire blazed higher and higher—the persons employed to work the engines, paralyzed by terror, fell to the ground, and called on every saint they could think of, to arrest the progress of the flames. Their exclamations were so loud and earnest, that really the saints must have been deaf, or must have felt a particular predilection for a conflagration, not to attend to them. However it was, the fire went on. Every bell in Madrid rang out.—Orders were issued to every Alcalde to be had.—The king of Spain himself* (after a hard day's shooting) attended in person. The churches were all lit up, and thousands of the devout supplicated on their knees by torch-light, or whatever light they could get, that the reprobate souls confined in the Inquisition might feel the fires that were consuming its walls, as merely a slight foretaste of the fires that glowed for them for ever and ever. The fire went on, doing its dreadful work, and heeding kings and priests no more than if they were firemen. I am convinced twenty able men, accustomed to such business, could have quenched the fire; but when our workmen should have played their engines, they were all on their knees.

The flames at last began to descend into the court. Then commenced a scene of horror indescribable. The wretches who had been doomed to the flames imagined their hour was come. Idiots from long confinement, and submissive as the holy office could require, they became delirious as they saw the flames approaching, and shrieked audibly, "Spare me—spare me—put me to as little torture as you can." Others, kneeling to the approaching flames, invoked them as saints. They dreamt they saw the visions they had worshipped—the holy angels, and even the blessed virgin, descending in flames to receive their souls as parting from the stake; and they howled out their allelujahs half in horror, half in hope.

* The passion of the late king of Spain for field sports was well known.

Amid this scene of distraction, the Inquisitors stood their ground. It was admirable to see their firm and solemn array. As the flames prevailed, they never faltered with foot, or gave a sign with hand, or winked with eye;—their duty, their stern and heedless duty, seemed to be the only principle and motive of their existence. They seemed a phalanx clad in iron impenetrable. When the fires roared, they crossed themselves calmly;—when the prisoners shrieked, they gave a signal for silence;—when they dared to pray, they tore them from their knees, and hinted the inutility of prayer at such a juncture, when they might be sure that the flames they were deprecating would burn hotter in a region from which there was neither escape or hope of departure. At this moment, while standing amid the group of prisoners, my eyes were struck by an extraordinary spectacle. Perhaps it is amid the moments of despair, that imagination has most power, and they who have suffered can best describe and feel. In the burning light, the steeple of the Dominican church was as visible as at noon-day. It was close to the prison of the Inquisition. The night was intensely dark, but so strong was the light of the conflagration, that I could see the spire blazing, from the reflected lustre, like a meteor. The hands of the clock were as visible as if a torch was held before them; and this calm and silent progress of time, amid the tumultuous confusion of midnight horrors,—this scene of the physical and mental world in an agony of fruitless and incessant motion, might have suggested a profound and singular image, had not my whole attention been rivetted to a human figure placed on a pinnacle of the spire, and surveying the scene in perfect tranquillity. It was a figure not to be mistaken—it was the figure of him who had visited me in the cells of the Inquisition. The hopes of my justification made me forget every thing. I called aloud on the guard, and pointed out the figure, visible as it was in that strong light to every one. No one had time, however, to give a glance towards it. At that very moment the archway of the court opposite to us gave way, and sunk in ruins at our feet, dashing, as it fell, an ocean of flame against us. One wild shriek burst from every lip at that moment. Prisoners, guards, and Inquisitors, all shrunk together, mingled in one group of terror.

The next instant, the flames being suppressed by the fall of such a mass of stone, there arose such a blinding cloud of smoke and dust, that it was impossible to distinguish the face or figure of those who were next you. The confusion was increased by the contrast of this sudden darkness, to the intolerable light that had been drying up our sight for the last hour, and by the cries of those who, being near the arch, lay maimed and writhing under its fragments. Amid shrieks, and darkness, and flames, a space lay open before me. The thought, the motion, were simultaneous—no one saw—no one pursued;—and hours before my absence could be discovered, or an inquiry be made after me, I had struggled safe and secret through the ruins, and was in the streets of Madrid."

We now close these singular volumes with mingled feelings respecting their contents, but with an unmixed sentiment of good-will to their author. His errors are those of taste, not of the heart. He is greatly distinguished from others of our poets who have aided in perverting the moral feeling of our people, as he is not an unbeliever, nor a scoffer at human affections and human hopes. We implore him to pause, however, before he gives another work like this to the world. His plea for writing romances is unanswerable—and indeed none was needed—but there can be no excuse for writing *such* romances as this. Let him be assured that nothing of this painful, incoherent, and violent character, will ever live. He has energy, pathos, and wonderful richness of diction, which require only to be directed by a calm reflective power to produce impressions on the national heart which will not decay. His genius is at present a vast chaos, where the noblest elements are struggling, and where the embryos of beauty are perpetually mocking the spectator. May we soon perceive those powers settling into order and harmony, and those jarring atoms, formed like earth at first, into a paradise, redolent with "airs from heaven," and filled with groves laden with immortal fruits!

INTELLIGIBLE ODES, CHEERFUL ELEGIES, GAY SONNETS,
DECENT EPIGRAMS, AND TALES OF NO WONDER.

Virginibus Puerisque canto.—*Hor.*

HINTS TO A DEBATING SOCIETY.

When *Balaam* heard, in days of yore,
One ass haranguing, how he swore !
And kick'd—nay, wish'd for sword in hand,
Of such an ass to rid the land :
And all his furious wrath to wreak
Upon an ass that dar'd to speak.
Had *Balaam* heard these modern asses
Here guilty of the same trespasses,
His heels, nor e'en his wish'd-for rapier,
Would satisfy his indignation,
And not an orator escape here
The prophet's plan of reformation.

QUERIES ON AN ANCIENT FABLE.

The queen of soft desires did spring
From the salt sea ; so poets sing ;
And bards, 'tis said, in ancient times,
Hid meanings in their mystic rhimes ;
Some feign that ocean's briny bed
Is salt of tears by lovers shed,
Whilst others say, the tossing ocean,
That labours oft with turbid motion,
Will represent a lover's breast
With agitation oft oppress ;
And as the moon directs its flowing,
Shows men and women mad in wooing ;
And that some ladies will as soon
Their faces change as will the moon ;
Some say, as on the watery world
The sail of commerce is unfurl'd,
So love's most tender joys are sold
To the best trafficker, for gold,
Since swains have ceas'd to play the part
Of honest barter, heart for heart.

EPIGRAM (FROM THE GREEK) ON A MAN
WITH AN IMMENSE NOSE.

I spy *Hermogenes*'s nose with ease,
Yet at a distance walks *Hermogenes* :
They say the nose precedes the man a mile,
So let us stop, *Menippus*, for a while.
Oh, what a nose it is ! but come, my friend,
And let us yonder lofty hill ascend,
For elevated there we may suppose,
We soon shall see the owner of the nose.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A WINE-CELLAR.

What is old age, but life's short barrel drain'd
Of all its sprightly juices, and distain'd
By foul and noisome dregs ? see the lone cask
Stands tottering on its base, mocking the
task
Of the industrious cooper, to restore
The strength the staving hoops could boast
before.
No more the owner hopes or wishes now
Another vintage in its hold to stow !
Nor can the credit of its earlier day
Avail it now, or save it from decay :

Whilst o'er its reliques the ' companion
boon '
Drops a few natural tears, but dries them
soon ! !

WRITTEN IN MY FIFTIETH YEAR.

Tempora labuntur tacitæque senescimus annis.

Ovid. Fast.

What tho' my dancing days are past,
What tho' my locks are growing gray,
As yet my active spirits last,
As yet I feel no quick decay.
I will not pine, to ' ladies fair '
That I no more can offer love ;
For while esteem with some I share,
Shall giddy girls my bosom move !
A ' feverish being ' I resign,
Nor pleasures gone in vain regret,
Which time proclaims no longer mine,
And prudence warns me to forget.
Be mine that philosophic ease,
From envy and from censure free,
That blame the sports that others please,
Or wish for those unfit for me !
Nor whilst I move the gay among,
My tardy steps will I deplore,
Grateful that once I too was young,
Not sad that I am so no more !

WILLIAM EVERGREEN, GENT.

May Fair.

ODE TO FANCY.

Come, sportive Goddess, for you can
Quite alter my poetic plan ;
What tho' I sit in lofty chamber,
Where jackdaws only dare to clamber,
And solitary spiders ply
Their diagram philosophy :
What tho' my *Celia* loves to frown,
And calls me poet, quiz, and clown ;
And duns, whenever they may please,
Call me much harder names than these :—
Yet, when you come, my cell would soon
Be changed into a grand saloon,
The cobwebs would, at your command,
Be fretwork of the finest hand,
And *Celia*, at your kind suggestion,
Would smirer when I put the question,
And duns be satisfied to live
On the bare promises I give :
No sooner shall you here have tript,
Than each neglected manuscript
No longer on the shelf remain,
But issue forth in search of gain ;
Whilst editors, with ample coffers,
Shall bow, and make me ample offers.

THE POET AND RHIMER. AN ECLOGUE.

Poet. So, Mr. Jingle, still sublime,
Still ready at a lucky rhyme ;

Still, as they flit before your eyes,
You aim at subjects as they rise :
Whether a birth-day, or a bonnet,
You fit your easy verses on it.
I own you look in decent case,
In person, clothing, and in face.

Rhimer. We gentlemen who write
with ease

Take subjects how and when we please :
Whilst you with metaphors and tropes
Grow pale in visionary hopes
That kind posterity will pay
Your draughts on fame some distant day.
Most lofty Sir, your present birth
Is very comfortless on earth.

Poet. But think of fame, that proud
reward

That crowns for aye the real bard !!

Rhimer. Oh, vastly fine ! but yet observe,
" Whilst the grass grows, the cow must
starve ; "

That present pudding far outweighs
The future views of empty praise ;
And few the readers that can see
The difference betwixt you and me !!

ANCIENT AND MODERN MANNERS.

In times of yore the good old hall
Stood safe surrounded by a wall ;
So strong and lofty was the dwelling,
No robbers there could enter well in :
The matron and her modest daughters
At home made pies and citron waters ;
Inclos'd in ruffs and fardingale
No dandies could their charms assail.
But now the flimsy mansion stands
Expos'd and open on all hands,
And Miss and Maam, to all beholders,
Expose their bosoms and their shoulders,
In native virtue bold, defy
The venturous hand and prying eye ;
Like modern heroes, each fair charmer
Of courage firm despises armour.
With all precautions they dispense,
And " *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* "

WHEN AND WHERE.

HINTS TO VERY FINE WRITERS.

'Tis strange what wondrous heights they
climb

Who are cycled " bards sublime. "

" In days of yore princes were known
To love the people, not the throne ;
True patriots would their country serve
Unpaid, and yet strain every nerve ;
Then the good people of all ranks
Most gratefully return'd them thanks ;
Then beauteous damsels nought could
move

Save the fond vows of mutual love ;
No wealthy cit, no potent lord,
Was for his power or gold ador'd ;
And then no naughty swains betray'd
The credulous and tender maid :
Nay poverty in those fine days
Met with respect and heard its praise. "

Such things some poets will relate,—
Would they had put the place and date.

ON READING SOME VERY SAD POEMS.

Of doleful bards how great the plenty,
A million to a merry twenty !
Say, can philosophy account
For so unequal an amount ?
Do eastern winds, or cloudy skies
Provide this Isle with elegies ?
And do our numerous sonnetteers
From these sad sources draw their tears ?
Or does the melancholy fit
Demand a less expense of wit ?

When argument is hitch'd in doubt,
An illustration helps us out,
Which, tho' no logical conclusion,
May yet relieve the mind's confusion.
Sage abigails are often clad
In weeds of woe and tints the deepest,
Not that their thoughts are black and sad,
But because mourning is the cheapest.

TO AN ANCIENT COQUETTE.

" Ho ! ho ! quoth Time, my lady fair,
Cannot those tresses of gray hair
Induce you to be sage ?
Cannot those wrinkles deep and wide,
That mark your cheeks on either side,
Remind you of your age ?
In vain those fond appeals to art,
In vain you play the skilful part
To lay the red and white in.
Such common frauds will ne'er succeed,
Since e'en the very beaux can read
Time's legible hand-writing. "

A NERVOUS CHARACTER, IMITATED FROM THE GREEK.

So much does — in life delight,
Each warlike object causes fright,
His own sword drawn appals his eye,
His nodding helmet makes him sigh.
Nay even names that hint at battle
Do in his ears like thunder rattle :
He shook with fear when he espied
His neighbour Mr. Ironside ;
And then what horrors did he feel
When introduc'd to Mr. Steel.
The name of " Ancient Pistol " made
This hero mortally afraid.
But all his dire alarmings cease
When you announce the " Prince of
Peace. "

THE ADVANTAGES OF DEAFNESS. A TALE.

Le Sage, a wit of richest vein,
(Witness *Gil Blas de Santillane*)
Tho' almost deaf he yet would joke,
His audience smil'd whenever he spoke.
Entering a room, he cast his eye
Shrewdly on all the company ;
And when he spied a " choctaw-saw,"
His trumpet from his pouch he drew ;

Solicitous each word to hear,
 He made the best of either ear.
 When faces proud and dull he spied,
 Of pedants harsh and brutified;
 Shrugging his shoulders in such cases,
 Quickly his trumpet he replaces;
 And muttering was heard to say,
 Now I defy you—talk away.

ODE TO INDIFFERENCE.

Hail, Goddess, in whose placid mien
 No thought that teems with care is seen,
 Whose settled features all say no
 To every call of joy or woe,—
 Approach, and with thy careless gait
 Each morning at my cottage wait.

With thee I'll stroll o'er meadows pied,
 Thro' woods, or streets, or squares so wide:
 Should I behold some palace built
 With stone outside, and inside gilt;
 Or six steeds to a car annex'd,
 Teach me to see them all unwe'd,
 And calmly pass each peopled street,
 And each gay lordling that I meet,
 And never wish, in thought or word,
 To own that square, or be that lord.
 In short, wherever I may stray,
 In life's broad panorama way,
 Be you my guide, Indifference,
 Blest substitute for Common Sense;
 And never quit me, till my lot
 Conducts my Celia to my cot!

FINE ARTS.

AFTER a very successful exhibition in London, Mr. Haydon has left the English metropolis for Edinburgh, where his grand picture of Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem will, no doubt, prove highly attractive. The system of exhibiting might easily be made the means of extending the patronage of historical painting; if public bodies would decorate halls and great rooms with works of this class, and allow a small gratuity to be paid by visitors, and applied to some public or charitable purposes. A few fine pictures would thus become no unproductive possession, while our artists would be emulously employed, and our country would accumulate a stock of English paintings richer in all probability than any other nation in the world could boast.

Royal Academy.—On Monday Nov. 13, the annual course of lectures delivered by the professors of painting, sculpture, architecture, and anatomy, commenced at this institution; when Mr. Carlisle delivered his introductory discourse on anatomy. Sir Thomas Lawrence presided for the first time, and wore the superb gold chain presented by his Majesty, to which an elegant medal is appended.

Mr. Henry Edridge has been elected an associate.

Several councils of the Royal Academicians have recently been held respecting the purchase of a unique collection of engravings for the use of the students. Mr. Smith, of the British Museum, has attended, to give his opinion of the value of each of the impressions; and the Associated Engravers will, in all probability, be consulted before the purchase is determined upon.

Mr. Wilkie is occupied on a picture for the Duke of Wellington, which may be expected to afford great pleasure to the admirers of this artist's productions; that is, to every one possessed of the least taste or feeling. The subject is a Chelsea pensioner reading to his comrades an account of the battle of Waterloo from the *London Gazette*.

Martin's *Feast of Belshazzar* is also in progress; a picture in which the peculiar talents of this artist, for producing the sublimely great and immense, will be developed to advantage. A hall of gigantic dimensions crowded with countless multitudes, is represented as the scene of the awful admonition of the hand-writing on the wall. This grand idea treated in the style which may be expected from Mr. Martin, will, no doubt, produce a picture of the first class of excellence.

The *Wellington Shield*, designed by Mr. Thomason, and executed at his manufactory at Birmingham, is perhaps one of the largest specimens of or molu gilding that has been achieved in this country, and tends to shew the stride of improvement that has taken place in this art of manufacture. The circumference of the shield is about ten feet, and is divided into numerous compartments; the centre is in alto-relievo, and exhibits the staff of the Duke of Wellington, at the passing of the Bidassoa. The staff are in full uniform, on horseback; and correct likenesses of Lord Dalhousie, Lord Beresford, Lord Hill, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Niddrie, Lord Lynedoch, Sir Charles Doyle, General Campbell, Earl of March, Marquis of Worcester, and the Prince of Orange. The border is composed of twenty-one

stellated compartments, and contains the celebrated victories, in historical succession, from the landing of the army in Portugal, to the capture of Paris, and the fixing of Napoleon at St. Helena.

The Rose, the Shamrock, the thistle, the palm, and the laurel, are managed with much skill in the division of the compartments, and are happily introduced with the best effect.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

THE spirited proprietor of this house—so long endeared to all true-hearted lovers of plays—commenced another season of his adventurous attempt on the second of October. He has supplied the want of a portico, which has always been severely felt among the few people of fashion who condescend occasionally to honour a theatre with their presence, by a building, which, without possessing any claim to architectural beauty, is neat, and refreshing to the eye. The interior of the house is only altered by a change of the prevailing colours, which is not for the better. A hue of brick-dust on the front of the boxes, contrasted with a pale back-ground, has supplanted the lighter and gayer colours of the last season. Nor is the new drop curtain, exhibiting a mass of glaring columns, entitled to any praise, except so far as it proves the liberality of the manager. It was generally thought that he would contract the dimensions of the interior; and we regret that the present low state of theatrical feeling gives but too palpable hints of the prudence of such a change. Could our large theatres be crowded nightly, we should have no desire to see them reduced in size. We are not among the number of those who contend for theatres so small that every slight movement of the actor's countenance can be distinctly perceived by the most remote spectator. This theory is founded on the assumption that all pleasure derived from acting is critical, than which nothing can be more fallacious. There is "ample verge and room enough" in the front benches, for those who enjoy the performance only as they can trace the movement of every vein, pass judgment on the least inflection of every sigh, and observe that every finger does its duty. But there are others less wise, but not less happy, whose enjoyments have not been staled by frequency—who come from country solitudes, or from country society, to breathe the rich atmosphere of metropolitan delight—or who, bent down with toil and with care, seek a little golden interval of splendour and of joy.

To these the stage is an enchanted region, over which the sweet light that gleamed on their infant eyes yet lingers. They desire no vain familiarity with that which still "breathes there, to give an awe of things above them." The greater the distance of the scene, the more do they enjoy its radiant wonders. Any considerable reduction of the theatre would deprive them of their chief pleasure; bring down the majesties of the scene to their own level, and, by reducing the pomp and state of the performance, despoil it of its most universal charms. But the chief advantage of a large theatre is the opportunity which it gives for wide extension of generous impulses, and the consentaneous elevation of a vast multitude of all ages, ranks, and characters. The pleasure is inconceivably heightened by the extent of the sympathy. What a noble thing is it to make thousands of hearts tremble with one suspense—to awaken within them one single throb of expectation—to touch them at once with noble pity! It is vain to urge that those who throng the back seats in the gallery cannot minutely see the looks, or catch the tones, which excite the generous feeling—they perceive enough with their bodily organs to make the sympathy intelligible to their hearts, and sharing in this they share in all. Small houses well filled are better than large ones with empty benches; but the usual objections to the size of the principal theatres are the most egotistic "cant of criticism." Would the galleries gain by exchanging the bright vision of Aladdin's palace, or the subterranean gardens with their golden fruits through which he wandered, for the opportunity of perceiving the exact proportion of verisimilitude that every actor's performance bears to the character which he personates?

Three tragedians have been produced at this theatre, to supply the loss of Mr. Kean; and, though each has considerable merit, they are far from making up among them the sum of talent and energy with which he is gifted. Mr. Cooper, who appeared first, has a good figure, a countenance well adapted

some and expressive, and a voice sweet in its under-tones, but harsh and discordant if violently exerted. It is singular, that, without any appearance of wilful imitation, he sometimes throws out tones nicely resembling those of Kemble, and at others, drops for a moment or two into the sweet plaintiveness of Kean. He never fails to exhibit an accurate knowledge of his author, or to pay due attention to the business of the scene. The early parts of his *Romeo* were rather tame and unimpressive—the delicious dialogues in the garden had little either of the gentleness or of the ecstasy which their language should inspire; nor were the bursts of agony in the friar's cell, on the sentence of banishment, given with adequate force—but the whole dying scene was excellently acted. The manner in which he exclaimed "O, my love—my wife!" when the portals of the sepulchre were thrown open, and the entranced Juliet was discovered, produced as genuine an impression as we remember to have shared within a theatre. His *Reuben Glenroy*, though destitute of those exquisite touches of pathos in which Kean's performance of the character abounded, had a more uniform propriety, and produced a more harmonious effect on the spectators. It is high praise of his *Othello* to assert, that it could be endured by those who have recently seen the tragedy. If he failed in any passages—as in the two celebrated scenes in the third act—it was only in comparison with that which can scarcely be equalled, and which it is not in the power of acting to surpass. "The force of nature can no farther go," than in the performance of these scenes by Kean. There were, however, opportunities in other parts of the play which that great artist was accustomed to slur over, and which Mr. Cooper wisely seized on, and threw out into new relief, such as the perusal of the letter from Venice, interrupted by bitter speeches to Desdemona, and the scene where he openly accuses her; both of which were acted with great spirit and skill. There was a fine wildness in his *Edgar*, though the whole was very inferior to the admirable representation of the character by Charles Kemble, which is one of the masterpieces of the art. On the whole, Mr. Cooper, if not quite in the first class of tragic actors, approaches it so nearly, that we can scarcely pronounce him as belonging to the second; and will no doubt retain a place

on the London stage, as a very agreeable and useful performer.

Mr. Booth, the second in order of appearance of the manager's recruits, is already well known in theatrical circles. With the worst voice, and the least imposing person on the stage, he has no inconsiderable share of cleverness and force, which enable him to bustle spiritedly through a character, and occasionally to throw new light on some of its features. His best performance is *Iago*. In this part he goes through his dreadful task with a dogged resolution, and delivers his blistering sarcasms with a stinging power, which we think more natural than the gaiety which Mr. Kean threw into the character. His *Lear*, though not without several felicitous conceptions, is not sufficiently kingly or intense to give even the dimmest image of that most wonderful creation of human genius.

A third accession to the tragic strength of this theatre has been provided by the engagement of our old friend Wallack, who, paradoxical as it may sound, has really improved by a trip across the Atlantic! His action is singularly unembarrassed and elegant, and his gesture appropriate and striking. He is not, however, very like *Hamlet*, which he has performed twice. He made several excellent *hits* in the course of the play—but they were all in passages where the mere incident produces the expression, and would excite nearly the same emotion in a different being. He was throughout "too much i' the sun." He recited the noble meditations well—but gave them rather as if he were repeating them after another, than as if they were breathed forth from the inmost recesses of a gentle, but wayward and afflicted heart. His speech over *Yorick's skull* was delivered with good emphasis, but as a professor might read in a lecture-room, not as one would breathe forth sorrow over the poor remains of the gay playfellow of his childhood, or as a man would speak who dallied with sad philosophy as a kindred refuge from the miseries of his own condition. He made amends, however, by the beautiful manner in which he exclaimed—"I loved *Ophelia*!" which, as he spoke it, was as triumphant a vindication of the rights of true passion as we ever heard. The rant which follows served, at least, to shew the compass of his powers of declamation; and the graceful air of self-rebuke with which he closed it, "Nay, if

thou'lt mouth, I'll rant as well as thou," shewed something better. Miss Kelly, who appeared as Ophelia, after an interval of indisposition, was received with the cordiality she so richly merits, and played that loveliest of characters as well as if she had been utterly incapable of melodram or comedy!

In Opera, we miss the marvellous execution of Braham, and "the silver voice of young Carew," which last is a loss indeed. An attempt to supply it by the introduction of a stranger in Polly entirely failed; and Miss Povey has subsequently taken the lead among the female singers—the chief male characters being allotted to Madame Vestris. We cannot say much in praise of this arrangement; for though Miss Povey has a voice of singular clearness and power, she has not yet sufficient practice to take parts where brilliant execution is requisite: and though Madame Vestris sings in the purest taste, and plays Captain Macheath or Don Giovanni with a rakish air, we should not heartily enjoy such palpable "make-believe," even could we shake off that feeling of regret, which respect for the womanly character awakens, when one of the better sex assumes the worst qualities of ours. Mr. Horn has recently come to her aid, and, we hope, will at least rescue her from the necessity of playing the highwayman. He has performed Henry Bertram in Guy Mannering twice, and introduced Mr. Braham's songs with little less than Mr. Braham's applause. The exquisite little melody "Love's young dream," was sung by him in a style worthy of its language and music.

In Comedy too, the public have lost from this establishment some of their best favourites, especially Dowton and Mrs. Sparkes, whose places it will be difficult to supply. Munden, indeed, is in himself a host, and really ought to fill the theatre by his own attraction. He is now in his very prime, as stout-hearted and as grotesque as ever. His real pathos in *Old Dornton*, and his rich humour in *Midas*, have been among the chief treats of the season. He also played with admirable heartiness in the new farce of "*A Wild Goose Chase*," where he enacted a seaman settled in trade. The design of this afterpiece is pleasant and novel. A lover who has no great store of cash, instead of running away with his mistress, contrives to draw her after him, with her guardian and sister, to the celebrated spot sacred

to clandestine marriages. To effect this, he assumes the name of the sister's fugitive husband, who had not only deserted his bride, but left a large debt to the guardian, who eagerly pursues him in hope of payment. On his arrival at an inn on the road, he finds himself unable to carry on the chase for want of means; so he hastens to bed, affects great agony, and while he keeps the old money-lover in suspense by pretended groans, slips out on the other side in the costume of a doctor, and actually dupes the guardian out of £20. as a fee for keeping the patient alive a few hours to settle his affairs. All this was excellently managed by Harley, and told as well as possible. But the joke could not be protracted for two acts; and the perplexities introduced to fill up the second were merely wearying, so that the farce had, at the close, a doubtful reception. Had its materials been employed on an interlude of one act, its success would have been brilliant and complete.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Macready has added Zanga, in Dr. Young's tragedy of *The Revenge* to his list of characters, and fully sustained his great reputation with all who saw him. But even he could not infuse vitality through all the scenes of this dull and unnatural play. Motives so artificial—a plot so absurd—and language so alternately mean and bombastic, can scarcely be found even in the dramas of the Johnsonian age. There is, however, a grandeur in the elements of Zanga's character—a spirit of rude justice in his ferocity, and a majesty which encircles him as the representative of a line of kings whose injuries he is destined to avenge—which excite a feeling of sympathy in spite of the absurdity of his design, the pitifulness of his means, the frequent extravagance of his language, and the miserable inconsistency of his final relentings. Macready, in his representation of the part, tempered an African fierceness with a princely demeanour. Perhaps he was too uniformly dignified, when his spirit should have remained couched as a serpent, ready on occasion to erect its crest with native pride and to shed forth its venom. It seemed impossible for Alonzo to take him for other than the son of a king. There were some extremely fine points in his performance, such as his eager noting down in his tablets the time of Don Carlos's arrival—his exclamation over Alonzo when in a swoon—his joyous

exclamation, "that's truly great," when Leonora's death was decided, with the glowing enumeration of classical examples which followed it. But he was noblest, where the author for a moment is noble, in the delivery of the passage "Let Europe and her pallid sons go weep, let Afric and her hundred thrones rejoice!" His transition from this triumphant strain to yet intenser passion, as he clasped his hands in an ecstasy, and rushing forward with a voice charged with thoughts too big for adequate utterance, invoked the spirits of his murdered countrymen to look down and share in his joy, made an electrical impression on the spectators. It is, indeed, his peculiarity that he always rises with his author, and proves the close alliance of his acting to poetry, by succeeding best in the most imaginative passages. Charles Kemble was a spirited and graceful Alonzo; but the part is entirely unworthy of his powers. The manner of his death with the name of Leonora trembling on his lips, was more beautiful than any thing in the text. Mr. Connor sustained the weight of Carlos with a fortitude worthy of a better lot; and Miss Foote in Leonora looked worthy to make all the mischief of the tragedy. But nothing could prolong the revival of the *Revenge* beyond one night, and it is consigned again to its appropriate repose.

Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*, by the aid of old songs, new scenery, and Miss M. Tree's acting, has proved attractive. Without these helps, we fear, it would have met with little success. Its interest is not sufficiently deep, nor its humour sufficiently palpable, for a theatre. Its wit is too ethereal, its love is too ideal, its very follies are of too imaginative a cast, to be relished by a multitude of spectators. On this occasion too it is, with the exception of Miss Tree and Mr. Fawcett, ill performed, though by highly-gifted actors. There is Farren, merely stiff and dull in the fanciful pedant Malvolio—Liston, in Sir Andrew, keeping up a shrewd understanding with the audience that he knows what he is about—Emery, who makes Sir Toby a mere brute—and Miss Greene, whose only qualification for Olivia is that she can sing songs which do not belong to the character. Miss Tree's Viola is the charm of the piece, and almost realizes the delicious conception of the poet. We never have heard any lines of Shakspeare's better spoken than those celebrated ones beginning "Make

me a willow cabin at thy gate" are by this lady. Her way of humouring the conceit of Olivia's passion, too, is at once delicate and amusing. She has shewn herself as unrivalled in fanciful comedy, as in that description of singing to which her vocal powers are peculiarly adapted.

A new tragedy on the famous subject of *Wallace*, has met with great and merited success. There are few nobler opportunities for tragic poetry than those which the last struggles of an ancient people for independence and freedom offer, especially when the hero by whom they are conducted is not a stoic philosopher, but a man endowed with warm human affection, and who, when he lays down his life for his cause, intensely feels the amount of the sacrifice. Such is the story of Wallace; and it is no small praise that the author by whom it was chosen has not disgraced it. His play is written throughout in a high and manly tone, and breathes a fine spirit of sympathy with all that is good and honourable in man. Fanciful images are scattered through it, but with so judicious a hand, that it is scarcely possible to believe the author so young as he is reported. He has also evinced great dramatic skill in the management of his incidents—has economized the interest well—and has wrought up the last scene to that fine point, where the excited sympathy borders on the merely painful. The chief defects in the piece are a few misplaced tricks of sentiment, which savour of the lowest class of German dramas. Such are Wallace's dropping his sword stupified with horror at the treachery of Menteith, and permitting himself to be quietly taken—his weeping farewell to the mountain solitude, which he describes as free as his own soul—and his placing his destiny in the decision of Helen. A hero of sentiment who would make pathetic addresses to the hills and streams, would have enjoyed his intellectual liberty among them, and never have perilled his life for more palpable freedom. The characters, if not filled up with very individualizing traits, are spirited sketches, and thrown into a relief sufficiently bold for the purposes of the stage. We are really indebted to the author for his forbearance, in leaving his villain without metaphysics to palliate his crimes, or energy to redeem them. He has none of the pitiful ambition of confounding virtue and vice, by casting a false radiance about the wicked. He

has employed the least possible evil in the machinery of his piece, and that he has left in its native form, mean and revolting. The tragedy could scarcely have been better acted. Macready's Wallace, though it does not afford him the opportunity he always improves so well of marking the distinct outline of a character, and bringing all its traits into perfect harmony, is full of noble passages. His mode of performing in the scene where he is betrayed, though we think the author's conception erroneous, is transcendently fine. He appears instantly transformed into a statue as by magic, and fixed in one of the most beautiful and striking of attitudes. Nor

can there be a nobler burst of enthusiasm than his exultation on the news of a reviving struggle in Scotland, in the last scene, which changes the scaffold into an arena of triumph. Charles Kemble performs the fine-hearted Douglas in his most gallant and spirited style. And Mrs. Bunn, in the last trying scene, displays an intensity of feeling and a dignity of manner, with which we scarcely thought her gifted. Most heartily do we rejoice in this signal triumph of a young spirit, "finely touched and to fine issues," and trust it is the beginning of a long line of brilliant successes!

VARIETIES.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Cambridge, Oct. 30.—The Seatonian Prize for the present year was yesterday adjudged to E. Bishopp Elliott, M. A. Fellow of Trinity College. Subject, *The Omnipresence of the Supreme Being*.

North-west Expedition.—The safe return of the *Hecla* and *Griper* from their arduous undertaking, after penetrating through Lancaster Sound into the Polar Sea, is an event highly creditable to the adventurous conductors of the expedition, as well as to Government, and forms an interesting article in the history of British naval achievements. Lieut. Parry, of the *Hecla*, who arrived at the Admiralty Nov. 4, has been raised to the rank of captain; and his journal of the voyage will be published in a few weeks. The following dispatch, addressed to Mr. Croker, by Captain Parry, (dated *Hecla*, W. coast of Davis's Strait, lat. 70. 41. N. long. 69. 17. W. Sept. 5.) appeared in the *Gazette* of Nov. 4, which also announced his arrival in London:—

"SIR—I avail myself of an unexpected opportunity by the *Lee*, of Hull, whaler, to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that his Majesty's ships under my orders succeeded in discovering a passage through Lancaster's Sound into the Polar Sea, and penetrated, during the summer of 1819, as far as the longitude of 112½ deg. west of Greenwich, between the parallels of 74 deg. and 75 deg. north latitude.

"In this space twelve islands have been discovered, and named the Islands of New Georgia, in honour of his Majesty. The expedition wintered in a harbour on the south side of the largest of these islands (called Melville Island), in latitude 74 deg. 47 min. N. and longitude 110 deg. 47 min. W. and proceeded to the westward immediately on the breaking up of the ice, at the commencement of the present season, the ships being in perfect condition, the officers and men in excellent health, and with every

prospect of the final accomplishment of our enterprise.

"At the south-west end of Melville Island, however, the quantity and magnitude of the ice was found to increase so much, that for sixteen days (being above one-third of the whole navigable season in that part of the Polar Sea) it was found impossible to penetrate to the westward beyond the meridian of 113 deg. 47 min. W. In order, therefore, that no time might be lost, I determined to try what could be done in a more southern latitude, and, for that purpose, ran back along the edge of the ice, which had hitherto formed a continuous barrier to the south of us, in order to look out for any opening which might favour the plan I had in view. In this endeavour I was also disappointed, and the season being so far advanced as to make it a matter of question whether, with the remaining resources, the object of the enterprise could now be persevered in with any hope of success, I consulted the principal officers of the expedition, who were unanimously of opinion that nothing more could be done, and that it was, on that account, advisable to return to England.

"In this opinion it was impossible for me, under existing circumstances, not to concur, and I trust that the detailed account of our proceedings, which I shall shortly have the honour to lay before their lordships, will prove highly satisfactory, and that, though our exertions have not been crowned with complete success, they will not be found discreditable to the naval honour of our country.

"I beg you will be pleased to acquaint their lordships, that, having proposed to survey the west coast of Davis's Straits previous to my return, and being desirous of losing as little as possible of the remaining part of the present season which is favourable for the navigation of these seas, I have not considered it right to detain the expedition for the purpose of transmitting by the *Lee* a more full account of this voyage. I shall

only, therefore, add, that, "having accomplished the object now in view, I hope to reach England by the first week in November. I have the honour to be, &c.

"W. E. PARRY, Lieut. and Com."

In consequence of their having reached so far to the westward as the longitude of the Copper-Mine River, the officers and crews become entitled to a reward of 5,000*l.* by Act of Parliament.

The Lords of the Admiralty have printed, lithographically, a chart of the track of the Hecla and Griper, on their North-west Expedition. Some copies of the chart have been distributed among their friends and men of science, which convey some information respecting the dimensions of Lancaster Sound. Measured by the eye, without reference to a scale, it appears to be about 150 miles long, and from 20 to 25 miles broad. The expedition arrived at the entrance of Lancaster Sound, on the 1st of August 1819. On the 7th the ships were in the Regent's inlet, in about 90 deg. of long. where the variation of the needle was about 120 deg. west. Stopped by ice, they left the inlet, and resumed their progress up Barrow's Straits, leaving behind them Croker Bay (the Croker mountains of Captain Ross). They speedily discovered a group of islands, which they named the New Georgia Isles. Proceeding onward, they observed, when rather more than half way to the ultimate point at which they arrived, that the variation of the needle was above 120 deg. east: thus it appears, that the magnetic meridian must lie between that degree and the degree of 90, which runs through the inlet, where the variation was towards the west. At sea the compass had been quite useless since the 7th August, and it was only on land that the needle traversed. The greatest dip was above 88 degrees; and our scientific readers, putting these data together, will perhaps agree with us in supposing that the magnetic pole is situated somewhere on the American continent, between the longitudes we have mentioned, and below the latitude of 70 degrees. Notwithstanding the attempts to decry the value of the discoveries that are accomplished or contemplated, much commercial benefit has already resulted from the navigation of those trackless seas. The confidence acquired by the experience of Captain Ross, has this year induced the whalers, who had been intimidated at the horrors of the higher regions, to venture, as was suggested, to the mouth of Lancaster Sound; and the consequence has been, that they have returned with fuller cargoes than were ever known.

Vaccination.—Whilst doubts are expressed in England as to the efficacy of vaccination in preventing the small-pox infection, we consider it of consequence to lay before our readers an extract of a letter respecting the practice of vaccination, and its efficacy, in China.

Extract of a letter from John Livingstone, Esq. one of the Hon. Company's surgeons in China, dated Macao, the 25th of March, 1820, to Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P.:—

"I am quite astonished to observe in my letters, and in the periodical publications, that the vaccine question is still keenly agitated. It is surely, like many other questions which I need not mention to you, a humiliating lesson to the lords of the creation. *We have no doubts here.* I sometimes vaccinate 500 a-week, and, for the last ten years, may set up a claim to an experience on the subject, which, when compared with that of your noisy and angry disputants, would place theirs as nothing; yet no failure has occurred in my practice. Mr. Pearson* has been still more extensively engaged than myself, and has been equally successful; yet you know that the small-pox rages in China every spring—sometimes with extreme virulence. I have often seen it in its worst forms in the midst of my vaccinated patients, in the same house and the same bed; yet no failure has occurred, not even a varied appearance."

Secret Writing.—Mr. Chenevix has published, in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, (No. XIX.) an account of a newly-invented species of secret writing, on the principle of substitution. The key is so constructed as to give to a small number of syllables a greater variety of values than appears to have been accomplished in any system. The word Europe, for instance, may be ciphered in 6,000 different manners, with one key; and in a far greater number by employing all the methods comprehended in the system. In the article in question the system is fully submitted to inspection and to very severe trials, and a premium is proposed for the deciphering of the specimens offered.

Egyptian Mummy.—The Hunterian Museum at Glasgow has been enriched by the acquisition of an Egyptian Mummy, the donation of Mr. Joshua Heywood, jun. of that city. It is shrouded in fifty or sixty folds of coarse pale-red linen; the inner covering has been soaked in liquid asphaltum—a substance of strong antiseptic power. Upon removing the cloth, a female face was discovered in a high state of preservation. The coffin is richly ornamented with a profusion of hieroglyphical characters. The face at first appeared of a chestnut-brown colour, but, by exposure to the air, became black in the space of three hours.

Cleopatra's Needle.—This celebrated monument of antiquity has been presented to his Majesty George IV. by the Pacha of Egypt, and is expected to arrive shortly from Alexandria. It is intended to be set up in Waterloo-place, opposite to Carlton Palace. The weight of the column is about 200 tons;

* Mr. Pearson is the head surgeon at the Company's factory at Canton.

the diameter, at the pedestal, 7 feet. This magnificent column was obtained through the influence of S. Briggs, Esq. the British resident at Grand Cairo, with the Pacha of Egypt.

Aroma.—From the experiments of M. Robiquet, it appears that the odours which diffuse themselves in the air from various substances, are not to be generally ascribed to a simple volatilization or emanation produced by the odorous body itself, but, in many cases, to a gas or vapour resulting from its combination with the vehicle appropriated to the purpose of diffusing it through space, according to known laws. Many odorous distilled waters are pure solutions of these combinations; and essential oils owe their odour to the combination of a variable vehicle with an inodorous oil.

Arracacha.—We are happy to learn, that the Horticultural Society have made arrangements to procure this useful plant from America.

The Potatoe.—This plant, the solanum tuberosum of botanists, grows wild in the environs of Lima, in Peru, and fourteen leagues from Lima, on the coast; and has been found wild in the kingdom of Chili. It is cultivated by the Indians in Peru and Chili, who call it Papas. It grows spontaneously in the forests near Santa Fé de Bogota, and among the rocks on Monte Video. The wild plants, however, produce only very small roots, of a bitter taste. The native country of this plant is therefore at length ascertained.

Ancient Sculpture.—In removing the library, and clearing away the floor and bookcases, that have so long encumbered the Lady Chapel of Exeter Cathedral, a discovery has been made of two ancient tombs. The sculpture of both is early. They are placed in Gothic niches of much later date; and appear to be the lids only of sarcophagi, and to have been removed from some other station to that which they now occupy. The material is Purbeck marble. The most ancient of them is the figure of a prelate, with a depressed mitre, a beard and mustachios; the two first fingers of the right hand pointing upwards in the act of benediction; in the left hand a crosier. In spandrels, above the head, are each side cherubs. The feet of the figure and the crosier rest on two birds, which terminate in the centre with a single head, the face of which is human. The sides and ends are wrought into wide flutes, without filets, like the fluting of the Doric column; the front is placed parallel with the niche, and the upper corner of the lid at the back inserted four or five inches into the wall. This tomb is on the north side of the chapel. The other tomb is placed on a niche on the south side of the chapel, immediately opposite that first described. This is likewise the figure of a prelate, and is carved in good style, and in much higher relief than the former. The arms and hands are placed

in easy and natural positions on the body; over the staff of the crosier; the head or crook is defaced. The mitre of this figure is of a more recent form than the other; the feet rest on a chimæra, carved in a style of spirit and beauty that would do honour to a period of more refined art. The head is that of a wolf, annexed to the body of a serpent, branching off on each side, and scrolling down the sides of the lid, and finally branching off into rich foliage, tastefully arranged by the feet of the figure, between which the head is seen.

Oriental Literature.—Since the establishment of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in the year 1804, the knowledge of the living languages has been cultivated to an extent wholly unprecedented. By the instrumentality of this pious and benevolent institution, the Holy Scriptures have been translated, printed, and widely circulated, in whole, or in portions of them, in no less than *one hundred and thirty* different languages and dialects: of this number *eighty-two* of those translations are entirely new. By means of versions newly effected in the Oriental tongues, more than half the present population of the globe have had the pages of Divine inspiration exhibited in a tongue which they can read and understand. The study of those languages has also led to the establishment of literary institutions. Among others, there is one of great promise at Malacca, under the designation of the *Anglo-Chinese College*. The object of this institution is the cultivation of Chinese and English literature, and the diffusion of Christianity. It was founded by the Rev. Dr. Morrison; and the Rev. Wm. Milne is appointed President and one of the Tutors. The University of Glasgow, well aware of Mr. Milne's learning and efficacy in this remote but important station, has unanimously conferred on him the degree of Doctor in Divinity.—The Rev. Drs. Morrison and Milne have completed an entire translation of the Holy Scriptures in the Chinese language.

Eclipse of the Sun.—Contrary to the calculations of most of the astronomers, the late eclipse of the sun was annular at Florence for the space of 1 min. 44 sec. The end of the eclipse took place in that city at 4 h. 26 min. 6 sec.; that is, 34 sec. after the moment predicted by the astronomer Carlini, and 28 after that fixed by Professor Linari. Baron Zach, who observed the eclipse at Bologna, will shortly publish his observations on the circumstances which accompanied this phenomenon. These observations are expected to be highly interesting, with respect both to astronomy and geography.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Use of common Salt in Horticulture.—Mr. Parkes, some time since, published, in the Transactions of the Caledonian Horticultural Society, an Essay on the employment of common salt in horticulture, which obtained the prize medal. In this essay he adduces

a great number of well-authenticated facts to prove, 1st, That common salt, when applied in due proportion, has the effect of promoting the health and growth of vegetables. 2dly, That it has the property of rendering fruit-trees and esculent plants unfit for the food or habitation of worms and insects. 3dly, That it is one of the most efficacious substances that can be employed in a garden for the destruction of insects; and 4thly, That it may, with material advantage, be likewise used for the destruction of weeds, or other noxious vegetables.

Spade Husbandry.—The following fact may, perhaps, induce some additional attention to an augmentation of that valuable resource for creating employment—spade husbandry:—A field of seven acres, situated in the county of Surrey, in the last year, was prepared for barley by the spade; the labourers employed earned, in the winter, at the rate of 15s. per week, two-pence per rod being given for digging: and the proprietor considers that it would have cost him double the expense if he had had it ploughed.

Extraordinary Production.—A pine-apple of the black Antigua kind, which weighed five pounds fourteen ounces, was cut, a few days ago, in the pinery of Lord Palmerston, at Broadlands, near Romsey.

A single grain of Talavera wheat, planted by Mr. Gardner, of Weston, near Bath, in his garden, has, this autumn, produced the extraordinary number of 7,445 grains, and the root still continues in a healthy state.

One hundred and sixty pecks of apples

were lately gathered from one tree, belonging to Mr. Charles Kilvington, near Thirsk. The largest apple amongst them did not weigh more than two ounces and a half.

A Plough—has been invented for tilling rough land, called the Rid-plough. It is so constructed that it prevents the plough from getting choaked up before and behind the coulter, and in the point of the irons, with warped grasses or weeds, fresh sea-ware, straw-yard dung, or even a rough stubble in wet weather, and will go as clear through a field of full-grown grain as on a smooth lea, and nothing will stop it save stocks and stones. It is thus of the greatest importance to the farmer, when the loss of time, waste of strength of man and horses, and the inadequate manner in which the work is performed by ordinary ploughs, are considered. The principal alteration is in the beam and coulter, and it is more easily guided and drawn than the common plough.

New Spanish Plough.—The Royal Society of Valladolid has published a description of an improved plough, presented to the Society by Don Andres Herrarie, one of its members. The improvement which this ingenious artist has given to an instrument of such importance to agriculture, preserves the same simplicity and the common uses, varying it only in the share, which causes it to work with much less fatigue to the cattle and the driver, moving and penetrating the earth every where to the same depth, clearing away the weeds, and cutting through the deepest and largest roots.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

EUROPE.

Scientific Expeditions, and Travellers.—It gives us pleasure to reflect on the advantages afforded by a state of peace to science at large, and to that confidential intercourse between the learned of various nations, which forms a striking feature of our time. It is true, that there exists, as there always will exist, a spirit of emulation and of rivalry, which, while it continues honourable and liberal, and does not degenerate into personalities, is equally beneficial to science and to industry. Perhaps there never was a period when so many intelligent persons, dis regarding the dangers and the fatigue of travelling, were engaged in scientific excursions to distant countries. Our own expedition to the Arctic Circle is well known; and we congratulate our country, together with the friends of those engaged in it, on the safe return of our hardy countrymen. Much may be hoped for, from the land expedition in the same climates: and it is understood, that an enterprise of the like nature has been patronized and fitted-out by the Russian Government, to traverse the north of that immense empire as far as possible, with a view to geographical and philosophical discoveries. Not to be behind their neighbours, the French

have taken occasion to furnish the following statement of the scientific expeditions undertaken by their countrymen, principally under the sanction of their Government:—M. Lucas, keeper of the cabinet of mineralogy at the Museum of Natural History, has terminated a journey that has occupied him twenty-one months in Italy and Sicily. He has brought home more than thirty boxes of minerals and other valuable articles collected in those countries; and he highly praises the reception he has met with throughout.—M. Leschenault de Latour has sent from Pondicherry to the Museum of Natural History, a young elephant, living; an antelope, a marcotte of the cocoa-tree, a large black squirrel, and a large box containing specimens of plants and grains.—M. Plé, a naturalist in the service of Government, is on his journey to Porto Rico.—M. Augustus L. Hilaire has given information of his having completed the hazardous and laborious expedition that he had undertaken in South America.—M. Milbert, naturalist and draughtsman in natural history, who had been obliged by the state of his health to quit the company of Captain Baudin, during his expedition in the South, is at present in North America, as correspondent of the Museum of Natural

History. In the space of three years he has sent over fifteen consignments of rare and interesting objects; among them are a bison, several deer of uncommon species, and other living animals never before seen in France.—In compliance with the request of the professors in the Royal Botanic Garden, the minister of the marine has nominated M. de Sauvigny to repair to Senegal in quality of botanic agriculturist.—M. Peyrard, translator of Archimedes, Euclid, and Apollonius, from the Greek, intends to visit Italy, with a view to examine and collate all the manuscripts of the ancient geometricians that can be discovered in the libraries at Turin, at Milan, Florence, and elsewhere. This undertaking has been encouraged by the minister of the interior.

We have already observed, that professor Rask, of Copenhagen, had been prevented by contentions and wars among the inhabitants of Mount Caucasus and the neighbouring countries, from studying the manners and the languages of those people. He had reached as far as Mosdok, on the Terek, where he arrived with a caravan of a hundred carriages from Astracan; in which (except one Armenian merchant) he was the only Christian passenger. He nevertheless praises the cordiality and good conduct of the party; and it must be acknowledged that such a party was perfectly well calculated to put to the test his principle of the similarity of languages; for if he could make himself understood among them, his purpose might be as well answered as by converse with the various and dissimilar inhabitants of Caucasus. The intention of the professor was to watch opportunities, and, if none offered, to resort to some English establishment and endeavour to obtain a passage home in some English vessel.

GERMANY.

Antiquity: Roman Eagle recovered.—It is well known to the studious in classical history and antiquities, that, at the defeat of the Roman legions in Franconia, in the days of Augustus, one of their ensign-bearers (*Aquilifer*) buried the eagle that was confided to his charge, in a ditch, lest it should fall into the enemy's hands; and that afterwards, when the victors were compelled to resign their trophies, one of the captured eagles could not be procured. Time and chance has at length brought it to light. Count Francis of Erbach, who has a country seat at Eulbach, and who has formed a magnificent collection of Roman antiquities, has found in the vicinity of his residence, a Roman eagle, in a good state of preservation. It was discovered in a ditch, not far from some remains of a Roman entrenchment. It is of bronze, thirteen inches in height, and weighs seven pounds. It is not easy to say positively that this is the very eagle formerly missing, but the presumption is strong in its favour, and therefore it may now be appropriated to the 22d Legion, or the Britannic Legion,

which was stationed in the lines of the forest of Odenwald.

Leipsic.—Among the novelties of the late Leipsic fair, the result of which is reported to have been rather satisfactory, was the celebration of Jewish Divine Service, in the German language, with a sermon and psalm-singing, according to the new Hamburg Temple service. Two Jewish men of letters, Mr. Zang, from Berlin, and Mr. Walfsohn, from Dessau, delivered moral discourses, which were highly applauded; and the fine compositions in the Jewish psalms were sung with the accompaniment of an organ. This new Temple service has extraordinary success, and promises to realize the wishes of the venerable Dr. Frelander, at Berlin: "Relief from all Talmudic restraints on religious belief, and a return to the pure Mosaic worship."

New Globes.—A Berlin artist, Mr. Charles P. Khummer, has recently published a globe with the mountains boldly executed in relief. This method impresses the subject more forcibly upon the mind than the mode hitherto adopted, and is consequently admirably calculated for geographical instruction.

FRANCE.

Benevolent Society, and Caution.—From a Report of the *Société Philanthropique* of Paris, for the year 1819, we learn that the receipts of the society were 143,867 fr. and the expenses were 131,731 fr. This Report contains, in addition to what information is usual among ourselves—as lists of subscribers, regulations, &c.—a statement of the medical assistance afforded, and the proceedings of the dispensaries; with lists of those establishments, where situated, their expenses, &c.; including also the consulting physicians and surgeons; their assistants, and other aids for the afflicted.—Though such establishments in London are usually distinct from all others, yet the propriety of annexing them to the general efforts of benevolence by our philanthropic societies deserves consideration.

Another article that deserves consideration also, is the calculations on which benefit societies, savings banks, and others, are established. It is well known that one of our most important institutions of the kind was greatly benefited, if not saved from ruin, by the more correct estimates of the late Dr. Price; while some which had not equally good advisers completely failed. It appears from a pamphlet published by M. Juvigny, author of an *Essay on Life Insurance*, that errors of a like kind have been committed in Paris. This writer proves that, supposing the rate of mortality assumed in the system calculated on by the *Caisse La Parge* should be realized, there would not be a single individual left on the face of the earth,—but the end of the world would necessarily take place in the year eight hundred and twelve from the institution of this ill-omened *Caisse de Prévoyance*.

French Maps.—The French journals announce the recent publication of a map of the world, in its two hemispheres, on a grand and comprehensive scale for accuracy and embellishments. It is of the same magnitude and on the same projection as Arrow-smith's, which was published in London, in 1794; but the knowledge, &c. obtained from subsequent discoveries are stated to preclude all idea of comparison. The execution of the engraving, the colours, and the beauty of the paper, are asserted to be inferior, in no respect, to those of any charts that have appeared in any collection.

Oriental Literature.—M. Demanne, and M. Gaultier, secretary adjunct in the school of Oriental Languages, have just made a discovery which will have very great influence on the civilization of the East. At a late sitting of the Academy of Sciences and Belles-Lettres, these gentlemen presented the result of a process by means of which they have succeeded in imitating Oriental manuscripts, so as to deceive the most experienced eye. They have obtained certificates, signed by several distinguished professors and learned orientalists, which can testify the importance of their invention to the study of languages, and to the progress of knowledge in the Levant. They have just published a prospectus, in which they announce the select works of Saadi, the most ingenious of the Persian poets.

The Black Prince.—A letter from Bordeaux says, "A few days ago were discovered, amongst the ruins of the castle of Castelmann, in Medoc, several silver coins or *demi-gros* of Aquitaine, which exhibit on one side the effigy of the Prince of Wales, in a ducal attire, armed with a sword, standing under a Gothic canopy; and on the reverse, two *fleurs de lys*, and two leopards, symmetrically separated by a full cross, marked with six points, indicative of the value of the coin. Round the portrait of the Prince is the legend—Ed. Po. gns. Reg. Agl. B. (*Eduardus primogenitus regis Angliæ, B.*); and on the reverse—Acit. Prncps (*Aquitaniæ Princeps.*)

A collection of *Rare Animals* has lately been landed at Marseilles, for the Menagerie at Paris. Among them are four crocodiles from three to four feet long, an ostrich of Galam, and a beautiful marine tiger (*tigre marin*), the only one in Europe.

ITALY.

Italian Dialects.—At the present moment, when the subject possesses extraordinary public interest, we copy from the *Oxford Herald* the following specimens of the three principal Italian dialects; those spoken at Genoa, at Milan, and at Venice. They differ from the real Italian (spoken by the well-educated) so much, that they might be regarded as very different languages. The specimens consist of the Lord's Prayer, extracted from that learned work of Adelung, of which an account was given in a late

number of "The Literary Gazette." The proper Italian is as follows:—

"Padre nostro, che sei ne' cieli, sia santificato il tuo nome; il tuo regno venga; la tua volonta sia fatta in terra, come in cielo; dacci oggi il nostro pane quotidiano; e rimettici i nostri debiti, come noi ancora li rimettiamo a' nostri debitori; e non c'indurre in tentazione; ma liberaci dal male.—Amen."

Genoa.—"Poe nostro, che sei nei ze, a vostro nome seja santificao; vegna u vostro regno; si faza u vostra vocentè, come in ze, così in terra; u pane nostro quotidiano deeme anche; e perdona a nui i nostri debiti, come noi perdonemo i nostri debiti; e no ci lascie cade ne tentaziuna; ma liberateci da ma.—Amen."

Milan.—"Padri nes, che sei ne' cieli, cas sia santificau tuo nom; cas vegna il tuo reg; cas faghiasi la tua volonta, com in ciel, così in terra; pagn nes di ogni di denel inki; e rimeti a noi i nes debet, come noi a nes debitor faghium; e non ec lase cascà mighia in tentazion; ma liberen dal male.—Amen."

Venice.—"Pare nostro, che si nel zielo, sia santifica el nome tuo; vegna el regno tuo; sia fatta la volonta tua, siccome in zielo, così in terra; el pane nostro quotidiano dene ozi; e rimetti a nui i nostri debiti, siccome nu li rimettemo a' nostri debitori; e non ne induci in tentazione; ma liberene dal male.—Amen."

The language of Como and Bergamo is notorious as being the worst Patois in all Italy.

SWITZERLAND.

Economical Charity, in humble life.—Let not any individual say, "I am of no use in the world; I have no power to do any good." Says one of our poets—

Circles are praised, not that abound
In greatness;—but th' exactly round;
Such praise they merit, who excel
Not in high state, but doing well.

At Hoffwyl, in Switzerland, lives a poor woman, who has devoted herself to the education and support of destitute orphan children, depending on the charity of the compassionate, which is her only resource. She maintains eight; five boys and three girls. The whole cost of her establishment, including herself, is less than *thirty francs* (say five-and-twenty shillings) per month: of which her lodging costs *four francs*. The daily expense, therefore, for each individual, is scarcely three-halfpence per day; yet the children are in good health, remarkably lively, fresh-coloured, and well-behaved. They are comfortably clad, and very obedient. She makes the elder teach the younger; and, no doubt, she makes them serve themselves and the younger, also; which of necessity imposes a habit of diligence. The name of this exemplary personage is, the widow Rumph; she is seventy years of age: she has been the mother of

fifteen children, and has been foster-mother to thirty-two others.—The subject has drawn attention by reason of the *possibilities* it discloses. Whether it might furnish a hint to parishes—whether it might be moulded into form, to answer the purposes intended by Mr. Owen's celebrated plans; or—whether it be in anywise practicable in this country, we must leave to the decision of the better informed. This, however, we may observe, in passing, that we have known various persons from some of our inland counties, whose means of support were almost equally contracted; yet, whose health and appearance were far enough from indicating misery. How closely the penurious disposition of some *miserably-wealthy* individuals have induced them to approach (perhaps to surpass) the humble fare and close economy of the laudable widow Rumph, is well known to the readers of private anecdotes—of which late years have furnished, at least, a due and ample proportion, not confined to the lowest classes.

RUSSIA.

Accommodations to Travellers.—In the course of last winter the Russian Government established, for the benefit of travellers, along the Gulf of Finland, and from St. Petersburg to Cronstadt, guard-houses, placed about two miles from each other. They are well supplied with fuel, and afford a secure asylum to strangers who may wish for a safe and commodious refuge from the storm of a winter's night. On the top of them is placed a light, with reflectors, by which they are distinguished at a great distance; and in times of heavy mists or fogs, a bell is rung, in order to guide passengers, who otherwise might wander away and lose themselves. To serve as direction-posts in snowy weather, great beams are raised, with signals on them, at proper distances, on each side of the road; and at the half-way is established an inn, well supplied with provisions, and with whatever is necessary for refreshing and re-invigorating the traveller, exposed to the inclemencies of a climate so rude, and without such assistance to wilds so inhospitable.

SOUTH SEA.

Geographical Difficulties: want of a good name.—Certainly the notion of a fifth quarter to the globe is repugnant to the grammar of language, and the import of words; yet so it is, that late discoveries in geography have imposed a necessity on the learned of giving name to a division which properly belongs to neither of the four acknowledged quarters.

As it consists much of islands, some among us have proposed to call it *Polyneria*—Many-isles; others have preferred *Austrasia*; but neither has proved satisfactory. Continental writers have lately endeavoured to fix on it the name of *Oceanica*: but though it must be confessed that the ocean occupies a great portion of it, yet the same may be said of the other parts of the globe; and therefore this term, which is, and ought to be, common to all, cannot specifically distinguish any one. In strict propriety, perhaps, the appellations *New-Holland*, *New South Wales*, &c. are liable to equal exception; for, what have those islands in the South, in common with the *Holland* and the *South Wales* of the North? What can be done under circumstances so distressing? Why not assemble a congress of geographers, invested with full powers to nominate and denominate—to correct, change, alter, and substitute—to issue edicts, and to enforce obedience; any thing to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding?

AMERICA.

Torpedoes.—A vessel has recently been fitted at New Bedford, bound on a whaling voyage, with an apparatus on board for the purpose of blowing them up. Torpedoes, of an arrow form, are thrown from a gun on board the vessel, which are calculated to sink into the body of the whale, and there explode.—(*Boston Patriot*.)

New Colony of Jews.—A Jewish merchant of New York, named Mordecai Noah, has demanded permission of the Government of the United States, to become the purchaser of an island on the Niagara, between the Lakes Erie and Ontario, not far from the English territory, and containing about 1000 acres on its surface. The Member of Congress who acted as Reporter of the Commission charged to examine this demesne, pointed out to the Chamber, in very lively colours, the persecutions to which the Jews are still exposed in many parts of Europe, and suggested that the professed principles of the United States perfectly coincided with the views of Mr. Noah, in seeking to make this purchase; it being his object to offer an asylum, under the protection of the liberal and tolerant laws of the United States, to a class of men who sought in vain for a country on the soil of the old world. In short, it is the intention of this opulent Jew to found a colony of his countrymen in this island; and his proposition has been sanctioned by the American Legislature.

USEFUL ARTS.

NEW INVENTIONS.

Water-proof Cloth.—The newspapers mention that a mechanic of Malmesbury has invented a method of weaving cloth of so close a fabric, that it resists the penetration of wet like skin.

Tan.—Mr. Sheldon, of Springfield in North America, affirms, he has discovered that the bark of the sweet chestnut tree (*Fagus Castanea*) contains twice as much of the substance used in tanning as oak bark, and almost as much dyeing matter as *Campêche* wood.

Preservation of Eggs.—The Edinburgh Philosophical Journal recommends the following method for the preservation of eggs, either for zoological or economical purposes:—Varnish them with gum-arabic, and then imbed them in pounded charcoal. The gum arabic is preferable to varnish, because it is readily removed by washing in water; and the charcoal is essential for maintaining an uniformity of temperature round the eggs, in transporting them through different climates.

Luminous Direction Post.—H. Harvey, of Wickham Skeith, Suffolk, states, through the Gentleman's Magazine, that he has prepared a model for direction-posts, with painted letters, giving light in such a manner as to be legible in the night-time, and retaining that property for several years. This is certainly a humane and useful invention; and it is to be regretted in this respect, that the immense aggregate of human inconvenience, disappointment, and suffering, occasioned by the neglect of the most simple expedients, is suffered to exist in a country like England. If we could take into one view all the evils of a single year from the want of direction-posts generally, and of the common precaution of having the names of places on the road inscribed conspicuously upon some of the houses, it would lead, we think, to the universal adoption of both practices, and conduce more materially than may at first be supposed to the public comfort and benefit.

New Method of making Single Microscopes.—Various methods have at different times been described, by means of which persons of ordinary ingenuity may construct for themselves single microscopes of a very high magnifying power, and possessing a very considerable degree of distinctness.

The most common method is to take up with a point of a wetted wire several small fragments of crown glass, and to hold them in the flame of a candle till they fall down in the form of a small globule. Another method consists in drawing out a thin strip of glass into threads, and holding the extremities of the threads in the flame of a candle, till round globules are formed upon them. These globules being carefully detached, are placed between two plates of lead, copper, or brass, the fractured part being carefully kept out of the field of view. The method recommended by Mr. Stephen Gray, of making microscopes of drops of water, can be considered in no other light than as an amusing experiment; and the single microscopes made by drops of transparent varnish, upon one or both sides of a plate of glass, as proposed and tried by Dr. Brewster, though they give excellent images, are still deficient both in portability and durability.

The defect of the glass globules formed by the ordinary methods is, that we cannot increase their diameter beyond a very small size; that it is difficult to give them a perfect figure; and that there is considerable trouble in fixing them in the brass or copper after they are made.

The following method, recently proposed and executed by Mr. Sivright, is free from the greater part of these defects, and we have no doubt will be considered as a valuable acquisition by those who either cannot afford to purchase expensive microscopes, or who are at such a distance from an optician that they cannot be supplied in any other way.

Take a piece of platinum leaf, about the thickness of tinfoil, and make two or three circular holes in it, from one-twentieth to one-tenth of an inch in diameter, and at the distance of about half an inch from each other. In the holes put pieces of glass, which will stick in them without falling through, and which are thick enough to fill the apertures. When the glass is melted at the flame of a candle with the blow-pipe, it forms a lens which adheres strongly to the metal, and the lens is therefore formed and set at the same time. The pieces of glass used for this purpose should have no mark of a diamond or file upon them, as the mark always remains, however strongly they are heated with the blow-pipe.

The lenses which were made larger than one-tenth of an inch, were not so good as the rest, and the best were even of a smaller size than one-tenth. As the lenses thus formed sometimes contain air-bubbles, the best way is to make several, and select those which are freest from faults. An eye or loop, made by bending the extremity of a platinum wire, may be used instead of the platinum leaf.

The reason for using platinum is, that the glass is more easily and more perfectly melted in this than in other metals, which may perhaps arise from its being a bad conductor of heat, and from its preserving its brightness. As platinum does not oxidate, the glass adheres better to the edges of the hole, and it may be used very thin, as it does not melt with the heat necessary for the complete fusion of the glass.

Mr. Sivright has likewise succeeded in forming what, in so far as we know, was never attempted, plano-convex lenses by means of fusion. In order to do this, he took a plate of topaz, with a perfectly flat and polished natural surface, which is easily obtained by fracture; and having laid a fragment of glass upon it, he exposed the whole to an intense heat. The upper surface of the glass assumed a spherical surface in virtue of the mutual attraction of its parts, and the lower surface became perfectly flat and highly polished, from its contact with the smooth plate of topaz.

NEW PATENTS.

JOHN LEWIS, clothier, WILLIAM LEWIS, dyer, and WILLIAM DAVIS, engineer, all of Brinscomb, in the county of Gloucester; for certain Improvements on Shearing Machines, for shearing or cropping Woolen and other Cloths, that may require such process; the same being further Improve-

ments on a Patent (dated 27 July, 1815) obtained by JOHN LEWIS, for an improved Shearing Machine. Jan. 15, 1818.

The present machine is the first and only instance of the application of a rotatory cutter to shear cloth crosswise from list to list. Its advantages are now so well known in the trade, as to render any further remarks unnecessary.

ANTHONY RADFORD STRUTT, of Mackeney, in the county of Derby, cotton spinner; for Improvements in the Construction of Locks and Latches. October 18, 1819.

This invention is described in manner following: that is to say: First, in a number of levers which are acted upon by the key near the centre, and have their notches (which allow the bolt to be shot when they all correspond) at the circumference; and these plates or levers may either be made to return to their places by a spring, or fall by their own weight when that is sufficient. By this, a small movement of the key produces a large one of the circumference; great space is obtained for the false notches, and room for several working notches to be brought into action by different keys when requisite, which keys are not at all like one another. This allows of key, sub-master key, and grand-master key. Second, in securing the lock upon the door, or in fastening the lid to the lock, so that it cannot either be taken off the door, or taken in pieces to inspect the interior, without the assistance of the master key. A decided difference between this lock and those in use is, that in the lock now in use the key passes the wards, or puts them into the proper position, and also moves the bolt. In this lock the key has only to put the levers into the right position, and the bolt is moved by the hand.

PATENTS LATELY GRANTED.

ROBERT FRITH, of Salford, Lancashire, dyer; for improvements in the method of dyeing and printing various colours, so as to fix or make the same permanent or fast, on cottons, linens, silks, mohair, worsted, and woollens, straw, chip, and Leghorn. October 9, 1820.

WILLIAM HARVEY, of Belper, Derbyshire, ropemaker; for certain improvements in the manufacture of ropes and belts by machinery, and also improvements in the said machinery. October 12, 1820.

RICHARD WITTY, of Sculcoates, Yorkshire, engineer; for certain improvements in pumps, of various constructions, for raising and conveying water and other liquids; and also methods of applying a certain principle, or principles, to ships pumps, and for other useful purposes. October 16, 1820.

WILLIAM ACRAMAN, the younger, and **DANIEL WADE ACRAMAN**, both of Bristol, iron manufacturers; for certain improvements in the processes of forming the materials for the manufacturing chains and chain-cables. October 16, 1820.

JAMES RICHARD GILMOUR, of King-street, Southwark, and **JOHN BOLD**, of Millpond-bridge, both in Surrey, printers; for certain improvements on printing presses. October 20, 1820.

THOMAS PREST, of Chigwell, Essex, watch and time-piece maker; for a new and additional movement applied to a watch, to enable it to be wound up by the pendant knob, without any detached key or winder. October 20, 1820.

JOSEPH MAIN, of Bagno-court, Newgate-street, London, Esq.; for certain improvements on wheeled carriages. October 20, 1820.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

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Already, however, one lady, Miss Elstob, has distinguished herself by her Saxon studies; and we now hail a second fair adventurer in the same walk of good old English literature, who has presented her friends with a very accurate, and even elegant, version of that curious Chronicle which forms the basis of English history. We say "*our friends*," because it is literally so; the work, although at first we believe intruded for general publication, has now come out in a *private* form, and not on sale; a change in its destination arising from the announcement of a similar translation on a more elaborate scale. We regret, however, that the change has taken place; as the work before us would be a most valuable addition to the general stock of *every-day study*; and would prove both amusing and instructive not only to juveniles, but to more mature investigators of British annals.

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And inexhaustible the beauties are

Of this fair universe.—The boundless main;

Heaven's out-stretch'd cope, begem'd with many a star;

And earth's rich loveliness,—the ample plain,

And stream which marks it like a silver vein;

Mountain, lake, and forest, lake, and water-fall t

Can minstrel e'er want subject for his strain,

While such display their charms so prodigal?

Or how, while singing them, forget who form'd them all?

O Poesy! thou dear delightful art!

Of sciences—by far the most sublime;

Who, acting rightly thy immortal part,

Art virtue's handmaid, censor stern of crime,

Nature's high priest, and chronicler of time;

The nurse of feeling; the interpreter

Of purest passion:—who, in manhood's prime,

In age, or infancy, alike canst stir

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to 3

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The parts of France visited by this lady are less frequently touched upon in the books of our tourists than most other districts of that country. The British origin of the inhabitants of Bretagne, their language, which even now differs but little from the Welsh, and their semi-barbarous manners, give them some claim on our curiosity and compassion. Mrs. Stothard's letters present a lively picture of this degraded race, and evince acute observation, good sense, and philanthropy. The volume is embellished with fine specimens of architecture, costume, &c. by Mr. Charles Stothard, and is, on the whole, a very entertaining work.

LITERARY REPORT.

The Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke, M.A. F.R.S. author of *British Monachism*, &c., intends to deliver in the Metropoils, during the winter, Two Courses of *Archæological Lectures*, twelve in each course.

A new Volume of Poems, by JOHN CLARE, the Northamptonshire Peasant, is in the press, and is expected to appear about Christmas.

A Prospectus has been circulated of a New Periodical Religious Magazine, conducted by members of The United Secession Church of Scotland, entitled the *Christian Recorder*, and British and Foreign Religious Intelligence; the first number will appear in January.

The First Part of Mr. DAVID BOOTH'S Analytical Dictionary of the English Language, is now in the press. The same Gentleman is also preparing for publication, a work to be entitled *The Morality of Human Nature*, compared with that of Religious Systems and with the Doctrines of Modern Philosophers.

The General History of the House of *Guelph*, or Royal Family of England, from the first Record of the Name to the Accession of George the First to the Throne of Great Britain, printing under the immediate Patronage of His Majesty, will be ready early in December, in one volume 4to.

Mr. ACKERMANN has issued Proposals for publishing in Six Monthly Parts, *An Historical and Picturesque Tour of the Sæthe, from Paris to the Sea*: illustrated by Twenty-four highly finished and coloured Engravings, from Drawings made for the purpose by Messrs. PUEIS and GENDREL. It will be printed in the same size and style as his other Illustrated Works, and the First Part will appear on the first of January, 1821.

The same Publisher is also preparing a Description of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the People of *Dalmatia, Illyria, and the adjacent Countries*, in Two pocket Volumes, embellished with 32 coloured plates. This work will form the Commencement of a Series intended to embrace all the Nations of the Globe, and to be denominated *The World in Miniature*.

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Speeches of the Members of the House of Commons thereon.

Mr. Robins, whose local knowledge of the country and of the transactions rendered him peculiarly competent to the task, has written the History of the late Revolution in Mexico, including a Narrative of the Expedition of General Xavier Mina, with some Observations on the practicability of opening a commerce between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, and on the future importance of such commerce to the civilized world. This interesting work will be published in the course of a few weeks.

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The Poet's Child; a Tragedy. By Miss Isabel Hill.

The Principles of Medicine, on the Plan of the Baconian Philosophy. By R. D. Hamelton.

A second edition of Mr. Lloyd's Translation of Alfieri's Tragedies, with Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Alfieri.

DIGEST OF POLITICAL EVENTS.

ONE act of the great drama which has been exhibiting before England and the world during the last four months, is at length concluded. The Queen's TRIAL has been brought to a conclusion, and the country is at least relieved from those disgusting and licentious details, which have done so much mischief to public morals. We wish we could add, that the country is relieved from all matter of peril and perturbation arising out of that inquiry. We fear, however, before the question can be finally settled, evils of a different nature from those above alluded to, may be expected. But we shall abstain for the present from comment, and proceed to carry down the historical narrative of this momentous transaction, from our last digest, to the period at which we are writing.

The Queen's Counsel having concluded the defence of their illustrious client, on Thursday, the 26th October,—the following day, and part of the next, were occupied by his Majesty's Attorney-General in replying. In performing this task, he avoided all declamation—all oratorical appeals—all those arts by which the passions may be momentarily excited, while the mind remains unconvinced. His business simply was to shew, if he could, that the charges preferred against her Majesty had not been disproved by her own witnesses; to demonstrate how the evidence in support of the bill was sustained and confirmed by that which was adduced against it; and lastly, what was the legal conclusion to which the peers were bound to come, assuming the truth of the statements he had made. It may easily be supposed, that a mass of evidence, occupying upwards of 1000 folio pages, was not very easily to be reduced to a series of demonstrated propositions, except by the application of great legal acumen, and the exercise of that faculty which juridical practice may improve but cannot bestow. We will venture to say, however, that no candid person can read the reply of the Attorney-General, without acknowledging that he fully accomplished this gigantic labour.

He was ably supported by his learned co-adjutor the Solicitor-General, who, with the scanty materials which his predecessor's wide sweep of argument and illustration had left him, made a powerful impression on the house. Some parts of the case, which had been entangled with manifold contradictions

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and perplexities, he was remarkably happy in elucidating; while the manly energy with which he repelled certain inflammatory, and, we will add, disgraceful allusions of the adverse Counsel, did equal honour to his head and heart. His peroration was very forcible. "My learned friends," said he, "have endeavoured to awaken every sympathy, every passion of your lordships' nature; they have even appealed to the basest of all passions, the passion of fear. In this high and august assembly, of a nation renowned for its firmness and intrepidity, my learned friends have appealed to the passion of fear. Your lordships have been told by one of my learned friends, that if you passed this bill into a law, you would commit an act of suicide. By another of my learned friends you were told, that if you passed this bill, it would be at your—peril! The words hung sufficiently long upon my learned friend's lips to be clearly understood, but they were afterwards affectedly withdrawn. I was astonished to hear such arguments urged—arguments which could not serve, but might have an injurious effect on the case of the illustrious individual in whose behalf they were urged. I know, my lords, that your lordships dare not do any thing unjust; but I know at the same time that you will do what the ends of justice require, without regard to any personal consequences which may follow. But, my lords, it is not in this place only that such arts have been resorted to; a similar course has been followed out of doors—every attempt has been made to intimidate your lordships and overawe your proceedings. Even the name of her Majesty herself has been profaned for base and factious purposes. In her Majesty's name, but undoubtedly without her consent, attacks have been made upon all that is sacred and venerable. The empire—the constitution—the Sovereign—the hierarchy—every order of the state—all has been darkly and malignantly attacked under the shield of her Majesty's name. But, my lords, I do not suppose that this has been done with her Majesty's consent: if it had, well might we exclaim—

'dum capitollo
Regina dementes ruinas
Fusus et imperio parabat.'

In such a case we might well expect the commencement of a new era; but I

again say, that I impute no such motives to her Majesty. I say, my lords, that if in looking to the whole of the evidence, you shall have the strongest moral conviction on your lordships' minds of her Majesty's guilt, but yet feel that there has not been such evidence brought forward as would lay the legal foundation of guilt; in that case, my lords, you will throw out this bill; you will say to her Majesty, in the language of my learned friend Mr. Denman, 'go thou, and sin no more.' But, my lords, if, on the other hand, looking with that calmness and impartiality which the great importance of this case requires, you find that the case is borne out by the strongest, fullest, and most satisfactory evidence, if no doubt hangs upon the minds of your lordships, then, my lords, knowing the tribunal I have been addressing, I am sure you will pronounce your decision on this great and momentous question with a firmness consonant to your high and exalted station."

The legal part of the proceedings being thus concluded, the next step which the house had to take was, to enter upon the discussion of the second reading, and to declare, by its votes, whether the evidence adduced had been such as would justify that second reading. An adjournment of two days took place, in order to allow time for the noble lords to examine and digest the evidence, and to come fully and solemnly prepared to the great question.

On Wednesday, Nov. 1st, they re-assembled, and the Lord Chancellor opened the discussion. His speech could not be otherwise than able and convincing; but we confess we were disappointed with it altogether. If there was one subject that by possibility could come before the House of Lords, which was more adapted than another to call into play his stupendous powers of mind, it was the one then under his consideration. It was, in fact, in its very nature, a purely judicial case; an abstract argument of law; a dry, technical estimate of evidence. We have known this noble and learned lord deliver a much more elaborate judgement in the Court of Chancery, upon an intricate case of equity, than the one he pronounced to the Peers upon the momentous and solemn inquiry whether a Queen of England should be degraded from her rank and constitutional privileges. Perhaps the speeches of his Majesty's Attorney and Solicitor-General,

had so pre-occupied all those legal grounds of debate which he intended to take, that he found his range unexpectedly narrowed. From whatever cause it arose, the fact is certain, that his speech fell considerably below that point at which public anticipation had previously fixed it. Let it not be supposed that we are depreciating the real value of what he uttered. As far as it went, it was excellent, it was worthy of himself; but its fault was, that it did not go far enough; that it was not so complete, so decisive, so comprehensive a view of all the bearings and details of the evidence, as was expected from his capacious mind, from his gigantic powers of argument, and from his consummate legal acumen.

There was a remarkable difference between the speech of the noble and learned lord, and that of the Earl of Liverpool, who treated the question, not with forensic subtlety, but with the plain, straight-forward, and intelligible reasoning of an unperverted mind. He looked at the evidence, and at the inferences fairly deducible from that evidence, with what we call, *per excellence*, the feelings and sentiments of an Englishman. He attempted no violent or overstrained deductions; no wilful suppression of material circumstances; no partial application of insulated facts. He conceded, fairly and honourably, what might be considered the weak points of his case; he yielded, without a moment's reluctance, the full benefit to the accused, of every thing which could be claimed in her behalf; he dismissed from his view all controverted or questionable testimony; and yet, when he had thus winnowed and sifted the evidence, when he had thus dispossessed himself of much which a less honourable antagonist would have retained, he still made out a case so complete and unanswerable, that it seems wonderful it did not produce an unanimity of opinion among their lordships. The conclusion was heard with profound attention—we might almost say, with profound emotion.

"We come now," said the noble lord, "to a decision, in which, I hope and trust, your votes will not be influenced by fear, affection, or interest: and I trust and believe, every peer will give his vote from the bottom of his heart, according to the best of his judgment, and in fulfilment of the dictates of his conscience. I will not believe—I never can believe—that the country

will not do justice to your decision. I have the highest confidence in the country that they will reverence your decision, and I am sure the country reposes its fullest confidence in the integrity of this tribunal. You are, however, my lords, a tribunal that, like all other tribunals, stands before the greater tribunal of public opinion, and by your acts you will be judged. But if you give an honest vote upon this subject, whatever it may be, the public will do you justice, and will feel that vote has been given according to the best of your judgment, and in strict obedience to the dictates of your conscience. Allusions have been made by the noble Lord opposite, to the judges of the land. I know not to what he refers: but without adverting to that circumstance I will say, it gives me the highest satisfaction that this trial proceeds in the presence of the judges of the land. It gives me also great satisfaction that after this trial is closed, we debate the question in the presence of those judges. I am sure they have been to us of the greatest assistance in determining points of law; and I think it highly proper that we have their aid. Heaven grant your decision may be such as will satisfy the ends of justice, and vindicate the cause of truth!—Heaven grant it may be such as will bear the test of judgment here and hereafter,—that in pronouncing your decision you may safely appeal for the truth of your judgment to that Being to whom alone the secrets of all hearts are open;—and that when, at the Last Day, we shall render an account at the tribunal of Eternal Justice, we may feel warranted in our conduct here, and know we have administered justice in mercy, without pronouncing a harsher judgment, or a severer punishment, than is absolutely necessary, doing right between the Queen, the Public, and our God!"

It is not in our power to go through the remaining part of the debate. Many noble peers distinguished themselves, both by the ability and by the candour with which they argued the distressing question. In particular we would name the Earl of Lauderdale, Lord Donoughmore, Lord Redesdale, and Lord Grenville. Earl Grey made an elaborate speech; and though we decidedly dissent from the conclusion at which he arrived, and could, had we space, enumerate many glaring sophistries in the course of it, we are, nevertheless, will-

ing to allow the skill with which he played the advocate.

On Monday, the 6th November, the House divided upon the second reading of the Bill; and as the names of those peers who voted in the majority and minority will become matter of history, we shall give the list of each.

LIST OF THE LORDS

As they voted on the Second Reading of the Bill for Degrading and Divorcing her Majesty.

FOR.

York
Clarence
Beaufort
Rutland
Newcastle
Northumberland
Wellington
Athol
Montrose

AGAINST.

Dukes.

Gloucester
Somerset
Hamilton
Argyle
Leinster
Grafton
Portland
Devonshire
Bedford
Richmond
St. Alban's (absent from illness)

Marquises.

Conyngham
Anglesea
Camden
Northampton
Exeter
Headfort
Thomond
Cornwallis
Buckingham
Lothian
Queensberry
Winchester

Bath
Stafford
Lansdown

Earls.

Harcourt
Brooke and Warwick
Portsmouth
Pomfret
Macclesfield
Aylesford
Balcarras
Home
Coventry
Rochford
Abingdon
Shaftesbury
Cardigan
Winchilsea
Stamford
Bridgewater
Huntingdon
Westmorland
Harrowby
St. Germain
Brownlow
Whitworth
Verulam
Cathart

De Laware
Ilchester
Darlington
Egremont
Fitzwilliam
Stanhope
Cowper
Dartmouth
Oxford
Rosebery
Jersey
Albemarle
Plymouth
Essex
Thanet
Denbigh
Suffolk
Pembroke
Derby
Blessington
Morley
Minto
Harcourt
Grey

FOR.	AGAINST.	FOR.	AGAINST.
Mulgrave		Suffield	Fisherwick (M. Do-
Lonsdale		Montagu	negall)
Orford	Rosslyn	Gordon (Huntley)	Ainherst
Manvers	Caledon	Saltersford	Kenyon
Rosse	Enniskillen	Rous	Sherborne
Nelson	Farnham		Berwick
Powis	Carrick		<i>Archbishops.</i>
Limerick	Carnarvon	Canterbury	York
Donoughmore	Mansfield	Tuam	
Belmore	Fortescue		<i>Bishops.</i>
Mayo	Grosvenor		
Longford	Hilsborough (Marq.	London	
Mount-Cashel	of Downshire).	St. Asaph	
Kingston		Worcester	
Liverpool		St. David's	
Digby		Ely	
Mount-Edgcombe		Chester	
Abergavenny		Peterborough	
Ailesbury		Llandaff	
Bathurst		Cork and Ross	
Chatham		Gloucester	

Viscounts.

Exmouth	Granville
Lake	Anson
Sidmouth	Duncan
Melville	Hood
Curzon	Torrington
Sydney	Bollingbroke
Falmouth	
Hereford	

Barons.

Somers	Ashburton
Rodney	Bagot
Middleton	Walsingham
Napier	Dyncevor
Colville	Foley
Gray	Hawke
Saltoun	Ducie
Forbes	Holland
Prudhoe	Grantham
Harris	King
Ross (or Glasgow)	Belhaven
Meldrum	Clifton (Darnley)
Hill	Say and Sele
Combermere	Howard of Effingham
Hopetoun	De la Zouch
Gambier	Clifton
Manners	Dacre
Ailsa	Audley
Lauderdale	De Clifford
Sheffield	Breadalbane
Redesdale	Erskine
St. Helens	Arden
Northwick	Ellenborough
Bolton	Alvanley
Eldon, C.	Loftus (M. Ely)
Bayning	Fitzgibbon
Carrington	Calthorpe
Dé Dunstanville	Dawnay
Brodrick	Yarborough
Stewart of Garlies	Dundas
Stewart of Castle	Selsea
Stewart	Mendip
Douglas (Morton)	Auckland
Grenville	Gage

The aggregate numbers of the above lists were as follow :

Contents	- - - - 123
Non-contents	- - - 95

Majority for second reading 29

It is necessary, however, to state, that the real majority of those who considered her Majesty guilty, was considerably greater than the numerical one above stated. Many peers, who voted against the second reading, and whose names appear in the minority, distinctly and unequivocally declared that they considered the charges fully substantiated by the evidence; and many who did not so deliver their opinions, yet made no secret of their entertaining similar ones. Some there were, who objected to the bill upon grounds of political expediency; and others, from religious scruples with respect to the divorce clause. Few, very few indeed, avowed their conviction of her innocence. This fact will be more clearly established by the following protests, which were entered against the second reading, and from which it will be seen that only *eight* peers were dissentient on the ground "that the second reading of the bill was equivalent to a decision that an adulterous intercourse (the *only* foundation on which the bill could rest,) had been satisfactorily proved." Eight other peers sign a protest, stating, that though enough had been proved in evidence to "*satisfy them of the existence of guilt*, yet they thought it inexpedient to proceed in the measure. Eighteen more sign a third protest, in which they think it not sufficient that adultery should be merely

"inferred," though innocence, they admit, is "not established." The following are the protests alluded to:

PROTESTS

Against the Second Reading of the Bill of Pains and Penalties.

November 6, 1820.

DISSENTIENT, No. I.

Because the second reading of the bill is equivalent to a decision that adulterous intercourse (the only foundation on which the bill can rest) has been satisfactorily proved.

Because that adulterous intercourse has been inferred, but not proved; and in a doubtful case, in which the imputed guilt is not proved, although innocence be not established, the benefit of that doubt, conformably to the principles of British justice, must be given to the defendant.

Essex, first reason only	Mansfield
Hilsborough, ditto	Enniskillen
Kenyon	Richmond & Lennox
Orford	Jersey, first reason only
Somerset	Carrick
Selsea	Grafton, first reason only
Roseberry	Anson, ditto
Morley, first reason only	Darlington, ditto
Leinster	Belhaven, ditto

DISSENTIENT, No. II.

Because this proceeding, from its nature, cannot be assimilated to a common indictment, in which a conviction upon one count alone, out of many, is sufficient.

And because, although enough has been proved in evidence to satisfy us of the existence of guilt, yet as evidence on many of the allegations has been contradicted, in some disproved, and in others is so suspicious as to be laid wholly out of the case, we are of opinion that it is inexpedient to proceed further in this measure.

Plymouth	Clinton, second reason only
Dynevor	Gage, ditto
Grantham	Ilchester
Denbigh	

The following Peers have also protested against the bill upon general grounds:—

DISSENTIENT, No. III.

William Frederick	Fortescue
Lansdown	Darlington
Jersey	Belhaven
Grey	Grafton
Plymouth	Breadalbane
Fitzgibbon	Auckland
Albemarle	Dawney (Downe)
Hamilton & Brandon	Mendip (Clifden)
Duncan	Leinster
Hilsborough	Hawke
Wentworth (Fitzwilliam)	Gosford
	Romney
	Roseberry

Anson	Scott (Portland)
Yarborough	Thanet
Sherborne	Hood
Cowper	Ashburton
Audley	Howard of Effingham
Kenyon	Alvanley
Carrick	Carnarvon
Selsea	Dundas
Foley	Caledon
Arden	Sundridge (Duke of Argyll)
Egremont	Ducie
Torrington	King
Suffolk and Berks	Rosslyn
Loftus (Ely)	Dacre
Morley	Calthorpe
Granville	Grantham
Richmond & Lennox	Ellenborough
Bedford	

The second reading being thus carried, her Majesty, on the next day, (Tuesday, Nov. 7th,) delivered the following protest into the hands of Lord Dacre, to be, by him, communicated to the house, which was accordingly done:

"CAROLINE REGINA.

"The Queen has learnt the decision of the lords upon the bill now before them. In the face of parliament, of her family, and of her country, she does solemnly protest against it. Those who avowed themselves her *prosecutors* have presumed to sit in judgment upon the question between the Queen and themselves. Peers have given their voices against her who had heard the whole evidence for the charge, and *absented* themselves during her *defence*. Others have come to the discussion from the *Secret Committee*, with minds *biassed* by a mass of slander, which her enemies have not dared to bring forward in the light.

"The Queen does not avail herself of her right to appear before the committee; for to her the details of the measure must be a matter of indifference: and, unless the course of these unexampled proceedings should bring the bill before the other branch of the legislature, she will make no reference whatever to the treatment experienced by her during the last 25 years.

"She now most deliberately, and before God, asserts, that she is wholly innocent of the crime laid to her charge; and she awaits, with unabated confidence, the final result of this unparalleled investigation."

A parliamentary manoeuvre was now played off by those who were adverse to the bill, which undoubtedly had the effect of defeating its progress to the House of Commons. The divorce clause was known to be obnoxious to many of those peers who had voted in favour of the second reading, upon the understanding that the clause would be given up in the committee. The opposition, therefore, with Earl Grey at their head, determined to unite their strength, and

vote for the retention of that clause, with the declared purpose of thus withdrawing from the support of the bill those who were otherwise favourable to it. Accordingly, when it got into the committee, where the omission of the clause in question was moved and supported by ministers, a strenuous opposition was made to the motion, and, upon a division, the ministers found themselves in a minority, the numbers being—

For the clause	- - -	129
Against it	- - -	62

Majority in favour	- -	67
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Thus the point was gained by a mere trick, which might be allowable in a question purely ministerial or political, but which certainly did the Queen's cause very little service. The only parliamentary majority which could be of any use to her, as an exoneration from the charges which had been brought against her, was a majority obtained upon the simple question of her guilt or innocence. Any thing short of that, left her in no very honourable predicament. The effect, however, of this manoeuvre was apparent, when the bill was read a third time, which was agreed to, indeed, but by a majority of only nine, the numbers being—

For the third reading	-	108
Against it	- - -	99

Majority	- - -	9
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This division took place on Friday, Nov. 10th, and immediately upon the numbers being declared, Lord Liverpool rose, and stated, that had such a division taken place upon the third reading as upon the second, he should have felt it his duty to send the bill down to the House of Commons; but as there was only a majority of nine, he thought it proper to move, that the bill should pass that day six months. The question was carried—and thus the trial of the Queen ended!

We shall not attempt to discuss the policy or impolicy of this proceeding on the part of ministers, nor shall we enforce those obvious inferences which every unprejudiced mind must draw, as to the extraordinary situation in which her Majesty has been placed by it. We shall simply confine ourselves to recording two additional official documents connected with this memorable case, in order to make our historical sum-

mary of it complete. The first—in a list of the majority and minority who voted on the third reading; the second, the protests which have been entered by the FRIENDS of ministers against the abandonment of the bill. The language of these protests deserves attentive consideration, and we have no doubt they will be numerous signed.

LIST OF PEERS

Who voted on the third reading of the Bill of Pains and Penalties.

FOR.	AGAINST.
Dukes of York	Duke of Gloucester
Clarence	

Archbishops.

Canterbury	Tuam
	York

Lord Chancellor

Dukes.

Wellington	Portland
Northumberland	Brandon (Hamilton)
Newcastle	Devonshire
Rutland	Bedford
Beaufort	Grafton
	Richmond
	Somerset

Marquises.

Conyngham	Bath
Anglesea	Stafford
Camden	Lansdown
Northampton	
Exeter	
Headfort	
Cornwallis	
Buckingham	
Lothian	
Queensberry	
Winchester	

Earls.

Westmorland, C.P.S.	Blesington
St. Germans	Bradford
Whitworth	Morley
Verulam	Minto
Cathcart	Grey
Mulgrave	Gosford
Orford	Romney
Manvers	Rosslyn
Ross	Caledon
Nelson	Enniskillen
Powis	Farnham
Limerick	Carleton
Donoughmore	Carnarvon
Belmore	Mansfield
Mayo	Fortescue
Longford	Grosvenor
Mount Cashel	Hillsborough (Downshire)
Kingston	Delaware
Liverpool	Lichester
Digby	Egremont
Mount Edgumbe	Fitzwilliams
Strange (Athol)	Portsmouth
Abergavenny	Stanhope
Aylesbury	Cowper
Bathurst	

FOR.	AGAINST.	FOR.	AGAINST.
Chatham	Dartmouth	Saltoun	Grantham
Harcourt	Oxford	Forbes	Pomsonby (Barbora?)
Warwick	Roseberry		King
Graham (Montrose)	Jersey		Belhaven
Pomfret	Albemarle		Clifton (Darnley)
Macclesfield	Essex		Saye and Sele
Balcarras	Thames		Howard of Effingham
Home	Denbigh		De la Zouche
Coventry	Suffolk		Clinton
Rochford	Derby		Dacre
Abingdon			Audley
Shakesbury			De Clifford
Cardigan			
Winchelsea			
Bridgewater			

Viscounts.

Exmouth	Granville
Lake	Anson
Sidmouth	Duncan
Melville	Hood
Curzon	Leinster (Duke of)
Sydney	Torrington
Hereford	Falmouth
	Bolingbroke

Bishops.

Cork	Gloucester
Landaff	
Peterborough	
Ely	
St. David's	
Worcester	
St. Asaph	
London	

Lords.

Harris	Breadalbane
Ross (Glasgow)	Erskine
Meldrum (Aboyne)	Arden
Hill	Ellenborough
Combermere	Alvanley
Hopetoun	Loftus (Ely)
Manners	Fitzgibbon (Clare)
Ailsa (Cassilis)	Bayning
Lauderdale	Gwydir
Sheffield	Calthorpe
Redesdale	Dawnay (Downe)
St. Helen's	Yarborough
Northwick	Dundas
Bolton	Selsey
Carrington	Mendip (Clifden)
De Dunstanville	Auckland
Ross	Gage
Salterford (Counstown)	Fisherwick (Donegall)
Stewart (Galloway)	Amherst
Stuart (Moray)	Kenyon
Douglas (Morton)	Sherborne
Grenville	Berwick
Suffield	Ashburton
Montagu	Bagot
Gordon (Huntly)	Walsingham
Somers	Dynevor
Rodney	Foley
Middleton	Mawke
Napier	Sunbridge (Argyll)
Colville	Dacie
Gray	Holland

The following are the

PROTESTS.

Moved, That the further consideration of the bill be adjourned to this day six months. Which being objected, the question was put thereupon. It was resolved in the affirmative.

DISSENTIENT,

Because no sufficient ground appears for the abandonment of the bill founded on the charges against her Majesty the Queen, which had undergone the most solemn and accurate investigation; charges in which the morality of the country was deeply interested, and on which all the peers, spiritual and temporal, who delivered their opinions, with very few exceptions, declared their conviction of her guilt; and the abandonment of which is a dereliction which may bring into disrespect, not only the character of our highest court of judicature, but that of the nation itself. And it is with the greatest concern we observe the extreme want of consideration for the sovereign, by the dereliction of proceedings so necessarily brought on, by which a wife, declared by the House of Peers to have been guilty of adulterous intercourse with a menial servant, and of a conduct the most depraved, is to remain his Queen Consort, thus lowering the dignity of the crown, and embarrassing the country with far greater difficulties than those which seem to have induced his Majesty's government to relinquish the prosecution of the bill.

SHEFFIELD,
NORTHUMBERLAND,
LOTHIAN,
WILLIAM.

II.

Adhuc, 10 Die Novembris, 1820.

DISSENTIENT,

Because, that in a case of this nature, in which this house appears to us, by its resolution to read the bill a second time, by its proceedings in the committee upon the bill and the report, and by its resolution to read the bill a third time, to have strongly manifested, that, in the judgment of a majority of this house, the guilt imputed in the preamble of the bill had been clearly proved, we think that considerations affecting the justice and honour of the house made it fit that the bill should pass.

Because this appears to us to have been the case in a case in which so many

peers, who voted against the third reading of the bill, had declared their conviction that the guilt imputed had been proved.

Because we also think that the house ought not, in considering whether the bill should pass after its having been read a third time, to have been influenced by any regard to what might take place in an inquiry in the other house of parliament, as was suggested in the course of our debates, save only that we deem it to have been just that the party accused should have had an opportunity of calling for the judgment of both houses, when this house, proceeding by a bill of pains and penalties, had expressed in its resolutions a judgment unfavourable to that party.

Because we cannot but apprehend that the resolution to adjourn the further consideration of the bill will lead to great misapprehension as to the real opinion of the majority of the peers of this house, as it is to be collected from the antecedent proceedings properly understood, with reference to the question upon the guilt imputed to the party accused in the preamble of the bill.

BRIDGEWATER,
VERULAM,
SHAFTESBURY,
WILLIAM.

III.

DISSENTIENT,

Because it has been clearly established by undeniable evidence, and confirmed by the votes and declarations of a great majority of the House of Peers; that the Princess of Wales (now Queen) did commit adultery with a foreigner; and because I know of no other Tribunal where this crime against the State and against society can be punished, or the repetition of the offence be prevented.

adly, Because the failure of this Bill, unaccompanied by any other legislative or judicial proceeding, must encourage the commission of crime, and leave a great stain upon the honour of the Throne and the morals of the present generation.

HARRIS.
WILLIAM.

IV.

DISSENTIENT,

Because the guilt of her Majesty the Queen having, after the fullest investigation and consideration of the evidence adduced for and against her Majesty, been made out and established to the entire satisfaction of my honour and conscience, and the Bill of Pains and Penalties having, in the most solemn and deliberate manner, passed through its different stages, and received the sanction of this House to the third reading, I cannot allow of its abandonment at this period of the sedulous and exemplary attendance and labours of this House, without recording my Protest against a measure which involves a dereliction of the sacred duty of administering justice by this House, and which suffers the most abandoned and licentious conduct to remain, if not triumphant, at least, un-

punished, to the disgrace of our country, in derogation of the honour and dignity of this House, and which tends to lower the first tribunal in the world in the estimation of this nation, of Europe, and of posterity.

POWIS.

WILLIAM,

For the above reasons.

Thus stands this transaction for the present. Whether any, and what ulterior measure will be proposed, we know not; but it does certainly seem impossible, that the majorities of the House of Peers who have concurred in declaring her Majesty guilty, can permit the matter to rest where it is. The two Houses met, pursuant to adjournment, on the 23d, and were then prorogued by commission to the 23d of January. There was one peculiarity attended the prorogation—no speech was sent down by his Majesty, probably from the obvious difficulty which ministers must have felt to frame any allusion to the late trial, fit to be considered as the King's sentiments. It was reported that the Queen intended to send some message to the House of Commons; and Mr. Denman rose, with a paper in his hand; but before the learned gentleman could utter three sentences, the black rod knocked at the door, and summoned the House into the House of Peers, to hear the prorogation read.

The "triumph," as it is called, by the Queen's friends, was celebrated by illuminations and other public rejoicings.

Her Majesty has since demanded a royal palace for her residence, which has been refused by the King.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

This branch of our digest may be very briefly dismissed; for there have been few occurrences abroad that require to be noticed.

In France the elections are proceeding auspiciously for the reigning family, a decided proportion of the new deputies being royalists. This is attributed partly to a sort of circular letter, which the King addressed in his own name to the electors; but more, we believe, to the good effect produced by the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux. With respect to the birth of this prince, a ridiculous fabrication has been circulated in some of the London papers, called a protest on the part of the Duke of Orleans, in which it is pretended that he has proof of the spurious nature of the pretended birth. In other words, the protest asserts, that the Duchess de Berri was not pregnant at all, and that the child

of which she was alleged to be delivered, was the child of another woman by the late Duke de Berri. This protest, however, has been formally disavowed by the Duke of Orleans. The health of Louis XVIII. is said to be extremely bad: so bad, that his dissolution is considered as inevitable within a few months at farthest.

The sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, have had a meeting at Troppau, at which have attended the ministers and ambassadors of the other allied powers. The particular objects of this meeting have not transpired, but the general rumour is, that something will be determined upon with respect to the recent events in Spain, Naples, and Portugal. It is confidently alleged, indeed, that Austria is preparing to march a large army into Italy, for the purpose of subverting the revolutionary system which has been established in the Neapolitan territory.

In Naples, the aspect of affairs is tolerably pacific; but in Sicily there have been dreadful scenes of civil strife. Much blood has been shed, without, at last, deciding the point for which it was shed. The latest advices from that island do not enable us to say whether it will be declared independent of Naples or not.

Very little has transpired since our last concerning Portugal. Lord Beresford arrived in the Tagus, from Rio Janeiro, with full powers bestowed upon him by the King, to govern the country: but the revolutionary party at Lisbon would not allow him to land, and he has arrived in England.

In Spain, there are appearances of bad omen. The suppression of the monasteries by the Cortes, and the appropriation of their revenues to the national use, have necessarily exasperated the whole body of the clergy against the new order of things. It must be remembered too, that they still possess a powerful influence over the mass of the population, and according to the latest advices from that country, it would seem as if that influence had not been exerted in vain. Symptoms of discontent had manifested themselves in various provinces, and, even in the capital, alarm was felt. The King had withdrawn himself to the Escorial, and complained loudly, it is said, that his consent to the decree for abolishing the monasteries had been extorted from him. Meanwhile, the first session of the

Cortes had terminated, when a speech was sent to that body in the name of the King, who did not attend in person, which was in substance as follows:

"GENTLEMEN DEPUTIES—I feel thankful for the generosity with which the Cortes have provided for the wants and decorum of my house and those of the Royal Family: and I cannot but applaud the frankness and justice with which, in solemnly acknowledging the obligations and charges of the State, they have approved the indispensable means of discharging them; thus laying the foundation of our national credit and future felicity. These wise measures, with others intended suitably to organise the land and sea forces, to facilitate the circulation of our territorial riches, to remove all opposing obstacles to establish a plan of finance, such as may reconcile the interests of the State with those of the people, have been objects of the incessant application and continued exertions of the Congress, and rendered them deserving of the universal estimation of Europe, and the just gratitude of the kingdom. At the same time, I cannot but assure you, that my heart has been filled with gladness, on beholding the measures of prudent generosity and indulgence with which the Cortes have endeavoured to heal the wounds of the nation, and efface the remembrance of the evils by which it had been rent, opening the door of reconciliation to error and obstinacy, and at the same time still leaving alive the sweet hope that you will henceforward continue animated by the same noble sentiments, in order to cement the constitutional system on the bases of fraternity and reciprocal love of all Spaniards.

"By this means the solid power of the nation, and of the monarchical authority by which it is directed, go on increasing, and at the same time that improvements in our internal situation are preparing, we acquire more founded rights to the consideration of foreign governments, all of whom continue to give me proofs of their friendly dispositions. Every day I congratulate myself, more and more, on governing a people so worthy and generous. I have co-operated in the glorious enterprise of their regeneration, and in the laudable efforts of the Cortes, through the proper means of the royal prerogative; I have dictated the measures suitable for the execution of the laws, and I do not doubt time will give great force and vigour to our institutions, and that those advantages which already begin to be realised, will progressively increase. — San Lorenzo, Nov. 7, 1820.

(Signed) FERDINAND."

The speech being read, the president announced that in conformity to the regulations of the constitution, the Cortes had closed their sittings that day (the 9th November).

VOL. XIV.

4 U

NEW MONTHLY MAG.—No. 83.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE season of Wheat-sowing has terminated favourably—the lands were in good tilth and the weather propitious, consequently the business has been finished with alacrity. A smaller breadth has been dibbled this year than formerly; the drilling system appears to be annually gaining ground, and we regret to add, bids fair to supersede the dibble entirely.

Although the weather upon the whole has been as seasonable as could be wished, yet a succession of frosty nights has kept the Wheat in check, and vegetation is less forward than might have been expected.

Hay is plentiful; but the want of solar heat to concoct its juices in the proper season, materially injured the quality, and stacks open moulded and indifferent—much worse than was generally expected.

Turnips make but tardy progress, and are so miserably deficient in bulk, that should the winter prove severe, we are convinced there will be more distress for want of keep than has been experienced for many years. Artificial food is generally resorted to for grazing—still the demand for Store Cattle and Sheep has been so limited, that they have been offered at much lower prices than we have been accustomed to witness.

Towards the conclusion of last month the Corn Market made an effort to advance; but no sooner is Wheat-sowing ended, than the flail and threshing machine resume their functions, and prices again retrograde. We feel no inclination to despond, but complaint is so loudly reiterated amongst the landed interest, that we fear an alarming crisis is approaching with hasty strides.

The Beast-market partakes of the depression of the times; still, provision has hitherto maintained a price which general circumstances do not seem to warrant—there appears, however, some disposition for abatement.

Potatoes are unusually cheap this year, notwithstanding the crop is rather deficient, and the quality somewhat injured by their having made what is usually termed two growths—that is, being checked by severe drought at the proper season of increase, a second cluster of roots formed at the commencement of autumn.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Lloyd's Coffee House, November 21, 1820.

MERCANTILE affairs are rather flat at this moment, and that pretty generally. It has been, in part, owing to the necessity of raising money to meet approaching demands. This has reduced the prices of various articles to that state at which they are not likely to go lower; and this *minimum* currency has had, and is likely to have, the effect of promoting their sale, not only at home, but abroad also. Speculators have watched their time; and being willing to buy at the lowest, are coming forward, partly to make purchases, partly to make contracts; and if possible, to secure their bargains at the present prices for future delivery. The reaction is likely to be extensively felt.

To this must be added, the general exhaustion of stock and of assortments among the houses of the most extensive dealings. These are now intent on getting into their possession greater quantities of goods than of late; and having taken the opportunity of giving their orders, while terms are favourable, they may be considered as so many additional speculators. Even the retail traders have followed the same policy, and, in many towns besides the metropolis, they are filling their shops with goods. This explains why the accounts from the manufacturing districts, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Scotland, continue favourable: the labourers are fully employed, but at low rates of wages; which, however, have been advanced in several quarters.

On the whole, it is inferred, that a great impetus is given to manufactures: and the best-informed merchants in the city of London are of opinion that, the Spring trade will justify whatever exertions are making. They do not scruple to assume a confidence on this subject, which is cheerful and pleasing, though it postpones the enjoyment to another day. We augur, too, that the Continental dealers will see their interest clearly; and will forward their commissions while the market favours them. Certainly, no experienced merchant will insure them the same advantageous terms for any considerable length of time to come; or indeed, when the benefit of a brisk exportation has realized the confidence of those engaged in it.

There are in this metropolis, at all times, a number of great capitalists whose command of cash enables them to accomplish much of their wishes, and whose actions are attended to with some address and more anxiety by minor dealers. When these shew their opinion openly by their preparations or their purchases, by their contracts for time, or for the present, others take the hint, and, as it were, follow in their train. They depend on the judgment of such leading men; and the consequences are always favourable as the tide of opinion flows (or unfavourable, if it ebbs). Men in such repute are supposed to have GOOD INTELLIGENCE—or they would not do so and so.

The foregoing observations may be applied with little reserve to most of the greater articles of commerce. The persuasion that COTTON had reached the lowest depression to which it could be reduced, has influenced the holders of the article since the last India sale to shew much firmness. They indulge themselves, also, in the expectation of improvement in the price; for, they argue, very justly, that the quantity consumed by the manufacturers now at work must be replaced, and that without delay; seeing therefore that reports are favourable, they depend on realizing the advantages naturally to be looked for. It must, however, be acknowledged, that others were more ready to sell; and therefore gave the turn in favour of the buyer; more or less, according to existing circumstances.

SUGAR may be quoted as an article perfectly in accord with what we have said. The market has been so languid, and the prices have been so low, that those who thought they might go lower have been disappointed. Considerable attention has been directed to this point; but when it was found that no farther depression could be submitted to, the previous currency has been obtained, though with some reluctance on the part of those who had indulged other expectations. The deliveries by private contract have been very considerable; and the trade for refined goods has been steady; quite equal to what it usually is at this time of the year. Contracts for Spring deliveries are readily offered by buyers: and much business of that kind is either doing, or in progress towards being done.

COFFEE has lately gone off very irregularly. Exportation has taken off much of some kinds, while others have been left on hand. In fact, the demand has not been extensive; and consequently, the purchases made have hardly been sufficient to establish a market price.—The market for Spirits, Rum, and Brandy, is little varied; nor is it likely to undergo much variation. The demand is steady, and the prices are steady. Nothing like speculation, favourable or unfavourable, is at present expected in this department of our commercial concerns.

TOBACCO stands in a very different predicament. A contract is expected to be made with the French government; and, of course, it excites much attention. Will it be *four thousand* hogsheads?—or *three thousand*?—or, only *two thousand*? It will not be formally declared, perhaps, till the end of the month; but the holders are alert; few sales are made at the moment, and the prices are rather nominal than real. A few reports are, however, in circulation;—which the reader may assure himself are not intended to raise the price: and possibly, a few more will be *sported* previous to the closing of the awaited bargain. At present they display no great ingenuity; but they may eventually become more amusing.

The ports are closed against the importation of Foreign Grain, for the ensuing three months. The prices are so low that even grain from the British Colonies is prohibited (except for the purpose of warehousing for exportation.) This is of consequence to the trade of some of our ports, the returns to which have principally been made in Colonial productions of this description. The abundant supply of Foreign Oats has not so severely depressed the market, as some had imagined it would; and it appears to have been unquestionable, that the home supply, if alone relied on, would have been short.

Provisions in general are low; but are thought to have been at their lowest. Irish Pork (new) there is none yet on sale: of Beef but little. Contracts, nevertheless, are forming with some spirit against the arrival of supplies almost daily expected. What can be delivered immediately is looking upward.

We had almost overlooked an article to which the dealer and the politician attach no small importance. Rumours from the Continent have raised the price of *SALTETRE* 2s. per cwt.!! We could be glad to think that this concerns only *Ali Pacha* and the Grand Seignior:—but, as say the astrologers, we must leave it to time will shew.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM OCTOBER 28 TO NOVEMBER 18, 1820, INCLUSIVE.

N. B. In Bankruptcies in and about London, the Attorneys are to be understood to reside in London; and in Country Bankruptcies at the Residence of the Bankrupt, except otherwise expressed.

The Solicitors' Names are between parentheses.

- ABBOTT, W. Windham-place, merchant. (Stephen Anderson, A. Salters'-hall-court, Cannon-street, merchant. (Buckle)
- Appleby, T. C. Canterbury, staymaker. (Bennett, Token-house-yard)
- Armstrong, J. Bristol, millwright. (Meredith, Lincoln's Inn)
- Ashby, J. East-street, Manchester-square, baker. (Harvey Atkinson, G. and F. Kirbymooride, Yorkshire, corn-merchants. (Fyre, Gray's Inn-square)
- Atkinson, C. Huddersfield, merchant. (Jacomb)
- Bailey, S. Bradford, Wilts, butcher. (Dax, Goulford-street)
- Barker, T. Hop-ground Brewery, Stratford, brewer. (Fisher, Farnival's Inn)
- Barnett, T. Kendal, Westmorland, corn-merchant. (Heelis, Staple Inn)
- Beaulen, J. jun. Dartmouth, sail-maker. (Price, New-square, Lincoln's Inn)
- Berthoud, H. jun. Castle-court, Strand, auctioneer. (Jones Deadey, J. Wotton Underedge, Gloucestershire, clothier. (Bridges, Red Lion-square)
- Bennam, H. High-street, Borough, ironmonger. (Sutcliffe Booth, G. jun. Colehill, Warwickshire, dealer. (Hall, Great James-street)
- Bright, W. Newland, Gloucester, corn-dealer. (Meredith, Lincoln's Inn)
- Bryant, J. Austin Friars, merchant. (Gellibrand Brauder, A. Hudge-row, upholsterer. (Lockett Brown, E. Saracen's Head, Friday-street, corn-dealer. (Bovill)
- Causey, J. Bishopwearmouth, Durham, ship-owner. (Meg-gions, Gray's Inn)
- Cannon, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house)
- Chambers, F. Stamford, Lincoln, shoemaker. (Rowland, Lincoln's Inn-fields)
- Cooper, W. Fleet-market, linen-draper. (Dawes Cook, J. Oakley Mills, Suffolk, miller. (West, Red Lion-street, Wapping)
- Cooper, H. Threadneedle-street, merchant. (Courteen Cuff, W. High-street, Islington, broker. (Platt Curtis, J. Fording-bridge, Hampshire, draper. (Towers, Castle-street)
- Drinkwater, S. Liverpool, timber-merchant. (Bance, King's Bench-walk, Temple)
- Dummett, G. Deptford, soap-maker. (Rogers)
- Edridge, D. Baldock, cooper. (Sweet, Edward-street)
- Ellis, J. Staverton-row, Newington, baker. (Benton Fearne, C. Old Broad-street, merchant. (Crowder Fordham, J. Bishop-Stortford, Herts, plumber. (Makinson, Elm-court, Temple)
- Fry, J. Dorset-street, Salisbury-square, tailor. (Mayhew Gordon, J. Tokenhouse-yard, and J. Gordon, Thanet-place, Strand, merchants. (White)
- Green, J. Oxford-street, smith. (Blacklow Greaves, H. Manchester, merchant. (Ellis, Chancery-lane)
- Haesant, E. Wapping-street, carpenter. (Shave Harris, C. Winchester, saddler. (Tilbury, Falcon-street)
- Hewett, G. Henley, banker. (Holme, Great James-street)
- Halle, M. Cheltenham, Gloucester, hotel-keeper. (Vizard, Lincoln's Inn-fields)
- Haywood, G. Birmingham, spirit-merchant. (Chilton, Exchequer-office)
- Hirst, T. Huddersfield, Yorkshire, cloth-dresser. (Battye, Chancery-lane)
- Hill, W. Denton's-green, Windle, Lancaster, brewer. (Mason, New Bridge-street)
- Hooper, J. Tooley-street, Southwark, chymist. (Sherwood Holderness, J. F. Backlersbury, merchant. (Young Howlston, J. Thayer-street, Manchester-square, tailor. (Dewson)
- Horubi, B. Bernard-street, plumber. (Sherwood Hulton, W. Erresham, Worcestershire, porter-dealer. (Bousfield, Bonverie-street)
- Hunt, D. P. Snetterton, Norfolk, miller. (Wright, King's Bench-walk, Temple)
- Imbrie, J. Backlersbury, warehouseman. (Crowder Jevens, J. and G. St. James's-walk, Clerkenwell. (Carter Jent, T. Piccadilly, chinnaman. (Woodhouse)
- Johnson, W. Heybridge, Essex, salt-manufacturer. (Bridges, Red Lion-square)
- Kenworthy, J. Saddleworth, Yorkshire, dyer. (Battye, Chancery-lane)
- Kestev, W. Bishopgate-street, hosier. (Brooking Kew, R. and G. Thomason, Castle-street, Whitechapel, horse-dealers. (Grag)
- Klotz, M. Brighton, merchant. (Champ Knowles, J. Liverpool, inkkeeper. (Lowe, Southampton-buildings)
- London, T. Hartford, salt-manufacturer. (Kent, Chif-ford's Inn)
- Larkworthy, J. Exeter, comb-maker. (Bretton, Broad-street)
- Lethbridge, J. Carmarthen-street, Tottenham-court-road, carpenter. (Boxer)
- Leigh, J. Upper Thames-street, coal-merchant. (Boxer Leslie, J. Richmond-buildings, Soho, jeweller. (Turner Little, T. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper. (Bell, Bow Church-yard)
- Lennon, W. Ringwood, butcher. (Tilson, Coleman-street)
- Lovenbury, M. Bradford, Wilts, victualler. (King, Gray's Inn-square)
- Lynch, M. Whitefriars, carman. (Batho Maaa, H. Provost street, City-road, merchant. (Hard Marsden, T. Pimlico, horse-dealer. (Lloyd Melton, M. sen., and T. Melton, Highgate, builders. (Hun-ter, Brass-lane-place)
- Mossenton, R. Great Marlow, Buckinghamshire, horse-dealer. (Harrison, Backlersbury)
- Myrtle, W. Brightelmstone, Sussex, hatter. (Faithful, Little Winchester-street)
- Norris, T. Bishopstone, Wiltshire, shoe-maker. (Millett, Middle Temple-lane)
- Norman, J. Lucas-street, Commercial-road, master-mar-riener. (R. and W. Wright)
- Oakes, J. King's Arms-buildings, Cornhill, commission-broker. (Bevan)
- Orme, J. Wigam, Lancaster, money-scrivener. (Lowe, Southampton buildings)
- Patey, A. late of Plymouth, now of West Teignmouth, builder. (Young, Charlotte-row)
- Paulden, W. Macclesfield, Cheshire, linen-draper. (Sher-win, Great James-street)
- Parker, A. Cheltenham, builder. (Vizard, Lincoln's Inn-fields)
- Peachey, J. Oxford-street, linen-draper (Courteen Price, R. Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, corn-factor. (Ed-munds, Exchequer-office)
- Ralph, R. and W. King, Ipswich, maltsters. (Taylor, John-street)
- Roberts, S. Cheltenham, druggist. (Meredith, Lincoln's Inn)
- Rutter, J. Winterton, Lincolnshire, merchant. (Hicks, Gray's Inn-square)
- Sarson, J. Kingsland, stage-coach proprietor. (Carter Scary, J. Doncaster, linen-draper. (King, Castle-street)
- Schwano, J. C. and F. Grodden, Soho-square, harp-manu-facturers. (Jones & Bland)
- Slade, W. Leeds, corn-merchant. (Fisher, Throvia Inn)
- Smith, E. and J. Sanderson, Howden, Yorkshire, tailors (Wiglesworth, Gray's Inn)
- Smith, E. Green Lettuce-lane, tea-dealer. (Weston Smith, A. Lime-street-square, merchant. (Reardon Sprague, J. Chesham, Buckinghamshire, draper. (Stevens, Lion-college-gardens)
- Spence, J. Prince-street, Westminster, corn-dealer (Young Stephenson, A. Ingram-court, Fenchurch-street, cotton-manufacturer. (Williams)
- Thwaites, S. Staplehurst, tallow-chandler. (Sherwood, Tiltston, J. Warley, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner. (Wigles-worth, Gray's Inn)
- Town, T. Yalding, Kent, miller. (Drace, Surrey-street)
- Trehane, S. Exeter, silversmith. (Brutton, Old Broad-st.)
- Trent, G. Houtton, Dorsetshire, maketier. (Bonnell, St. Smith's-lane)
- Turner, W. Brentford, potter. (Bishop, Token-house-yard)
- Tweed, T. and R. Great St. Helen's, millers. (Lewis Usherwood, T. jun. Tnabridge, farmer. (Rabb, Clement's Inn)
- Watson, T. James-street, Manchester-square, grocer. (Carlton)
- Wah, C. Coventry, mercer. (Woodcock Watkins, P. Bristol, oil and colourman. (Hard, Temple)
- White, H. Strand-lane, printer. (Bishop)
- Wilkinson, A. Liverpool, wine-merchant. (Blackstock, Temple)
- Wilson, R. Clement's-lane, broker. (Gellibrand Willcocks, T. Holborn, umbrella-maker. (James Wilson, J. jun. Staincliffe, Yorkshire, merchant. (Battye, Chancery-lane)
- Wood, T. Trowbridge, Wiltshire, clothier. (Hurd, Temple Wood, H. Ropemaker-street, Cripplegate, coach-mak-er. (Hutchison)
- Woolven, T. Andover, Southampton, linen-draper. (Brom-ridge, Dyer's-buildings, Holborn)
- Wright, J. Hart-street, Bloomsbury, upholsterer. (Putnam Wrangle, F. T. St. George's, Gloucestershire, dealer. (Hicks, Bartlett's-buildings)
- Yates, R. W. Manchester, cotton-twist dealer. (Milne, Temple)

ABDOIT, P. D. Powis-place, Nov. 25
 Adams, T. South Shields, Dec. 4
 Adcock, J. St. Mary Axe, Nov. 25
 Anderson, A. Philpot-lane, Nov. 25
 Ball, J. Poole, Dec. 12
 Baker, E. Pope's Head-alley, Nov. 18
 Bannan, J. Old Cavendish-st. Nov. 21
 Baylis, J. & T. Thomson, Piccadilly,
 Dec. 2
 Bateman, J. & W. Culbard, St. John's-
 street, Dec. 16
 Bell, J. Spitalfields, Nov. 25
 Bennett, S. A. Worship-street, Nov. 25
 Biggar, W. Manchester, Dec. 5
 Bishop, D. Great Surrey-street, Nov. 21
 Blyth, E. Dyce's-buildings, Nov. 14
 Brattle, W. Ryarrh, Nov. 2
 Brice, W. Bristol, Nov. 24
 Bryan, R. Llangunilo, Nov. 27
 Buckton, R. Jernyn-street, Nov. 28
 Bankers, J. Grafton-street, Nov. 21
 Carey, E. M. Liverpool, Dec. 1
 Carr, C. Bridge-street, Westminster,
 Nov. 21
 Cave, S. Cheltenham, Dec. 6
 Chapman, T. Little Bury Mills, Nov. 25
 Cullen, R. & J. Piers, Champside, Nov. 25
 Collins, R. Maidstone, Nov. 28
 Conely, R. Strand, Nov. 4
 Cooke, J. Corsham, Dorset, Dec. 6
 Cook, J. H. Ismay, Nov. 30
 Cooper, V. New Bond-street, Dec. 23
 Cowne, S. Barbican, Nov. 25
 Crombie, R. Chelsea, Dec. 16
 Cummings, J. Whitechapel, Nov. 11
 Davies, W. Tregear, Dec. 8
 Davis, D. New Bond-street, Nov. 25
 Deaves, H. Liverpool, Dec. 1
 Delamere, P. H. Ramford, Essex,
 Nov. 21
 Dobson, T. Kendal, Dec. 10
 Dobson, H. J. Three Tunn-croft, South-
 wark, Nov. 28
 Dowley, T. J. Willow-street, Nov. 18
 Duckworth, E. Manchester, Dec. 7
 Dyer, W. North-leech, Nov. 25
 Elliott, T. Poole, Dec. 16
 Elliott, J. Farnham, Dec. 7
 Evans, C. & Sir J. Jelf, Gloucester,
 Dec. 20
 Evans, P. Cross-street, Goswell-street,
 Dec. 2
 Fish, J. & J. Nowlan, Newcastle U. T.
 Dec. 12
 Fisher, P. Edgeware-road, Nov. 25

Ford, E. Lime-street, Nov. 7
 Fullarton, J. Manchester, Dec. 5
 Gallant, W. Lendall-hall-market, Nov. 28
 Gardner, T. W. & T. Leicester, Nov. 28
 Giles, D. Lyford, Berke, Nov. 28
 Gompertz, A. Great Winchester-street,
 Nov. 11
 Goodwin, B. Oxford, Nov. 20
 Hart, J. Southampton, Nov. 25
 Harrison, J. Saxilby, Dec. 11
 Harnock, J. Limehouse, Dec. 9
 Harkness, J. Adde-street, Dec. 9
 Hardesty, G. & J. Cowing, Bedford-
 court, Dec. 9
 Hepburn, C. Commercial-road, Nov. 21
 Hitchon, W. St. Peter's-hill, Nov. 28
 Hodgson, R. Fleet-street, Nov. 18
 Holmes, T., J. Harris, & J. D. English,
 Long-acre, Nov. 28
 Holland, S. P. & P. Ball, Worcester-
 shire, Nov. 28
 Hooper, C. E. Canbury, Dec. 13
 Haraby, J. Liverpool, Nov. 27
 Hunter, J. Barge-yard, Bucklersbury,
 Dec. 9
 Jones, D. Brown-street, Dec. 2
 Johnston, T. Bristol, Dec. 11
 Kerry, R. Bucklersbury, Nov. 22
 King, C. M. East Smithfield, Nov. 18
 Kirk, R. Liverpool, Dec. 7
 Levin, L. Great Prescott-street, Nov. 21
 Lomas, T. Fetter-lane, Nov. 28
 Lynch, M. Church-street, Spitalfields,
 Nov. 21
 Lyons, L. Lower Shadwell, Nov. 18
 Mooney, C. C. Caroline-street, Nov. 18
 Martin, T. & S. Hopkins, Bristol,
 Dec. 19
 Martin, J. St. Philip and Jacob, Dec. 8
 May, W. Spital-square, Nov. 18
 Merry, R. Birmingham, Dec. 5
 Miles, W. Oxford-street, Nov. 25
 Monahan, J. T. Oxford-street, Dec. 5
 Mole, W. & R. Lockett, Hereford,
 Dec. 4
 Moody, J. York Mews, Dec. 19
 Neal, N. M. London, Dec. 2
 New, E. Bristol, Nov. 29
 Orr, J. Barge-yard, Bucklersbury, Dec. 9
 Oxenham, J. T. Oxford-street, Dec. 5
 Peacock, J. Ball-alley, Nov. 23
 Pearce, J. Plymouth Dock, Dec. 2
 Phillips, J. R., & B. P. Riding, Liver-
 pool, Dec. 9
 Phillips, T. Broad-street-hill, Nov. 28

Phipps, J. Duke-street, Portland-place,
 Dec. 15
 Pothoer, F. Corporation-row, Nov. 14
 Preble, J. jun. Bow, Nov. 25
 Raine, T. Bear-street, Dec. 16
 Ramsay, J. & R. Forster, Old Broad-
 street, Nov. 21
 Randall, R. Coleman-street, Nov. 25
 Read, J. & J. Hillier, St. Mary-hill,
 Dec. 5
 Reider, W. R. Stratford-green, Dec. 16
 Render, G. & J. Leeds, Dec. 5
 Ridgway, J. Blackburn, Dec. 25
 Ritson, J. Carlisle, Dec. 2
 Schlusser, M. B. Church-court,
 Nov. 25
 Shalcross, W. Joseph-street, Dec. 20
 Shobridge, C. Kensington, Nov. 28
 Simpson, R. Crown-court, Nov. 25
 Suggs, J. W. A. & J. Whalley, Lime-
 street, Nov. 28
 Stevers, R. Banstead, Surrey, Dec. 9
 Sutherland, S. South Shields, Dec. 4
 Swinerton, J. Kendal, Nov. 24
 Taylor, G. & G. Jarman, Fenchurch-st.
 Nov. 21
 Thomas, W. Little Marcle, Here,
 Dec. 13
 Thomson, J. Manchester, Dec. 11
 Thomson, S. Redcross-street, Nov. 21
 Toll, W. St. Germain, Dec. 4
 Townsend, R. & J. R. Mitre ct., Nov. 25
 Townsend, J. Lodge street, Nov. 25
 Tupling, B. Strand, Dec. 2
 Wainwright, W. Liverpool, Nov. 28
 Ward, R. R. Maiden lane, Nov. 28
 Walby, C. C. E., A. W. Bellairs, & G.
 Bellairs, Leicester, Nov. 28
 Wharton, A. New Sarum, Nov. 29
 Williams, L. Nicholas lane, Nov. 25
 Williams, E. Edmonstone, Dec. 2
 Wilson, J. Old Broad-street, Dec. 16
 Wilson, H. & Lightfoot, J. Nottingham,
 Dec. 4
 Wilson, R. Bow Church yard, Nov. 18
 Wood, J. & J. Wakefield, Dec. 15
 Wood, T., R. Wood & W. Troughton,
 Smitham Bottom, Surrey, Nov. 21
 Woodroff, J. Gaa street, Nov. 18
 Worral, S. & A. Pope, Bristol, Dec. 8
 Wrangle, J. Amwall, Nov. 21
 Young, A. St. Swithin's lane, Dec. 2

Daily Prices of STOCKS, from the 25th Oct. to the 25th Nov. 1820, inclusive.

Days.	Bank	3 per Ct.	4 per Ct.	5 per Ct.	Long	Imperial	India	South Sea	4 p. Ct.	Ex. Bills,
1820.	Stock.	Reduced.	Consols.	Consols.	Navy.	Annuities	Stock.	Stock.	Ind. Bnd.	24 pr. Day
Oct. 25	214½	66½ 7½	67½ 7½	85½	104½	17½		75½	25 pm.	5 3 pm.
26		66½ 7½	67½ 7½	85½	104½	17½			24 pm.	4 5 pm.
27	215	67½	68½ 8½	85½	104½	17½			26 pm.	5 3 pm.
28		67½	68½ 7½	85½	104½	17½		75½	25 pm.	4 5 pm.
30	215½	67	67½ 8½	85½	104½	17½	221 ½		25 pm.	4 5 pm.
31	215½	67	67½ 8½	85½	104½	17½	221 ½		26 pm.	4 5 pm.
Nov. 1		67	67½ 8½	85½	104½	17½	221½ 222 75			4 5 pm.
2	215	67½ 6½	68 7½ 85	85	104 17½		75½		26 pm.	4 6 pm.
3	215½	66½ 7	67½ 8½	84½ 85	104 17½	65½	221½ 222		27 pm.	4 6 pm.
4		67	67½ 8½	85	104½					5 6 pm.
6										
7	215	67½	7 68½ 7½ 85½	85½	104½	17½	221½ 222		27 pm.	4 5 pm.
8		67½	7 67½ 8½ 85	85	104½	17½	65½	75½	27 pm.	4 5 pm.
9	215½	67½	68 8½ 85½	85½	104½				26 pm.	5 4 pm.
10	216	67½	68½ 8½ 85½	85½	105	17½	66½	221½	25 pm.	5 3 pm.
11	217	68½	68½ 9½ 86	86	105½	17½		222	26 pm.	5 3 pm.
13		68½	68½ 9½ 86	86	105½	17½		76½	26 pm.	4 2 pm.
14	217½	68½	69½ 8½ 86	86	106½	17½	66½	222 ½	27 pm.	3 5 pm.
15	217½	68½	69½ 8½ 86	86	106½	17½		77	27 pm.	4 5 pm.
16	218	68½	69½ 8½ 86	86	105½	17½	223½ 224		27 pm.	4 5 pm.
17	218	68½	69½ 8½ 86	86	105½	17½	67½		27 pm.	3 5 pm.
18	219	68½	69½ 8½ 86	86	105½	17½		76½	27 pm.	5 3 pm.
20		68½	69½ 8½ 86	86	105½	17½			26 pm.	4 3 pm.
21	219½	68½	69½ 8½ 86	86	105½	17½			27 pm.	5 3 pm.
22	219½	68½	69½ 8½ 86	86	105½	17½	67½		27 pm.	2 3 pm.
23	219½	68½	69½ 8½ 86	86	105½	17½			27 pm.	1 3 pm.
24	219½	68½	69½ 8½ 86	86	105½	17½	224 ½		24 pm.	par. 1 pm.

PRICE OF SHARES

In Canals, Docks, Bridges, Roads, Water-Works, Fire and Life-Insurance Companies, Gas Light Companies, Institutions, &c.—Nov. 21, 1820.

Shares of £.	Div. per Ann. £. s.	Canals.	Per Share. £. s.	Shares of £.	Div. per Ann. £. s.	Roads.	Per Share. £. s.
—	—	Aberdare - - -	25	100	5	Commercial - - -	103
100	—	Andover - - -	5	100	5	East- - -	—
25	21	Birmingham (divided) - - -	550	—	—	India Branch - - -	100
250	5	Bilton and Bury - - -	100	100	1 15	Great Dover-st. Road - - -	31
100	5	Chelmer & Blackwater - - -	90	—	1	Croydon Railway - - -	12
100	8	Chesterfield - - -	120	50	1	Severn and Wye - - -	30
100	44	Coventry - - -	999	—	—	—	—
100	6	Derby - - -	112	—	—	Water-Works.	—
100	8	Dudley - - -	62	100	—	East London - - -	60
100	58	Erewash - - -	1000	50	1 5	Grand Junction - - -	44
100	20	Forth and Clyde - - -	500	—	2 10	London Bridge - - -	56
100	9	Grand Junction - - -	210	—	—	Manchester & Salford - - -	20
100	3	Grand Surrey - - -	57	100	—	South London - - -	21
100	7	Grantham - - -	130	—	2	West Middlesex - - -	47
—	18	Kennet and Avon - - -	18	—	—	—	—
100	10	Leeds and Liverpool - - -	280	—	—	Insurances.	—
—	14	Leicester - - -	295	500	2 10	Albion - - -	49 10
—	119	Loughborough - - -	2400	40	—	Bath - - -	37 6
—	30	Mersey and Irwell - - -	650	1000	25	Birmingham Fire & Life - - -	250
100	10	Monmouthshire - - -	147	250	3	British - - -	50
100	—	Montgomery - - -	70	100	6	Globe - - -	118
100	32	Oxford - - -	625	25	1 4	London Fire - - -	28
—	—	Regent's - - -	25	100	18	Provident - - -	16 10
125	9	Shrewsbury - - -	160	—	10	Royal Exchange - - -	230
100	7 10	Shropshire - - -	140	200	1 4	Union - - -	32
100	40	Stafford & Worcester - - -	610	—	—	Gas Lights.	—
145	10	Stourbridge - - -	210	50	4	Gas Light and Coke (Chart. Comp.) - - -	60
—	22	Stroudwater - - -	495	100	7 10	City Gas Light Comp. - - -	95
100	12	Swansea - - -	175	20	16	Bath Gas - - -	17 10
—	1 10	Thames & Severn, New - - -	31 10	50	3 15	Birmingham - - -	52 10
200	75	Trent & Mersey, or Grand Trunk - - -	1920	20	2	Bristol - - -	28
100 } 50 }	11	Warwick & Birmingham - - -	210	—	—	Literary Institutions.	—
100	10 10	Warwick & Napton - - -	208	75 g ^r	—	London - - -	37
—	—	Worcester & Birmingham - - -	24	25 g ^r	—	Russel - - -	11 11
125	6	Wyrley & Essington - - -	130	—	—	Miscellaneous.	—
—	—	Docks.	—	50	1 5	Auction Mart - - -	20
140	—	Bristol - - -	98	100	2 10	British Copper Comp. - - -	50
100	3	Commercial - - -	60	150	1	London Commercial Sale Rooms - - -	39
—	10	East-India - - -	161	—	—	Carnatic Stock, 1st cl. - - -	71 1/2
—	4	London - - -	91	—	—	City Bonds - - -	100
—	10	West-India - - -	165	—	—	Prussian Bonds - - -	754
—	—	Bridges.	—	—	—	—	—
100	—	Southwark - - -	17	—	—	—	—
100	—	Vauxhall - - -	18 10	—	—	—	—
100	—	Waterloo - - -	5 5	—	—	—	—

From the List published by Wolfe and Edmonds, 9, Change-alley, Cornhill.

INCIDENTS, APPOINTMENTS, BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, &c. IN LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.

With Biographical Accounts of Distinguished Persons.

Fire at the Custom House.—On Tuesday, Nov. 7, a fire broke out in the stationery-room of the Custom House. It was occasioned by a flue which passed through part of a room which contained new books, and printed papers of different forms, and was owing to its having been overheated, and there also having been some unknown aperture or crack in the flue. The utmost confusion for some time prevailed, and the different persons of the establishment were on the alert in removing the books and papers; persons were dispatched in all directions for engines, and in a short time several were on the spot, which being fortunately plentifully supplied with water, they soon abated the fury of the flames. By a quarter past three the fire was entirely extinguished, but not before it had destroyed the interior of the room; a large quantity of books, loose papers, printed forms, &c. but none we believe of any great importance.

Statue of Queen Elizabeth.—The statue of Queen Elizabeth, placed in the niche at the east end of St. Dunstan's church, Fleet-street, which is said to be a fine likeness of that Princess, in whose reign it was executed, has been newly bronzed, and the regalia handsomely gilt.

New Silver Coinage.—On the new coinage of half-crowns, the obverse impression bears the portraiture of his present Majesty, with the inscription "*Georgius IV. D.G. Britanniar. Rex, F.D.*" and on the reverse, the ensign armorial of the United kingdom, contained in a shield surmounted by the Royal Crown; the Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock being placed round the shield, with the word "*Anno*" and the date of the year, and the edge with the graining used on the coins of his late Majesty. The portrait of the King is coarse and imperfect. It is the work of Pistrucci. The reverse is well executed, and does credit to the artist, M. Merlin.

Potential Iron Coffins.—In the suit instituted in the Consistory Court on this subject by John Gilbert against John Basward and William Boyer, churchwardens of St. Andrew's, Holborn, Sir William Scott gave judgment on the 8th of November, and determined that a higher rate of burial fees ought to be paid where these coffins are used. The learned judge therefore directed a table of fees to be prepared by the parish for the consideration of the ordinary.

Johnsonian Club.—An association, called the Johnsonian Club, has been established at Dr. Johnson's Coffee-house, Bolt-court, near the house which was so long the residence of "the Colossus of Literature."

Corporation of London.—By the death of Mr. Deputy Pinder, Samuel Thorp, Esq. father of the present Lord Mayor, has become

Father of the Corporation of London. The late Mr. Pinder, at the time of his death, had been 53 years a member of the Common Council, and the Lord Mayor's father has now been 48 years a member of the same Court.

NEW APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

The Rev. James Wood, D.D. is appointed Dean of Ely, in the room of Dr. Pearce, deceased.

The Rev. Frodsham Hodson, D.D. is admitted Canon of Christchurch, in the room of the Bishop of Llandaff, promoted to the deanery of St. Paul's.

The Rev. John Moore, M.A. has been presented to the Archdeaconry of Exeter.

John Henry Ley, Esq. is appointed Under Clerk of the Parliament, in the room of Mr. Hatsell, deceased.

Richard Richards, Esq. Barrister at Law, is appointed Receiver-General of the Court of Exchequer, vice Abel Moysey, Esq. deceased; Mr. Spranger, of the Chancery Bar, to be one of the Masters of the Court of Exchequer.

A. S. Laing, Esq. Barrister, is appointed a Magistrate at Hatton-garden, vice Raynsford, who has succeeded Mr. Fielding at Queen-square.

Dr. John Cheyne has been appointed Physician General to the Army in Ireland, vice Dr. Robert Perceval, resigned.

NEW MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

County of Warwick.—Francis Lawley, of Middleton Hall, in the county of Warwick, Esq.

Births.] The lady of A. W. Roberts, esq. M.P. of a daughter—At the house of the Duke of Clarence, in Audley-square, the lady of Colonel Fitzclarence, of a daughter—In New Boswell-court, the lady of Boyce Combe, esq. of a son—Viscountess Ashbrook, in Mansfield-street, of a daughter.

Married.] Mr. F. West, only son of the Honourable Mr. West, and grandson to the late Earl Delaware, to Lady Georgiana Stanhope, youngest daughter to the late and sister to the present Earl of Chesterfield—At St. Martin's church, Miss Jane Howe, of Portland-road, Regent's-park, to Capt. Fitzpatrick, of the 88th Connaught Rangers—At Mary-le-bone church, John Charles Purling, Esq. of Wimpole-street, to Maria, eldest daughter of the late Frederick Doveton, Esq. of Upper Wimpole-street—At Islington church, the Rev. Henry Grace Sperling, Rector of Papworth St. Agnes, near Huntingdon, to Mary, eldest daughter of Joseph Wilson, Esq. of Highbury-hill, Middlesex—At the New church, Mary-le-bone, the Rev. C. F. F. Bampfylde, son of

Sir Charles W. Bampfylde, Bart. of Haddington Park, Somerset, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late James Row, Esq. of Newcastle-upon-Tyne—At St. Martin's in the Fields, David James Ballingall, Esq. eldest son of Major-General Ballingall, to Dorcas, daughter of the late Thomas Ward, Esq.—At St. John's, Hackney, Thomas Hankey, Esq. of Fenchurch-street, to Louisa, eldest daughter of Thomson Hankey, Esq. of Dalston—At Kensington, Captain Eckley, of the East India service, to Miss Gayton, of Rose-cottage, Old Brompton—At Kensington church, Miss Charlotte Ann Martelli, eldest daughter of the late Horatio Martelli, Esq. of Norfolk-street, to Francis George Godfrey Martelli, Esq. of Lismore.

Died.] In East-street, Red Lion-square, William Gatty, Esq. of the Exchequer-office, Temple—In Cornhill, Mr. James Asperne, bookseller—In Guildford-street, the Rev. Wm. Tooke, F. R. S.—At Duncroft-cottage, near Staines, Jno. Finch, Esq.—Mr. William Taylor, of the Power of Attorney-office, Bank of England—In Fleet-street, Mr. Joseph Porter, die-engraver—At Twickenham, Margaret Mary, the wife of Robt. Ashworth, Esq. and daughter of the late Sir Benjamin Sullivan—In Portland-place, the Countess Dowager of Lincoln—In Pratt's-place, Camden-town, Mrs. Margaret Belgrave, relict of Thos. Belgrave, Esq.—Ralph Morris, Esq. of Mile-end—At Islington, John Hankey, Esq.—At her house in Piccadilly, Mrs. Ann Stevenson, aged 65—In Norfolk-street, Strand, James Barklie, Esq. of Mullamore, near Colerain, Ireland—At his house in Tottenham-court-road, Mr. Richard Wiseman, upholsterer, &c.—In Lincoln's-inn-fields, Arthur Frederick Marsham, son of David Pollock, Esq. Barrister-at-law—In a fit of apoplexy, Mr. Jas. Wainman, of St. Mary at Hill, fish-factor.

WALTER BRACEBRIDGE, ESQ.

Died, 27th Oct. Walter Bracebridge, Esq. at his house in Queen-square, Westminster. As Major in the Warwickshire Militia, he served in Ireland when the French landed at Bantry Bay. His loyalty distinguished him to the end of his career, while his love of science, his cheerful eccentricity of manner, and his comprehensive benevolence, endeared him to all who had the happiness to know him.

WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

Literature has just sustained a loss in the death of that amiable poet, W. Hayley, who breathed his last on the 11th November, at Felpham, in Sussex, at the age of seventy-six. He was a native of Chichester, and received his education at Cambridge, where he made an essay of his literary talents in an elegant copy of verses on the birth of his present Majesty. From that time the bent of his genius towards poetry became conspicuous; he studied most carefully the classical authors of Greece and Rome, as well as those mighty names which adorn

our own poetical annals: nor did he rest there, but in a subsequent stage of his studies he rendered himself a perfect master of all the best poems in the French, Italian, and Spanish languages. The first remarkable work that he published was "An Essay on Painting," which appeared in 1778, addressed to his friend Romney. This was followed in 1779 by "An Epistle to Admiral Keppel," and "An Elegy" imitated from the Greek. In 1780 he wrote a poem on the death of "Thornton," and in 1781 appeared several of his chief productions, viz. :—"Essay on History" (addressed to Gibbon), "Ode to Howard," and "The Triumphs of Temper." In 1784 he attempted a novelty in the English language by his "Comedies" in rhyme. His Essay on "Old Maids," published in 1785, in three vols. attracted attention at the time, and contains many just remarks and amiable traits of sentiment.—Besides these and several other interesting works, both in prose and verse, he is known as the biographer of Milton, Cowper, and Romney, and has produced some translations from the "Inferno of Dante," and from the "Araucana of Ercilla. Mr. Hayley was well known to many literary characters for the last fifty years, and was particularly attached to Cowper, the poet, for whom he had the satisfaction of obtaining a pension by his zealous and benevolent exertions. He lived upon terms of friendship with the late Lord Thurlow, and, when his Lordship quitted his seals, kept up a correspondence with him on many subjects of Grecian learning. He was also much connected with Mr. Gibbon, to whom he addressed his "Epistle on History." His friendship, indeed, for that celebrated historian subjected Mr. Hayley to the imputation of favouring the same free notions on religious subjects which were imputed to that author; but the fact was undoubtedly the reverse, as was known most satisfactorily to the intimate friends of Mr. Hayley. The suspicion seemed to be confirmed by Mr. Hayley's continued absence from public worship; but this was owing to the infirmity of his health, and to a complaint in his eyes, which was always aggravated by the smallest damp or vapour.

MRS. SARAH RICHARDS.

Mrs. Sarah Richards, relict of Mr. William Talbot Richards, and mother to Mr. Edwin, of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane. Mrs. Richards was for many years the first Comic Actress on the Dublin stage, under the management of Messrs. Ryder and Daly, where she was universally admired for her public talents, and exemplary conduct in private life. It is to the credit of Mrs. Edwin we record, that long before infirmity had rendered her parents unfit for professional labour, she withdrew them from the stage, supported them by her own industry, and gave comfort to their age till on her affectionate bosom they both expired.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES, IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Eccles, Rev. James Beard, rector of Cranfield, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward Hobson, esq. of Hope Hall, Lancashire—In London, Thomas Potter Macqueen, esq. M.P. eldest son of Dr. Macqueen, of Ridgmont House, in this county, to Ann, eldest daughter of the late Sir Jacob Henry Astley, bart.

Died.] At Bedford, at the house of Alderman Nash, Mr. Thoq. Meacher, 53, formerly of Newport Pagnell—Martha, daughter of Mr. Rawlins, 14—At Tilbrook, Mr. William Brown, 54—At Taddington, of apoplexy, William Strange, esq. 69. The father of this gentleman died of the same disorder, and at the same age—At Wilshamstead, Mr. William Bull, 70—In London, Mr. Joseph Anstee, formerly of Edlesbury Mills, near Leighton Buzzard.

BERKSHIRE.

Birth.] At Heckfield, the lady of Charles Shaw Lefevre, jun. esq. of a daughter.

Married.] T. Bunbury, esq. of Maristow House, to Mrs. E. Taubman, widow of Colonel Taubman—At Newbury, Lieut.-col. Keyt, 51st light infantry, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late John King, esq.—At Bucklebury, Mr. William Wall, to Miss Elizabeth Minall—At Lambourn, Mr. George Spicer, to Miss H. Liddiard, of Eastbury.

Died.] At Faringdon, Mrs. Cooke, 72—At Windsor, Mrs. Rutter—Mr. Adam Hill, 71—At Streetley, Mr. Bisley Munt, 61—At Twyford, Mrs. Cooke, 76—At the vicarage, Burnham, the wife of Rev. H. Raikes—At Kingston House, Miss Harriet Blandy, third daughter of Adam Blandy, esq. While standing near the drawing-room fire, her clothes caught fire, and she was so dreadfully burnt, as to occasion her death on the following day—At Froxfield, near Hungerford, Rev. John Gillmore, 65, vicar of Titcomb, and perpetual curate of East Kennet.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Oct. 22.—As some caravans of wild beasts, which had been exhibiting at Buckingham fair, the preceding day, were proceeding from thence, a large polar bear contrived to make his escape. He was immediately pursued, and, after a considerable chase, was overtaken and ultimately killed. The animal took refuge from his pursuers beneath a bridge at Bacon Wood, near Stowe, having passed through the village of Water Stratford, to the great consternation of the inhabitants. He was at length secured with ropes, but was strangled in the act of dragging him from his hiding-place.

Wootton House, the venerable mansion of the Marquis of Buckingham, was almost destroyed by fire, on the morning of Nov. 5th, nothing remaining but the bare walls. The flames burst forth from one of the attics, about one o'clock in the morning; and before any effectual assistance could be rendered, the whole interior of the house was reduced to a heap of ashes; including the library, the pictures, and almost the whole of the furniture. Lord and Lady Temple were sleeping there; and their infant daughter was at one time in the utmost danger of falling a prey to the flames; but his lordship's foreign valet pushed between the fire, and brought the child away without injury.

NEW MONTHLY MAG.—No. 83.

Married.] At Wendover, Mr. J. Gurney, of Aylesbury, to Miss Hetage—At Iver church, Jasper Hagermann, esq. aide-de-camp to the king of Denmark, to Harriet, daughter of the late Hon. G. V. Hobart, and sister to the Earl of Buckinghamshire.

Died.] At Marsh Hill, near Great Kimble, Mrs. Bishop, 57—At Great Missenden, Mr. William Cooper, 50—At Eton, the wife of Mr. Williams, the college bookseller—At Beachampton, Miss Elizabeth How.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Married.] At Cambridge, Norfolk Barleigh, esq. of Baythorn Hall, Essex, to Miss Milner, niece of the late Dr. Milner, dean of Carlisle—Mr. Edward Kimpton, to Miss Mary Gray.

Died.] At Cambridge, Mr. John Horne, 64—Mrs. Rutledge—On the 15th instant at Jesus College Lodge, Cambridge, in his 76th year, the very Rev. William Pearce, D.D. dean of Ely, master of Jesus college, rector of Houghton Conquest cum Houghton Gildale, Bedfordshire, and of Wentworth, in the Isle of Ely. The dean was formerly public orator of the University, and master of the Temple. The mastership of Jesus college is in the appointment of the bishop of Ely, the rectory of Wentworth in the gift of the dean and chapter, and Houghton in the patronage of the masters and fellows of St. John's college, of which society the dean was many years fellow and tutor—At West Wrating, Rev. William Bywater, rector of Anderby cum Cumberworth, and perpetual curate of Grainthorpe, Lincolnshire.

CHESHIRE.

Births.] At Tatton Park, the lady of Wilbraham Egerton, esq. M.P. of a daughter—At Moston, the lady of Richard Massey, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Heswell, Mr. Thomas Hayes, of Thurstaston Hall, to Miss Elizabeth Williams—At Chester, George Ash Tompson, esq. paymaster of the 85th light infantry, to Emma Dorothea, daughter of Griffith Rowlands, esq. of the Abbey-square—Mr. John Rothwell, to Miss Podmore—Mr. Pickering, to Miss Magdalene Ferreis, of Baddesley Clinton, Warwickshire—At Yoxall, W. W. Fell, esq. of Preston, to Emma Catherine, second daughter of the late Rev. John Arden, of Longcrofts Hall.

Died.] At Chester, Mr. James Newall—Mr. James Maddocks—Mrs. Lyster—At Stretton Hall, Peter Dutton, esq. one of his majesty's justices of peace for Lancashire—At Garsworth, near Macclesfield, Mr. Thomas Hammond, 82—At Churton Hall, Mr. Thomas Gamman—At Clotton, Mr. Richard Writter, 67—At Millgate Hall, Stockport, Mrs. Frances Richmond, 83, last surviving daughter of the late Rev. Legh Richmond, rector of Stockport, and grand-daughter of Henry Legh, esq. of High Legh, in this county—At Macclesfield, John Whitaker, esq. one of the aldermen of the borough. In 1796 he founded the Sunday-school in that town; and in the zeal and care he exercised over its concerns, displayed a character of unwearied and unaltered benevolence seldom met with. Upwards of 2000 of the teachers and scholars of the Sunday-school followed his remains to the grave—Suddenly, Mr. Abraham Williamson.

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CORNWALL.

Married.] At Launceston, Mr. Greenaway, to Mrs. Morgan—At St. Columb, Mr. John Tink, to Miss Painsard—At St. Austell, Mr. William Harris, to Miss Catherine Nicholls—At Beerferries, C. Wilkinson, esq. of Rose-in-wale, near Truro, to Miss Margaret Ross, of Wigtown, N. B.—At St. Feock church, Edward Carlyon, esq. major in 66th infantry, second son of Thomas Carlyon, esq. of Tregrehan, to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Admiral Spry, of Place and Killiganoon—At Stratton, J. Rose, esq. of Poughill, to Miss Bray, daughter of Richard Burdon Bray, esq. late sheriff of Cornwall.

Died.] At Kea, Mr. William Bray, 96—At Truro, Mrs. Roberts, wife of Matthew Roberts, esq. of Lemillen in Probuss—James Brydges Williams, esq. 48, a magistrate, deputy-lieutenant of the county, and lieutenant-colonel of the royal Cornwall militia—At Camborne, Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. J. Richards, 69—At Lewannick, Mrs. Catherine Evans, 98—At Holston, at the advanced age of 96, Richard Johns, esq.

CUMBERLAND.

The inclosure of Penrith church-yard is nearly completed. It is now protected by a neat iron palisade, 4 ft. 8 in. in height, having a walk on the outside about six feet in breadth. This alteration is one of the greatest improvements in the town of Penrith which has been made for many years past.

Birth.] At Barrock Lodge, the lady of William James, esq. M.P. of a daughter.

Married.] At Carlisle, Mr. C. J. Heslop, printer, to Miss Ann Bradshaw—Mr. John Hodgson, to Miss Jane Armstrong—At Maryport, Mr. H. Nelson, to the daughter of Dr. Gardiner.

Died.] At Carlisle, Mrs. Elizabeth Hardcastle, 82—Henry Hall, esq. late of Madras, 56—Mr. Charles Sanderson, architect, 26—At Egremont, Mrs. Brown, wife of the Rev. A. Brown—At Carlisleton Hall, Drigg, Mrs. Atkinson, relict of Cuthbert Atkinson, esq.—At Wigton, J. Westmorland, esq. 66—At Whitehaven, Edmund Lamplugh Irton, of Irton Hall, esq. 58—Mr. Ebenezer Reid, 81.

DERBYSHIRE.

The Rev. James Fielden is preferred to the rectory of Kirk Langley; and the Hon. and Rev. Frederick Curzon to the vicarage of Mickleover; both vacant by the death of the Rev. John Ward.

Died.] At Buxton, Mr. Robert Smith, of the Centre Hotel—At Cope Hall, near Ashbourne, Capt. Crewe, of the 1st royal Lancashire militia.

DEVONSHIRE.

Birth.] At Teignmouth, the lady of G. O. Attlay, jun. esq. of a daughter—At Ottery St. Mary, the lady of the Rev. John Warren, of a daughter—At Ashburton, the lady of William Hern, jun. esq. of a son and heir.

Married.] At Exeter, Mr. Charles Wills, of London, to Miss Mary Knight, of Anderstone, Dorset—Lieut. Thomas Cull, R.N. to Mary Ann, daughter of William Spear, of Monkton House, near Cranbourne, Dorset—At Barnstaple, the Rev. Bouchier Marshall, A.M. rector of Bow, to Miss Eliza Norris, of London—At Plymouth, John Chanter, esq. to Mary, eldest daughter of William Lomer, of Chapel House, near Southampton, esq.—The Rev. Griffith Roberts, of Warminster, to Miss Ann Ormshill, of Exeter—At Chichester, J. Terpenman Gervis, esq. of Caladavey House, to

Miss Anne P. Matthews—At Lifton, J. Brendon, esq. to Caroline, second daughter of the late Dr. Parsons, of Tavistock.

Married.] At Teignmouth, John Fowell, esq. of Black Hall—At Lymington, aged 68, the Rev. John Jervis, F.L.S. many years minister of the congregation of protestant dissenters in that place—At Exeter, Mr. James Cox, merchant—Priscilla, relict of Mr. John Eastlake, 84—At Honiton rectory, the residence of her brother, Jane, wife of Thos. Leasingham, of Worcester, esq.—James Thompson, esq. 42—At Tiverton, Mr. George Gale Snelling, late of Exeter, 73.

DORSETSHIRE.

Married.] At Bridport, Mr. Tackell, printer, to Miss Hazel—At Canford, John Cooke, esq. of Belcroft, Isle of Wight, to Mary Ann Darell, only daughter of William Major, esq. of Longfleet, near Poole—At Weymouth, the Rev. William Paige, of Milborne Port, to Miss A. Francis.

Died.] At Weymouth, Mr. Daniel Luce, 62—The lady of Capt. Hancock, R.N.—Mrs. D. Cripps, of Cirencester—At Poole, Mr. William Barter, 21—Mr. John Simmonds, 64—At Lyme Regis, Capt. W. H. Kittoe, R.N.—At Bincomb, Mr. Levi Groves, of Came, near Dorchester—At Hills Court, Mrs. Johnson, 81, relict of Thomas Johnson, esq.

DURHAM.

Married.] At Stockton, Mr. William Cowen, of Darlington, to Miss Ann Beckwith, of Stockton—Mr. Robert Jaques, to Miss Muir—At Eggleston, J. Horner, esq. to Miss Jane Barnes—H. T. Liddell, esq. eldest son of Sir T. H. Liddell, bart. of Ravensworth Castle, to Isabella Hontia, daughter of Lord George Seymour—At Darlington, Mr. John Calvert, to Miss Elizabeth Lister—At St. Andrew Auckland, Mr. George Jackson, to Miss Margaret Dickson, of Bishop Auckland.

Died.] At Darlington, Mr. Matthew Hunter, 74—William Cudworth, one of the society of friends—At Park Gate, Mrs. Stowe, of Ryton—At Bernard Castle, Mr. William Swbank—At Wolferton, near Stockton, Capt. Lumley, 98—At Kibblesworth, Sophia, second daughter of the Rev. J. Colinson, perpetual curate of Lamesley, 14.

ESSEX.

Birth.] At Chesterford, the lady of the Rev. Dr. Blomfield, of a son.

Married.] At Boreham, C. L. Curtoys, esq. of Tottenham, to Frances, youngest daughter of T. L. Tweed, esq. of the former place—At Woodford, J. Chapman, esq. to Agatha, eldest daughter of J. F. Reynolds, esq. Carshalton.

Died.] Suddenly, at Stratford Green, Christian Splidt, esq. 55—At Gosfield Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Buckingham, Colonel Astle—At Mistley, Mr. Walter Bedell, 76—At Chipping Hill, Rev. Andrew Downes, 78, vicar of Witham—At Malden, Edward Chase, esq. 77—Mrs. Mary Hall—At Colchester, Joseph Cross, one of the society of friends—At Witham, Mr. Robert Hale, superintendent of the national school on the principles of Dr. Bell—At Gay Bowers, Danbury, Robert Bay, esq. 70—At Coggeshall, Joseph Greenwood, 33, one of the society of friends—At Tillingham, Rev. Mr. Wright, curate of that parish.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

The workmen, in digging the new road on Roadway Hill, Mangotsfield, discovered a stone coffin

of large dimensions, in which was a perfect skeleton.

Birth.] At Brockworth, the lady of the Rev. Edward Jones, of a daughter.

Married.] At Cheltenham, Henry Blaquiére, esq. to Miss Weyneve, of Brettenham Park, Suffolk—Mr. T. Husbands, to Miss Harriet Tibbitts—At Stow, Mr. William Vernon, to Miss Mellor, of Manchester—At Long Hope, William Roberts, esq. eldest son of the late Dr. Roberts, to Mary Ann, third daughter of the Rev. Archdeacon Probyn—Mr. Chubb, of Malmesbury, to Miss Ann Richards, of Dursley—At Hempstead, Mr. William Bowkett, of Ledbury, to Miss Ann Hodges, of Woolpits, Herefordshire.

Died.] At Cheltenham, Valentine Fleming, esq. captain 9th foot—Mrs. Vandeleure, at a very advanced age—William Lawrence, esq. 57, of Sherdington—At Hygeia House, Cheltenham, Henry Thompson, esq. 72. He will long be remembered as the most enterprising among the many to whom Cheltenham stands indebted for the promotion of her interests, and the established fame her springs enjoy—At his house in the Crescent, Cheltenham, Benjamin Price, esq. 72, late of Lincoln's Inn, London—This gentleman was eminent in the profession of the law, and had, for fifty years, officiated as associate upon the Oxford circuit—At Newent, Mr. John Stephens, 58—At Tewkesbury, Mr. John Chinn, 81, an engineer and mechanist of abilities sufficient to have raised him far above the level of mankind, had not his time and his property been spent in pursuit of a phantom: ardent in his expectations of discovering the *perpetual motion*, and happy in anticipating the wealth and honours which were to arise therefrom, this worthy individual, even at the latest period of his existence, could not be brought to think that his views and hopes were either vain or chimerical—At an advanced age, Mr. Isaac Butterfield, a very old inhabitant of Tewkesbury, and a most worthy and highly respected member of the society of friends—At Attingham, Mrs. Rippon, 28, wife of the Rev. T. Rippon, of Swansea—At Highfield, Mr. Abraham Bateman, 62—At Wittington House, Mrs. Street, of Burford, Oxon.

HAMPSHIRE.

Births.] At Southsea Cottage, the lady of Sir James Alexander Gordon, of a daughter—At Freefolk, the lady of John Portall, esq. of a son—At Burgate House, the lady of Joseph Green Wilkinson, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Southampton, John Chanten, esq. of Plymouth, to Miss Mary Lomer, of Southampton—Capt. P. Breton, of the Hon. E. I. C.'s artillery, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of B. G. Wright, esq. of the Polygon—At Newport, Mr. James Limington, to Miss Rebecca Harvey—At Winchester, Mr. John Bell, of Ichen Ferry, to Miss Elizabeth Pardy, of Winchester.

Died.] At Winchester, Mrs. Sarah Pitt, 72—At Southampton, Miss Christiana Munroe, 20—Anne Maria, wife of William Gilbee, esq. 25—Mr. William Argyle, 50—At his son's residence, Farleigh House, Admiral Sir Benjamin Caldwell, G.C.B. 62—At Westmeon, near Alresford, of an apoplectic fit, Charles Osborne, esq.—At Lymington, Mrs. Turner, 54—At Otterbourne, Mr. John Vine, 79—At Lee House, near Romsey, Susanna, relict of William Fletcher, esq.—At Newport, Mr. John Read, 28.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

The Rev. George Prichard, jun. has been instituted to the vicarage of Staunthold upon Harrow, on the presentation of the Lord Chancellor.

Married.] At Hildersley, near Ross, Mr. Bonner, to Miss Ann Vyner, of Walcot—At Putley, William Stock, esq. R.N. to Mrs. James, eldest daughter of the late William Stock, esq. of Putley Court.

Died.] At Home Lacy, Her Grace Frances, Duchess of Norfolk, 71, relict of Charles, the late Duke—At Leominster, Sarah, relict of Richard Burton, esq. 71.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Hemel Hempstead, Mr. Henry Nash, of Frogmore Hill, to Millicent, youngest daughter of Mrs. Hobson, of Box Moor.

Died.] At Sawbridgeworth, Mrs. Mary Emmerson, 80, daughter of the Rev. John Emmerson, formerly rector of Little Hallingbury—Mrs. S. Horsley, 77—At Bishop's Stortford, Elizabeth, relict of the Rev. James Johnstone, 72—At Shenley Hill, George Richard, eldest son of J. M. Winter, esq. 19.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Married.] At Islington, the Rev. H. G. Sperling, rector of Papworth St. Agnes, near Huntingdon, to Mary, eldest daughter of Joseph Wilson, esq. of Highbury—Mr. Charles Moseley, son of Mr. Moseley, of Somersham Park, to Miss Elizabeth Moseley, of Thorley, Herts.

Died.] At Huntingdon, Mrs. Jenkinson, 97.

KENT.

Married.] At New Romney, William Stringer, esq. solicitor, to Miss Coates—At St. Peter's, Isle of Thanet, Mr. George Woodbridge, of Greenford, to Miss Martha Honnor, of Greenford Place—At Thannington, Mr. James Lawrence, to Miss Mary Murphy—At Godmersham, Sir Edward Knatchbull, bart. M.P. to Fanny Caroline, eldest daughter of Edward Knight, esq. of Godmersham Park—At Faversham, Mr. Thomas Finn, to Miss Angelica Lyon—At Cranbrook, Mr. Dunk, to Miss Lavender, of Marden—At Lamberhurst, J. Simons, esq. to Miss Boorman—At Petham, Mr. John Frye, of Thaxted, Essex, to Miss Mary White—At Tenterden, Mr. Thomas Becken, to Miss Hoskins.

Died.] At Canterbury, Mr. Edward Harnett, of St. Alphage, 80—Mary, second daughter of the late Nathaniel Austen, esq. of the Crescent, Margate—Mrs. Barrows—At Rainham, the lady of Col. Sir James Malcolm—At Ramsgate, R. Goodson, of Lion Cottage, esq. 57—At Charlton, Thomas Longlands, esq. 77—At Shooter's Hill, Sir William Robt, K.C.B. colonel of the horse artillery—At Park House, Lady Calder, widow of the late Major-gen. Sir H. Calder, bart.—At Broadstairs, Capt. Thomas Norwood, 79—At Dover, Mrs. Wellard, 68, widow of Charles Wellard, esq.—Mr. Daniel Carter, 82—Mrs. Pain, 67—At Addington parsonage, the Rev. Peter Elers, 68, many years rector of that parish.

LANCASHIRE.

A fatal accident happened at Rochdale lately, occasioned by the cruel practice of *baiting the bull*, at the annual fair. The animal was tied to a stake in the river Roach; and to witness the brutal scene, a very numerous concourse of people were assembled upon the bridge, and along the banks of the river. Though warned of the danger of such an extreme pressure, the crowd of spectators still remained, when suddenly the wall or continuation of the battlement gave way, and precipitated men, women, and children, into the water-course below. Six unfortunate men, who were under the wall, were killed in an instant, many had their limbs broken,

and others were seriously bruised. Some of the stones, it is believed, would weigh nearly half a ton.

Thursday, Nov. 9, the top stone of the beautiful spire of St. Michael's church, at Liverpool, was placed in its "proud pre-eminence." It is an ornamental crown stone, measuring on the top 8 ft. 8 in. in the smallest part of the diameter.

A piece of sculpture has recently been erected in St. John's church, at Manchester, to commemorate the fiftieth year of the incumbency of Rev. John Clowes, M.A. the present rector.—It consists of a tablet of white marble, containing ten figures in basso relievo, executed by Flaxman with his usual ability: it is placed over the rector's seat. The venerable rector is represented in the act of instructing an interesting group of children, who are accompanied by their parents and grandsire, to signify the three generations who have attended Mr. Clowes's ministry. Behind the rector stands a guardian angel bearing a palm-branch, expressive of the Divine protection.—The following is a copy of the inscription:—"To commemorate the fiftieth year of the ministry of the Rev. John Clowes, M.A. the first and present rector of this church; and to testify their affectionate esteem and veneration for the piety, learning, and benevolence of their amiable pastor; the congregation of St. John's church in Manchester erect this tablet with feelings of devout gratitude to Almighty God who hath hitherto preserved, and with their united prayers that his good Providence will long continue to preserve amongst them, so eminent and engaging an example of Christian meekness, purity, and love. 1819."

Married.] At Manchester, Mr. Robert Mitton, of Salford, to Miss Mary Brownhill, of Swinton—Mr. William Shatwell, to Miss Mary Pownall—Mr. Thomas Wilme, to Miss M. B. Gaskell—Andrew Lignum, M.D. to Sarah, youngest daughter of Mr. John Alderson, of Liverpool—At Taunton, Edward Tatham, esq. of Hipping Hall, to Miss Preston, of the Lodge, in Leek—At Leigh, Mr. Gerrard Pendlebury, of Wynn Yates, to Miss Coleby, of West Leigh—At Liverpool, Lieut. Eaton Morris, of the 52d regt. to Miss Margaret Newham.

Died.] At Lancaster, Mrs. Dilworth, wife of John Dilworth, esq. banker—At Moston, Samuel Taylor, esq. one of his majesty's justices of peace for this county—At Leigh, Rev. Robert Caunce, late of Emanuel College, and curate of Bolton—At Burslem, Mrs. Barker, 56, wife of Samuel Barker, esq. of Manchester—At Wavertree, William Pole, esq. 88, one of the aldermen of the borough of Liverpool—At Preston, Rev. John Westmore, 27, late of Queen's College, Oxford—At Manchester, after an illness of many years, Mr. W. Bowman, 60, lamented and respected by a numerous circle of friends.—Mr. Thomas Barrett, of Hanging Ditch, 76. This estimable man was well known, as an antiquary, to the most ancient families of Lancashire and Cheshire, as well as at the College of Arms, London. His zeal and perseverance in tracing pedigrees is apparent from the numerous MSS. which he has left behind him. He taught himself Latin and the elements of Greek, and had attained to a high perfection in drawing and painting.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

The corporation of Leicester have unanimously voted a piece of plate, of the value of 100 guineas, to Mr. Sergeant Vaughan, in testimony of their respect and esteem, and of the high sense which they entertain of his services as recorder.

Births.] At Bitteswell House, the lady of T. S. Coleman, esq. of a son—At the rectory, Latter-

worth, the lady of the Rev. Mr. Johnson, of a daughter.

Married.] At Belton, near Loughborough, Rev. Mr. Eddowes, of Belton, to Mrs. Irons, of Leicester—At Hincley, T. Callcott, of the Ockells, near Bromsgrove, M.D. to Ann, second daughter of the late William Tilley, gent. of Leicester, solicitor—At Wheatstone, Mr. Abraham Billson, surgeon, to Miss Sarah Spencer, of Leicester—At Buckminster, Mr. J. F. Nicholson, of Bradley House, near Great Grimby, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the late J. Bartram, esq.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

The Rev. J. Dupre, D.D. rector of Bow Brickhill, and vicar of Mentmore, Bucks, is preferred to the rectory of Teynton All Saints, and Teynton St. Peter's, near Spilay, vacant by the death of the Rev. Charles Gery: patroness, Lady Willoughby d'Eresby.

The Rev. William Stocking, to the rectory of Quarrington, near Sleaford: patron, the Earl of Bristol.

Birth.] At Sudbrooke Holme, the lady of Sir Richard Sutton, bart. of a son and heir.

Married.] At Grantham, Mr. Samuel Ridge, bookseller, to Miss D. Wyles, of Stretton, Rutland—At Alkboro', Rev. Charles Sheffield, second son of the late Rev. Sir Robert Sheffield, bart. to Lucy, fourth daughter of Col. Smelt, lieutenant-governor of the Isle of Man—At Langton, Mr. Joshua Lawson, to Miss Elizabeth Johnson, of Thimbleby—At West Keal, Mr. John Brown, to Miss Houlden—At Great Gonerby, Mr. Joseph Wood, of Baston, to Miss Elizabeth Barston, of Grantham.

Died.] At Deeping St. James, Mrs. Baker, 77—At Cowbit, near Spalding, Mr. Stokes, 68—At Granby, near Bingham, Wm. Flower, gent. 63.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Died.] At Monmouth, Richard Phillpotts, esq. 73, a gentleman highly respected, and one of the oldest inhabitants and burgesses of that town. The support which he uniformly gave to the great burgess cause, has rendered his death a source of general regret to all who were associated with him in upholding the chartered rights of that borough.

NORFOLK.

In consequence of a petition signed by the mayor, bankers, merchants, and manufacturers of Norwich, lately presented to the Postmaster-general by Wm. Smith, esq. M.P. directions have been given to establish a mail coach from Yarmouth (by Norwich) to Stamford, with a view of facilitating the correspondence with the North.

The Rev. Samuel Colby Smith, M.A. fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, is presented by the master and fellows of that society to the rectory of Denver, vacant by the death of the Rev. C. R. Dade.

The Rev. Thomas Preston is licensed to the perpetual curacy of Needham juxta Harleston, on the nomination of the executors of the Rev. Anthony Preston, deceased.

The Rev. G. E. Kent is preferred to the vicarage of East Winch.—The Rev. Edward Banks, LL.D. is installed a prebendary of Norwich cathedral, in the room of the Rev. G. Anguish, who has resigned.

Births.] The lady of the Rev. P. D. Aufrere, of Scarning rectory, of a son—The lady of S. Paget, esq. of Yarmouth, of a son—At Hargham Hall, the lady of Thomas P. Beeyer, esq. of a daughter—At Carrow Abbey, the lady of Dr. Yelloly, of a daughter.

Married.] At Norwich, Mr. T. F. Lovewell, to Miss Mary Beesley, of St. Michael's Coslany—At Yarmouth, Rev. Wm. Collett, jun. B.A. of Wickham Market, to Phillis Preston, second daughter of F. R. Reynolds, esq. of the former place—Capt. Michael Martin, to Jane, daughter of Captain Waters—At Downham, Mr. Thomas Gamble, to Miss Blomfield, of Stoke Ferry—At Catton, Mr. Robert Burch, of Thorpe, to Miss Ann Elwin, of Catton.

Died.] At Raveningham, after an illness of three days, Lady Bacon, wife of Sir Edmund Bacon, bart. and daughter of the late Dashwood Bacon, esq. of Ottery St. Mary's, Devonshire—At Wells, Mrs. Waller, wife of the late Rev. Edward Waller, of Branthill—At Costessey Lodge, Mr. Henry Taylor, 66—At Yarmouth, Sir Edmund Lacon, bart. 70, senior alderman of that borough—Mrs. Charlotte Pryor, 25—Mrs. Elizabeth Tillett, 67.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

The Hon. and Rev. H. Watson is preferred to the rectory of Carlton, on the resignation of the Rev. S. Heyrick : patron, Sir J. H. Palmer, bart.

Married.] At Northampton, Mr. Joseph Petford, of Birmingham, to Miss Martha Smith, of the former place—At Denford, Mr. Wm. Rippin, of Thrapston, to Miss S. Rippin—At Pattishall, Rev. Wm. H. George, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Welsh—At Great Addington, Mr. Wm. Curtis, to Miss Ann King—At Welton, Mr. Joseph Adams, only son of Mr. Adams, of Bugbrook, to Miss Eliza Oliver, of Welton—At Long Buckley, Mr. Wm. Atterbury, of Hollowell, to Miss Sarah Denny—At Clipston, Mr. G. Dawkins, of Desborough, to Miss Alice Palmer, of Clipston.

Died.] At Northampton, Mrs. Cove—Mr. John Armfield, eldest son of Mr. Alderman Armfield—At Great Brington, Mr. John Walker, 81—At Towcester, aged 80, Mr. Joshua Aburn, 42 years parish-clerk of Towcester—Mr. J. Dean, 81—In London, Mrs. Arabella Hervey, niece of the late Rev. James Hervey, of Weston Favell—At Kettering, Mrs. Mary Blackburn, 62—At Daventry, John Morgan, esq. 74—Mrs. Hebden, 86—At Brixworth, Mrs. Mary Harcourt Marsh, 81.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Mr. Falla, of Gateshead, Newcastle, has this year grown, upon land worked by the spade, two pieces of wheat transplanted from a seed-bed into rows 6 inches apart, which produced 17 coombs per acre; and one 12 inches, which produced 15 coombs; a fourth piece sown in drill, and a fifth in broadcast, yielded 19 coombs per acre. The produce of the land there by ploughing is usually about 6 coombs.

Married.] At Newcastle, Mr. G. W. Cram, to Miss Eliza M. Hind—Mr. Ralph Nicholson, to Miss Ann Stephenson—Rev. C. Love, of Ashton, near Chudleigh, to Miss Ogle, of Tynemouth—At Gosforth, Mr. Wm. Wright, to Miss Huddleston, of Rainora—At Warden, Captain Jobling, of Hurnsaugh, to Miss Read, of Walwick Grange.

Died.] At Newcastle, Mrs. Anne Robertson, 84—Mr. Wm. Park, 49—At Newton Hall, Robert Jobling, esq. 69, one of his majesty's deputy lieutenants for this county—At Glanton, James Robson, esq. 61—At Berwick, Mr. George Davidson—At Felkington, near Berwick, Mr. George Dodds—At Clifton, near Morpeth, Mr. George Potter, 75—At North Shields, Rev. Mr. Miller, minister of the Presbyterian chapel, Norfolk-street.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Early in the morning of the 27th of Sept. as the union coach was passing over Muskham bridge, about two miles from Newark, the horses swerved to the side, and drew the coach against a post on the S. E. side of the bridge. The sudden shock threw a passenger and the coachman from the box; the former fell amongst the horses, and was much hurt; but the latter, Robert Cockerhill, was thrown into the river, and drowned.

Married.] At Nottingham, Mr. John Moore, to Mrs. Sulley—Mr. Rupert Renshaw, to Miss Sarah Harpham, of Wilford—At Bottesford, Mr. Duffin, to Miss Mary James, of Thorpe, near Newark.

Died.] At Nottingham, Mr. Thomas Westall, 74, well known as the father of the loyal societies of this town—At Bullwell House, near Nottingham, John Newton, esq. 84. He served the office of high sheriff of the county the year in which his late majesty was crowned—At Southwell, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Machin—At Burton Joyce, Mr. Tomlinson, 80—At Newark, Mrs. Heppenstall.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Oxford, Oct. 23.—The foundation stone of the new church at Carfax was this day laid by Hubert Parsons, esq. mayor, attended by the Rev. John Hyde, rector, and the city magistrates.

The Rev. Dr. Hodson is admitted canon of Christ church, in the room of the Bishop of Llandaff, promoted to the deanery of St. Paul's.

Married.] At Henley, Daniel Sharp, esq. solicitor, of Romsey, Hants, to Sarah, third daughter of Mr. Wm. Fletcher, of Henley.

Died.] At Oxford, John Cooper, esq. of Henley-upon-Thames, upwards of 35 years head distributor of stamps for this county, and for 20 years one of his majesty's justices of the peace for his native town of Henley—Mr. John Hudson, 25—At Long Handborough, Mr. Robert Wildson, 57—At Chilworth, Mr. Thomas Smith, 78—At Hooknorton, Mr. Wm. Faulkner—At his seat, Caversham Park, C. Marsack, esq. upwards of 55 years an active magistrate and deputy lieutenant for this county—At Shepherd's Green, near Henley, Mrs. Sarah Barney, 78.

RUTLANDSHIRE.

Died.] At North Luffenham, the Right Hon. Lady Mary Noel, 76, youngest sister of the late Earl of Gainborough, and aunt to Sir Gerard Noel, bart.

SHROPSHIRE.

Birth.] At Oswestry, the lady of R. Puleston, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Shrewsbury, J. W. Watson, esq. of Wellington, to Miss Ann Haxledine—At St. Chad's, Rev. Edward Homfray, B.A. to Anne Sarah, eldest daughter of the late Major Everett, of the East India service—Mr. Growcut, of Mesom, to Miss Elizabeth Dickinson, of Waters Upton—At Ludlow, Mr. Wm. Chipp, to Miss Ann Whatmore—In London, Rev. Robert Norgrave Pemberton, rector of Church Stretton, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Augustus Pechell, esq. of Portman-square—F. R. West, esq. son of the Hon. Frederic West, of Pentrepant, near Oswestry, to Lady Georgiana Stanhope, daughter of the late Earl Stanhope—At Oswestry, Mr. John Danilly, of Foxhall, to Miss Munslow.

Died.] At Edgmond, Mr. Bailey, of the Bridge, 87—At Bridgnorth, Mrs. Wylde, relict of Rev. Charles Wylde, 75—At Peplow Hall, Mary, wife of

Joseph Clegg, esq.—At Owestry, the wife of Mr. Roberts, bookseller—At Madeley, Mr. William Purton.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Births.] At Bath, the lady of Sir Alexander Houd, bart. of a daughter—The lady of Colonel Scroggs, of a daughter—The lady of J. D. Newbolt, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Bath, Wm. Terrey, esq. eldest son of the late Rev. Dr. Terrey, rector of Wootton, in Northamptonshire, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Henry Eyre, rector of Lanford, Wilts.—James Seward, esq. R.N. to Mrs. Martha Knight, of Southampton—Mr. John Blandford, of Sutton Morris, to Miss Ann Brown, of Wincanton—At Crewkerne, Mr. T. Wills, to Miss Phelps, daughter of T. Phelps, esq. banker—At North Pethererton, Rev. W. H. George, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Rev. T. Welch, of Pettishall.

Died.] In Bath, Miss Margaret Hyde—Miss Trail, sister of the Rev. Dr. Trail—Major James Errol Gordon, R.M.—Rev. Joseph Gummer, formerly of Avebury, Wilts.—At Corley House, Mr. John Sainsbury, 88—At the Hot Wells, Richard Sargent Fowler, esq. of Bristol, barrister at law—At Wookey House, J. H. Golding, eldest son of John Golding, esq.—At Bridgewater, Rev. John Sealey, 77, rector of Doddington, near Stowey—At Taunton, Mrs. Elizabeth Parr Davies, 84, wife of the Rev. Dr. Davies—At Milverton, Frances Weech, widow of John Weech, esq.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

The Rev. T. W. Richards, M.A. is preferred to the vicarage of Sleightford.

Married.] At Wombourne, Rev. Joseph Reed, minister of St. John's, Wolverhampton, to Parthenia, second daughter of James Shaw Meller, esq. of the Woodhouse—At Wolverhampton, Rev. John Godwin, to Miss Proud, of Bilston—Mr. Edward Homer, to Miss Stocken, of Albrighton—At Burton-upon-Trent, Gerald Fitzgerald, esq. of Bath, to Emily, youngest daughter of the late Robert Gibbons, esq.

Died.] At Bettley Hall, Mrs. Embury, 84—At Hill Top, James Keir, esq. 86—At Ryde, Harriet, second daughter of Thomas Price, esq. of Charlemont Hall, in this county.

SUFFOLK.

The Rev. John Maddy, D.D. is presented to the living of Stansfeld.

The Rev. Daniel Gwilt, A.M. is instituted to the rectories of Icklingham St. James and All Saints, on his own petition.

The Rev. Stephen Croft, M.A. is instituted to the rectory of St. Mary Stoke, in Ipswich, on the presentation of the Dean and Chapter of Ely.

Married.] At Claydon, Mr. Robert Cockrell, to Miss Susanna Rowland, of Akenham—At Hopton, Mr. Thurtell, fourth son of John Thurtell, esq. of Bradwell, to Miss Ann Barber—Colonel Douglas Mercer, of the 3d guards, to Miss Rowley, second daughter of Sir Wm. Rowley, bart. M.P. for this county.

Died.] At Bury, Rev. E. Mills, A.M. 67, late preacher of St. James's church, in that town, rector of Kirkby, in Lincolnshire, vicar of North Clifton, co. Nottingham, and prebendary of Lincoln—At Sudbury, Mr. Wm. Lillie, to Isabella, second daughter of Benjamin Firmin, esq. of Wivenhoe Lodge, Essex—At Wormingford, Mrs. Leech, widow of the Rev. Wm. Leech, of Ipswich—At Woodbridge, Mrs. Goddard, at an advanced age—Mrs. Orams, 90—Mr. John Jacobs, 67—At Play-

ford Mill, Mr. Samuel Gail, 72—At Haverstead House, Mrs. Harding, relict of George Harding, esq.

SUSSEX.

The Rev. David Williams, second master of Winchester college, is preferred to the Wykehamical Prebend of Buralis, in Chichester cathedral; vacant by the death of the Dean of Rochester.

Married.] At Northiam, Mr. Wm. Collins, of Tenterden, to Miss Amy Miller, of Northiam.

Died.] At Hastings, Mr. Walter, 86—At Windmill Hill, Jane, eldest daughter of Edward J. Curteis, esq. M.P. for this county—At Brighton, as he reclined in his chair, after a walk, John Hodges, esq. of Hill House, Tooting, 70. He was an excellent and exemplary character; his charities were extensive, though unostentatious, and the poor, as well as many others who shared his generous sympathy, have cause to lament his departure! the widow, the orphan, and the child of adversity, never applied to him in vain, his heart was always open to their supplications; he never ceased his endeavours to alleviate the sufferings of humanity, "though deedless was his tongue." It is almost needless to add that such a man was highly esteemed by all who knew him. He was buried on the 31st inst. at Islington church.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Married.] At Birmingham, at the Friends Meeting-house, Henry Agge, of Upton, Essex, to Mary, daughter of the late Joseph Gibbins, of the former place, banker—Mr. Whitehouse, to Miss Sarah Lowe, of Chester—At Leamington, Rev. J. Thomas, B.A. to Ellen, only child of the late T. W. Preston, esq. of Blackheath Hill, Kent—At Sutton Coldfield, Rev. John Riland, only son of Rev. J. Riland, rector, to Maria, eldest daughter of the late Sir Wm. Wolesey, bart.

WESTMORELAND.

Married.] At Kendal, Mr. Wm. Backhouse, to Miss Harrison, of Natland—Mr. John Fell, to Miss Philipson, of Patton.

Died.] At Kendal, Mr. Edward Jackson, 78—Mr. Benjamin Mason, 70.

WILTSHIRE.

The Rev. H. Hodgson, A.B. of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, is preferred to the vicarage of Idmiston and Chapelry of Porton; void by the resignation of Rev. T. Davis.

Births.] At Wardour Castle, the lady of Sir Joseph Radcliffe, bart. of a daughter—At Bloxworth House, the lady of the Hon. Captain Noel, R.N. of a daughter—At Donhead Hall, the lady of G. J. Kneller, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Wyley, Henry, eldest son of Wm. Hubbard, esq. of Ashton Gifford House, to Anne, daughter of the late George Patent, esq. of the former place—At Tilshead, Mr. William Hussey, to Miss Arabella Lewes—At Salisbury, Mr. James Peniston, to Miss King—Mr. George Smith, to Miss Mary Sawyer—Mr. Askew, to Miss Fanny Saunders, of Bemerton—At St. Pierre, Mr. Thomas Luce, of Malmesbury, to Susan, only daughter of Wm. Hollis, esq. of Monnton, near Chipstow.

Died.] At the Rectory House of his son, North Wraxall, Thomas Wyatt, esq. late of Wargrave, Berks, 71—At Froxfield, Rev. John Gilmore, A.M. of Tidcombe, 64—At Lacock Abbey, Mary, wife of J. M. Grossett, esq. M.P.—At Witley, Mr. John Patient, 68—At Warminster, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Morgan, 23—At Devizes, Mrs. Elizabeth Cook, 62—At Hemmings-

ton, near Frome, Mr. Cradock, 75.—At Trowbridge, Mrs. Hearn, 80.—Miss Harding, 59.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Married.] At Worcester, C. M. Tearne, esq. to Anne Catherine, youngest daughter of Thomas Hodges, esq. of Severn Bank, near that city.—At Hartlebury, George Lewis, esq. of Brimscomb, to Miss Jane Williams, of Perry.—At Hanley Castle, Rev. Thomas Butt, rector of Kynnersley, Salop, to Catherine, eldest daughter of Rev. Edward Bromhead, rector of Repham, Lincolnshire, and widow of the late Mr. James Edwards, of Pall Mall, the celebrated bookseller.—At Dudley, Mr. George Bloomer, of Cradley, to Miss Mary Haden, of Uppend.—At Dudley New Church, by Rev. Luke Booker, D.D. Thomas Penn, esq. of Brierly Hill, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Bannister, of Riddall Hill, near Dudley.

Died.] At Kyrewood House, Edward Wheeler, esq. one of his majesty's justices of the peace.—At Overbury, Rev. Wm. Stafford, vicar, and one of the minor canons of Worcester cathedral, 41.

YORKSHIRE.

A part of the tithes of the parish of Stillingfleet, in Yorkshire, belong to the fund for the support of the Grammar-school in the city of York. These have been let on lease for more than half a century, at 30l. per ann. The last lease granted on those terms expired in March last, and they are now let at 1200l. per annum.

The Rev. H. J. Todd, M.A. has been instituted by the archbishop of York, to the rectory of Settrington, in the East-Riding, on the presentation of the Earl of Bridgewater, vacant by the death of Rev. Robert Gilbert. By the death of this clergyman the living of Dunnington is also vacant; which is in the gift of the same noble earl.

Married.] At Whitby, Captain Smallpage, to Miss Esther Hunter.—At Leeds, Thomas Blayds, esq. banker, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Martin Hind, esq.

Died.] At York, John Croft, esq. 88, who served the office of sheriff of York in 1773. He was of a very ancient Yorkshire family, but being a younger branch, and having passed some time at Operto, he on his return joined a respectable firm in the wine trade, in York. In the latter years of his life, Mr. Croft devoted much of his time to antiquarian researches; and as a virtuoso was indefatigable, having left behind him a very considerable cabinet of curiosities. Several small and singular compilations have issued from the press by Mr. Croft. In appearance and manners he was peculiarly eccentric.—At Hull, Mr. George Spence, 57.—Mr. William Rawson, printer, 62, one of the proprietors of the Hull Advertiser. He had been indisposed for some time, but, on the evening of Monday, went to bed rather better than usual; on entering his room next morning, he was found to have just expired, and evidently without a struggle. Under a rough exterior, he possessed a kind and affectionate disposition.—At Leeds, Mrs. Beverley, 67.—At Leconfield Parks, near Beverley, Mrs. Elenora Almack.—At Fulneck, Rev. James Grundy, 72.—At Wakefield, Mr. James Waller, printer.—At Farley, near Leeds, Mr. Thomas Farrer, cloth merchant, 43.—At Clough House, near Rotherham, Mrs. Westby, relict of O. Westby, esq.—At the Vicarage-house, Adlingfleet, Rev. Isaac Tyson, vicar of that place, 55.—At Westbrook House, Bradford, the lady of Richard Fawcett, esq. 47.—At Slade Hooton, near

Sandbeck, Thomas Brown, esq. of the firm of Pearson and Brown of Doncaster, one of the aldermen of that corporation, and cornet in the Doncaster troop of West-Riding yeomanry cavalry, to which regiment he had been attached from its first raising in 1794.

WALES.

Married.] At Penglais, near Aberystwith, Boderick Richards, esq. to Miss Powell, youngest sister of W. E. Powell, esq. M. P. of Nanteos, Cardiganshire.—Captain Trevor Owen Jones, of Woore Hall, Flintshire, to Miss Mary Davies, of Plas Draw.—At Fal-y-Llyn church, George A. A. Davies, esq. of Crickhowell, to Caroline Susanna, second daughter of the late Samuel Cox, esq. of Sandford Park, Oxon.

Died.] At Montgomery, Mrs. Elizabeth Edye, 62.—At Hendre, near Llanrwst, William Edwards, esq. one of his majesty's justices of peace for the co. of Denbigh.—At Cerrig-y-druidion, Denbighshire, Rev. William Rowlands, M.A. rector, and formerly fellow of Jesus coll. Oxford.—At Holt Lodge, near Wrexham, Mr. Davies.—At Pentremat, John Morris, esq. 70.

SCOTLAND.

The Scotch Poor.—From an account lately printed by order of the House of Commons, in a "Supplementary Report of the Committee of the General Assembly," as to the management of the poor in Scotland, it appears that the gross funds applied to paupers in Scotland amount to 114,126l. 17s. 8d. of which only 40,718l. 10s. 5d. is derived from assessment; the rest being drawn from contributions at the church-doors and other funds. In seven of fifteen synods, there are no assessments. The non-assessed synods are Aberdeen, Moray, Ross, Sutherland, with Caithness, Argyll, Glenelg, and Orkney. The paupers are as 1 to 36, and 9-10ths to the population.

A new plan has been proposed, and we understand is about to be tried, in the pavement of the streets in Edinburgh. The mode now suggested is to lay a rail-way, if it can be so called, of stone, inserted into the causeway, the stones to be about 12 inches broad, and each four feet in length, with a thickness sufficient for their strength. Of these, two roads must be laid in each street, for the convenience of passing; and the diminution of friction is so great, that horses of their own accord will soon learn to use them.

Number of freeholders in every county of Scotland as last made up; certified by each sheriff clerk:—Aberdeenshire 182, Argyll 64, Ayr 178, Banff 37, Berwick 124, Bute 14, Caithness 81, Clackmannan 19, Cromarty 9, Dumbarton 43, Dumfriess 77, Edinburgh 174, Elgin 52, Fife 240, Forfar 114, Haddington 90, Inverness 70, Kincardine 70, Kinross 21, Kircudbright 144, Lanark 160, Leithgow 65, Nairn 22, Orkney and Zetland 40, Peebles 48, Perth 221, Renfrew 143, Ross 86, Roxburgh 137, Selkirk 38, Stirling 118, Sutherland 24, Wigton 60.—Total 2869.

Married.] At Hendersyde Park, Roxburghshire, Captain G. E. Watts, E. N. to Jane, youngest daughter of George Waldie, esq. of Hendersyde.—At Park House, Patrick Stuart, esq. of Auchtermart, to Rachael Mierseng Duff, only daughter of the late Lachlan Gordon, esq. of Park.—At Inverary, John Stewart, esq. of Achadhinnig, to Margaret, daughter of John Campbell, esq. of Coanure.

Died.] At Whitecroft House, the lady of D. W. Henderson Somerville, esq. of Flagak and

Whitecroft—At Montruse, Lady Carnegie, relict of Sir James Carnegie, of Southesk, bart.—Dr. M'Leod, who accompanied Lord Amherst in the last embassy to China, and published an account of the loss of the *Alceste*—At Dingwall, Mr. Angus Macdonald, 74—At Breakfield Cottage, John Scots, D. D. minister of Avondale—At Glasgow, Dr. Patrick Cumlin, professor of oriental languages in that university—At Reiss Lodge, Mrs. Wemyss, wife of William S. Wemyss, esq. of Southdun, and second daughter of Sir Benjamin Dunbar, bart. of Hempriggs—At Aberdeen, Captain Hector Maclean, formerly of the 42d regt. and late Reay Highlanders—At the Manse of Edderton, Rev. Alex. Munro, minister of Edderton, in the 64th year of his age, and 36th of his ministry. In Mr. Munro were united those good qualities which constitute an intelligent, well-informed, and agreeable companion: and in the several relations of a friend, pastor, husband, and father, his conduct was most exemplary. On the afternoon of the day on which he died, he had, as usual, retired to his closet, to the exercise of private devotion; and while so engaged, "he yielded up his spirit to the God who gave it."—At Ledberg, Assynt, Margaret, wife of John Mackenzie, esq. 20—At his house, near Haugh of Urr, Rev. James Biggar, late minister of the associate congregation of Urr—At Bank House, near Dundee, Sir John Ogilvy, of Inverquhartry, bart.

IRELAND.

A noble benefaction was recently made to the Belfast Charitable Society. In a collection in Dr. Manna's meeting-house, for that institution, two bank post-bills of 500*l.* each were found in the receiving plates. They were attached to a short note, purporting that it had been the intention of the donor to have left an equal sum posthumously, but that, from the pressure of the times, it was thought preferable to contribute it now.

Births.] In Dublin, the lady of Sir J. Reade, of Moynce House, bart. of a son and heir—In Cork, the lady of Daniel Leaky, esq. of a son and heir—The lady of Edward Morgan, esq. of a son—At Adelphi, co. Clare, the lady of Wm. Fitzgerald, esq. of a son and heir—At Glen Lodge, co. Limerick, the lady of Richard Standish, esq. of a son and heir—At Cregg, co. Galway, the lady of Francis Blake, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Carlow, Edward Butler, esq. to Jane, daughter of the late Richard Going, esq. of Bird Hill, co. Tipperary—At Dublin, J. Keatinge, esq. 1st royal dragoons, to Miss Mary Carr, of Merion-square—At Newtownhamilton, John Crozier, esq. of Caledon, co. Tyrone, to Ann Eliza, only daughter of the late Dr. Alexander Allen—At Armagh, John Barnes, esq. to Miss Lucinda Simpson—At Belfast, Rev. Edward Cobain, to Miss Harriet Anne Smith, daughter of the late Dr. Smith, of Armagh—In Cork, G. R. O'Connor, esq. of Connorville, to Miss Elizabeth Longfield Connor, of Fort Robert—At Carnew, Wm. Ledwith,

esq. of Greenhall, co. Wjcklow, to Margaret, third daughter of the late James Symes, esq. of Coolbog, in the same county—Captain C. G. Stanhope, son of the late Admiral Stanhope, to Jane, eldest daughter of Sir James Galbraith, bart. of Urney Park, co. Tyrone.

Died.] At Middleton, co. Cork, Stephen W. Coppinger, esq.—At Dublin, Mr. George Ryan, 32—In Cork, Samuel Newsom, of the Society of Friends—Thomas Gray Fuller, esq.—At his seat, Erkin Lodge, co. Kilkenny, Barnard Delancy, esq. 88—At Emly, co. Limerick, Rev. Garrett Wall, archdeacon of Emly, 69—At Ballymena, Blayne Adair, esq. 98—In Limerick, Francis Wheeler, esq. of Ballywire, co. Tipperary, and nephew of the first Lord Massey, 44.

BIRTH ABROAD.

In Paris, the Hon. Mrs. Williams Wynne, of a son.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Bengal, Lieut.-General Hogg, to Mary, widow of Major Burton, and eldest daughter of Dr. John Borthwick Gilchrist, professor of oriental languages at Fort William—At Paris, Mons. J. H. S. Carrard, of the Canton de Vaud, to Miss Louisa Disbrow, youngest daughter of the late Bishop of Down and Connor—Charles Thellusson, esq. to Mary, youngest daughter of George Grant, esq. of Ingoldthorpe Hall, Essex. The male issue of this marriage will be entitled, under his great grandfather's will, to an immense property.

DEATHS ABROAD.

July 9, at the rectory, Westmoreland, in Jamaica, Rev. Dr. Pope—At Dunkirk, Charles W. Jerningham, esq. son of the late Sir Wm. Jerningham, bart. of Costessey, and brother to the present baronet. He had served eight campaigns in the Austrian army with distinguished bravery, being engaged in the great battles of Jemappe and Fleurus, and was several times wounded. Mr. Jerningham was twice married, and has left a family of six children—At the Island of Jamaica, Mr. Wm. Bolton, formerly of Halesworth, Suffolk—Lately in America, Abraham Thornton, whose trial for the murder of Mary Ashford, and the singular circumstances arising from the appeal of murder, are well known to our readers—Wm. Dawson, esq. formerly of Wakefield, and one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the West Riding—Near Warsaw, in the 29th year of his age, Dr. F. L. Hammick, physician, in the service of the Emperor of Russia, second son of Mr. S. Hammick, of the naval hospital, Plymouth—On the 9th of August, at St. Helena, Mrs. Lascelles, 30, wife of Lieut.-Col. Lascelles, of the 66th regt. (many years at Ceylon), eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Wilson, of Thrintoft, near Northallerton—At the residency of Nepaul, R. Stuart, esq. youngest son of the late Sir John Stuart, of Allankbank, bart.

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